

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES

VOL. II.

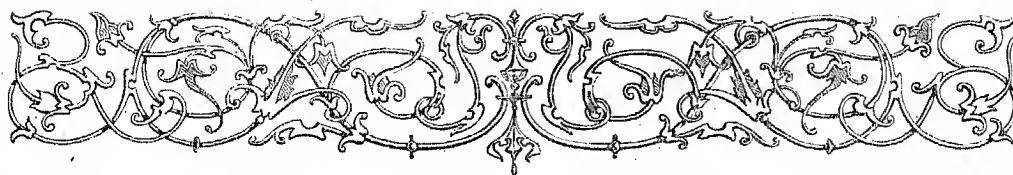
December 1898 to November 1899



W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

1899

Edinburgh :
Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.



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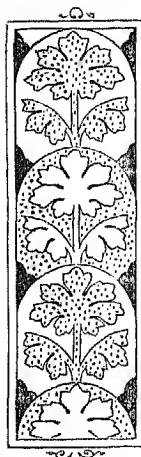
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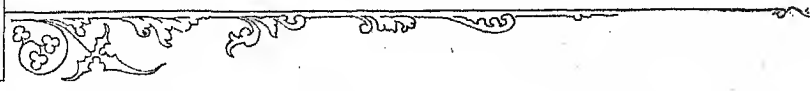
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY,

Author of *Billy Binks—Hero*; *The Fascination of the King*; &c.

CHAPTER I.

IF John Grantham Browne had a fault—which, mind you, I do not at all admit—it lay in the fact that he was the possessor of a cynical wit which he was apt at times to use upon his friends with somewhat peculiar effect. Circumstances alter cases, and many people would have argued that he was perfectly entitled to do so. Surely when a man is worth a hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year—which, worked out, means ten thousand pounds a month, twenty-nine pounds thirteen and fourpence a day, and four-and-sixpence three-farthings, and a fraction over, per minute—he may be excused if he becomes a little sceptical of other people's motives, and is apt to be distrustful of the world in general. Old Brown, his father, without the 'e,' as you have doubtless observed, started life as a bare-legged street arab in one of the big manufacturing centres—Manchester or Birmingham, I am not quite certain which. His head, however, must have been screwed on the right way, for he made few mistakes, and everything he touched turned to gold. At thirty his bank balance stood at fifteen thousand pounds; at forty it had turned the corner of a hundred thousand; and when he departed this transitory life, at the early age of seventy, he left his widow, young John's mother—his second wife, I may remark in passing, and the third daughter of the late Lord Rushbrooke—upwards of three and a half million pounds sterling in trust for the boy.

As somebody very wittily remarked at the time, young John, at his father's death and during his minority, was a sort of monetary Mohammed—he hovered between two worlds, the Rushbrookes, on one side, who had not two sixpences to rub against each other, and the Brownes, on the other, who reckoned their wealth in millions and talked of thousands as we humbler mortals do of half-

crowns. Taken altogether, however, old Brown was not a bad sort of a fellow. Unlike so many parvenus, he had the good sense, the 'e' always excepted, not to set himself up to be what he certainly was not. He was a working-man, he would tell you with a twinkle in his eye, and he had made his own way in the world. He had never in his life owed a halfpenny, nor, to the best of his knowledge, had he ever defrauded anybody; and, if he *had* made his fortune out of soap, well—and here his eyes would glisten—soap was at least a very useful article, and would wash his millions cleaner than a good many other commodities he might mention. In his tastes and habits he was simplicity itself. Indeed, it was no unusual sight to see the old fellow, preparatory to setting off for the City, coming down the steps of his magnificent town house, dressed in a suit of rough tweed, with the famous bird's-eye neckcloth loosely twisted round his throat, and the soft felt hat upon his head—two articles of attire which no remonstrance on the part of his wife and no amount of ridicule from the comic journals could ever induce him to discard. His stables were full of carriages, and there was a cab-rank within a hundred yards of his front door, yet no one had ever known him set foot in either. The soles of his boots were thick, and he had been accustomed to walk all his life; he would say, and he had no intention of being carried till he was past caring what became of him. With regard to his son, the apple of his eye and the pride of his old age, his views were entirely different. Nothing was good enough for the boy. From the moment he opened his eyes upon the light, all the luxuries and advantages wealth could give were showered upon him. Before he was short-coated, upwards of a million had been placed to his credit at the bank, not to be touched until he came of age. After he had passed from

a dame-school to Eton, he returned after every holiday with sufficient money loose in his pocket to have treated the whole school. When, in the proper order of things, he went on to Christ Church, his rooms were the envy and the admiration of the university. As a matter of fact, he never knew what it was to have to deny himself anything; and it says something for the lad's nature, and the father's too, I think, that he should have come out of it the honest, simple Englishman he was. Then old John died; his wife followed suit six months later; and on his twenty-fifth birthday the young man found himself alone in the world with his money. Little though he thought it at the time, there were troubles in store for him.

He had town houses, country seats, moors and salmon-fishings, yachts (steam and sailing), race-horses, hunters, coach-horses, polo-ponies, and an army of servants that a man might well shudder to think of. But he lacked one thing: he had no wife. Society, however, was prepared to remedy this defect. Indeed, it soon showed that it was abnormally anxious to do so. Before he was twenty-two it had been rumoured that he had become engaged to something like a score of girls, each one lovelier, sweeter, and bluer-blooded than the last. A wiser and an older head might very well have been forgiven had it succumbed to the attacks made upon it; but in his veins, mingled with the aristocratic Rushbrooke blood, young John had an equal portion of that of the old soap-boiler; and where the one led him to accept invitations to country houses, at Christmas, or to be persuaded into driving his fair friends, by moonlight, to supper at the 'Star and Garter,' the other enabled him to take very good care of himself while he was in such dangerous situations. In consequence he had attained the advanced age of twenty-eight when this story opens, a bachelor, and with every prospect of remaining so. But the Blind Bow-Boy, as every one knows, discharges his bolts from the most unexpected quarters; and perhaps you may find yourself mortally wounded in the very place, of all others, where you have hitherto deemed yourself most invulnerable.

It was the end of the second week in August; parliament was up; and Browne's steam-yacht, the *Lotus Blossom*, twelve hundred tons, lay in the harbour of Merok, on the Gieranger Fjord, perhaps the most beautiful of all others on the Norwegian coast. The guests on board had been admirably chosen, an art which in most instances is not cultivated as carefully as it might be. An ill-assorted house-party is bad enough; to bring the wrong men together on the moors is sufficient to spoil an otherwise enjoyable holiday; but to ask Jones (who doesn't smoke, who is wrapped up in politics, reads his leader in the *Standard* every morning, and who has played whist with the same three men at his club for the last ten years every afternoon) and De Vere Robinson (who never reads anything save the *Referee* and the *Sportsman*, who

detests whist, and who smokes the strongest Trichinopolis by day and night) to spend three weeks cooped up on a yacht together would be like putting a kitten and a cat-killing fox-terrier into a corn-bin and expecting them both to have a happy time of it.

Browne, however, knew his business, and his party, in this particular instance, consisted of the Duchess of Matlock, wife of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and her two pretty daughters, the Ladies Iselt and Imogen Lismaine; Miss Verney, the acknowledged beauty of the season; the Honourable Silas Dobson, the American Ambassador; his wife and daughter; George Barrington-Marsh, of the 1st Life Guards; and little Jimmy Foote, a man of no permanent address, but of considerable shrewdness, who managed to make a good income out of his friends by the exercise of that peculiar talent for pleasing which rendered him indispensable whenever and wherever his fellow-creatures were gathered together. In addition to those I have mentioned there was a man whose interest in this story is so great that it is necessary he should be described at somewhat greater length.

Should you deem it worth your while to inquire at any of the Chancelleries whether they happen to be acquainted with a certain Monsieur Felix Maas, you would probably be surprised to learn that he is as well known to them as—well—shall we say the Sultan of Turkey himself? though it would be difficult to mention in what capacity. One thing is quite certain; it would be no easy task to find a man possessed of such peculiar characteristics as this retiring individual. At first glance his name would appear to settle his nationality once and for all. He would tell you, however, that he has no right to be considered a Dutchman. At the same time he would omit to tell you to which kingdom or empire he ascribes the honour of his birth. His friends would inform you that he speaks the language of every country west of the Ural Mountains with equal fluency; and though he would appear to be the possessor of considerable wealth, he never makes the least parade of it. In fact, his one and only idea in life would seem to be always irreproachably dressed and groomed, never to speak unless spoken to, and at all times to act as if he took no sort of interest whatever in any person or thing save that upon which he happens to be engaged at the moment. When necessity demands it he can be exceedingly amusing; he never allows himself to be seen with a man or woman who would be likely to cause him the least loss of prestige; he gives charming little dinners *à la fourchette* to a few intimates at his rooms in town twice or three times during the season, and is rumoured to be the author, under a *nom de plume*, of one of the best works on Continental politics that has seen the light since Talleyrand's day. So much for Felix Maas.

At one time or another there have been a number of exquisite yachts built to satisfy the

extravagance of millionaires, but never one so perfect in every detail and so replete with every luxury as Browne's *Lotus Blossom*. The state-rooms were large and airy; beds occupied the places of the usual uncomfortable bunks; the dining-saloon was situated amidships, where the vibration of the screw was least felt; the drawing-room was arranged aft; and a dainty boudoir for the ladies extended across the whole width of the counter. The smoking-room was in a convenient position under the bridge, and the bathrooms, four in number, were luxury and completeness itself. Add to the other advantages the presence of Felicien, that prince of *chefs*, and little Georges, once so intimately connected with the English Embassy in Paris, and no more need be said.

Browne himself made an excellent host; and by the time the Norwegian coast had been sighted the party had settled down comfortably on board. They visited Christiania, the Buln, Hardanger, and Sogne, and eventually found themselves at anchor in the harbour of Merok, on the Gieranger Fjord. It is in this lovely bay, overshadowed by its precipitous mountains, that my story may be properly said to commence.

It is sometimes asserted by a class of people who talk of the Eiffel Tower as if it were a bit of natural scenery, and of the Matterhorn as though it were placed where it is simply for the entertainment of Cook's tourists, that when you have seen one Norwegian fjord you have seen them all. But this statement is, as are the majority of such assertions, open to contradiction. The Ryfylke bears no sort of resemblance, save that they are both incomparably grand, to the Hardanger, or the Fjaerlandts to the Gieranger. There is, of course, the same solemnity and the same overwhelming sense of man's insignificance about them all. But in every other essential they differ as completely as Windermere does from the Bitter Lakes of Suez—shall we say?—or the Marble Arch from the Bridge of Sighs.

'Knowing what we know, and seeing what we see,' Maas remarked confidentially to the Duchess of Matlock as they sat in their chairs on deck, gazing up at the snow-capped mountains at the head of the fjord, 'one is tempted to believe that Providence, in designing Europe, laid it out with the express intention of pleasing the British tourist.'

'I detest tourists,' replied her Grace as she disentangled the straps of her field-glasses. 'They are terrible people, who cheapen everything, and who think nothing of discussing their private affairs in the Temple of the Sphinx, or of comparing and grumbling at their *dhobie's* accounts under the façade of the Taj Mahal.'

'The inevitable result of a hothouse education, my dear Duchess,' said Jimmy Foote, who was leaning against the bulwarks. 'Believe a poor man who knows, it is just those three annas overcharge in a *dhobie's* bill that spoil a holiday excursion; as far as I am personally concerned, such an imposition would spoil even the Moti Masjid itself.'

'People who quarrel over a few annas have no right to travel,' remarked Mrs Dobson, with the authority of a woman who rejoices in the possession of a larger income.

'In that case, one trembles to think what would become of the greater portion of mankind,' continued Miss Verney, who was drawing on her gloves preparatory to going ashore.

'If that were the law I am afraid I should never get beyond the white walls of Old England,' said Jimmy Foote, shaking his head; 'it is only by keeping a sharp eye on the three annas of which we have been speaking that I manage to exist at all. If I might make a suggestion to the powers that be, it would be to the effect that a university should be founded in some convenient centre—Vienna, for instance. It would be properly endowed, and students might be sent to it from all parts of the world. It should possess competent professors, who would teach the pupils how to comport themselves in railway trains and on board steamboats; who would tell them how to dress themselves to suit different countries, in order that they might not spoil choice bits of scenery by inartistic colouring. Above all, I would have them instructed in the proper manner of placing their boots outside their bedroom doors when they retire to rest in foreign hotels. I remember a ruffian in Paris some years ago (truth compels me to put it on record that he was a countryman of yours, Mr Dobson) who for three weeks used to disturb my beauty-sleep by throwing his boots outside his door in the fashion to which I am alluding. It's my belief he used to stand in the centre of his room and pitch them into the corridor outside, taking particular care that they should land exactly above my head.'

'It occurs to me I have met that man,' observed Maas quietly, lighting another cigarette as he spoke. 'He travels a great deal.'

'Surely it could not be the same man?' remarked Mrs Dobson, with an incredulous air. 'The coincidence would really be too extraordinary.' A smile went round the group; humour was not the lady's strong point.

'To continue my proposal,' said Foote, with quiet enjoyment. 'In addition to imparting instruction on the subjects I have mentioned, I would have my pupils thoroughly grounded in the languages of the various countries they intended visiting, so that they should not inquire the French for eau de Cologne, or ask the meaning of *pâté de foie gras* when they encountered it upon their menus. A proper appreciation of the beautiful in art might follow, in order to permit of their distinguishing between a Sandro Botticelli—shall we say?—and a "Seaport at Sunrise" by Claude Lorraine.'

'A professor who could give instruction upon the intricacies of a Continental wine list might be added with advantage to the world in general,' put in Barrington-Marsh.

'And the inevitable result,' said Browne, who had joined the party while Marsh was speaking, 'would be that you might as well not travel at all. Build an enormous restaurant in London, and devote a portion of it to every country into which modern man travels. Hang the walls with tricky, theatrical canvases after the fashion of a cyclorama; engage waiters in appropriate costumes, let them speak the language of the country in which you are supposed to be dining, let the tables be placed in the centre of the hall, have a band to discourse national airs, and you would be able to bore yourself to death in comfort, for the simple reason that every one would talk, eat, drink, and behave just as respectably as his neighbour. Half the fun of moving about the world, as I understand it, lies in the studies of character one has presented by one's fellow-creatures. But, see, the boat is alongside; let us make our way ashore while it is fine.'

Beautiful as Merok undoubtedly is, it must be admitted that its amusements are, to say the least of it, limited. You can lunch at the hotel, explore the curious little octagonal church, and, if you are a walker, climb the road that crosses the mountains to Grotlid. The views are sublime, for the mountains rise on every hand, giving the little bay the appearance of an amphitheatre.

'What is the programme?' inquired Miss Verney, who, as was known to her companions, preferred an easy-chair and a flirtation on the deck of the yacht to any sort of athletic exercise ashore.

Browne thereupon explained that the Duchess, who was dressed in appropriate walking costume, had made out an itinerary. They were to visit the church, do the regulation sights, and, finally, make their way up the hillside to the Storfos Waterfall, which is the principal, and almost the only, attraction the village has to offer. The usual order of march was observed. The Duchess and the Ambassador, being the seniors of the party, led the way; that lady's two daughters, escorted by Barrington-Marsh and Jimmy Foote—who was too obvious a detrimental to be worth guarding against—came next; Maas, Mrs and Miss Dobson followed close in their wake; while Miss Verney and Browne brought up the rear.

On this occasion everything went merrily as a marriage-bell. After those who had brought their cameras had snap-shotted the church, and made the usual mistake with regard to the angles, the party climbed the hill in the direction of the waterfall. It was only when they reached it that those in front noticed that Miss Verney had joined the trio next before her, and that Browne had disappeared. He had gone back to the boat, the lady explained, in order to give some instructions that had been forgotten. From her silence, however, and from the expression of annoyance upon her beautiful face, the others immediately jumped to the conclusion that something more serious must have happened than her words

would seem to imply. In this case, however, popular opinion was altogether at fault. As a matter of fact, Browne's reason for leaving his guests to pursue their walk alone was an eminently simple one. He strolled down to the boat which had brought them ashore, and, having despatched it with a message to the yacht, resumed his walk, hoping to catch his party up before they reached the waterfall. A thick mist meanwhile was descending upon the mountain, shutting out the landscape as completely as if a curtain had been drawn before it. At first he was inclined to treat the matter as of small moment; and, leaving the road, he continued his walk in the belief that it would soon pass off. Stepping warily—for mountain paths in Norway are not to be treated with disrespect—he pushed on for upwards of a quarter of an hour, feeling sure he must be near his destination, and wondering why he did not hear the voices of his friends or the thunder of the fall. At last he stopped. The fog was thicker than ever, and a fine but penetrating rain was falling. Browne was still wondering what Miss Verney's feelings would be, supposing she were condemned to pass the night on the hillside, when he heard a little cry proceed out, as he supposed, of the fog ahead of him. The voice was a woman's, and the ejaculation was one of pain. Hearing it, Browne moved forward again in the hope of discovering whence it proceeded and what had occasioned it. Search how he would, however, he could see nothing of the person who had given utterance to it. At last, in despair, he stood still and called, and in reply a voice said in English, 'Help me; help me, please.'

'Where are you?' Browne inquired in the same language; 'and what is the matter?'

'I am down here,' the voice replied; 'and I am afraid I have sprained my ankle. I have fallen and cannot get up.'

Browne has since confessed it was the voice that did it. Though no fault could be found with what was said, the accent was scarcely that of an Englishwoman.

'Are you on a path or on the hillside?' he inquired, after he had vainly endeavoured to locate her.

'I am on the hillside,' she replied. 'The fog was so thick that I could not see my way, and I slipped on the bank and rolled down, twisting my foot under me.'

'Well, if you will try and guide me, I will do all in my power to help you,' said Browne; and as he said it he moved carefully towards the spot whence he imagined the voice proceeded. From the feel of the ground under his feet he could tell that he had left the path and was descending the slope.

'Am I near you now?' he asked.

'I think you must be,' was the reply. And then the voice added, with a little laugh, 'How ridiculous it all is, and how sorry I am for troubling you!'

Had she known to what this extraordinary introduction was destined to lead it is very doubtful

whether she would have considered it so full either of humour or regret as her words seemed to imply.

Inch by inch Browne continued to advance, until he could just distinguish, seated on the ground below him, and clinging with both her arms to a stunted birch-tree, the figure of the girl for whom he was searching. At most she was not more than five feet from him. Then, with that suddenness which appears to be the peculiar property of Norwegian mists, the vapour which had up to that moment so thickly enveloped them rolled away, and the whole landscape was revealed to their gaze. As he took in the position Browne uttered a cry of horror. The girl had wandered off the path, slipped down the bank, and was now holding on to a tree only a foot or two removed from the brink of one of the most stupendous precipices along the Norwegian coast.

So overwhelmed was he with horror that for a moment Browne found himself quite unable to say or do anything. Then, summoning to his assistance all the presence of mind of which he was master, he addressed the girl, who, seeing the danger to which she was exposed, was clinging tighter than ever to the tree, her face as white as the paper upon which I am now writing. For a moment the young man scarcely knew how to act for the best. To leave her while he went for assistance was out of the question; while it was very doubtful, active as he was, whether he would be able unaided to get her up in her injured condition to the path above. Ridiculous as the situation may have appeared in the fog, it had resolved itself into one of absolute danger, and Browne felt the perspiration start out upon his forehead as he thought of what would have happened had she missed the tree and rolled a few feet farther. One thing was quite certain—something must be done; so, taking off his coat, he lowered it by the sleeve to her, inquiring at the same time whether she thought she could hold on to it sufficiently tight for him to pull her up to the path above. She replied that she would endeavour to do so, and thereupon the struggle commenced. A struggle it certainly was, and an extremely painful one, for the girl was handicapped by her injured foot. Browne from his boyhood, however, had been noted for his strength, but never before had it been exerted in such a way. What if the girl's nerve should desert her and she should let go, or the sleeve of the coat part company with the body? In either case there could be but one result—an instant and terrible death for her.

Taken altogether, it was an experience neither of them would ever be likely to forget. At last, inch by inch, foot by foot, he drew her up; and with every advance she made, the stones she dislodged went tinkling down the bank and, rolling over the edge, disappeared into the abyss below. When at last she was sufficiently close for him to place his arm round her and to lift her into

safety beside him the reaction was almost more than either of them could bear. For some minutes the girl sat with her face buried in her hands, too much overcome with horror at the narrowness of her escape even to thank her preserver. When she *did* lift her face to him, Browne became aware for the first time how attractive she was. Beautiful as Miss Verney was beautiful she certainly could not claim to be; there was, however, something about her face that was more pleasing than mere personal loveliness could possibly have been.

'How did you come to be up here alone?' he inquired, after she had tried to express her gratitude to him for the service he had rendered her.

'It was foolish of me, I admit,' she answered. 'I had been painting on the mountain, and was making my way back to the hotel when the fog caught me. Suddenly I felt myself falling. To save myself I clutched at that tree, and was still clinging to it when you called to me. Oh! how can I thank you? But for you I might now be'—

She paused, and Browne, to fill in the somewhat painful gap, immediately stated that he had no desire to be thanked at all. He insisted that he had only done what was fit and proper. It was plain, however, from the look of admiration he cast upon her, that he was very well satisfied with the part he had been permitted to play in the affair.

While, however, they were progressing thus favourably in one direction, it was evident that they were not yet at an end of their difficulties in another, for the young lady, pretend as she might to ignore the fact, was undoubtedly lame; under the circumstances for her to walk was out of the question, and Merok was distant fully a mile, and a very steep mile, from where they were now seated.

'How shall I get home?' the girl inquired. 'I am afraid it will be impossible for me to walk so far, and no pony could come along this narrow path to fetch me.'

Browne puckered his forehead with thought. A millionaire is apt to imagine that nothing in this world is impossible, provided he has his cheque-book in his pocket and a stylographic pen wherewith to write an order on his banker. In this case, however, he was compelled to confess himself beaten. There was one way out of it, of course, and both knew it. But the young man felt his face grow hot at the very thought of it.

'If you would only let me carry you as far as the main road, I could easily find a conveyance to take you the rest of the distance,' he faltered.

'Do you think you *could* carry me?' she answered, with a seriousness that was more than half-assumed to cover her confusion. 'I am very heavy.'

It might be mentioned here, and with advantage to the story I have to tell, that in his unregenerate days Browne had won many weight-lifting competitions; his modesty, however, prevented his mentioning this fact to her.

'If you will trust me I think I can manage,' he said; and then, without waiting for her to

protest, he picked the girl up, and, holding her carefully in his arms, carried her along the path in the direction of the village. It was scarcely a time for conversation, so that the greater part of the journey was conducted in silence. When at last they reached the mountain road—that wonderful road which is one of the glories of Merok—Browne placed the girl upon the bank, and, calling a boy whom he could see in the distance, despatched him to the hotel for assistance. The youth having disappeared, Browne turned to the girl again. The pain she had suffered during that short journey had made her face very white, but she did her best to make light of it.

'I cannot thank you enough for all you have done for me,' she said, and a little shudder swept over her as the remembrance of how near she had been to death returned to her.

'I am very thankful I happened to be there at the time,' the other replied, with corresponding seriousness. 'If you will be warned by me, you will be careful for the future how you venture on the mountains without a guide at this time of year. Fogs, such as we have had to-day, descend so quickly, and the paths are dangerous at the best of times.'

'You may be sure I will be more careful,' she replied humbly. 'But do not let me keep you now; I have detained you too long already. I shall be quite safe here.'

'You are not detaining me at all,' he answered. 'I have nothing to do. Besides, I could not think of leaving you until I have seen you safely on your way back to your hotel. Have you been in Merok very long?'

'Scarcely a week,' the girl replied. 'We came from Hellesylt.'

Browne wondered of whom the *we* might consist. Was the girl married? He tried to discover whether or not she wore a wedding-ring, but her hand was hidden in the folds of her dress.

Five minutes later a cabriolet made its appearance, drawn by a shaggy pony and led by a villager. Behind it, and considerably out of breath, toiled a stout and elderly lady, who, as soon as she saw the girl seated on the bank by the roadside, burst into a torrent of speech.

'Russian,' said Browne to himself; 'her accent puzzled me, but that accounts for it.'

Then turning to the young man, who was experiencing some slight embarrassment at being present at what his instinct told him was a wiggling, administered by a lady who knew very well how to do it scientifically, the girl said in English:

'Permit me to introduce you to my guardian, Madame Bernstein.'

The couple bowed ceremoniously to each other, and then Browne and the villager between them lifted the girl into the vehicle, the man took his place at the pony's head, and the strange cortège proceeded on its way down the hill towards the hotel. Once there, Browne prepared to take leave of them. He held out his hand to the girl, who took it.

'Good-bye,' he said. 'I hope it will not be long before you are able to get about again.'

'Good-bye,' she answered; and then, with great seriousness, 'I hope you will believe that I shall always be grateful to you for the service you have rendered me this afternoon.'

There was a little pause. Then, with a nervousness that was by no means usual to him, he added:

'I hope you will not think me rude, but perhaps you would not mind telling me whom I have had the pleasure of helping?'

'My name is Katherine Petrovitch,' she answered, with a smile, and then as frankly returned his question. 'And yours?'

'My name is Browne,' he replied; and also smiling as he said it, he added: 'I am Browne's Mimosa Soap, Fragrant and Antiseptic.'

CIVIL SERVICE SHOPKEEPING.

By R. W. JOHNSTON.



SOMETHING less than forty years ago a handful of Post Office clerks, of whom the writer was one, clubbed together for a chest of tea, and parcelled it out amongst them.

That simple transaction has grown into a business which last year amounted to nearly one and three-quarter millions sterling! The Post Office clerk of forty years ago was not a very wealthy individual, and he was sadly perplexed at the 'high price of coals.' But coals were dirty, and difficult of distribution, so he turned his attention to tea as the object of his maiden attempts at co-operation. By-and-by two or three chests were bought and distributed, the money being planked down in advance, so as to secure the best terms

from the wholesale dealer. But soon the local grocer found out that his Post Office customers were not buying tea, and refused to supply them with sugar, on which there is little or no profit. Then came the necessity for co-operating in sugar as well as tea, followed up by difficulties of storage; for up to this point the business had been carried on in a large cupboard in one of the departments at St Martin's-le-Grand. By-and-by the 'Post Office Stores' was formed, with one of the officials of the secretary's office as manager, who announced over the entrance to two modest rooms in Bath Street, Newgate Street, that he was 'licensed to sell tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff.' Modest as were the rooms thus occupied, the fittings were more modest still, consisting of empty egg-boxes, out of

which a counter and shelves were constructed. Nor was the business on a grand scale, certain articles being supplied on certain days of the week only—thus: tea, sugar, and coffee on Mondays; rice, pickles, &c., on Tuesdays; and so on. But even under these restrictions business prospered amazingly, and it soon became necessary to remove to larger premises, which were found in Bridge-water Square, Aldersgate Street. From there a further removal was soon made to Wood Street, and thence to Monkwell Street, where the stores became consolidated in a measure, and where a very considerable business was done. But caution was still the order of the day; and it is related how, on one occasion, the manager was severely taken to task for his extravagance in ordering at one time a whole hundredweight of moist sugar! The secretary came to his rescue with the remark: 'Don't blame the manager, for you will live to see the time when you will have to buy sugar by the ton.' Both men are probably dead now, but what would they have said of the purchases of sugar to-day, which probably amount to hundreds of tons at a time?

Up to this point Civil Service co-operation was wholly confined to Post Office men. But in or about the year 1866 the other branches of the service sought admission to the benefits of the system, and soon the Customs and Inland Revenue were in full membership. The 'Revenue Departments,' as the three great branches of the service are styled, were soon the envy of the 'West End Offices,' whose members would have been slow to start a 'shop' of their own; and by-and-by all departments were admitted, and the 'Post Office Stores' became the 'Civil Service Supply Association,' with a manager at £120 a year, and a capital in £1 shares, of which 10s. was paid up. Business increased apace, and before very long a move was made to the premises in Queen Victoria Street, which, after repeated extensions, have assumed the proportions of an immense emporium. As a natural corollary of the admission of the West End departments, there was soon a demand for West End accommodation, and before long the Bedford Street Stores were established, which have since overflowed into Chandos Street and Agar Street. Including furniture and fixtures, the premises owned and occupied by the association are valued at close upon *two hundred thousand pounds*, in addition to which a sum not far short of ten thousand a year is paid for 'rent and taxes.' This is an enormous stride from the Bath Street days, when it is improbable that more than £20 or £30 a year was paid for the premises of the original 'Post Office Stores.'

The customers of the association are numbered by tens of thousands, exceeding, as they do, a total of 44,000, of whom 15,000 odd are members of the Civil Service, and 28,000 odd are 'friends of shareholders.' The shareholders number 5286, and the number of shares on the register is 354,480, which, being translated into pounds sterling, represents the capital of the association. Origin-

ally the association was strictly confined to members of the Civil Service, and its co-operative character was then beyond question. But for many years it has admitted the outside public, and has become practically a trading concern, where profits are divided amongst a comparatively small number of its members. There is this to be said, however, that the original founders of the association waited for many years before they received any return, and that, in fact, they built up the business by their energy and enterprise in many directions. The wisdom of admitting the outside public was doubted at the time by many members of the association, and its evil results were very soon apparent in the fierce opposition of the shopkeepers of London, who, while admitting the perfect right of civil servants to co-operate amongst themselves, objected strongly to their trading with the general public. Their ire was further excited by the fact that the association did not then pay income-tax, nor even attach receipt-stamps to their bills. The matter was hotly debated in the press and at public meetings, and members of parliament asked questions about it in the House which were not always either easy or pleasant to answer. It could not exactly be said that civil servants had not a perfect right to use their leisure time as they pleased, and yet this precise use of it could not exactly be defended under then existing regulations. At length it was laid down that officials in high positions should not act as managers of the stores, and that the attendance of those who did act should not be after a certain hour in the morning nor before a certain hour in the evening. In other words, and in plain English, it was laid down that the stores were to be given a wide berth during 'official hours.' Income-tax, now amounting to over two thousand a year, began to be paid, and receipt-stamps were brought into use. This either appeased the shopkeepers or convinced them of the uselessness of further opposition; and such of them as did not set to work to reduce their prices commenced to plough with the enemy's heifer, by converting their businesses into 'stores,' and otherwise imitating the methods of their opponents. Prior to this truce the meetings of the association were a trifle lively, not to say uproarious, and shareholders with the gift of oratory were wont to let themselves go on occasion, and to make it hot for the committee, who sat in a row at the head of the table. But the meetings are now as dull as decorous, and the chairman as a rule has a very easy time. For years past the report has opened with a stereotyped paragraph congratulating the members on 'the continued prosperity of the association,' and the chairman's address has been more devoted to pleasantries than to apologies. The association has, in fact, entered upon that phase of its existence when, as in the case of nations, happiness consists in having no history.

A glance at the figures in the trading accounts for the year 1897-98 reveals a set of transactions

of enormous magnitude. Thus, goods were bought to the amount of over £1,400,000, and sold to the amount of nearly £1,700,000. In the latter amount groceries, wines, provisions, and tobacco figure for upwards of £800,000; fancy goods and ironmongery for £420,000 odd; hosiery, furniture, &c. (a strange combination), for nearly £320,000; clothing, boots, &c., for upwards of £107,000; and china and glass for upwards of £33,000. The net profit on these enormous transactions was a trifle under £47,000, an almost infinitesimal amount compared with the grand total of the sales, although enough, probably, for an institution which claims to be still somewhat of a co-operative society, and to supply its customers at the 'lowest possible prices.' Some of the items in the profit and loss account are interesting. Thus, salaries and allowances figure for considerably more than £100,000; paper, string, and straw for over £10,000; postage and receipt stamps for over £4000; stationery and printing for a nearly similar amount; gas and electric light for more than £4600; and miscellaneous trade expenses for about a similar amount. The carriage of goods considerably exceeds £30,000; nor can we wonder at this when it is estimated that more than a million packages are despatched during the year, and that the packing department alone employs more than five hundred hands. One item merits special attention—namely, £7315 for price lists and circulars, including cost of delivery, but less advertisements.

The price list is a huge volume of over twelve hundred closely printed pages, and is a perfect marvel of detail and exhaustiveness. It contains a guide to nearly fifty separate departments, so various as to include art, clothes, drugs, dyeing, fish, funerals, hair-dressing, music, pianos, saddlery, and travel. An index of more than sixty pages contains a list of over eight thousand separate articles dealt in, including such out-of-the-way things as ants' eggs, bayonets, bibs, cat food, chaff, dolls, dust-bins, family Bibles, flies, fowls, gin, herrings, ice, 'incivility,' loam, manna, nails, oats, peat, petticoats, pigs' feet, prawns, prayer-books, rat-traps, slugs, straw, tape (red!), tares, tow, urns, vices, washing, wash-ups, yacht wine-glasses, yak lace, and zithers. The association has agents abroad, through whom it carries on a large export business. It makes arrangements for laundry-work and window-cleaning; has a tourist, excursion, railway, and steam-packet agency; conducts auction sales, valuations for probate, life insurance, fire, burglary, and accident insurance, and custom-house and shipping business; and arranges for the supply of governesses and teachers at reduced rates. It provides doctors, dentists, and masseurs at reduced fees, and has made arrangements with the St John's Ambulance Association Invalid Transport Corps for the supply of horse ambulance carriages, litters, stretchers, and carrying-chairs, with qualified attendants. In short, it will bring

you into the world, feed and clothe you, see to your health as well as your teeth, carry you about when on pleasure bent or too lame to walk, bury you when dead, and provide for your widow by a handsome life insurance. It does not yet undertake to marry its members, a clergyman being one of the few 'commodities' not dealt in at the stores. But it will supply you with a wedding-breakfast if you are old-fashioned enough to affect that hospitable form of entertainment, and it will provide the carriages to convey you and your guests to and from church, and yourself and wife to the railway station, 'with coachmen in livery if desired.' In short, there is nothing worth buying which the association does not sell, down to a wooden leg or a club-foot, and up to hats, helmets, and other headgear, not even excepting wigs and wide-awakes. But it sells many things which civil servants, happily, do not require to buy, and many more which they cannot afford—diamonds, for instance. But, having admitted the outside public—the rich, the luxurious, the leisurely—to the privilege of trading with it, the association has, perforce, to keep everything, or practically everything, which may be asked for. It is, in fact, a 'Universal Provider,' with the single exception, perhaps, that it does not provide young men as partners at smart dances, although it provides conjurers and other descriptions of entertainers for evening parties, and the like.

'Going to the stores' has become one of the recognised female dissipations of the day, and the crowded state of the refreshment and toilet departments towards one o'clock is not wholly due to the famished young clerks who flock there in their hundreds to snatch a hasty meal, and otherwise refresh themselves 'at the lowest possible price.'

The association is managed by a committee of fifteen, including a chairman, and representing all the branches, or groups of branches, of the Civil Service. Each member of committee receives £200 a year, so that the total cost of management reaches the respectable sum of £3000 a year. The principal officers are the secretary, with £600 a year; the accountant, with £400 a year; the chief cashier, with a similar amount; and the treasurer, with £200 a year, which amount is also paid to each of the two auditors. The total number of employees exceeds fourteen hundred, and is made up of superintendents, clerks, storekeepers, assistant-storekeepers, dispensers, assistants, mechanics, servants, porters, timekeepers, and so forth. One storekeeper receives as much as £420 a year, one clerk as much as £310 a year, and one mechanic as much as £275 a year; while two dispensers share between them the respectable amount of £520 a year. Assistants are paid wages ranging from £4, 10s. to 7s. a week, the graduation being, no doubt, in accordance with age, experience, and length of service. In fact, Civil Service practice is pretty closely adhered to, and a pension fund provides for the

old age of the employes, while a provident fund provides for their sickness, death, or other misfortune. To both of these funds the association is a liberal contributor, £2000 a year being usually granted to the pension fund, and £500 a year to the provident. These funds would appear to be in a flourishing condition, the former having as much as £22,800 to its credit, and the latter not far short of £14,000. The association is, in every respect, a model employer, and lends its countenance to various agencies for the benefit of its employes, including cricket clubs and other recreative facilities, and the inevitable 'smoking concert.' On the whole, the consideration is well deserved, and the chronic grumbler against incivility has almost ceased from troubling at the half-yearly meetings, just as his colleague in the Petty Bag Office has ceased to complain of the quality of the butter, the bacon, and the 'baccy.'

The association has had several imitators during the past thirty years, but its method of doing business has hardly been bettered, nor its success eclipsed in any way. There was a 'hive-off' comparatively early when the 'New Civil Service Co-operation' set up close by in Queen Victoria Street, and appealed to much the same class of customers. Apparently there was room enough for both; at all events, the Supply Association has not suffered in any way from what is practically a next-door opposition. Later, the 'Civil Service Co-operative Society,' generally known as the 'Haymarket Stores,' was started, and has attained to considerable proportions. But the most formidable competitor of the association is the 'Army and Navy Co-operative Society,' generally known as the 'Army and Navy Stores,' in Victoria Street, Westminster. In this case the business is on a scale approaching, if it does not exceed, that of the Supply Association, and there may be said to be a very active competition between the two. Probably the Army and Navy and Haymarket Stores have the larger number of 'carriage people' amongst their customers, and there is no more familiar sight than the block of vehicles in Victoria Street on fine afternoons. This, indeed, constituted one of the bitterest complaints of the shopkeepers in the early days, it being pointed out that people would take home

brooms and brushes, for which they had paid cash, in their carriages, and ask the small trader to send home trifling articles for which they took long credit. But the liberality of all the stores in the matter of carriage arrangements has changed all this, and very small orders are now delivered free at any address in London and at many addresses in the country. Other Civil Service trading concerns are the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, the Civil Service Mutual Furnishing Association, the Civil Service Co-operative Coal Company, and the Army and Navy Auxiliary Co-operative Supply. There is even a Civil Service Bank and a Civil Service Cycle Agency, and, in fact, the title has been made so free with in recent years that it has lost a good deal of its charm as well as its potency.

The pioneers of the stores movement undoubtedly performed a great public service, the rapacity of the shopkeepers thirty years ago being almost beyond endurance. Most articles of everyday use were dear beyond all present day conception, and drugs were prohibitively expensive. As for luxuries, they were not to be thought of in middle-class households, and certainly not in the households of civil servants. Unquestionably the standard of comfort in living has been raised by the extension of the co-operative principle, even in the modified form in which it is displayed in these Civil Service societies. But there has been an outcome of the movement which may have far-reaching results, and a stage has been reached when thoughtful men must feel inclined to pause and reflect. 'Industrialism' may be pushed too far, like most other good things in this world; and the present craze for converting private businesses into joint-stock undertakings is a feature of our civilisation which has its evil side. Admitting the gain which has arisen from the establishment of these great emporia, where everything is sold, there is the very distinct loss of personal skill and supervision, and above all of specialisation; and it may be doubted whether connoisseurs—of tea and wine, for instance—do not cling to the old method of doing business. There are a few establishments, which might be named, which have not suffered much from co-operation, so called, nor are likely to suffer.

FIDDLER TREEN.

By JAMES PATEY.



THE talk was of wrestling, particularly of the prowess of Dan Gerry of Porthillan. The men sat over their cider, in the clear light of the summer evening; and overhead in weather-stained blue and gold swung the sign of 'The Three Pilchards'—the little thatched inn being affectionately known as 'The Dree.'

It was old Roskrige who pronounced the crowning eulogium on Gerry. 'Take 'en altogether, for good Cornish wrestling, for grip an' for trip, there isn't a man in the county that's the equal o' Dan.'

But Hockaday, the farrier, qualified the panegyric. 'Unless 'tis Jan Tregooze; but he's hardly to be reckoned, for his wrestling days be awver. He's a changed sawl now, an' hath jined the Partic'lars.'

'For the matter o' that,' answered Roskrugre gravely, 'I don't hold with 'en. 'Tis a good scriptral sort o' sport, for 'tis written that the angel wrestled wi' forefather Jacob; an' if 'tis fitty for an angel o' heaven, 'tis fitty for Jan Tregooze.'

Hockaday differed as he filled his pipe. 'Jan's about right; he says 'tis better to bring a sinner to his knees than to putt 'en on his back.'

Up the street there was a scamper of gathering children, and on the wind came the keen notes of a fiddle.

'I've seed some brave wrastling in my days,' observed Roskrugre, growing reminiscential over his second pint. 'There was Carwidden, that travelled about to fairs, a famous chap, sure 'nough! I've seed 'en take a mazed bullock by the horns an' drive 'en tail fore.'

Hockaday, looking up the street, cried suddenly, 'Bless my sawl! here comes old Fiddler Treen!'

It was a queer figure that came limping towards the little group at the inn—a shrunken old fellow, with a ruddy, puckered face and straggling wisps of white hair. At his back he carried a leathern bag, from which protruded the neck of a fiddle. His loose coat reached his heels, and the original colour of it would have been a matter for antiquarian research. Lifting his battered wide-awake, he saluted the company with a courtesy that was two generations out of date.

'Waarm weather, fiddler,' observed Roskrugre civilly.

'Waarm 'tis,' said the old man, mopping his bald head. 'I sim the miles be getting longer, an' the hills be getting steeper.' Whereupon Hockaday pushed the cider across the table; and when the fiddler's face was buried in the hospitable jug the men glanced at each other, and Roskrugre tapped his forehead significantly.

'Where be bound?' asked Hockaday.

'Porthalla Revel o' Friday,' answered the fiddler. 'But, law! 'tis a revel no more. There's a club-walking now, an' a school trate, an' a *tay*—this last word was spoken with intense scorn; 'tis terrible tame. Bless 'ce! I can mind, backalong, when Porthalla Revel was a sight to behold—caravans, an' booths, an' roundygoes, an' standings by the dizzen, two or dree score couples dancing to wance, iss, an' oceans o' drink, an' a hatful o' money for the fiddler. 'Tis getting a poor sort o' world!'

'Iss, iss, times be altered,' said Roskrugre sympathetically.

'Altered, sure 'nough!' replied the old man. 'The old ways be dying out, an' the old folks, an' the old toons. What be I but a sort o' ancient bygone?'

'When you comed along, fiddler,' said Jordan, one of the younger men, giving a trend to the conversation, 'us was talking 'bout wrastling.'

'An' very purty talk, too,' observed the fiddler.

'Us reckoned that Dan Gerry will be the champion o' these parts.'

'Iss, iss! he's a spry feller, an' there's strength

in 'en,' replied Fiddler Treen; 'but I've seed a man Bodmin-way that's more to my fancy.'

The men, with sudden interest, leaned forward as Hockaday asked, 'What's the name o' 'en?'

'Simon Widgery—he's a thatcher by trade; a spare-built man, wiry, with limbs like iron, an' as supple as a conger. Gerry'd find his mate in that chap, if he didn't find his maister.'

Roskrugre, thumping the table, cried excitedly, 'If us could bring they two together 'twid be a brave match!'

Hockaday, with some emotion, answered 'Twid!'

After the fiddler had rested a bit he resumed his journey, and when he had limped away Roskrugre said sadly, 'Poor old sawl, trapesing about from place to place! 'Tis time he settled down to Christian ways.'

'Iss, a queer old man,' replied Hockaday; 'an' always a bit touched. Us found 'en starving wance on Gerran Moor, an' there was some talk o' putting 'en under restraint, for a mazed wanderer; but 'twid be like caging a saybird.'

'I've heard tell,' said Jordan in a low voice, 'that Fiddler Treen hath the power o' evil.'

'Iss, 'tis true,' answered Roskrugre solemnly. 'Do 'ee mind Squire Nick Vivian? He was a wild fellow; an' wance as he was driving home from Porthalla market, mad wi' drink, the fiddler stood in the hedge to let 'en pass, an' he lashed at the old man with his whip, for no mortal raison but out o' pure devilment. 'Twas a nasty cut, an' some of us wid have the fiddler take the law o' the squire, an' us'd pay the charges. But the old fellow wid hear no talk o' law; he wiped the blid from his face, an' he looked deadly patient. Then he took his fiddle, an' he played a little sawft toon. "There, my dears," says he; "that's for Squire Nick's burying."—An', sure enough, before the year was out squire was in the churchyard.'

'Tis said, too,' added the dismal Jordan in a mysterious whisper, 'that he knaws the evil toon the nine maidens danced to—the very toon that was played by Old Iniquity hisself.'

'Rubbish!' cried Hockaday, with an impatient laugh. 'I warn't hearken to such fulishness.'

But Roskrugre shook his head in rebuke. 'Tis no fulishness, Joe Hockaday, for there they stand to this day, the nine o' 'em, changed to granite stone for their wickedness.'

In the course of the next few days the rumour inevitably reached Dan Gerry of this Bodmin man who was more than a match for him, and the soul of Gerry burned within him. He loudly proclaimed his willingness to meet the thatcher at any place or time; and the challenge was noised about the country-side. But Bodmin was far, and the whereabouts of Widgery were only vaguely known, so it is probable that the invitation would never have reached him if Roskrugre had not hit upon the expedient of entrusting its delivery to Fiddler Treen.

It was some months later, at a sheep-shearing

at Tregarry, that Treen encountered the thatcher. There was much company at the farm, and the services of the fiddler had been retained for a crown and a night's lodging.

At the great supper Treen found himself seated opposite Widgery, and fulfilled his embassy with considerable tact. Catching the man's eye, he raised his glass in salutation, and said politely, 'Here's joy to 'ee! You'm a brave wrastler, Simon Widgery, an' folks have heard of 'ee beyond the moors. I tell 'ee, thatcher, that the fame of 'ee hath gone forth!'

The thatcher was a good-natured, modest man, and impervious to the old fellow's flattery.

'Did 'ee ivver hear tell o' Dan Gerry o' Porthillian?' asked the fiddler.

'Caan't say I have,' said Widgery.

'He's reckoned the champion wrastler o' Cornwall,' continued the fiddler.

But Widgery went on with his supper unconcernedly.

'He wid dearly like to meet thee in a match,' proceeded the old man; 'and there's some say he'd maister 'ee.'

The thatcher's interest was centred on his plate, and he made no reply.

Then, raising his voice, the fiddler said, with an important air, 'Simon Widgery, 'tis a challenge—take it or leave it. I bring 'ee word from Dan Gerry that he'd be proud to wrastle with 'ee.'

'I bide in my awn parts, an' I mind my awn business,' answered Widgery.

'Then there's wisdom in 'ee,' said Treen significantly, 'for Gerry'd surely maister 'ee. Iss, there's rare wisdom in 'ee.'

The taunt rankled in Widgery. There were many men present, to say nothing of the farm-maidens, and he resented this imputation of sagacity. During the remainder of the meal he plied the fiddler with questions as to the geography of Porthillian, and the means of getting there; and when the huge junket bowl was brought in, crowned with cream and nutmeg, Fiddler Treen cried triumphantly, 'Then 'tis a match!'

Widgery quietly answered, 'Tis.'

One wild night the wagon of the Porthillian carrier made its adventurous way across the moor. There was a gale from the south-west—a Cornish gale, half-wind, half-water. There were brimming pools in the hollows of the tarpaulin, and at every lurch the wagon was fringed with a cataract.

There was a certain hilarity about the driver that was inconsistent with his saturated condition. He whistled occasionally, and wasted gusts of song upon the hurricane; and in lulls of the tempest he would turn and fling joocularities into the recesses of the vehicle, from which came bursts of responsive laughter.

The wagon pulled up at the 'Three Pilchards,' and Tregoweth, the landlord, came eagerly forth with a stable lantern. 'I've brought 'em!' shouted the carrier, shaking himself like a wet dog; and

a tall figure, shrouded in a mackintosh, leapt from the wagon and ran into the lighted inn.

'You'm welcome, Simon Widgery,' cried Tregoweth, bringing the stranger forward to the fire; and Roskruge, Hockaday, and the others, who had been keenly waiting his arrival, rose and greeted the man heartily.

'Here's Dan Gerry!' cried Roskruge as the Porthillian champion came forward; and the rivals shook hands civilly. Widgery was the slighter, and looked almost slim in his long mackintosh.

'Who's to be maister?' asked Hockaday of Peter Roskruge when the Bodmin man was stripped of his waterproof.

The old man looked critically from one to another, and said slowly, 'Iss, that's the question—who's to prevail? They'm a purty pair—'tis betwixt an' between. 'Tis p'raps with wan, an' perryventure with t'other. Wan thing's certain; 'twill be a brave match.'

The contest could not immediately take place, for Gerry had gone a-fishing and been bitten in the hand by a conger. The hurt was trifling, and was fast healing; for in his wisdom he had consulted Bathsheba Munday of Treleven, who had touched the wound and repeated her infallible formula, 'Conger, conger, harm the man no longer.' Opinions differed as to the nature of Mrs Munday's benison; some held that the virtue lay in the words, others in the woman. It is recorded that a St Budoc body had vainly used the words of the charm and the wound had festered.

The week's delay gave the promoters time to complete their arrangements for the matches, for there were to be other contests at the meeting, the Gerry-Widgery match being the crowning event. Money was gathered from all quarters, for the scheme provided a generous prize for the victor and a substantial solace for the vanquished. There was some talk of a tent from Plymouth; but this was abandoned on the score of expense, and they fell back on the old expedient of a 'fuzzy ring'—a rude arena of hurdles and fagots of dried furze piled high enough to intercept the gaze of all outside the enclosure.

The day came, and there was a great gathering. The ring of furze had been pitched in a level upland meadow, wind-swept and open; northward the country rose to the blue moors, and to the south it dipped in undulations to the sea. Hundreds of men paid tribute at the narrow entrance, and crowded into the arena—miners mostly, with a sprinkling of fishermen and mechanics, and here and there a farmer or a veterinary surgeon. It was rumoured that old Parson Edwards would dearly have liked to be present, but decorum forbade; so he aided the fund with a surreptitious guinea.

Roskruge was umpire, and sat solemnly at a table, with the list of competitors before him. Stuck high upon a pole behind him was the champion's trophy, the symbol of supremacy, a

hat rosetted and beribboned—its supplement being seven sovereigns in a leathern purse. On the opposite side of the arena Tregoweth dispensed cakes and drink; and near him, playing interminable jigs and country-dances, was Fiddler Treen, seated regally upon a barrel. It was the best of weather; the sky was blue and cloudless, and gloriously blue was the distant stretch of Cornish sea.

The sports began with their minor interests and humours. Sam Hoeken, the butcher, threw his opponents so easily that there was some talk of his challenging the champion after the great match. David Jury and young Pascoe, notoriously rivals in a love-matter, betrayed such animosity in their wrestling that the judicious Roskrugé parted them.

A diversion was caused by the sudden entry into the ring of Mrs Polgethy. Scorning the money-taker, she made her way to the centre, wet-aproned and bare-armed, evidently fresh from the wash-tub, and in a shrill, angry voice that verged upon a scream, she cried, 'Where's my man? Where's 'Binadab?'

A big fellow came sheepishly forward from the crowd of men. He was about to wrestle with a gigantic miner; but he quailed before the eye of the little woman. The wrath of Mrs Polgethy found vent in the terrible question, 'Hast thee digged they tetties?'

Alas! the silence of Abinadab too plainly indicated that the potatoes were undug.

'Shame upon 'ee, 'Binadab Polgethy! Here be I working an' slaving from morn till night, while you 'm idling like a good-for-noth, making sport for this tribe o' gaping fules!'

And the scorn of Mrs Polgethy, which had been focussed on her spouse, now took a wider range, and she swept the arena with her contemptuous gaze. There was a titter, but no conspicuous sign of resentment, for Mrs Polgethy had a reputation for repartee; she could hit off a man's defect of character or appearance in a facile epigram, and her nicknames stuck like burs. It was not until Abinadab had departed, and the white apron of his wife fluttered behind him through the exit, that the company dared break into their shout of derisive laughter.

Then came the great contest, and a thrill of expectation ran through the crowd when the umpire called the names. Widgery and Gerry entered the ring and formally saluted each other. Roskrugé, who had hitherto presided with magisterial calm, could not conceal his eagerness as he gave the signal.

The men instantly closed, and Gerry had the initial advantage of grip—an advantage which he never lost. In a few moments it became evident that Widgery was struggling with a stronger man. Yet he made a wonderful defence, full of surprising recoveries. The dense crowd swayed with excitement as they watched the writhing forms, and a proud shout rose from Porthillian throats when the stranger went under.

But the second bout went otherwise. Widgery played warily; Gerry's points were grapple and sheer strength, and the Bodmin man dodged till he could close with benefit. There was a sinuosity about the fellow that was almost serpentine; his method was dexterous, but, devoid of attack, it seemed mere defensive wriggling. Suddenly, however, there was a stiffening of the elusive limbs, a heaving of the crouching back, and Gerry was flung off and fell with a thud. It was an astonishing throw; it evoked an enthusiasm that overwhelmed all local jealousy, and a loud cheer went up from the ranks of Tuscany.

Conjecture was keen as to the ultimate victor, and to conjecture he must be left; for, while the men rested, Hockaday rekindled his pipe, that had gone out in the breathless interest of the contest, and carelessly flung the match into the furze. There was instantly a blaze, and in a few seconds the fagots were alight. An attempt was made to beat out the flames, but the wind blew the fire along the screen of furze, and the dry fuel caught with amazing speed. There was a general rush for the narrow outlet; shouting, laughing, coughing, the crowd of men surged out into the open meadow.

'Bless my sawl an' body!' cried Roskrugé, looking ruefully at the fire. Half the arena was now ablaze; myriads of sparks flew up in the sunshine from the semicircle of flame, and a widening cloud of gray smoke overspread the landscape.

The men for the most part took a humorous view of the conflagration, and watched it with something akin to amusement; when suddenly, above the roar of the fire and the multitudinous crackling, there rose the piercing music of a fiddle!

'Where's the fiddler? Where's Fiddler Treen?' cried a dozen voices. Then, with a gasp of horror, the men realised that the old fellow was inside the blazing ring.

'Treen! Fiddler Treen! come forth!' they shouted. But the music continued. The tune was 'Judy Jinks,' and the rollicking ditty sounded horribly grotesque in the circumstances.

'The fiddler's mazed!' cried Hockaday; and Dan Gerry said, 'Iss, us must stop that toon!' and, running towards the entrance to the arena, he disappeared in the smoke.

There was an agony of waiting, but Gerry did not return; and the fiddling continued, with a wild quickening of the time. Several men attempted to tear a gap where the fagots had not yet caught, but they were driven back, half-suffocated.

There were frantic cries of 'Gerry! Gerry!' and by this time many women, attracted by the fire, had come upon the scene. A girl with wild eyes and a piteous face clutched Widgery by the arm, and asked, 'Where's my Dan?' and the Bodmin man, without a word, plunged blindly to the rescue, and was lost in the dense gray cloud.

But neither Gerry nor Widgery came back, and the dreadful fiddling was fast and furious—'Judy Jinks' had reached delirium.

Hockaday would have followed, but the men held him back. The frenzied music became incoherent, and ominously ceased; and nothing was heard but the roar and crackle of the fire.

Then God, in His pity, changed the wind; the tongues of flame veered, and there was a sudden clearing in the smoke. The scene was laid bare, with its charred hurdles and heaps of smoking ashes, and the farther hedge of fagots still ablaze.

With a cry the men rushed forward. They found Widgery lying face downward, unconscious, but alive; and Gerry near him, far gone in suffocation. Both men were badly burned, but happily not beyond the doctor's skill. After weeks of tender nursing Widgery returned to his native Bodmin with a new skin, but minus his eyebrows; and the face of Gerry was indelibly seared.

As for Fiddler Treen, they led him forth elated and unscathed, with the smell of the burning upon him and a touch of the fire in his singed white hair. His face was grotesquely blackened, and there was a strange light in his little beady eyes. One hand clutched his fiddle, the strings

of which had snapped, and he flourished his bow in salutation to the crowd.

'I baint so spry as the rest of 'ee,' cried the old fellow, 'an' my scampering days be awver. When the lot of 'ee cleared out, 'twas a poor job for the fiddler. 'Twas flame an' smoke everywhere. I rimmed here, an' I rimmed there, but there was no way out. 'Twas fire an' blazes round about, an' the old fiddler in the middle of it. I said to meself, "Fiddler, 'tis surely the end of 'ee, for the chariot's come." Then I drewed the bow across my fiddle for the last time, for the sake o' bygones; an' when I heard the voice of 'en I said, "If 'tis to be, plaise th' Ordainer, I'll go home fiddling!" An' I tell 'ee, they danced to the toon, the flames o' fire danced fitty to the toon, an' thousands o' sparks! But 'twas cruel hot, too hot for mortal catgut, an' wan by wan the strings went—all but the G; he's all right—he plucked the metal string affectionately. 'Iss, I reckon the G's like his maister—there's a few toons left in 'en yet.'

Thus ended untimely the great match between Widgery of Bodmin and Dan Gerry of Porthillian. The prize-money was equally divided between the two men. As for that coveted trophy of championship, the bedizened hat, its finery of ribbons was consumed in the fire, and the charred ruin was an object for no man's aspiration.

THE OFFICERS' MESS.

SURELY it is high time,' writes a brilliant young staff-officer, 'that a prophet should arise and dispel the old time-honoured tradition that officers of Her Majesty's regular army habitually drink more than is good for them, play for more than they can afford to lose, and nightly turn their mess-rooms into bear-gardens.' And who is responsible for this widely prevalent belief as far as the ordinary middle-class civilian is concerned? The novelist, we fear; and not only the lady novelist of the present day, but those popular masters of a generation or more back—Lever and Whyte-Melville, for instance, who painted things as they then found them, and whose works are still regarded by many as standard authorities on the social side of the military career. However, the mess-dinner, usually selected as the background for a scene of general 'bedevilment,' has long since ceased to be a gorge, accompanied with intemperance. It has been curtailed into a gentlemen's dinner-party, at the conclusion of which the wine is passed round once or twice, and then five out of six of the diners betake themselves to smoking. Neither is the evening capped with the rowdyism of practical joking; in short, 11.30

p.m. will on most nights see the anteroom empty and most people in bed. An excellent story is told by an American humorist of his disillusionment in this respect. The writer first acknowledges to having been so fascinated by the tales of 'glorious disorder' contained in novels dealing with military life that he pays a visit to a friend in Canada for the express purpose of obtaining an invitation to dine at the mess of some British regiment. The eventful night arrives, and the American guest describes how he at once recognises the different characters seated at the table. There is the loud-voiced major with a digestion ruined by long sojourn in Eastern climes; that pale-faced, dark-haired captain must be the villain of the piece, the seducer of young subalterns from the paths of temperance and honour, who will wind up with a disreputable crash and disappearance from the army list. Surely that fat, light-haired subaltern can be none other than the good-humoured butt of the regiment; close to him is sitting the rollicking Irish doctor, whose wonderful stories will soon convulse all with laughter. As the evening wears on, however, our friend discovers no signs of reckless joviality. The dark-haired captain does not utter a word on the subject of cards or horses; the Irish doctor is mildly

amusing, but nothing more; while the adjutant evinces no disposition to bring in his charger to jump the mess-table for a wager. By the time the coffee-stage is reached the American has to own himself 'done brown'; he is merely dining with a company of quiet, well-bred gentlemen such as he might meet at his own club; accordingly he returns home to burn his novels.

The foregoing, of course, is nothing more than a fancy sketch; but we should be afraid to say how many persons there still are, some of them with sons in the service even, who at heart believe that the young bloods at least think it due to their cloth to live up to the shockingly fast and extravagant mess-life depicted by the most approved military novelists. A glance at the 'Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army,' however, will show how paternal the authorities have grown in their determination to check any recrudescence of the old-time abuses. The commanding officer is now held severely responsible that the officers' mess is conducted without unnecessary expense or extravagance, and by his own frequent presence at the mess-table, his personal example, and every other means in his power, he is expected to encourage economical habits and careful management of all details.

Let us now explain briefly the constitution of the ordinary regimental mess. They are divided, like clubs, into two classes—namely, those in which the members contract with a caterer or mess-man to supply articles, to cook for and generally run the mess; and those in which the officers do their own catering by the employment of non-commissioned officers as caterers, when, of course, all pecuniary transactions with tradesmen are under the immediate supervision of the mess-committee, acting on behalf of the officers. In the latter case a sergeant is allowed to act as the officers' mess-man or superintendent of the mess-establishment; but no non-commissioned officer may be employed in any menial capacity about the mess.

Let us now take the case of some young officer joining his regiment for the first time. On his arrival he will find a card awaiting him from the mess-president, on which Colonel Blank and his brother-officers present him with their compliments, and request the pleasure of his company at dinner on this his first night of a new life. This invitation he must be careful to answer. He will be welcomed with comrade-like friendliness; but there will be no approach to an orgy, as in the old days when the bewildered lad might reckon on having made a favourable impression if he then proved his ability to swallow an immoderate amount of liquor without becoming more than moderately drunk. At the present day, on the contrary, his companions will be taking keen stock of their new comrade. If quiet and unassuming, a favourable first impression will have been created; if bump-tious, the young officer will soon be snubbed and

wheeled into line, though it is every day becoming less the fashion to attain this end by thrusting his uniform up the chimney, smashing up his furniture, or turning him out on the parade-ground in his pyjamas.

Next let us investigate our young friend's contributions to the Regimental Mess Fund. On first appointment he is required to give thirty days' pay, which, at five shillings and threepence per day, pans out to £7, 17s. 6d. However, this contribution is not required all at once; it is charged in monthly instalments of three days' pay. The ordinary yearly subscription after this is eight days' pay, which is charged in advance in quarterly payments from date of appointment; while he may be further called upon for an extra subscription, covering all incidental mess expenses, not exceeding fifteen shillings a month.

The next question is, What is the average cost of messing per day, or the price of breakfast, lunch, and dinner, without allowance for wine or beer? The average cost in any well-ordered regiment is four shillings a day; it has been known to be done cheaper, and of course in some cavalry regiments and 'crack' corps the amount is considerably higher. However, four shillings a day may be taken as a very fair average, and we cannot say that we think this sum to be at all out of the way. The house-dinner in the cheapest of the recognised London clubs comes to half-a-crown, including table-money; and there are few places, we fancy, where one can get a gracefully served breakfast and luncheon, with no lack of variety, for the combined sum of eighteenpence. In fact, it is only fair to state that the ordinary charges for daily messing have been brought within such limits that those officers who may not have much private means may be enabled to live in a comfortable and suitable manner.

Of course, an officer's wine-bill is what he chooses to make it. The old practice of 'pooling' the expense of all the wine drunk at dinner has been discontinued. In fact, very little wine is now drunk before dessert. Enter the mess-rooms of what are popularly considered the most expensive regiments, and ten to one that you will find the majority of diners drinking beer or whisky and soda. Whatever is drunk, though, must be properly decanted, for it is a *sine quid non* that no bottles may appear on a mess-table. The trial of the famous Lord Cardigan for shooting a Captain Tuckett in a duel arose originally from what was known as the 'Black Bottle Riot,' which was a dispute over this point of mess-table etiquette. When stationed at Canterbury, Cardigan ordered a certain Captain Reynolds under arrest for refusing to remove a bottle of Madeira placed before him; hence a feud arose, which culminated in a duel with one of Reynolds's brother-officers, and Cardigan's subsequent trial by his peers.

While on this subject reference must be made

to the Regent's Allowance. This is, strictly speaking, an allowance of after-dinner wine, or rather the money to buy it, whereby those officers who cannot otherwise afford it may be enabled to drink the Queen's health. It appears that the 'First Gentleman in Europe' was dining one evening with some regiment, and after dinner noticed that some of the officers did not drink the King's health. In reply to his inquiry, he was informed that no disloyalty was meant thereby, but that these officers could not afford to drink wine every night. The Regent thereupon instituted the wine-allowance which bears his name to this day. In most regiments the sum thus received is paid into the general mess-fund. In the marines, however, each dining member can either drink one glass of wine every night, or else can be credited thereof in his mess-bill. A curious anachronism arose during the Crimean war in connection with this custom. In those days the allowance, however much it might be, was divided among the dining members at the mess; and, owing to the absence on active service of the large majority of officers, of the few that remained behind each received such a large share of the allowance in cash that they were virtually being paid a fixed sum per night to dine at mess. At the headquarters of the marines, both artillery and light infantry, the officers' messes are renowned for their excellence and cheapness. This is partly owing to their stationary character, and partly to the very large number of dining members usually present.

As we have already pointed out, every officers' mess possesses a board of control in the shape of a mess-committee, with a mess-president at its head. The latter's term of office usually lasts a year; and, it is no exaggeration to state that it is a most thankless undertaking. For twelve weary months this unfortunate officer is not only burdened with the casting up of accounts, but has to bear the brunt of all the complaints that even in the best-managed messes are always forthcoming. Major A. strongly disapproves of the new brand of port; Major B. declares it is the only stuff worth drinking. Captain C. complains that the mess-sergeant, a post corresponding to that of butler, has a private spite against his servant, whom he details unfairly for waiting at table. Captain D. bursts with indignation because the dinner was not quite up to the mark—at least so he says—the night a wealthy relative was his guest. Jones complains that the mess-stationery is cheap and nasty, Brown has a fault to find with the carpet, while Robinson declares that he is being charged for purely fictitious breakages. All of these complaints, and hundreds like them, have to be inquired into and answered; and to those natures which are apt to take such fault-finding in a rather personal spirit, life, for the time being, will appear to be hardly worth living. But the last straw is reached when some young subaltern, who in his parents' country rectory or quiet suburban villa

has been accustomed to make a simple dinner off the family joint, enters a long complaint about the quality of his regimental six-course meal, and suggests the introduction of an extra *entrée*. One sarcastic mess-president has a never-failing rejoinder for such as these: 'If you say any more, we shall have to send you home to rough it for a bit.'

The interior economy of an officers' mess is governed by the mess-meetings which are held once every three months, for the purpose of publicly auditing the accounts, and for discussing any propositions that may be brought forward. On these occasions the commanding officer is in the chair, the meeting is regarded in the light of a parade, and all officers have to be present in uniform. The votes of the latter are taken upon any proposition on which a difference of opinion is found to exist, provided, of course, that the 'C. O.' concurs. As is only right and proper, the regulations governing the payment of mess and wine bills are most rigidly adhered to. By the second of the month the accounts are presented to each member of the mess, and they must be paid on or before the seventh. Any officer neglecting to comply with this rule is called upon by his commanding officer for an explanation; and if the result be unsatisfactory, and the account be not settled by the fourteenth of the same month, the officer is liable to be suspended as a member of the mess, and the circumstances reported to the general officer commanding. Again, before any officer proceeds on leave for a period longer than seven days he has to certify that he has paid his mess-bill up to date.

To turn to the subject of regimental entertaining, concerning which considerable misconception appears to exist. As a matter of fact only one entertainment is recognised by the authorities, and that the lunch or dinner given to the inspecting general officer on the date of his annual inspection. Towards this all officers must subscribe, but in distributing the cost the charges are apportioned in shares of so many days' pay to each individual officer; hence the expense very properly falls more lightly upon the junior than upon the senior ranks. Balls and all other expensive regimental entertainments can only be given on the responsibility of officers commanding units, who must in every case obtain the sanction of the general officer commanding the district. Before granting such permission, however, the latter must first satisfy himself as to the wishes of the officers concerned, and take care that no undue extravagance is indulged in. Whenever it is proposed to give an entertainment of any kind, from a ball to a garden-party, the mess-president, acting for the colonel, has to circulate a paper among the officers notifying the proposal. Only those officers who sign the paper, thereby signifying their concurrence, can be called upon to pay any share of the expense incurred; and in this particular every care is taken to protect the young officer unblessed with much

private means from being made the subject of undue pressure. Of course, it is hard to say 'No,' but commanding officers are expected to extend their special countenance and protection to any who, from motives of economy, may decline to share in such festivities. Officers are now absolutely forbidden to combine, whether regimentally or otherwise, for the purpose of giving luncheon parties at race-meetings or entertainments of any similar kind; while the old expensive practice of entertaining units on arrival at or departure from a station is also prohibited. Any hospitality of this kind has to be limited to making their brothers-in-arms honorary members of the mess, which means that the latter pay for what they have in the ordinary way.

On joining, every officer is provided with a soldier-servant, whose wages are fixed at ten shillings a month, and who, as he has to take his turn in waiting at dinner, must be furnished by his master with a suit of the regimental livery. The cost of this is nothing excessive; the liveries are made by the regimental master-tailor; and officers can take over liveries with a change of servants. It will be hardly necessary to point out that the larger a mess is, the more facilities there are for economical management. With this object in view, all officers, except married officers, present at regimental headquarters are obliged to be dining members of the mess; while married officers, when their wives or families are absent, have also to become dining members. Seconded officers, however, are exempt from the payment of subscriptions to their line battalions, and this same rule applies to those studying at the staff college or attending the School of Musketry, who, of course, are then subscribing to the messes at those establishments. In conclusion, the supply of equipment necessary for the proper comfort and maintenance of a mess is regarded as a charge against the reserve mess-fund, and the latter may be only applied to the purchase of articles of ordinary use and to the payment of the premiums by which the whole of the mess property is insured against fire. The whole of the mess allowance granted by the Allowance Regulations, except such reasonable portion as is required to provide hardware and other utensils, is applied to the reduction of the daily expenses of the mess, for the benefit exclusively of the officers who attend it.

The practice which has prevailed in some regiments of presents of plate being made by officers on first appointment, on promotion, or on other occasions, is now supposed to be forbidden. However, the authorities wink at the transgression of this rule in regard to officers retiring from the mess on their marriage, when it is customary for the gallant bridegroom to present the regimental mess with some piece of plate; and again in the case of senior officers, who have, perhaps, spent their life in the regi-

ment, and who are anxious not to say good-bye without leaving behind them some memento of their career in the old corps.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to deal with the fascinating subject of historical regimental plate. Two examples of an interesting nature may, however, be quoted. Not so long ago the order went forth for a certain famous battery of horse artillery to be converted into a field one. Mournfully and solemnly, accordingly, all the magnificent battery plate was sent to be melted down and remodelled into a huge centrepiece, representing a broken pillar, which now adorns the dinner-table of the transformed unit. The 51st Regiment (Yorkshire Light Infantry) pass round after dinner a beautifully-made model silver gun-carriage on which is a silver coffin containing snuff, or, as it is termed, 'the ashes of the old 51st.' As we all know, the grand mahogany dinner-tables of our grandfathers have disappeared into the limbo of the past; they have likewise practically ceased to exist in regimental mess-rooms. There is, however, a magnificent survival at the headquarters artillery-mess at Woolwich, and a militia regiment, the Monmouthshire Submarine Miners, also possess one. But these tables require the greatest attention; they may only be polished by hand; hence defaulters are told off to subject them to an hour or so of what may be described as massage treatment, which is the proper way of obtaining the necessary shine.

To conclude, we trust that we have shown by the foregoing particulars that the authorities fully recognise that the establishment of a well-conducted, economical regimental mess is an object of the utmost importance, and one which requires the unremitting attention of the commanding officer. And it may be truthfully said that this aim has been attained, and with it the complete disappearance of the old rowdy, toying, extravagant adjuncts, which certainly had considerable foundation on fact in Crimean and Mutiny days.

TO THE ROBIN.

Sing, Robin, sing; your song is always sweet,
And sweetest when the year draws near its close.
Time marches on—and not with lagging feet—
Alike through summer sun and winter snows;
But you are no fair-weather friend who goes,
On eager wing, to brighter lands than these
Because the honeysuckle and wild-rose
No longer toss pink petals to the breeze.
Nay! If for pleasure or for livelihood
You sometimes wander from the haunts of men
To visit leafy copse and flowerful wood,
With autumn's mist you come to us again.
In scarlet vest, which colours dreary days,
With loyal heart you come our gloom to cheer—
Sing, Robin, sing! and from the leafless sprays
Wish all the world a bright and glad New Year.

E. MATHESON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



DR BARLOW'S SECRET.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a calm, warm summer afternoon. The sun shone from a cloudless sky on wood and meadow and winding stream, and seemed to linger lovingly on the ivied walls of Myrtle Villa, the residence of Joseph Hawthorne, J.P. Birds were fluting and chirping among the trees, bees and butterflies hummed and fluttered among the flowers in the garden, and from the tennis-court came the light-hearted laughter of happy youth. In an easy-chair in his comfortable library, with a handkerchief over his head to keep away the flies, Mr Hawthorne was placidly dozing.

An observer might reasonably have concluded that no shadow rested upon this placid rural abode, and that here, if anywhere, was a little oasis of peaceful tranquillity in the midst of a noisy, bustling world. No one could have foreseen, least of all those who were about to play a leading part in it, what a curious little drama, bristling with complications and surprises, was about to be performed on this unlikely stage.

In a sitting-room, by the open window, sat Miss Nellie Hawthorne and Dr Thomas Barlow, who had contrived to slip away from the tennis-court in order to enjoy a little private talk. Dick, Nellie's young brother, whose language was generally more pithy than polite, said they 'sneaked away;' but he was indignant because the absence of Nellie, who was usually his partner, forced him to play with an energetic young lady whose skill was painfully out of proportion to her enthusiasm. Nellie reclined in a cane reading-chair. Tom brought a stool and sat at her feet with his arms clasped round his legs and his chin on his knees. It wasn't a very comfortable position, but it enabled him to see Nellie's slim figure clothed in the daintiest of white flannel costumes, and her pretty face and the sunlight in her hair. Nellie glanced at him with a pleasant smile. She thought he looked well

in his whites and blazer, with the dark curls just peeping out from beneath his cap.

In their case the course of true love had hitherto run with phenomenal smoothness and rapidity. They had known each other barely six months, and were to be married within as many weeks. Dr Barlow had bought the practice of an old-established local practitioner, and, though a total stranger to the district, had at once become immensely popular. Summoned to attend Mr Hawthorne almost immediately after his arrival, he had pulled the worthy magistrate through a dangerous illness, and made an enthusiastic friend of him during the process. An intimate acquaintance with Nellie was, of course, the inevitable result of his frequent visits to Myrtle Villa, and he showed his good taste by falling in love with her at first sight. Being of a sanguine and impulsive disposition, he had thenceforth prosecuted his suit with the most refreshing promptitude and energy. His vigour and intrepidity soon met with their due reward. Nellie, after a few coy struggles to retain her freedom, capitulated to so brisk and masterful a wooer, and, her father's consent being readily obtained, they were promptly engaged, and an early date fixed for the marriage. Some few wisecrackers shook their heads, and repeated the musty adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure; but, speaking generally, the engagement was received with acclamation, for Nellie was a universal favourite, and Dr Barlow had already gained a host of friends and well-wishers. Though so little was known of him, his geniality, good looks, irreproachable manners, and professional ability had produced so favourable an impression that no one, not even Mr Hawthorne, thought of inquiring very closely into his antecedents or troubling themselves about his past, with one important exception. That exception was Nellie herself.

If women ever secure a preponderating influence in the making of our laws, they will no doubt

pass a measure which will compel every suitor to present his intended bride, on the day he is engaged, with a full and accurate summary of the principal events of his past life. To many girls the period which has elapsed before they became themselves the chief interest in the lives of their lovers is a source of some inquietude. Had they the power, they would no doubt make confession compulsory; but, not having it, they pursue a less direct, but it may be equally effective, method. Sweetly, insidiously, in unguarded moments, in melting moods, they gather piece by piece, here a little and there a little, the details of their lovers' sojourn in that *terra incognita* of the past. To the young man whose conscience is void of offence this tender cross-examination may be one of the most delightful experiences of his life; but deft must be the tongue and swift the brain of him who would fain keep secret the record of the years that are gone. There are few men who find the situation altogether unembarrassing; for there are few, if any, whose fancy has not fluttered among the garden of girls, like a butterfly among the flowers, until it finally came to rest upon the chosen blossom. It is just upon this peculiarly delicate topic that the feminine mind delights to dwell, as Barlow had already discovered to his cost. He therefore perceived with some uneasiness that Nellie was again approaching the one subject of conversation which he would infinitely have preferred to avoid.

'And so you never really cared for any one but me, Tom?' she asked, with a kind of happy wonder.

'N—n—no, I never did, Nellie,' he rejoined after a moment's pause. 'I've had passing fancies, like all fellows. I've liked girls because they danced well, or sang well, or looked rather nice, and all that sort of thing; but I never really loved any one till I met you.'

'And you've told me everything, quite everything, about your past life?'

Now Tom was in one of those confidential moods when a man is very apt to let himself go, and tell things he would afterwards give his ears to recall. Therefore, though there was an incident in his past life he had no wish to speak of, and indeed was quite determined to keep secret, he couldn't for the life of him help hinting that there was something he hadn't told Nellie, and didn't mean to. Of course, he couldn't have chosen a more infallible method of arousing the girl's curiosity. Probably he enjoyed doing so. Possibly he thought that a man who had passed through experiences which he was reluctant to speak about would appear a much more romantic person in the eyes of an imaginative girl.

'My dear Nellie,' he replied, with all the solemnity of a young man who imagines that his experience of life has been unusually varied and complete, 'there are generally some passages in the life of a man who, like myself, has mixed much with the world that he would prefer to pass over in silence.'

He sighed in a way that would have greatly tickled a middle-aged woman, but which suggested to Nellie a series of exquisitely romantic situations. Naturally she became more curious than ever.

'I thought there were to be no secrets between us, Tom,' she answered in a slightly aggrieved tone. 'I thought we were to tell each other everything.'

'That's the kind of arrangement that works very well in theory, Nellie, but is very apt to break down in practice. I have told you more about my past life than I ever told any one before; but I went through an experience, a very trying experience, about which I confess I would rather not speak.'

There was a perceptible pause, during which Nellie gazed with a half-quizzical, half-anxious glance at her betrothed.

'Was—was she very pretty, Tom?' she asked at length.

'I didn't say the trouble was about a girl, Nellie.'

'Perhaps not; but if it wasn't, you wouldn't object to tell me about it. Was it long ago?'

Tom shifted uneasily in his seat. He began to wish that he had dexterously evaded the subject, as he had frequently contrived to do in the past.

'My dear girl,' he said, 'don't you think we might let the subject drop? You may be sure that I would not keep anything from you if I thought it advisable you should know it.'

'Oh, very well, Tom, if you would rather I said nothing more about it, of course I won't,' rejoined Nellie meekly, and then immediately added, 'But I think you might just tell me if it *was* about a girl.'

'Well, yes, it was.'

'And was she very sweet?'

'Now, Nellie,' expostulated Tom, 'you're forgetting your promise.'

'Well, my dear Tom,' exclaimed Nellie, 'what about your own promise? Didn't you promise to tell me everything?'

'Now, really, my dear girl, don't you think you're just a little unreasonable?'

Nellie glanced at him with twinkling eyes.

'Why, Tom,' she said, 'you don't mean to say that you're getting vexed?'

'Of course I'm not,' rejoined Tom. 'What an idea! But, really, you know, my dear girl, your persistency shows a want of confidence which pains me.'

'Well, and doesn't your silence show a want of confidence in me?'

'Oh Nellie!' groaned poor Barlow, wriggling about on his stool, 'I wish you'd let the subject drop.'

But Nellie's curiosity had got the bit between its teeth, and could no longer be controlled. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled.

'I would if I could, Tom; but I can't—I simply can't!' she exclaimed. 'You don't know how a

thing like that affects a girl. I feel as though I must know all about it now, and should be miserable if I didn't. You shouldn't have mentioned it.'

'I wish to goodness I hadn't.'

'Well, you have done so now, and consequently you may just as well tell me everything. Were you very much in love with her?'

'I suppose I thought so at first,' rejoined Tom impatiently; 'but I soon discovered that I had never really loved her—that it was all fancy.'

'And did—the horrid creature jilt you, Tom?'

'I didn't say that, Nellie.'

'Ah, I suppose it was you, you cruel thing, that got the poor girl to care for you, and then left her; wasn't it now? I'm sure it was.'

'Well, if you're sure it was, there's no need for me to say anything more. Now, do please let the subject drop. You're making a mountain out of a molehill. It was only a passing fancy.'

'No, I'm not going to let you off now. You've gone too far to draw back. You'll have to tell me everything. Was she like me? Was she fair or dark? Was she tall or—dumpy? Have you got a photograph of her? Yes, you have, you have. I can see it in your face. Oh, do show it me!—oh, please, Tom, do show it me!'

'Really, my dear,' exclaimed Barlow, rising impatiently to his feet, 'you are carrying the joke too far. I simply decline to say anything more about it. If you can't trust me'—

He was interrupted, to his intense relief, by a knock at the door.

'Come in,' exclaimed Nellie.

A servant entered with a telegram.

'Telegram for Dr Barlow, miss.'

Barlow clutched eagerly at the telegram, like a drowning man at a straw.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'it's from a patient. I shall have to run away at once.'

'Any answer, sir?' asked the servant.

'No, you needn't wait.—I'll really have to ask you to excuse me, Nellie. I must be off. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Tom,' answered Nellie, and then she laid her hand on his arm, and raised her pretty, innocent face to his with the most bewitching and fascinating smile, 'and next time you come, you won't forget to bring the photograph with you, will you?'

Tom laughingly extricated himself; but as he got outside and closed the door behind him he muttered angrily to himself:

'Confound the photograph! What an ass I was to give myself away like that!'

Nellie stepped to the pier-glass, and glanced with an arch smile at the charming reflection of what was justly considered, even by critics of her own sex, the prettiest face for miles round West-beach. She arranged her crisp, wavy hair with one or two dexterous little pats, and nodded

laughingly at the merry, dimpled face that smiled and nodded back to her from the mirror.

'He might just as well tell me at once,' she soliloquised. 'I'm sure to get it out of him, every bit of it, sooner or later. A girl can get anything out of a man who—who likes her, if she only knows how to go about it. And I must know everything; I must and will. I feel as if I couldn't exist now without getting to the bottom of it.'

At that moment her brother Dick, a brisk, curly-haired, bright-eyed youth, came hurriedly through the French window with a blazer over his arm.

'Hallo!' he exclaimed; 'where's Tom?'

'He's just gone,' said Nellie calmly.

She had snuk instantaneously into a chair with a book in her hand.

'Oh, confound him!' said Dick. 'Well,' he added, 'I don't suppose it'll matter much after all.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, you know Tomkyns—short-sighted man with spectacles and a long neck, always squabbling?'

'Yes.'

'Tom's blazer and his are the same colour. Tom's put his on by mistake, and Tomkyns is as anxious about that blazer as if he thought Tom was going to pawn it. Anyhow, he'll have to wear Tom's—I've got it here—and exchange next time they're here together. Hallo! there's a letter in one of the pockets. Here, you'd better stick to it, and hand it over to Tom when you see him.'

He tossed the letter into her lap, and promptly disappeared. Nellie glanced at it at first carelessly, and then with growing interest. It bore an American stamp and the New York postmark, and was addressed in a feminine handwriting. She could tell from the date that it had arrived that day. Probably it had been handed to Barlow by the postman as he came to tennis. Having glanced through it, he would naturally thrust it into the pocket of his blazer. She turned it over and over, carefully examined the handwriting, which was neat and well formed, and then slipped it into her pocket. But the postmark still continued to puzzle her.

'From New York!' she said musingly. 'He never told me he had any correspondent in New York. Who can it be?'

She picked up the book again, but the words conveyed no meaning to her mind, and presently she found that she had read a paragraph three times over without in the least understanding what it meant. However charming she might be, she was not exempt from the little foibles of her sex, and anything in the shape of a secret had an irresistible fascination for her. The postmark and the pretty handwriting seemed to be stamped upon the page she was vainly attempting to read.

'Who can it be?' she kept thinking to herself. 'I wonder who it can be? He never told me that he knew any one in New York.'

She wished Tom would return in order that she might cross-examine him, and a dimple stole into her cheek as she thought of how she would worm the truth out of him at the first convenient opportunity. She couldn't help reflecting that it would be easy to set her mind at rest by taking a peep at the letter, but of course she would never dream of doing that. It would not be strictly honourable, and Tom might be vexed. No; she would wait until she caught him quite alone, and then he would most decidedly have to make a full confession. He should not escape next time. Her eyes twinkled with merriment as she remembered that, but for the inopportune arrival of the telegram, she would in all probability have learned the truth about that interesting passage in Tom's life that he was so reluctant to speak of.

It was an unfortunate train of thought, for she presently began to wonder whether there could possibly be any connection between the letter from New York and Tom's coy silence with regard to that mysterious incident of his past. When the idea first suggested itself she smiled and put it aside as being too absurdly fanciful to be taken seriously. But, absurd or not, it presently came back, and she struggled in vain to banish it from her mind. Then the temptation to take just one glance at the letter returned with renewed force, and she jumped from her chair and stepped hurriedly to the window with some vague intention of promptly joining the tennis party. She was far too healthy a girl, both mentally and physically, to be of a suspicious nature; but Tom's evident embarrassment and persistent efforts to evade her questions had aroused her curiosity to such a pitch that she was beginning to feel afraid of being left alone with the letter lest she should be tempted, in spite of her scruples, to read it.

Little by little the conviction was growing in her mind that the contents of the letter would reveal the secret that Tom was so anxious to preserve, and probably enable her to identify the girl who had acquired some influence over him in the past. He had never before alluded to the matter in the most distant way. Something must have recalled it to his memory, and it was the

letter; she was sure it was the letter. Her fingers literally twitched to take it out and examine it; but with an effort, superfeminine if not superhuman, she controlled the impulse.

'No,' she said in the words of the poet, 'I'll trust him all in all or not at all.'

She imagined that she had finally settled the matter, but this was far from being the case. In her excitement she began to attach an exaggerated importance to Tom's silence. She reflected, with a feeling of shame at her own disloyalty, that, after all, she knew very little about him—had never seen or heard of him until he came into the neighbourhood from Highchurch six or seven months before. Suppose that, after all, Tom should have graver reasons than she had imagined for evading her questions, for hushing up the past. Her cheeks flushed with anger at herself for entertaining such suspicious for one moment; but the poisonous thought having once entered her mind, she could no longer treat the matter lightly. The more she thought over it the more serious it appeared to become. She was naturally most loyal to those she loved, and it was a source of misery to her to distrust one in whom she had hitherto placed implicit confidence.

Then she began to tell herself that she was really making a fuss about nothing; that if Tom were present he would willingly give her leave to read the letter, and probably laugh at the scruples which had prevented her doing so. And even if he would rather she didn't, a husband should keep no secrets from his wife; and though she was not yet Tom's wife, she would be in the course of a few weeks. Yet still she hesitated.

'It wouldn't be fair, I suppose,' she murmured, 'to have just one little peep at the signature. No, I suppose it wouldn't—I—I suppose it wouldn't. Yet I don't quite see why I shouldn't. He promised to tell me everything—and I feel almost sure it's from her. I don't know why exactly, but I feel certain it is. Surely under the circumstances it wouldn't be dishonourable just to peep at the signature.'

Her hand stole into her pocket and half-unconsciously grasped the letter.

A SWISS BEE-SCHOOL.

By GEORGE GALE THOMAS.



CERTAINLY it is not a school for the training of bees. The energetic and ingenious little creatures have, by their natural instincts, more nearly realised the ideal state than any democracy on earth. It is a school for the training of those who would learn the secrets of bee-culture and become apiarists.

Three-quarters of a mile up the mountain-side

on the verdant Rosenberg it stands overlooking the quaint little town of Zug, whose ancient towers, white-painted houses, and brown roofs peep out from the trees, contrasting with the blue water of the lovely lake. Here, in this verdant spot, I found the *Bienenmuseum*; and its custodian, Herr Theiler, gave me a ready welcome as an English comrade of the craft, and showed me his treasures with the enthusiasm of a bee-lover.

There were photographs of famous bee-masters the world over; samples of honey from every canton and every crop, from the rich honey of the cherry orchards of Zug to the alabaster-like product of the white clover of Bernina; specimen hives; bees of all kinds; as well as a thousand other things of interest, from petrified bees to manufactured wax in various forms. In the latter section was a miniature portrait in wax *relief*—an accomplishment in which the Swiss of Zug excelled in bygone days before the introduction of photography. The work was of the most delicate character, and the wax had been coloured so that every feature was represented true to life.

Adjoining the museum, however, is the chalet where the actual bee-culture is carried on. Upon entering I found myself in a large room with rows of doors one above the other in the wooden walls. Opposite, a small glass tower projected from the farther side of the house, and here I found myself at once in the midst—save for the protecting glass around—of thousands of bees on the wing. More than a hundred alighting-boards at the entrances to the various hives were scattered over the face of the house on both sides of the tower. These were painted in all the colours of the rainbow, to enable the bees each to recognise its own hive—bees having a strong sense of colour—and to save the battles which always take place if bees attempt to enter hives not their own.

It is in this chalet that bee-masters are trained in the school of practice. Students may come here for the summer from all the cantons of Switzerland. Not only is the course free to all, but the cantonal governments give premiums to the pupils in order to encourage the study.

The enormous difference in the yield from the old-fashioned straw hives—known as 'skeps' in England—and that from the frame-hives, arranged on the scientific plan, has convinced the Swiss government that only the spread of a wider technical knowledge is needed to develop a most extensive and profitable industry, for which the country is admirably adapted. Hence the inducements offered for the scientific study of bee-culture.

At the present time there are twenty-five students—some of them mere lads—all being of the peasant class. To each student a hive is allotted, and a card is affixed to the back, bearing his name, with notes of the progress of the colony of which he has the care. The rest of the hives are in the charge of the bee-master, and these, with the profits of the periodical publications, entirely support the Swiss Beekeepers' Society—*Verein Schweizerischer Bienenfreunde*—which itself receives no subsidy from the State for its work.

One of the doors within the house is opened, disclosing a glass back, through which the pupil

may observe at leisure every movement of his little charges at work, while suffering none of the discomforts of those who study the inside of a small hive.

The hundred and five colonies on the Rosenberg number, on an average, from thirty to sixty thousand bees each, so that in the chalet the enormous number of some five million bees have their home. They are chiefly of the small brown variety common in Germany, and differ little, if at all, from the native English bee. The bee-master had several other kinds in stock also; but he pinned his faith to the little German bees.

'Neither Italians nor Carniolans for me,' said he; 'these little bees are out gathering when the others will not venture out for the heat.'

Unfortunately in Switzerland, as elsewhere, the greater number of bee-keepers have little or no exact knowledge of bees. They put down a 'skep' full of bees in the spring, and take out the honey after the season, often suffocating the little workers, as our own rustics do. Slowly but surely, however, the knowledge of the craft is spreading, and in the tiniest hamlets one may now come upon a modern bee-house with a dozen colonies at work reaping a harvest for some enterprising peasant.

At Kriens, on the northern side of Mount Pilatus, I came upon a bee-house with some thirty colonies, which find their pasturage on the clover-clad slopes of the mountain. At Einsiedeln—the Swiss Lourdes—whither a veritable army of pilgrims wend their way every year, the monks have taken to bee-culture, and now have a house with some sixty hives to supply the wants of the four hundred inhabitants of the monastery. Even up at the Bernina Hospice, on the summit of the Bernina Pass—at a height of more than 7000 feet above the level of the sea—there are large colonies of bees, which find pasturage on the white clover growing beside the glacier.

Yet the supply is all too small, for there is, perhaps, no country in the world where honey is used so universally as in Switzerland. Throughout the country it is an article of daily consumption. At every hotel it is served, with unfailing regularity, with the *café complet*; but the enormous demand has led to adulteration, and the purest honey is rarely found in the hotels. The *ouvrier* class consume it most largely. With his bread and butter the workman always has honey. 'It is healthy,' he says truly; 'it builds up the body—and it is cheap.'

According to the most recent returns, there are about a quarter of a million hives in the whole country, or one to every twelve inhabitants, and the yield of a frame-hive often reaches a hundred pounds of honey per season. The yield from a 'skep,' however, is much smaller; so that, at an average of fifty pounds per hive, the honey

harvest of Switzerland may be taken at twelve millions of pounds avoirdupois, or some four pounds per head of the resident population. These figures do not, of course, represent the actual ratio of consumption, as account must be taken of the amount consumed by the multitude of tourists.

When it is remembered that the honey is gained only from the beginning of May until the end of July, that gathered later being required for the bees' own use, it will be seen how unresting is the energy of the little workers. Nor is this

more than a fraction of the harvest which only awaits gathering on the verdant hillsides and rich valleys of the land of Tell.

From the little school at Zug every year go out future bee-masters, while the extensive library of works on apiculture is always in circulation through the post among the members of the society, and it will not be long before the ten thousand millions of bees—to take a moderate estimate—who gather in the Swiss honey-harvest during the hot summer days shall give place to a still more numerous army.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Browne reached the yacht, after bidding good-bye to the girl he had rescued, he found his friends much exercised in their minds concerning him. They had themselves been overtaken by the fog, and very naturally they had supposed that their host, seeing it coming on, had returned to the yacht without waiting for them. Their surprise, therefore, when they arrived on board and found him still missing was scarcely to be wondered at. In consequence, when he descended the companion-ladder and entered the saloon, he had to undergo a cross-examination as to his movements. Strangely enough, this solicitude for his welfare was far from being pleasing to him. He had made up his mind to say nothing whatsoever concerning the adventures of the afternoon, and yet, as he soon discovered, it was difficult to account for the time he had spent ashore if he kept silence on the subject. Accordingly he made the best excuse that occurred to him, and by disclosing a half-truth induced them to suppose that he had followed their party towards the waterfall, and had in consequence been lost in the fog.

'It was scarcely kind of you to cause us so much anxiety,' said Miss Verney in a low voice as he approached the piano at which she was sitting. 'I assure you we have been most concerned about you; and, if you had not come on board very soon, Captain Marsh and Mr Foote were going ashore again in search of you.'

'That would have been very kind of them,' said Browne, dropping into an easy-chair; 'but there would not have been the least necessity for it. I am quite capable of taking care of myself.'

'Nasty things mountains,' said Jimmy Foote to the company at large. 'I don't trust 'em myself. I remember once on the Rigi going out with old Simeon Baynes, the American millionaire fellow, you know, and his daughter, the girl who married

that Italian count who fought Constantovitch and was afterwards killed in Abyssinia. At one place we very nearly went over the edge, every man-jack of us, and I vowed I'd never do such a thing again. It would have been a nice bit of irony—wouldn't it?—after having been poverty-stricken all one's life, to drop through the air thirteen hundred feet in the company of five million dollars. I'm perfectly certain of one thing, however: if it hadn't been for the girl's presence of mind I should not have been here to-day. As it was, she saved my life, and, until she married, I never could be sufficiently grateful to her.'

'Only until she married!' said Lady Imogen, looking up from the novel she was reading. 'How was it your gratitude did not last longer than that?'

'Doesn't somebody say that gratitude is akin to love?' answered Foote, with a chuckle. 'Of course I argued that, since she was foolish enough to show her bad taste by marrying somebody else, it would scarcely have become me to be grateful.'

Browne glanced at Foote rather sharply. What did he mean by talking of life-saving on mountains, on this evening of all others? Had he heard anything? But Jimmy's face was all innocence.

At that moment the dressing gong sounded, and every one rose, preparatory to departing to their respective cabins.

'Where is Maas?' Browne inquired of Marsh, who was the last to leave.

'He is on deck, I think,' replied the other; and as he spoke the individual in question made his appearance down the companion-ladder, carrying in his hand a pair of field-glasses.

For some reason or another, dinner that night was scarcely as successful as usual. The English mail had come in, and the Duchess had had a worrying letter from the Duke, who had been commanded to Osborne among the salt of the

earth, when he wanted to be in the Highlands among the grouse; Miss Verney had not yet recovered from what she considered Browne's ill-treatment of herself that afternoon; while one of the many kind friends of the American Ambassador had forwarded him information concerning a debate in Congress, in order that he might see in what sort of estimation he was held by a certain portion of his fellow-countrymen. Never a very talkative man, Browne this evening was even more silent than usual. The recollection of a certain pale face and a pair of beautiful eyes haunted him continually. Indeed, had it not been for Barrington-Marsh and Jimmy Foote, who did their duty manfully, the meal would have been a distinct failure as far as its general liveliness was concerned. As it was, no one was sorry when an adjournment was made for coffee to the deck above. Under the influence of this gentle stimulant, however, and the wonderful quiet of the fjord, things brightened somewhat. But the improvement was not maintained; the pauses gradually grew longer and more frequent, and soon after ten o'clock the ladies succumbed to the general inertness, and disappeared below.

According to custom, the majority of the men immediately adjourned to the smoking-room forward. Browne, however, excused himself on the plea that he was tired. Maas followed suit; and, when the others had taken themselves off, the pair stood leaning against the bulwarks, smoking and watching the lights of the village ashore.

'I wonder how you and I would have turned out,' said Maas quietly, when they had been standing at the rails for some minutes, 'if we had been born and bred in this little village and had never seen any sort of life outside the Geiranger?'

'I don't doubt but that we should have been better in many ways,' Browne replied. 'I can assure you there are times when I get sick to death of the inane existence we lead.'

'*Leben heisst träumen; weise sein heisst angenehm träumen,*' quoted Maas, half to himself and half to his cigar. 'Schiller was not so very far out after all.'

'A beautiful sentiment,' said Browne as he flicked the ash off his cigar and watched it drop into the water alongside. 'But, however desirous we may be of dreaming agreeably, our world will still take good care that we wake up just at the moment when we are most anxious to go on sleeping.'

'In order that we should not be disillusioned, my friend,' said Maas. 'The starving man dreams of City banquets, and wakes to the unpleasant knowledge that it does not do to go to sleep on an empty stomach. The debtor imagines himself the possessor of millions, and wakes to find the man-in-possession seated by his bedside.

But there is one cure; and you should adopt it, my dear Browne.'

'What is that?'

'Marriage, my friend! Get yourself a wife and you will have no time to think of such things. Doesn't your Ben Jonson say that marriage is the best state for man in general?'

'Marriage!' retorted Browne scornfully. 'It always comes back to that. I tell you I have come to hate the very sound of the word. To hear people talk you would think marriage is the pivot on which our lives turn. They never seem to realise that it is the rock upon which we most often go to pieces. What is a London season but a monster market, in which men and women are sold to the highest bidders, irrespective of inclination or regard? I tell you, Maas, the way these things are managed in what we call English society borders on the indecent. Lord A. is rich; consequently a hundred mothers offer him their daughters. He may be what he pleases—an honourable man, or the greatest blackguard at large upon the earth. In nine cases out of ten it makes little or no difference, provided, of course, he has a fine establishment and the settlements are satisfactory. At the commencement of the season the girls are brought up to London, to be trieted out, regardless of expense, by the fashionable dressmakers of the day. They are paraded here, there, and everywhere, like horses in a dealer's yard; are warned of the men who have no money, but who might very possibly make them happy; while they are ordered by the "home authorities" to encourage those who have substantial bank balances and nothing else to recommend them. As the question of love makes no sort of difference, it receives no consideration. After their friends have sent them expensive presents, which in most cases they cannot afford, but give in order that they may keep up appearances with their neighbours and tradesmen, the happy couple stand side by side before the altar at St George's and swear the most solemn oath of their lives; that done, they proceed to spend their honeymoon in Egypt, Switzerland, or the Riviera, where they are presented with ample opportunity of growing tired of one another. Returning to town, the man usually goes back to his old life and the woman to hers. The result is a period of mutual distrust and deceit; an awakening follows, and later on we have the *cause célèbre*, and, holding up our hands in horror, say, "Dear me, how very shocking!" In the face of all this, we have the audacity to curl our lips and to call the French system unnatural!'

'I am afraid, dear Browne, you are not yourself to-night,' said Maas, with a gentle little laugh. 'The mistake of believing that a society marriage, with money on the side of the man and beauty on that of the woman, must irretrievably result in misfortune is a very common one.

For my part, I am singular enough to believe it may turn out as well if not better than any other.'

'I wasn't aware that optimism was your strong point,' retorted Browne. 'For my part, I feel, after the quiet of this fjord, as if I could turn my back on London and never go near it again.'

He spoke with such earnestness that Maas for once in his life was almost astonished. He watched his companion as he lit another cigar.

'One thing is quite certain,' he said at length; your walk this afternoon did you more harm than good. The fog must have got into your blood; and yet, if you will not think me impertinent to say so, Miss Verney gave you a welcome such as many men would go through fire and water to receive.'

Browne grunted scornfully. He was not going to discuss Miss Verney's opinion of himself with his present companion. Accordingly he changed the subject abruptly by inquiring whether Maas had made any plans for the ensuing winter.

'I am a methodical man,' replied the latter, with a smile at his companion's naïve handling of the situation, 'and all my movements are arranged some months ahead. When this charming voyage is at an end, and I have thanked you for your delightful hospitality, I shall hope to spend a fortnight with our dear Duchess in the Midlands; after that I am due in Paris for a week or ten days; then, like the swallow, I fly south; shall dawdle along the Mediterranean for three or four months, probably cross to Cairo, and then work my way slowly back to England in time for the spring. What have you thought of doing?'

'Goodness knows,' Browne replied lugubriously. 'At first I thought of Rajputana; but I seem to have done, and to be tired of doing, everything. They tell me tigers are scarce in India; this morning I felt almost inclined to take a run out to the Cape for three months with the big game.'

'You said as much in the smoking-room last night, I remember,' Maas replied. 'Pray, what has occurred since then to make you change your mind?'

'I do not know myself,' said Browne. 'I feel restless and unsettled to-night, that is all. Do you think I should care for Russia?'

'For Russia?' cried his companion in complete surprise. 'What on earth makes you think of Russia?'

Browne shook his head.

'It's a notion I have,' he answered, though for my own part I am certain that until that moment he had never thought of it. 'Do you remember Demetrovitch, that handsome fellow with the enormous moustache who stayed with me last year at Newmarket?'

'I remember him perfectly,' Maas replied; and had Browne been watching his face, instead of looking at the little hotel ashore, he would in all probability have noticed that a peculiar smile played round the corners of his mouth as he said it. 'But what has Demetrovitch to do with your proposed trip to Russia? I had an idea that he was ordered by the Czar to spend two years upon his estates.'

'Exactly! so he was. That accounts for my notion. He has often asked me to pay him a visit. Besides, I have never seen Petersburg in the winter, and I'm told it's rather good fun.'

'You will be bored to death,' the other answered. 'If you go, I'll give you a month in which to be back in England. Now I think, with your permission, I'll retire. It's after eleven, and there's something about these fjords that never fails to make me sleepy. Good-night, *mon cher ami*, and pleasant dreams to you.'

Browne bade him good-night, and when the other disappeared into the companion, returned to his contemplation of the shore. The night was so still that the ripple of the wavelets on the beach, half a mile or so away, could be distinctly heard. The men had left the smoking-room; and save the solitary figure of the officer on the bridge, and a hand forward by the cable range, Browne had the deck to himself. And yet he was not altogether alone, for his memory was still haunted by the recollection of the same sweet face, with the dark, lustrous eyes, that had been with him all the evening. Do what he would, he could not endow the adventure of the afternoon with the commonplace air he had tried to bestow upon it. Something told him that it was destined to play a more important part in his life's history than would at first glance appear to be the case. And yet he was far from being a susceptible young man. The training he had received would have been sufficient to prevent that. For upwards of an hour he remained where he was, thinking and thinking, and yet never coming any nearer a definite conclusion. Then, throwing away what remained of his cigar, he bestowed a final glance upon the shore, and went below to his cabin, to dream, over and over again, of the adventure that had befallen him that afternoon.

Whatever else may have been said of it, the weather next morning was certainly not propitious; the mountains surrounding the bay were hidden in thick mist, and rain was falling steadily. After breakfast the male portion of the party adjourned to the smoking-room, while the ladies engaged themselves writing letters or with their novels in the saloon below.

Browne alone seemed in good spirits. While the others were railing at the fog, and idly speculating as to whether it would clear, he seemed to derive a considerable amount of satisfaction from it.

About ten o'clock he announced his intention of going ashore, in order, he said, that he might confer with a certain local authority regarding his proposed departure for the south next day. As a matter of politeness he inquired whether any of his guests would accompany him, and received an answer in the negative from all who happened to be in the smoking-room at the time. His valet accordingly brought him his mackintosh, and he had put it on and was moving towards the gangway when Maas made his appearance from the saloon companion.

'Is it possible you are going ashore?' he inquired in a tone of mild surprise. 'If so, and you will have me, I will beg leave to accompany you. If I stay on board I shall go to sleep, and if I go to sleep I shall wake up ill-tempered; so that, if you would save your guests from that annoyance, I should advise you to take me with you.'

Though Browne could very well have dispensed with his company, common politeness prevented him from objecting to the proposal. Accordingly he expressed his pleasure at the arrangement, and when they had descended the gangway they took their places in the boat together. For the first time during the excursion, and also for the first time in the years they had known each other, Browne felt inclined to quarrel with Maas; and yet there was nothing in the other's behaviour towards him to which he could take exception.

Maas could see that Browne was not himself, and he accordingly set himself to remedy the trouble as far as lay in his power. So well did he succeed that by the time the boat reached the tiny landing-stage his host was almost himself again.

'Now you must do just as you please,' said Maas when they had landed. 'Do not consider me in the matter at all, I beg of you; I can amuse myself very well. Personally I feel inclined for a walk up the mountain road.'

'Do so, then, by all means,' said his host, who was by no means sorry to hear him arrive at this decision. 'If I were you, however, I should stick to the road; these fogs are not things to be taken lightly.'

'I quite agree with you,' said Maas. 'Then, bidding the other good-bye, he set off on his excursion.'

Browne, who was conscientiousness itself, walked along the hillside to the residence of the functionary whom he had professedly come ashore to see, and when he had consulted him upon the point at issue, made his way in the direction of the hotel. Accosting the manager in the hall, he inquired whether it would be possible to obtain an interview with Madame Bernstein.

'Most certainly, sir,' the man replied. 'If you will follow me I will conduct you to her.'

So saying, he led the way down the long wooden passage towards a room at the farther

end. Into this Browne was ushered, while the man departed in search of the lady. What occasioned the delay it is impossible to say, but fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before madame made her appearance. She greeted him with a great show of cordiality. Taking both his hands in hers, she held them while she thanked him, in fluent French, for what she called his bravery on the preceding afternoon.

'*Mon Dieu!*' said she. 'What should I have done had you not been there to help her? Had she been killed I should never have known happiness again. It was such a risk to run. She is so reckless. She fills me with consternation whenever she goes out alone.'

This was not at all what Browne had bargained for. However, under the circumstances, it would not only have been unwise, but practically impossible, for him to protest. You cannot save a young lady's life and expect to escape her relatives' thanks, however much you may desire to do so. After these had been offered to him, however, he managed to discover an opportunity of inquiring after her present well-being.

'The poor child is better this morning,' madame replied, solemnly wagging her head. 'But, alas! it will be several days before she can hope to be able to put her foot to the ground. She begged me, however, to thank you, monsieur, should you call, for your goodness to her.'

Try as he would to conceal it, there could be no sort of doubt that Browne was pleased that she should have thought about him. He begged Madame Bernstein to inform her that he had called to inquire, and then bade her good-bye. He had hoped to have discovered something concerning the girl's history; but as it was plain to him that madame was not one who would be easily induced to make disclosures, he abandoned the attempt.

He had passed down the passage, and was in the act of leaving the hotel, when a voice reached him from a room on the right which caused him no little surprise. At the same instant the door opened, and no less a person than Maas himself stood before him.

'Why, my dear Browne, really this is most charming,' he cried as he came forward. 'I had not the very least idea of finding you here.'

'Nor I of finding you,' Browne retorted. 'I understood that you were going for a walk up the mountain.'

'I did go,' the other replied, 'but the fog was so thick that I changed my mind and came in here for a glass of Vermouth prior to going on board. Believe me, there is nothing like Vermouth for counteracting the evil effects of fog. Will you let me persuade you to try a glass? The brand is excellent.'

Browne thanked him, but declined. He did not like finding the man in the hotel; but, as things were, he could not see that he had any right

to complain. He only hoped that Maas knew nothing of his reason for being there. Conversant, however, as he was with his friend's peculiarities, he felt certain he would say nothing about it to any one, even supposing he had discovered it.

Leaving the hotel together, they made their way down to the boat, and in something less than a quarter of an hour were on board the yacht once more. The fog still continued, and was destined to do so for the remainder of the day.

On the following morning they had arranged to leave Merok for Aalsund, and thence to turn south on their homeward journey. Fortunately the weather had cleared sufficiently by the time

day dawned to admit of their departure, and accordingly at the appointed hour, dipping her ensign to the village in token of farewell, the yacht swung round and headed for the pass under the Pulpit Rock. Browne was on the bridge at the time, and it was with a sensible feeling of regret that he bade farewell to the little village nestling at the foot of the snow-covered mountains. Never did he remember to have experienced such regret in leaving a place before. Whether he and Katherine Petrovitch would ever meet again was more than he could tell; it seemed to him extremely unlikely, and yet—— But at this juncture he shook his head very wisely at the receding mountains, and told himself that that was a question for Fate to decide.

COLLECTORS AND COLLECTING.



HE instinct of the collector is among the commonest among men, and there are few which develop earlier. The contents of the pockets of the schoolboy, wonderfully varied and including many treasured articles for which he would never pretend to have a use, all prove that this instinct exists in him; and it would be difficult to say how much of happiness he must lose if it is anyhow stifled in the course of his up-growing. For the collector is by way of being the happiest of men.

Young people should be trained to collect. The son of a lady who may here be called the Wisest Mother on Earth has one very early recollection. It is of an occasion when he was led to a curious old *eseritoire* and presented with a green Servian stamp of the value of fifty centimes, which had been kept in one of the small drawers almost from the day of his birth against the time when it should be thought well to start him on the career of a collector. He still has the stamp, along with many thousands of others; but other things have come to interest him more than these, and 'tis but rarely he opens his album. More than once he has been tempted to sell the collection in order that he might have the funds wherewith to purchase some article more to his taste at the present time. He is inclined to regret the fact that he never had the heart to do so when he recollects a lovely bureau-bookcase by Chippendale which would otherwise have been his to-day. But the collection will never be sold so long as he lives, nor will the album ever be entirely forgotten.

He was given many hundreds of hours of happiness along with that green Servian stamp, and of these the collection remains for a monument. How should one sell at its mere market value a Mulready envelope when one remembers

the joy with which one found it at the very bottom of a huge pile of ancient letters that were just about to be burned by the executors of him to whom they had been addressed? How should a five-pound note appear in any way the equivalent of a certain obsolete Ceylon, when one can recall, if one opens the album at the page it adorns, the tale of how it was stolen while its owner was at school, and recovered only after two whole terms of detective work that might have fitted that boy for permanent employment at Scotland Yard? Some day his executors will do the album up in a parcel and send it off to the auction-room; dealers will fight for it, and the man whose bid is highest will break up the collection, robbing the stamps of that individual history which each of them now possesses. But for the present the stamps are quickly growing more and more valuable; and once a month, or thereabouts, their owner looks at them and gratefully recalls the good times they gave him in the old days that are gone by.

Here is the place for a confession. He has collected eggs, and butterflies, and minerals; but in these he has no longer any interest, though in the course of acquiring them he gained much information whose possession tends to make life pleasant. But the stamps were his first love, and to this day he cannot be quite cold. There were certain countries in which he took a special interest, striving to render his sets of the stamp complete. Even now he occasionally finds himself tempted to stop outside the window of a dealer; and if those countries have been issuing new stamps, he is quite certain to go within and buy them in the end. With the philatelist the instinct exists perhaps in its most rudimentary form. His desire is merely to accumulate, and his only criterion is that of mere rarity. He has much of the blessedness of the collector; but he

reaches a higher stage when he gives himself over to the search and accumulation of things which are beautiful as well as rare. The owner of the album sometimes feels that all the money he can spare ought to go in the purchase of prints and china and beautiful old furniture, and is a little ashamed of the survival in him of the rudimentary form of that instinct whose indulgence has given his life its pleasantness.

Prints, china, and furniture: they are enough to occupy the whole of a man's leisure, and to render it delightful. The art of Japan is much derided by the vulgar, and to collect the colour-prints which illustrate the ancient life of the country is to be looked askance on by one's house-keeper, who ignores them so scrupulously as to make one wish she would openly protest. You know that she finds them altogether unintelligible, and so worthy of all condemnation. The faces of dead and gone beauties she would declare to be unlike the faces of any women who ever lived; the postures of famous actors strike her as the merest manifestations of stark lunacy; the landscapes convey to her no more definite an impression of the country than would be suggested by the smudgy drawings executed by a child with its first box of water-colours. To the man who has studied them, and gone forth to seek them in salerooms or in the shops of soft-voiced, obsequious Japanese dealers, they appeal quite differently. They are a rest to the eye in quiet moments, for colour and tone are alike delicious. They are an unfailing source of interest in moments more active, for they are continually recalling something new about the life men lived in old Japan, when great artists worked for wages of a few pence daily, and executed masterpieces for a few shillings apiece.

One has also, as one looks at them upon the walls and turns them over lovingly in the portfolio, the delight of remembering how and where they were acquired. It is a part of the business of being a collector to have very little money, so that one may have the privilege of wondering afterwards how it is that one has been able to convert so small a sum into so great an accumulation of beauty. Time was—and by no means long ago—when one could buy these colour-prints cheaply in long-established tea-shops, or from dealers in curios who had never heard of Utamaro, Hiroshigé, Hokusai, and a score of other great painters. Nowadays they have been discovered by the art critics, and there is scarcely a man of them but we are more or less reliably informed as to his life and his method of working, his course of study, and the students who came to him for instruction when he was famous at last. Concerning two of them books have been written, and it was only the lamented death of M. Edmond de Goncourt which robbed several of the others of similar honours which had been promised.

The prints, then, begin to be costly; but if the task of the collector has been made more difficult, it is hardly less pleasing. You will not any longer—except by a miracle, such as happens once in the life of many a collector—get a complete set of Hiroshigé's *Views of the Tokaido* for a trifle of three pounds ten, which was what was paid by one proud owner of the set. But if you know what is beautiful you may very likely come across an honest dealer whose ideas are merely commercial. He may consider that two prints he lays before you are of precisely equal value. Your opportunity comes when you recognise that one of the two, being perfectly beautiful, is priceless, and presently buy it at the figure that will be paid for the other later on by some misguided collector who has not the saving sense of beauty.

This sense, unfortunately, stands in need of educating. Every collector should possess a locked lumber-room, or play the dealer now and again; for all must make mistakes, and the results of these are all the more obvious according as the general average of one's successes is high. There must be a constant process of elimination. One collector, who is not altogether unknown, has earned the gratitude of unnumbered friends. To each as a wedding-present he has given a Chippendale chair, or a blue-and-white plate, or perhaps a pair of brass candlesticks. These are presents not likely to be duplicated, and his friends have felt themselves delicately flattered by his gift of a thing that must have cost him some research. It has been noticed, however, that he does not make presents of this kind to such of his friends as are themselves collectors. He has never bought anything that had not a good deal of merit; but this little habit of his affords some explanation of the fact that the uniform beauty of his personal collection excites the admiration of all the cognoscenti.

This sense of beauty is the saving of the collector of moderate means. There are dealers who are themselves most excellent judges. One such man, possessing objects that are infinitely desirable in almost all the branches of art, is perennially poor, because he hates to sell you anything for which he can conscientiously charge a decent price. Great people visit his shop continually, and he might ask what he liked and be sure of getting it. He has been known, however, when he has received warning of an impending visit, to hide the very objects which he knows the coming connoisseur would surely buy if he should see them. Once upon a time (and this is no fairy-tale!) he had an unlimited commission to buy choice pieces of Nan-kin for a wealthy collector. He bought a few choice pieces, and took his commission, albeit he loathed himself for so doing. Then he heard privately that a small but exquisite collection was in the market. He went straight to his employer and imparted the fact to him; then

he resigned his commission. The employer thinks him mad to this day. The truth was that he could not endure the thought of buying so lovely a collection and handing it on to another, even though he would have taken a handsome reward for so doing, and could never have afforded to purchase it for himself. The only way in which one may deal profitably with him is by acquiring a knowledge and an enthusiasm equal to his own. Then he will part with all that is best among his possessions—things that the ordinary wealthy customer is never even allowed to see; and you afterwards suspect that he has sold them to you without the smallest profit.

He is always poor, and occasionally he is absolutely bound to sell extensively. At such periods his company is not to be sought, for his temper is capricious. He gathers together a great quantity of goods, and sells them in the mass to certain people in London. Then he goes back to his shop and broods over what remains until he has found comfort in its beauty and in the acquisition of new objects of virtue. He is quite happy, and quite regardless of the ordinary rules of commerce until new purchases have entirely depleted his purse. But happily he is not the sort of dealer with whom one has usually to reckon.

The dealer of the more ordinary type is the man who knows the commercial value of everything; he would rarely be deceived into buying a modern imitation, however clever. But he has not the sense of beauty, and, be he never so set on getting the highest price for his wares, you may still get bargains in his shop. You have been told that such-and-such a man in some small provincial town has usually a big stock of antique furniture. The opportunity of a holiday comes; and, although the weather is abominable, you journey down by a slow train and hardly give yourself time for a meagre lunch before visiting the shop. It happens that you have arrived on a day when the man has a big stock, and has not for some time received a visit from any of the dealers who are wont to come down from bigger towns and buy up what he has collected. You imagine he will be in want of cash and ready to accept the most moderate of prices. Before long you are utterly amazed, and wonder why you did not stop in the big city you inhabit and spend your money there. His demands are exorbitant.

But you have endured an uncomfortable journey, and it may be some of your friends have been told that you were about to make beautiful additions to your collection. Moreover, the man has an extensive stock, and so you wander about his show-rooms and continue to inspect it. In the end you have probably made several purchases, and, simply by knowing the difference that is made by even the slightest change in the curves of the back of a good chair, and by recognising beauty when you see it, you are just as able to congratulate

yourself as the ordinary man who tumbles on a place where prices are low and buys there with a judgment less refined. It may be added that this sort of success may just as well as not await you in the shop of the man who does not scruple to attempt to sell you the modern products of Whitechapel as genuine antiques. In such journeys as this, moreover, there is always the chance that you may light on some small shop where the prices happen to be ridiculously low and the wares good. Then you are quickly rewarded for all your labours. There is a certain Sheraton table, for example—

A brief account of all the collectors one knows would be interesting, for each has his peculiarities, usually engaging. One of these is so poor that he can but rarely buy for himself the beautiful things he discovers. Yet he is for ever wandering in quest of them, for he is genuinely distressed that any loveliness should remain in the hands of people who do not understand it. He has a marvellous taste, and a deal of technical experience in certain branches of art. Only convince him that you know and love what is beautiful and he will place both these qualities at your disposal, telling you of all his discoveries, and buying you the most delightful additions to your collection at the most ridiculously low rates. He is afterwards fully satisfied with the knowledge that you possess and understand them.

There has perhaps been over much talk of prices; but, as was said above, it is part of the business of being a collector to have but little money, and to make sacrifices in exchange for rich rewards. The world calls every one who is engaged in the gathering together of objects of art by the title of collector, but it errs in so doing. The joys and the griefs of the true collector can never be known to the man who is in a position to send his agents into all parts of the world, bidding them use their taste and their knowledge to find out beautiful objects, for which he will straightway write a cheque when he has been told of their whereabouts and properly assured of their beauty. The poor collector rejoices when he has bought something at a low price, because he has thus the more money left to rescue some other desirable object from the hands of the Philistine.

One is apt to dwell a little sadly on the fact that men must die, and that every collection, even if it be not scattered, must lose in the hands of a new possessor a great part of the interest it had while it belonged to him who originally brought it together. But there is consolation to be had, and it were well if every collector would learn by heart the words of Edmond de Goncourt, who loved his collections passionately, and yet joyfully foresaw that they would be scattered: 'It is my desire that my drawings, my prints, my books—all the art objects, in short, which have made the happiness of my life—shall not suffer the cold tomb of a museum, and be looked on without apprecia-

tion by the indifferent passer-by. I order that they be sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the delight I got in the acquisition of each object may be given again, by each of them,

to some inheritor of my tastes.' *Tout casse, tout passe*; but one's beautiful possessions will never cease to be cared for so long as they continue to exist.

THE ISLAND OF 'PAUL AND VIRGINIA.'

By CARLYLE SMYTHIE, B.A.



OF all British possessions, Mauritius has, I believe, the most vexatious system of quarantine. Like the *Legion d'Honneur*, few escape it. The reason is not far to seek. Half the population of the island is in mourning, and the other expects to be. Exclusive of Indians, there are about 350,000 persons—mostly widows; and St Pierre struck a true local note when he made of his two leading ladies one a widow and the other a derelict. The principal reason of this prevailing widowhood is that the capital, which is almost exclusively composed of males, has been gutted by fire, and more than once ripped up by cyclones, which find an admirable theatre for their work in the semicircle of hills which encloses the town. But the devastation committed by fire and wind counts as nothing when compared with the havoc dealt by plague and pestilence. In addition to malarial fever, which is always with them, and which alone in one year swept off a ninth of the inhabitants of the island, Mauritius has so often extended its hospitality to epidemics of the most virulent form of measles, typhoid, scarlatina, chicken-pox, small-pox, and cholera that these diseases may now be regarded as quite at home there. The death-rate of the capital is about fifty-three. In these circumstances some stringent form of quarantine was needful; but the local council of health have put it on the wrong end: vessels should be quarantined when they leave Port Louis, not when they arrive. To have carried about the person one of the local bank-notes, which have the odour of a graveyard and are unfit for publication, should warrant the isolation, if not vaccination, of any person going into a clean community. Talking of vaccination reminds me that in these out-of-the-way places that operation is not as pleasant as it might be. I was forced to undergo it, and when the doctor was finished I asked, pricked by curiosity, how he managed to obtain pure calf-lymph in such a place. 'Oh, bless you!' replied this resident medical officer, 'that's not calf; that's the best black baby. What's more, it never fails.' It didn't. On the contrary, it was a huge success and enjoyed a prolonged run. But I doubt whether smallpox itself would have been more painful than that conversion of my body into an arena for some young barbarian's blood to play in.

In a sense Mauritius is an annexe, a sort of

remote suburb, of India, with which doubtless it was at some early geological period quite intimately related, since both the fauna and flora of the island are much more Asiatic than African. To-day, by its inhabitants, it is singularly like a bit of India that has drifted out to sea. As you land there is the dear old Indian crow on the docks, as perky and familiar as his cousins in Bombay; the rowers in the 'plying-boat' that takes you ashore are Hindus; while the rupee is the medium of exchange. Nearly half the population of the island is composed of Indians, most of whom were originally imported by the sugar-planters, who, indeed, still continue the practice of introducing the blackleg labour, under contracts for three years, at a monthly wage of about five rupees and all found. At the expiration of their indenture, being skilled sugar artisans, the Indians can earn a rupee a day on the plantations, or, as they mostly prefer, set up for themselves and cultivate small plots of their own, selling the produce to the big dealers. They are a thriving, industrious, peaceable section of the community, keeping the fasts and feasts and worshipping the gods of their ancestors in that far country. In Port Louis there is a Hindu temple, a mosque, and a joss-house; while there are almost as many Buddhists in the island as there are Nonconformists. The influx of Indians is in nowise due to the absence of native labour, but to the lazy and worthless character of the Creoles, as they are called—a mongrel race issuing from Malay, Dutch, and French progenitors, and mostly the descendants of liberated slaves. As might be imagined from a glance at their genealogical tree, the Creoles are an idle, dishonest, and insubordinate class.

Nobody who by any means can avoid it lives in Port Louis, where at any moment the hot hand of malaria may, like a grim constable, run you before a magistrate who sentences oftener than he acquits. In addition to this abiding dread, there is another objection to a residence in the capital, and that is the wreckage wrought by a cyclone within the amphitheatre that holds the town. Whenever a cyclone is signalled, and its direction, distance, and dimensions are ascertained, the inhabitants of the port are warned by a concerted code of signals. The first merely indicates that a suspected stranger is prowling about in the neighbourhood; the second, that its intentions are piratical—begin packing; the third and last, leave town at once and look out for squalls. When this dread sound is heard a

frantic stampede from the capital begins, and every avenue, every means of conveyance, by road and rail, is crowded to suffocation in the mad rush for safety. This of a tolerable sort is found in the residential highlands, where the houses are constructed to resist the gyrating gale. Provisions having been laid in upon the first signal, every aperture in the houses is closed, every door is firmly bolted, and the windows, every one of which is protected by a wooden door on the outside and another on the inside, are locked and barred. Here, hermetically sealed from all sunlight, the people are confined, sometimes three or four days, until the hurricane is spent and the wind gone off on another tack. If the centre of the cyclone passes over the place bars and barricades are of no earthly avail; everything and everybody are swallowed up in the maelstrom of wind. When all is quiet again and the danger over, the inhabitants return to Port Louis; and the capital has to undergo a process of reconstruction. But at any time Port Louis is a place of few attractions. Once a year it indulges in a 'season,' when there are high jinks in the little town. To do the thing in style the inhabitants import a grand opera company from France, with a full ballet, of course; they also purchase in Australia a few horses, at about £20 a head, for the race carnival, where the elegance of Mauritian society may disport itself. Finally, excursion steamers are run from Africa.

For the passing stranger there is only one habitable spot in the island: Curepipe, situated about fifteen miles from the capital, and lying two thousand feet above the sea, is the highest and healthiest settlement in Mauritius. This village is situated in the very heart of sugarland, on Plaines Wilhelms, where, in fact, the cane was first cultivated in the island by two Dutchmen of the name Wilhelm. There or thereabouts high society has settled itself, and Government House, which is close by, gives a tone to the neighbourhood; the greater part of the British garrison is quartered on the outskirts, and Curepipe is one of the principal escapes during a cyclone. But the atmosphere is far too heavily laden with moisture for personal comfort. Even in the driest and sunniest weather clothes become covered with mildew in the course of a day, whilst the poor smoker has often to get a light from the kitchen fire because he has thoughtlessly left his match-box on the table for an hour. They sometimes have rain at Curepipe, and in one summer shower lasting thirteen hours twenty-five inches were registered. In some parts of Australia the inhabitants do not get as much in three years.

This exceedingly warm and moist climate is as good as if it had been made to order for the luxuriant growth of cane, to the cultivation of which the whole plateau is devoted. Among sugar countries, Mauritius enjoys the distinction of being the spot where growing cane from seed was first successfully

accomplished. The government, in order to stimulate eager research in this direction, offered a heavy bonus for the discovery; and M. Perramet, with whom I spent a very pleasant day in sugarland, was the fortunate man, although, as he himself admits, the find was largely the result of an accident. The reward was considerable, and everybody, amateur and planter alike, became a collector of seed and competitor for the prize. Seed in consequence went to a premium, and it was considered a pardonable petty theft to steal the precious fluffy little things that had blown from some field on to your neighbour's coat in the train. M. Perramet, being a planter on a large scale, neglected no opportunity, and always kept a business eye on his neighbour's clothes, thence transplanting many a strayed seed into his own pocket. Some of these had been left by chance in a coat that was put aside at the change of the season, and when this garment was brought out to be worn again the seed had sprouted. Although the secret was soon out, M. Perramet continues to be the most successful grower, raising last year five thousand seedlings.

The village of Curepipe is quite pretty, with its unpretentious light-blue and white villas encompassed with rich tropical vegetation—palms, tree-ferns, and plantains—in the midst of vast fields of cane; and with its prim green lanes, in whose natural hedges grow the bougainvillia, morning glory, and lantana entwined in thick and amorous tangles; whilst the warm moist air is perfumed from an unseen censer with champak odours and frangipani. The place is almost entirely French, and scarce a word of English is ever heard in either street or store. The people are hothouse specimens of the country-folk of France. The priest that one passes in the street is not the regular priest of an English colony, but l'Abbé Constantin, with long black cassock, broad-brimmed hat, and inseparable umbrella. The very funerals are decked with Gallie gowgaws and tinsel, whilst the person at the head, attracting to himself the attention that should be devoted to the dead, is some Delochee burying his daughter Desiré; and the couple walking in the cool of the afternoon, arm-in-arm, serious and silent as if resolving the mysteries of the Cosmos, are monsieur and madame from St Servan. Everything is foreign. Here and there about the bijon township are stores bearing the strange legend, 'Consolidated Retailer.' That conceals John Chinaman, in whose hauds is most of the small retail trade of the island. Even he, I was informed, endeavours to pass himself off as of French extraction, palavers the *patois*, and affects a Gallie patronym—Leon Say, Anatole Paris, Calais Ahoy, I suppose, or something of that sort. The very streets of this out-of-the-world village have a French accent in their immortal names. In the green sequestered lanes of Curepipe, Lamartine, St Pierre, Buffon, Molière may still live when France has become a Russian province

and some wanderer from the underworld shall take his stand, in the midst of a vast solitude, on a broken arch of the Bridge Alexandre III. to sketch the ruins of the Panthéon.

The place is so thoroughly and tranquilly French that the sight of a couple of Tommies walking in the streets and whistling 'Mrs 'Enery 'Awkins' comes with the shock of an invasion. These symbols of foreign domination irritate both Creole and Frenchmen, who alike hate the ubiquitous red-coat; for, as Curepipe is, so is the whole island essentially French in language, manners, and morals. It is difficult to make one's self understood anywhere in this British colony without being able to speak the bastard *patois* known as Creole French. English is, of course, the official language, and compulsory both in the schools and courts, although evidence may be tendered in French, providing the judge and jury approve, while French is also permitted in the Legislative Council. The Code Napoléon is still the basis of all local law, and will remain so until the century of English occupation is reached—that is to say, until 1910. The newspapers are published either entirely in French or one-half French and the other a literal translation, which is quite unnecessary, since everybody who can read understands a sort of French.

Among the mass of the people, apart from the Indian population, there is always a strong feeling in favour of France and antagonistic to England, and the slenderest excuse is seized upon to exhibit this. When France alleged that her army had subdued the Malagassies, a committee was formed in Mauritius to collect funds with a view of presenting a sword to the conquering hero, General Duquesne, as a memento of his victorious entry into Antananarivo. Thereupon a few English residents, not to be behindhand in their recognition of the real merits of the French general's exploit, clubbed together to buy him a walking-stick as an emblem of his stroll from Tamatave to the capital. This acute racial feeling is naturally a constant source of trouble, and makes the government of the colony a matter of difficulty and delicacy. Nor does the trouble promise to diminish as the century of British dominion approaches its end, particularly as some alarmist members of the French community apprehend that the Code Napoléon will be superseded as the base of local law by the imperial statutes. This fear, real or feigned, is probably quite groundless; but nothing will ever persuade a Frenchman that the English can resist an occasion for perfidy. In Mauritius especially the querulousness and plotting of the French section are at once unreasonable and ungrateful, as may be seen from a passing glance at the history of this island of many *aliases*.

Probably the date of the real discovery of Cirne, as the island was first called, will always remain a debatable question; but there is a very strong probability that Dom Fernando Pereira visited it in 1507—which would entitle him to the kudos

of discoverer—and named it after his own vessel. At any rate, the credit of the earliest historical discovery belongs to the Portuguese, because—beyond all challenge—Mascaregnas, after whom the whole group was called, visited Cirne in 1528. Spain took possession of the island in 1580, but only to be ejected nineteen years later by the Dutch, who, in honour of their Stadtholder, christened the island Mauritius. The Dutch East India Company occupied Mauritius simply as a station on the highway to Batavia, the great Eastern depôt of the company. Until 1712 they were the landlords, and then deserted the island as of no value. Almost immediately Mauritius became the headquarters of a race of pirates, or, as they were termed, Maroons (Malay slaves, mostly, whom the Dutch had introduced); but three years later the French India Company took possession, and, exercising the right of a new tenant, named their acquisition *L'île de France*. For nearly a century the island continued a fortified outpost of France, and was mainly used as a base of operations against India. During the whole of that occupation the inhabitants were subjected not only to the piratical raids of the Maroons, but, in addition, to all the changes and chances of the Napoleonic wars. In 1810 the English captured Port Napoleon, freed the island from the Maroons, liberated the slaves, and settled a long peace on the land, which, if it had remained a French colony, would have been exposed to all the factions and disasters that have distracted and decimated France during the past century, and, in all likelihood, would have been utilised as a convict settlement. Instead of that the only disturbance caused by the English annexation is that the island changed its name once more, and reverted to the old style—Mauritius. The unaffected section may, however, possess their souls in patience with the double assurance, first, that John Bull is always glad to let well alone and place the government of his colonies as much as possible upon the shoulders of the colonists; secondly, that as long as Mauritius is of the slightest strategical value to India the English dominion will endure.

But it is not on account of its early legendary history, or the island's military importance, or because it is a common centre for cyclones, and was once the home of the dodo, that Mauritius has an abiding interest for the general reader, but because of the current supposition that in this colony the originals of *Paul and Virginia*, those two children of Nature, pure and simple, enjoyed the innocent rapture of love until awakened to the relentless bitterness of life.

Bernardin de St Pierre, it is true, passed three years in *L'île de France*, and wrote the novel after his return; although, by the way, twenty-two years elapsed between his departure from the island and his commencement of the story. True

it is, also, that he affirmed the characters to be real persons, and the narrative faithful and exact in every detail. Despite this express statement, it is now generally admitted that the hero and heroine had their only existence in the imagination of their author. This deliberate false assertion accorded precisely with the whole character of the man, St Pierre, whose life was one long lie to all the beautiful principles which he preached as the disciple and in the style of Rousseau. St Pierre's text was that true beatitude can be attained only by living in harmony with Nature, by loving Virtue itself alone, and by scorning the illusory advantages of wealth. His practice was to desert his *fiancée* because she was virtue itself, though poor, and to marry one whom he disliked, but who possessed the 'illusory advantages of wealth.' In glowing prose he insisted upon the harmony of Nature; in cold blood he married at sixty-three a girl of eighteen. Beautiful as Paul and Virginia are in their lives, it is difficult to believe that their creator could have felt anything in common with characters whose guiding principles are so diametrically opposed to his own leading motives. It was the popular cant of that period of unbridled license in France to affect an admiration for innocence and to maintain that civilised man was unhappy and vicious, while man in his natural state was happy and virtuous. St Pierre simply pandered to the craze of the moment, and in doing so achieved by this one book an enduring fame.

Every visitor to Mauritius may readily detect evidences of the author's carelessness in the matter of local colour and topography. There are particularly two glaring instances. That beautiful and poetic description of the panorama of the whole island, gained from the eastern side of the mountain behind Port Louis, is an absolute impossibility. Again, the hero and heroine in bare feet and one day journey through tangled and trackless forests, over several mountains, across five tributary streams and one wide, deep ravine to the slave-owner's farm and back. The distance traversed covers about thirty miles, and, in the circumstances, the journey would require at the least a week, not to mention a commissariat service by the way. But critical investigation has gone further than the local colour, and discovered that Virginia is a synthesis, in trivial details, of several persons, men and women. Her name was borrowed from the girl whom St Pierre jilted for 'the illusory advantages of wealth.' For her life on the island there was no original as far as critical research can prove, although unimportant incidents have been traced to little events which it is known St Pierre witnessed on the boulevards of Paris. But three persons are mingled together to build up her dramatic death. For some time a Mdlle. Mallet was identified by what purported to be the record of an eye-witness, her brother, as the unique original of this scene in the story. True

enough a vessel named the *St Geran* was wrecked somewhere about the spot mentioned in the book, and a Mdlle. Mallet was among those who were lost; but here her part in the making of Virginia ends. On board the same boat was also a Mdlle. Caillon, who, according to an official record of the wreck, was the lady whom an officer offered to assist in reaching Amber Island. This officer had paid his attentions to Mdlle. Caillon during the voyage out, and his gallantry was thus only natural. Upon such slender facts (for Paul appears to have been a complete figment), all of which were inextricably mingled in treatment, did St Pierre build his somewhat tiresome and wholly untrue picture of the beatitude and chastity of life when exempt from the contaminations of civilisation. But the wide and instantaneous reception of the work—the picture of an ideally pure life—among the corrupt and debased society preceding the Revolution is, after all, the most inexplicable circumstance connected with *Paul and Virginia*.

TO BOGGANING.

I WATCHED a gay and fascinating throng
Go sliding down a snow-slope, one by one,
Until the last of that procession long
Had turned a distant corner and was gone.

Some sat upright and swayed from side to side;
Some lay at length, their hands embracing pegs;
Some trailed an alpenstock behind to guide;
And some accomplished marvels with their legs.

I said, 'A lovely picture, framed in snow,
The figures faultless and the colours warm;
There never lived an artist who could show
Such gaiety of heart or grace of form.'

Yet I have heard there are, among the rest,
Who seem to think the 'human form divine'
Is not seen altogether at its best
When wobbling wildly down a steep incline.

They say that garments lose their graceful curves,
That boots assume too prominent a place,
That unaccustomed speed upsets the nerves
And stamps a look of terror on the face.

But hypercritical and captious these
Who look at Nature's self with jaundiced eyes,
Who see no loveliness in moonlit seas
Or fleecy clouds that fleck the summer skies.

And so, next turn, I took my place among
The crowd that glided down the smooth snow-slope,
And looked, like all the rest of that gay throng,
A not displeasing spectacle, I hope.

C. J. BODEN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

SOME OLD-TIME RECOLLECTIONS.

By T. W. S.

IN the course of last autumn I was led by circumstances to spend a few days in the remote third-rate country town—even at this date it numbers only some fifteen thousand inhabitants—where I was partly brought up and educated, and which I left, a raw youth, somewhat over half a century ago, in search of that fortune which comes so wooingly to some, while others pursue it in vain to the end of their days. As I paced the town's long main street and rambled about its outskirts, it almost seemed to me that, so far as its external aspect was concerned, I might have been absent only one year instead of fifty.

But observation and inquiry soon revealed to me that in other respects the little town had not stood still, that it had not failed to advance with the times, and that in many ways the conditions of life in it differed widely in these later days from those which obtained when I was a boy. It is a few of the differences in question that I am desirous of briefly recording in this article.

To begin with, let us take the question of locomotion. In those days even the great trunk-lines of railway were only in process of construction, and no one, unless it were a few dreamers and enthusiasts who were regarded by their more sober-minded fellow-townsmen as being slightly 'cracked,' ever dreamt, so secluded did we seem, so far shut out from the great world's noise and uproar, that in less than a dozen years the pretty vale in which Dimchester hides itself would echo with the shriek of the locomotive. But so it was.

Situated on one of the great highways running due north and south, quite a number of mail and other coaches used to pass through it every week-day, stopping to change horses at the 'King's Head' hotel, where a little crowd of idlers always assembled to watch the operation, take stock of the passengers, and pick up whatever crumbs of news the guard or driver might condescend to scatter among them. Subscribers to the *Times*

or other London papers received their copies on the second day after publication—that is to say, Monday's newspaper reached them in the course of Wednesday, which was considered a quite remarkable achievement. With few exceptions, however, the good folk of Dimchester were content to assimilate the week's news, so to speak, in a lamp, as summarised for them in the local paper, which made its appearance every Friday morning.

But for travellers from Dimchester going south the favourite mode of locomotion was not by coach but by the canal packet-boat, which ran between there and W—, and *vice versa*, once a day, the distance between the two places being about fifty miles. It is, or rather it was—for with the coming of the railway the packets died a natural death—one of the most enjoyable modes of inland travel with which I am acquainted. It is true that the speed was only a fraction over six miles an hour; but what did that matter to people who hardly knew what it was to be in a hurry? The boats were comfortably upholstered and well protected from the weather. They were drawn by a couple of horses, which kept up one slow, even trot, and on one of which a youth rode postillion. There was no noise, no dust, no discomfort of any kind. The scenery was pretty, and you had time to notice it, and to discuss local topics with your neighbour, read your newspaper, or comment on the state of the crops, &c. At the locks, of which there were some half-dozen, the male passengers usually got out to 'stretch their legs,' and were picked up by the packet when it had got through the last of the series. You were pretty sure to meet some one on the boat that you knew, and then out came the snuff-boxes, and you felt almost sorry when your journey had come to an end. Decidedly there are worse modes of travelling than by the defunct packet-boat.

The mention of snuff reminds me that when I was a lad fully half the population of both sexes, rich as well as poor, the banker equally with the working-man, were snuff-takers. My first school-

master always carried his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket, and innumerable were his dips into it with two fingers and a thumb in the course of the day, while the big goffered frill which protruded from the bosom of his shirt was always thickly sprinkled with it. We used to notice that he never seemed to relish one of his huge pinches so much as immediately after having administered a sound castigation to some recalcitrant pupil.

On the other hand, there was little or no open-air smoking, except in the case of labouring men going to or from their work. In this respect sniffer-matches have something to answer for; but for them the practice of outdoor smoking would never have grown to its present enormous proportions.

In those days the better class of tradesmen and shopkeepers, men of substance and standing many of them, used to make a point of meeting on most week-day evenings, in little coteries of a dozen or more, in the sanded parlour of one or other of the numerous taverns of the town, there, with the aid of their snuff-boxes, their long clay pipes—for such of them as smoked—and their frequently replenished jorums of grog, to spend a pleasantly convivial couple of hours. When the time for parting came they were generally all more or less boisterously merry, some being merely comfortably 'full,' others comfortably 'fuddled,' and a brace of them might often be seen, arm-in-arm, zig-zagging their way homeward more or less unsteadily. Wives regarded it almost as a matter of course that, say, three evenings out of five their husbands should come home somewhat the worse for liquor. Total abstainers, the few there were of them, were looked upon with a certain measure of distrust, and as lacking in some of those qualities which go to build up a manly character.

There was a curious Sunday observance at Dinchester, the like of which may or may not have been in operation elsewhere. On that morning it was the custom of the Mayor and Corporation, preceded by their two mace-bearers, to walk in procession to the parish church, and there worship in the comfortably cushioned pews set apart for their use, which faced the pulpit. Then, just before the reading of the first lesson, four or five of their number would walk quietly out of the church, not to reappear till a few minutes before the sermon was due to begin. Their duty was to perambulate the lower streets of the town, and arrest any loose characters who were not sufficiently on the alert to keep out of their clutches, or any vagrants who could not give a good account of themselves. They were also empowered to enter taverns and beerhouses, and satisfy themselves that no drinking was going on during prohibited hours. Any delinquents whom they might capture were haled into church and placed, in charge of the beadle, on a bench under the pulpit and in full view of the congregation, where they remained till the end of the service,

when they were conducted to the vestry and there lectured by the vicar and the Mayor conjointly. Incurrigibles who were thus captured three or four times were given in charge to a constable, and punished next day by fine or imprisonment.

Another old custom was for the incoming Mayor, on the day of his election, to give a cart-load of apples to be scrambled for by the mob. The apples, a couple of big basketfuls at a time, were thrown out of an upper window to the rough crowd of two or three hundred assembled below. It was an excuse for an unlimited amount of horse-play, and was a far from edifying spectacle.

At the foundation-school at which I was educated we religiously kept up certain old-time holidays, each and all of which, I doubt not, have long ago fallen into desuetude. Thus, we celebrated the 30th of January in memory of the martyrdom of Charles I., and the 29th of May in memory of the birth and return of his graceless son. Then there were the 5th of November and coronation-day. On each of these anniversaries a special thanksgiving service, in accordance with the rubric, was held in the parish church.

When any one died the friends and acquaintances of the deceased were invited to the funeral by word of mouth. There was a man in the town who added to his living by going about from house to house, in accordance with the list of names furnished him for that purpose. Many a time did the sound of the three solemn knocks—always after nightfall—which precluded his lugubrious errand send a shudder through me. Then, when the door was opened, he would deliver himself in a monotonous sing-song as follows: 'You are respectfully bidden to the funeral of A. B., who died on Saturday last. The body will be lifted at two o'clock precisely on Thursday next.'

It was the custom for those who had been 'bidden' to assemble at the house of the deceased, where large tankards, filled in some cases with hot spiced ale, in others with mulled wine, but always having a lemon stuck with cloves floating on the top, were passed round from guest to guest, and it would have been considered exceedingly disrespectful to the dead had any one declined to drink therefrom. In those days hearses were unknown; indeed, I never remember to have seen one the whole time I lived at Dinchester. The coffin was carried to the grave by relays of bearers, the mourners walking two and two behind; such processions, in the case of a well-known person, sometimes extending fully a quarter of a mile.

Although I have no recollection of having seen a hearse, I can just remember seeing a Sedan-chair, in which sat a fat old dowager wearing an immense yellow turban. I fancy she must have died shortly afterwards, and probably the Sedan-chair died with her. Several pairs of Hessian boots figure in my memory, worn by ancient gentlemen who had probably been great bucks or dandies in their day. Numbers of men who were getting into years, in

addition to the tail-coat which was common to old and young alike, wore knee-breeches, and white or gray worsted stockings and broad-toed shoes, with the addition of short gaiters in cold weather.

The young men were addicted to gorgeously embroidered vests, over which meandered a yard of gold chain; their trousers were strapped tightly over their Wellington boots; round their neck they wore a stiff stock about six inches deep, and fastened behind with a buckle; the broad ends, usually of satin, hid the whole of the shirt-front, and were commonly kept in place by a couple

of breast-pins connected by a very fine chain. Above this the sharp starched points of the collar peered forth. The face was clean shaven except for a short whisker; but the well-pomatumed hair was worn considerably longer than is now the fashion, and on Sundays and dress occasions was carefully curled. Occasionally the wristbands of the shirt were worn turned back over the cuffs of the coat. One dandy I remember who used to appear at church with lace ruffles round his wrists.

Such are a few of the memories called up by a return to my native place.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.



SIX months had elapsed since the *Lotus Blossom* had steamed out of the Gieranger Fjord and its owner had taken his last look at the little village of Merok. During that interval Browne had endeavoured to amuse himself to the best of his ability. In spite of Maas's insinuation to the contrary, he had visited Russia; had shot bears in the company and on the estates of his friend Demetrovitch; had passed south to the Crimea, and thence, by way of Constantinople, to Cairo, where, chancing upon some friends who were wintering in the land of the Pharaohs, he had been persuaded into engaging a *dahabtyeh*, and had endured the tedious river journey to Luxor and back in the company of a charming French countess, an Austrian archduke, a German pianist, and an individual whose accomplishments were as notorious as his tastes were varied. A fortnight in Monte Carlo and a week in Paris had followed the Nile trip; and now the first week in March found him, free of engagements, ensconced in the luxurious smoking-room of the Monolith Club in Pall Mall, an enormous cigar between his teeth, and bitterly regretting that he had been persuaded to leave the warmth and sunshine of the favoured South. The morning had been fairly bright, but the afternoon was cold, foggy, and dreary in the extreme. Even the most weatherwise among the men standing at the windows, looking out upon the street, had to admit that they did not know what to make of it. It might only mean rain, they said; it might also mean snow. But that it was, and was going to be still more, unpleasant nobody seemed for an instant to doubt. Browne stretched himself in his chair beside the fire, and watched the flames go roaring up the chimney, with an expression of weariness upon his usually cheerful face.

'What a fool you were, my lad, to come to this sort of thing!' he said to himself. 'You might have known the sort of welcome you would receive. In Cannes the sun has been shining on

the Boulevard de la Croisette all day. Here it is all darkness and detestation. I've a good mind to be off again to-night; this sort of thing would give the happiest man the blues.'

He was still pursuing this train of thought, when a hand was placed upon his shoulder, and, turning round, he found Jimmy Foote standing beside him.

'The very man I wanted to see,' said Browne, springing to his feet and holding out his hand. 'I give you my word you couldn't have come at a more opportune moment. I was in the act of setting off to find you.'

'My dear old chap,' replied his friend, 'that is my métier: I always turn up at opportune moments, like the kind godmother in the fairy tale. What is it you want of me?'

'I want your company.'

'There's nothing I'd give you more willingly,' said Jimmy; 'I'm tired of it myself. But seriously, what is the matter?'

'Look out of the window,' Browne replied. 'Do you see that fog?'

'I've not only seen it, I have swallowed several yards of it,' Foote answered. 'I've been to tea with the Verneys in Arlington Street, and I've fairly had to eat my way back through it. But why should the weather irritate you? If you're idiot enough to come back from Cairo to London in March, I don't see that you've any right to complain. I only wish to goodness Fate had blessed me with the same chance of getting away.'

'If she had, where would you go and what would you do?'

'I'd go anywhere and do anything. You may take it from me that the Bard was not very far out when he said that if money go before, all ways lie open.'

'If that's all you want, we'll very soon send it before. Look here, Jimmy; you've nothing to do, and I've less. What do you say to going off somewhere? What's your fancy—Paris, south of France, Egypt, Algiers? One place is like another to me.'

'I don't want anything better than Algiers,' said Jimmy. 'Provided we go by sea, I am your obedient and humble servant to command.'

Then, waving his hand towards the gloom outside, he added: 'Fog, Rain, Sleet, and Snow, my luck is triumphant, and I defy thee!'

'That's settled, then,' said Browne, rising and standing before the fire. 'I'll wire to Mason to have the yacht ready at Plymouth to-morrow evening. I should advise you to bring something warm with you, for we are certain to find it cold going down Channel and crossing the Bay at this time of the year. In a week, however, we shall be in the warm weather once more. Now I must be getting along. You don't happen to be coming my way, I suppose?'

'My dear fellow,' said Jimmy, buttoning up his coat and putting on his hat as he spoke, 'my way is always your way. Are you going to walk or cab it?'

'Walk,' Browne replied. 'This is not the sort of weather to ride in hansom. If you're ready, come along.'

The two young men passed out of the club and along Pall Mall together. Turning up Waterloo Place, they proceeded in the direction of Piccadilly. The fog was thicker there than elsewhere, and every shop window was brilliantly illuminated in order to display the wares set out within.

'Oh, by the way, Browne, I've got something to show you,' said Foote as they passed over the crossing of Charles Street. 'It may interest you.'

'What is it?' asked Browne. 'A new cigarette or something more atrocious than usual in the way of neckties?'

'Better than that,' returned his companion, and as he spoke he led him towards a picture-shop, in the window of which were displayed a number of works of art. In a prominent position in the centre was a large water-colour, and as Browne glanced at it his heart gave a great leap. It was nothing more nor less than a view of Merok taken from the spot where he had rescued Katherine Petrovitch from death upwards of seven months before. It was a clever bit of work, and treated in an entirely unconventional fashion.

'It's not by any means bad, is it?' said Foote, after Browne had been looking at it in silence for upwards of a minute. 'If I had the money— But I say, old chap, what is the matter? You are as pale as if you had seen a ghost. Don't you feel well?'

'Perfectly well,' his friend replied; 'it's only the fog.'

He did not say that in the corner of the picture he had seen the artist's name, and that that name was the one he had cherished so fondly and for so long a time.

'Just excuse me for a moment, will you?' he said. 'I should like to go into the shop and ask a question about that picture.'

'All right,' said Jimmy. 'I'll wait out here.'

Browne accordingly disappeared into the shop, leaving Foote on the pavement outside. As it happened, it was a dealer he often visited, and in consequence he was well known to the assistants. When he made known to them what he wanted, the picture was withdrawn from the window and placed before him.

'An excellent bit of work, as you can see for yourself, sir,' said the shopman as he pulled down the electric light and turned it upon the picture. 'The young lady who painted it is fast making a name for herself. So far this is the first bit of her work we have had in London; but the Continental dealers assure me they find a ready market for it.'

'I can quite believe it,' said Browne. 'It is an exceedingly pretty bit. You may send it round to me.'

'Very good, sir; thank you. Perhaps you will allow me to show you one or two others while you are here? We have several new ones since you were here last.'

'No, thank you,' Browne replied. 'I only came in to find out whether you could tell me the address of the young lady who painted this? She and I met in Norway some months ago.'

'Indeed, sir, I had no idea when I spoke that you were acquainted. Perhaps you know that she is in London at the present moment. She honoured me by visiting my shop this morning.'

'Indeed,' said Browne. 'In that case perhaps it would not be troubling you too much to let me know where I could find her.'

'I will do so at once,' the man replied. 'If you will excuse me for a moment I will have it written out for you.'

He disappeared forthwith into an office at the end of the shop, leaving Browne staring at the picture as if he could not take his eyes off it. So engaged was he with the thoughts it conjured up that he quite forgot the fact that he was standing in a shop in London with hansom and 'buses rolling by outside. In spirit he was on the steep side of a Norwegian mountain, surrounded by fog and rain, endeavouring to discover from what direction a certain cry for help proceeded. Then the fog rolled away, and, looking up at him, he saw what he now knew to be the sweetest and most womanly face upon which he had ever gazed. He was still wrapped in this day-dream when the shopman returned, and roused him by placing on the counter before him an envelope upon which something was written. Browne took it up and read:

MISS KATHERINE PETROVITCH.

43 Holland Park Road, West.

'That is it, sir,' said the man. 'If it would be any convenience to you, sir, it will give me the greatest pleasure to write to the young lady, and to tell her that you have purchased her picture and would like her to call upon you.'

'I must beg of you not to do anything of the kind,' Browne replied, with the most impressive earnestness. 'I must make it a condition of my purchase that you do not mention my name to her in any way.'

The shopman looked a little crestfallen. 'Very good, sir; since you do not wish it, of course I will be sure not to do so,' he answered humbly. 'I thought perhaps, having purchased an example of her work, and being such a well-known patron of art, you might be anxious to help the young lady.'

'What do you mean by helping her?' inquired Browne. 'Do you think she needs assistance?'

'Well, sir, between ourselves,' returned the other, 'I do not fancy she is very well off. She was in a great hurry, at any rate, to sell this picture.'

Browne winced; it hurt him to think that the girl had perhaps been compelled to haggle with this man in order to obtain the mere necessities of life. He, however, thanked the man for his courtesy, and bidding him send the picture to his residence as soon as possible, left the shop and joined Foote on the pavement outside.

'Well, I hope you have been long enough,' remarked that gentleman in an injured tone as they proceeded up the street together. 'Have you purchased everything in the shop?'

'Don't be nasty, Jimmy,' said Browne, with sudden joviality. 'It doesn't suit you. You are the jolliest little fellow in the world when you are in a good temper; but when you are not—well, words fail me.'

'Don't walk me off my legs, confound you!' said Jimmy snappishly. 'The night is but young, and we're not performing pedestrians, whatever you may think.'

Browne was not aware that he was walking faster than usual, but he slowed down on being remonstrated with. Then he commenced to whistle softly to himself.

'Now you are whistling,' said Jimmy, 'which is a thing, as you are well aware, that I detest in the street. What on earth is the matter with you to-night? Ten minutes ago you were as glum as they make 'em; nothing suited you. Then you went into that shop and bought that picture, and since you came out you seem bent on making a public exhibition of yourself.'

'So I am,' said Browne; and then, suddenly stopping in his walk, he rapped with the ferrule of his umbrella on the pavement. 'I am going to give an exhibition, and a dashed good one, too. I'll take one of the galleries and do it in a proper style. I'll have the critics there, and all the swells who buy; and if they don't do as I want, and declare it to be the very finest show of the year, I'll never buy one of their works again.' Then, taking his friend's arm, he continued his walk, saying, 'What you want, Jimmy, my boy, is a proper appreciation of art. There is nothing like it in the world, take my word for it. Nothing! Nothing at all!'

'You've said that before,' retorted his friend, 'and you said it with sufficient emphasis to amuse the whole street. If you're going to give me an exposition on art in Regent Street on a foggy afternoon in March, I tell you flatly I'm going home. I am not a millionaire, and my character won't stand the strain. What's the matter with you, Browne? You're as jolly as a sandboy now, and for the life of me, I don't see how a chap can be happy in a fog like this and still retain his reason.'

'Fog, my boy,' continued Browne, still displaying the greatest good humour. 'I give you my word, there's nothing like a fog in the world. I adore them! I revel in them! Talk about your south of France and sunshine. What is it to London and a fog? A fog did me a very good turn once, and now I'm hanged if another isn't going to rival it. You're a dear little chap, Jimmy, and I wouldn't wish for a better companion. But there's no use shutting your eyes to one fact, and that is you're not sympathetic. You want educating, and when I've a week or two to spare I'll do it. Now I'm going to leave you to think out what I've said. I've just remembered a most important appointment. Let me find a decent hansom and I'll be off.'

'I thought you said just now this was not the weather for driving in hansoms? I thought you said you had nothing to do, and that you were going to employ yourself entertaining me? John Grantham Browne, I tell you what it is, you're going in that hansom to a lunatic asylum.'

'Better than that, my boy,' said Browne, with a laugh, as the cab drew up at the pavement and he sprang in. 'Far better than that.' Then, looking up through the trap in the roof at the driver, he added solemnly: 'Cabby, drive me to 43 Holland Park Road, as fast as your horse can go.'

'But, hold on,' said Foote, holding up his umbrella to detain him. 'Before you do go, what about to-morrow? What train shall we catch? And have you sent the wire to your skipper to have the yacht in readiness?'

'Bother to-morrow,' answered Browne. 'There is no to-morrow, there are no trains, there is no skipper, and most certainly there is no yacht. I've forgotten them and everything else. Drive on, cabby. By-by, Jimmy.'

The cab disappeared in the fog, leaving Mr Foote standing before the portico of the Criterion looking after it.

'My friend Browne is either mad or in love,' said that astonished individual as the vehicle rolled away. 'I don't know which to think. He's quite unnerved me. I think I'll go in here and try a glass of dry sherry just to pull myself together. What an idiot I was not to find out who painted that picture! But that's just like me; I never think of things until it's too late.'

When he had finished his sherry he lit a cigarette, and presently found himself making his

way towards his rooms in Jermyn Street. As he went he shook his head solemnly. 'I don't like the look of things at all,' he said. 'I said a lunatic asylum just now; I should have mentioned

a worse place—"St George's, Hanover Square." One thing, however, is quite certain. If I know anything of signs, Algiers will not have the pleasure of entertaining me.'

COCOA AND COCOA ADULTERATION.

By Prof. CARMODY, F.I.C., F.C.S., Trinidad.



HE adulterator of a substance which received from an excellent authority the title of 'food for the gods' must be a daring person indeed. And yet, of all our breakfast beverages, there is none at the present day so extensively adulterated as *Theobroma cacao*.

Tea, owing mainly to the supervision on importation exercised by the Board of Customs, and partly to the vigilance of food inspectors, is now very rarely found adulterated. Coffee, it is true, is still sold with an admixture of chicory in variable proportions, and when so labelled the person selling runs no risk of prosecution. But cacao adulteration is a mountain, that of coffee only a molehill.

It has been proved to the satisfaction of the representatives of justice, by scientific witnesses who have been examined before them, that mixtures are sold as cocoa which contain not more than *eight* per cent. of that substance. On the authority of evidence given by the largest manufacturers of cocoa in England before a recent royal commission on food adulteration, it is clear that the best mixtures sold do not contain more than *fifty* per cent. of cocoa; and from the published reports of proceedings under the Food and Drugs Act, we are convinced that cocoa mixtures are regularly sold with percentages of cocoa varying from the maximum of fifty to the minimum of eight referred to above. And although it is difficult to prove, except on figures supplied by the manufacturers conjointly, there are good grounds for believing that the mixtures—meaning by 'mixtures' the second type of commercial cocoa referred to below—which have the largest sale in this country do not contain on an average above twenty per cent. of cocoa.

Under the protection afforded by an act of parliament specially directed against food adulteration, and with all its machinery not only in good working order, but every day improving and becoming more popular, it might at first sight appear to any ordinary person that such serious adulteration is impossible. But this is very far from being so, for the vendor of cocoa is fully protected against legal proceedings by a label on the packet containing a printed statement (which may be in microscopically minute type, and further obscured by an overwhelming preponderance of other

printed matter) to the effect that 'this article is sold as an admixture of cocoa with sugar and arrowroot.' The vendor is not legally obliged to disclose the proportions in which he has mixed these ingredients; and, as a result, we find that it is possible to sell as *cocoa* a mixture which contains only eight per cent. of that substance. Such sales are so very detrimental to the interests of the purchaser and of the producer that public attention requires to be directed to it in a special manner, particularly at the present time, when the consumption of cocoa is evidently rapidly increasing, and when the public mind may not unreasonably be assumed to be in a state of pardonable uncertainty as to the respective merits of the essentially different preparations which, by persistent advertising, rival manufacturers have very properly submitted for the careful scrutiny and consideration of actual or anticipated consumers of cocoa.

A brief sketch of the cacao industry will prepare the way for understanding what follows. Cacao grows only in tropical climates. It is the fruit of a tree not unlike an apple-tree in appearance, and very unlike the palm-tree which yields the coco-nut—with which it is often confounded. The fruit consists of a pod, containing about forty beans or seeds. The pod is cut in two, and thrown on the ground to rot; the seeds, with their gummy adhering coat, are carried to the sweating-box, where they ferment in heaps for from two to sixteen days. Long fermenting produces cocoa of better colour and flavour; a bean which has been fermented only a few days has a rank flavour, which the adulterator utilises for the purpose of disguising larger proportions of starch and sugar than a fully-fermented, mild-flavoured bean is capable of. From the sweating-box the bean is carried to the drying-house, where the heat of the sun, or occasionally artificial heat, stops the fermentation and dries the bean sufficiently to enable it to be shipped with safety in bags to Europe or America. On its arrival in these countries it is again heated, but this time to a higher temperature, in order to separate the husk or shell which encloses the 'cocoa-nib.' The shell is still used by some to prepare a light infusion; but many hours are required for the preparation. The nib is the important part, and may be sold (1) simply ground (the only pure form of cocoa);

(2) ground, and mixed with starch and sugar; (3) ground, and part of the fat abstracted. Any one, then, who wishes to obtain pure cocoa must obtain ground nibs; and if this is properly prepared with a sufficiency of milk, no more strengthening or agreeable beverage could be desired.

It has been said, with what justification I know not, that the public demand for cocoa-nibs is very limited, and that this is a proof that people prefer the prepared forms placed on the market. But this is no proof of the latter statement, for not one in ten thousand of the public is aware that cocoa-nib is the only form of pure cocoa, and that only one firm of manufacturers places this form on the market.

The second kind mentioned above is a prepared cocoa—that is, ground nibs to which an equal, or greater, weight of starch and sugar has been added. The manufacturers of this class defend the practice by saying that natural cocoa does not make a palatable beverage, and that the addition of starch and sugar is necessary. They say that cocoa contains too much fat. As a matter of fact a spoonful of cocoa powder contains half a spoonful of cocoa fat, and herein lies its superiority over tea and coffee, which are merely stimulants, and possess no ingredients of any value as a food. The manufacturers appear to think that half a spoonful of fat is too much, and that by the addition of starch and sugar it should be reduced to a quarter of a spoonful, or less. It is also said that starch is added because, with hot water, it forms a thin kind of paste in which the cocoa powder remains suspended, and does not settle down to the bottom of the cup. The sugar is added partly for the same reason, and partly to disguise the insipid taste of the starch.

The third class of cocoa is the ground nib from which about half the fat has been extracted. This kind was first made on the Continent, but has forced its way steadily into popular favour here, notwithstanding that the home manufacturers are protected to the extent of one penny per pound against all foreign manufacturers. Its successful introduction proved at all events that that section of the public which could afford to pay the high price of this newly introduced preparation welcomed a change from the starch and sugar mixtures referred to above. Most of the home manufacturers now prepare a cocoa similar to this; and it is very probable that this kind would be more popular if the price charged for it were not so unreasonably high as it is at present.

Each of the three kinds of cocoa placed on the market has its defenders and assailants. Very few in this country will be found to support the first kind; but the people of the countries where cocoa is produced never take it except in this pure form—that is, with no starch added and no fat extracted.

For years it was said that the people of these islands would not use cocoa in any other form than the second kind referred to; but since the

popularity of the third kind has been so marked this representation is no longer strongly asserted. The defenders of the first and third forms assail the second, and declare that the addition of starch is wholly unnecessary.

The defenders of the third form urge that the large proportion of fat naturally found in cocoa makes an unpalatable beverage, and is, moreover, indigestible; they therefore remove half of it, and supply the public with an article which they assert is better suited to human tastes and requirements.

Supporters of the first and second types are, on the other hand, equally ready to assail the third. Fat, they declare, and with much justice, is the characteristic and most important constituent of cocoa, and by removing it you sell the public an impoverished residue at a greatly enhanced price. They point to the similarity of this proceeding to the sale of milk or linseed meal which has been deprived of its fat—both offences against the Food and Drugs Act; and they further urge that, instead of being sold at a higher price than ordinary cocoa, it should, like skimmed milk or linseed cake, be sold at a lower price than the genuine article. One other point is urged, which, however, is slightly fanciful—namely, that this Continental manufactured cocoa is made readily soluble by a very objectionable process which converts the fat of the cocoa into a soap by means of an alkali.

It is clear that the present spell of advertising must have the ultimate effect of enlightening the public; and with this must follow the extinction of such absurd mixtures as contain ninety-two per cent. of foreign ingredients. Whether the public will continue to prefer mixtures containing half cocoa and the remainder starch and sugar, or whether they will patronise the pure cocoa-nibs or the fat-extracted type, it is impossible to say. They may perhaps be allured by the newest preparation, which is admittedly a mixture of cocoa with malt, hops, and kola, and which is said to have an enormous sale at the present time. But the cocoa producer would prefer the public taste to run in the direction of the first and third types.

Chocolate, as a modern commercial article, differs from cocoa in this, that it is a mixture of cocoa powder and sugar, but without starch. This difference is not generally known.

The word cocoa is seldom used in cocoa producing countries. It is written cacao, and pronounced *kah-ko*. The ordinary pronunciation used here is apt to confound the word with one or two others; and although a grocer would probably supply you with *Theobroma cacao*, a hair-dresser might assume you were in need of a well-known preparation for increasing the growth of the hair; a greengrocer might present you with the familiar coco-nut (often very erroneously spelt cocoa-nut); while the skilled druggist might interpret your supposed wants by presenting some

preparation of the much-lauded stimulant—coca. Then we have such combinations as cuca-cocoa (or coca-cocoa), and such derivatives as cocoaine and cocaine. These, in the interests of the public, it would be desirable to avoid.

The writer can confidently recommend from experience the first type of cocoa; it will be

found to agree with most constitutions. If made with milk instead of water it is an advantage. If the fat is found in this type to be excessive, then I recommend the third. The second kind will, in my opinion, soon become obsolete, or will only be sold in the near future with not less than fifty per cent. of cocoa.

DR BARLOW'S SECRET.

CHAPTER II.



WHILE Nellie still hesitated with the letter in her hand, the lank figure of Mr James Tompkins appeared at the window carrying a blazer over his arm, and wearing a very anxious expression on his small, thin face.

'Ah, you're here, Miss Hawthorne!' he exclaimed. 'Dick tells me that Barlow's got my blazer.'

'I suppose he has, Mr Tompkins,' rejoined Nellie coldly. She was annoyed at being interrupted, and poor Tompkins was no favourite of hers.

'Eh? Did you see it on him?'

'He had one on.'

'Eh? Was it the same pattern as this?'

'Yes, I think it was.'

'You think it was? You're not sure?'

'Oh, I've no doubt it was,' replied Nellie impatiently.

'Well, you know,' said Tompkins, 'it's not quite the thing for a man to walk off with another man's blazer. Eh?'

'I'm sure Dr Barlow wouldn't have done it intentionally, Mr Tompkins,' said Nellie indignantly.

'Well, perhaps not, perhaps not; but he's done it, you see, all the same. This thing's no use to me. It's not the thing to go about in another man's blazer. I don't care to do it if Barlow does.'

At that moment Dick appeared at the window.

'Look here, Tompkins,' he said impatiently, 'how long are you going to be? We're waiting for you. The girls say they'll go home if you don't come at once.'

'Eh?' rejoined Tompkins, peering at him with his lack-lustre eyes. 'I want to know something more about my blazer.'

'Oh, bother your blazer!' exclaimed Dick. 'Come along, man. We can't wait all day.'

He tried to pull Tompkins away by the arm, but Tompkins clutched the window-frame and held on tenaciously.

'Oh, but look here, you know, there was a gold watch and chain in it—a very valuable gold watch—I wouldn't have anything happen to it for worlds.'

'Well, hang it all!' shouted Dick, 'you don't suppose that Barlow's going to make away with your blessed blazer—do you? It'll be all right. Come along.'

By this time Dick had obtained a satisfactory grip of Tompkins's belt, and now drew him gradually backwards and away from the window, still expostulating and protesting.

'But look here, you know, my dear fellow, look here.'

'Come along, come along,' cried Dick, seizing him by the arm and swinging him round. 'Hurry up, man. The girls will be off if you don't.'

In another moment they had disappeared round a corner of the house, and Nellie was once more alone. She withdrew her hand from her pocket. The ludicrous scene between Dick and Tompkins had made her laugh in spite of herself, and had entirely dispelled the morbid suspicions that were beginning to take possession of her.

'No, I won't look at it,' she thought to herself. 'I feel that it wouldn't be strictly honourable to do so, and I won't. Tom seems to think that I'm naturally curious, and I'm going to prove to him that I'm not. I won't even take it out of my pocket until I give it to him; and if he hints, even as a joke, that I've looked at it, I'll tell him that I'm not in the habit of reading other people's letters.'

This mood lasted for several minutes; but at the end of that time she felt again an irresistible craving to have one more look at the outside of the letter.

'I know it's from her,' she soliloquised. 'I don't know exactly why, but I feel instinctively that it is. I wonder what sort of a girl she is. I ought to be able to guess from her handwriting. Surely I might just have a peep at the address. There can be no harm in that.'

Still the still small voice that reminded her of the vow she had so recently made, she drew the letter from her pocket. Then a curious thing happened. Though she had hitherto put the forbidden fruit so resolutely away from her, she suddenly twitched the letter out of the envelope and hurriedly unfolded it.

'Oh, I must read it—I must!' she exclaimed. 'I can't live if I don't.'

And this is what she read:

New York, 21st June 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—This being the anniversary of that strange incident in our lives which I never shall, never can, forget, I feel impelled to write a few lines to you. I have heard—oh, how glad I was to receive the news!—that you

are engaged to be married. How thankful I am that the cruel disappointment of which I was the innocent, the remorseful cause, has not cast a permanent shadow upon your life! Whenever I have remembered our last sad interview, at which you told me, with the despairing tears in your eyes, that your life was ruined, that you could never love again, that the world was henceforth a blank to you, it is impossible to give you any idea of the pain, the remorse I have felt. The news has removed a crushing burden from my mind. Oh! I do hope that you will be happy; that your future wife will make you far, far happier than I could ever have done. Will you let me give you one little piece of advice? If you can avoid it, never tell her about the extraordinary circumstances that wrenched us apart at the very moment when our happiness seemed assured. You cannot conceive how morbidly women brood over such things. It could do no good. It might do a deal of harm. With respect to this one incident I would not take your *flancé* into your confidence. There are usually some passages in the life of a man which he would prefer to pass over in silence, and this is one of them. [The writer had evidently provided Tom with both ideas and phraseology.] You have, I understand, severed your connection with Highchurch and all our old acquaintances; and even if you were to meet any of them, surely they would not be so cruel as to refer to the past in your wife's presence. There is one thing which troubles me. Did you ever inquire whether the page containing our signatures has been removed from the register? If not, would it not be prudent to make the inquiry at once? I must stop now.—Wishing you all possible happiness, I am, your ever-faithful friend,

DOROTHY PETTIGREW.

Nellie sat gazing at the letter for several minutes with round, wondering eyes. She was too bewildered to fully comprehend its meaning. Then she suddenly shook it out of her lap as though it had been a poisonous snake.

'Oh,' she exclaimed, with a shiver, 'what does it mean? What can it mean? What—what does she say about the register?'

She picked it up and glanced again at the last paragraph.

'Why, people sign their names in the register when they get married, don't they?' she exclaimed. 'Oh, no, no, it can't be that—surely it can't be that! Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do?'

She buried her face in the sofa cushion and began to sob fiercely. Just as suddenly she jerked herself into a sitting posture, intertwined her fingers until the knuckles turned white, and stared straight before her. In another minute she jumped up, and, covering her pale face with her hands, began to walk up and down the room, ending by again flinging herself face downwards on the sofa.

'Oh, how cruel of him!' she moaned; 'how cruel and wicked of him!'

In a few minutes she started up, sat down at a table, seized a pen, and began to write a letter to Barlow demanding an immediate explanation. She commenced half-a-dozen and tore them all up. The floor was strewn with scraps of paper, her fingers smeared with ink, her hair dishevelled, her eyes swimming with suppressed tears. At this moment a servant entered with a note.

'The man that brought it said no answer would be required, miss.'

'Very well.'

The note was from Barlow, and even when the servant had gone she could scarcely summon up courage to open it. She was terrified lest it should confirm beyond doubt the dreadful suspicions which now seemed only too well founded. At length, with a desperate effort, she overcame her reluctance, and tearing open the envelope, took out and read the letter. It opened and closed with the usual affectionate expressions; but the gist of the meaning was contained in the following ominous sentences:

I am awfully sorry that I shall have to leave for Liverpool at once on most important business. I may even have to go as far as New York, but withhold particulars until I see you. I literally haven't a moment to spare, or I should come to say good-bye to you. In any case, dear, whatever happens, I shall be back in good time for our wedding. Will write or telegraph when I get to Liverpool.

This letter seemed to Nellie to confirm her very worst suspicions, and to put any hope of a satisfactory explanation entirely out of the question. The poor child broke down completely and began to sob hysterically. Even when the irrepressible Dick came swaggering into the room she made no effort to conceal her agitation.

'That ass of a Tompkins,' said Dick, 'kept the girls waiting so long that they've gone home in disgust. Hallo, Nellie, what's up now? Been squabbling with Tom, or has the governor been rowing you?'

Nellie was too wretched and desperate to attempt concealment. She pushed the letters towards Dick.

'Oh Dick!' she sobbed, 'just look at those dreadful letters, and tell me what I ought to do. I—I can't think. My head's swimming.'

Dick glanced through the letters with gestures of amazement and indignation.

'Well, I'm blowed,' he exclaimed, 'this is a jolly go! I tell you what, Nellie, if this fellow, Barlow, isn't a fraud and a scamp I'll eat my hat—that's all. You're jolly well rid of him, in my opinion. You just wait and see what the pater says about it. I wouldn't be in Barlow's shoes if the old man gets hold of him.'

'Oh, you mustn't tell papa, Dick!' exclaimed Nellie in alarm.

'Now, look here, my dear girl,' replied Dick, with the complacent self-confidence of seventeen, 'as you've put the matter into my hands, I mean to see it through. The honour of the family is concerned, and Barlow shall find that he's made a mistake in trifling with the affections of my sister. A girl like you can't be expected to understand such a scamp as Barlow. I can see through the whole thing at a glance. Barlow's bolted. As sure as fate he's gone to New York to join this Pettigrew woman.'

'No, no, no, Dick,' sobbed poor Nellie, 'I—I can't believe it. I won't believe it. There's some

dreadful mystery I don't understand; but I'm sure T-T-Tom couldn't do such a thing as that—I know he couldn't.

Even at this early stage of the proceedings Nellie began to show that beautiful, if illogical, tendency of almost every woman to believe in the loyalty and innocence of one she loves, in spite of the most convincing proofs to the contrary. But Dick was built on quite a different plan.

'Oh, couldn't he?' he exclaimed, with a superior smile. 'That just shows how much you know about fellows like Barlow. But don't you take on; don't you get into a state. We'll make the fellow smart for this, see if we don't. I'll take these letters to the pater and have it out with him. I guess there'll be an explosion. He'll go off like a bombshell. You'd better clear out till it's all over.'

'Oh Dick,' groaned Nellie, 'do you really think we ought to tell papa?'

'I do indeed, my dear girl,' said Dick more seriously. 'I don't see how we can get out of it. The governor ought to know; he must know sooner or later, and the longer we keep it dark the bigger row there'll be in the end. If the fellow's treated you like this he oughtn't to get off scot-free and be allowed to go and play the same game somewhere else.'

'Oh! I can't believe he'd do such a thing; I—I can't believe it.'

With her handkerchief to her eyes she left the room, and Dick, who was a kind-hearted lad with all his bumptiousness, watched her pityingly.

'Poor little girl,' he said to himself, 'it's beastly hard lines on her, and within a few weeks of her wedding-day, too. I should like to kick the fellow from here to New York, that's what I should like to do, though I think we're jolly well rid of him. Hallo, Tompkyns!'

Tompkyns had appeared at the open window, and was peering anxiously in.

'Oh, you're here, Dick,' said he. 'Has Barlow sent my blazer back yet?'

'Look here, Tompkyns,' asked Dick, 'didn't you say you'd left a gold watch in one of the pockets?'

'Eh?' exclaimed Tompkyns, stepping promptly inside. 'Yes. Why do you ask?'

'Well,' said Dick, calmly producing his cigarette-case, 'the chances are that you'll never see it again. Have a cigarette?'

If Tompkyns had been ordered out for instant execution he could hardly have shown more consternation.

'Eh? Never see it again?' he exclaimed. 'What the dickens do you mean, Hawthorne? What's the use of talking like that? Never see it again? No, I won't have a cigarette. I want to know what you mean by saying I shall never see my gold watch again.'

'Well, you see,' said Dick, striking a match and deliberately puffing at his cigarette, 'it turns

out that there's something fishy about Barlow. Here! where are you off to?'

He clutched at Tompkyns as he was disappearing through the window.

'Eh? I'm going to the police-station.'

'Don't be an ass,' expostulated Dick; 'I've taken the thing in hand. I'll see you through all right.'

'Oh, that's all very well,' said Tompkyns, 'but if there's something fishy about the fellow he may bolt with my gold watch and chain, and then I shall certainly never see them again. I know nothing about the man. I've only met him two or three times, and I never took to him. If he's a suspicious character, the best thing to do is to give him in charge at once.'

'Oh, hang it all!' said Dick impatiently, 'can't you leave the thing in my hands when I've told you I've taken it up?'

'No, I can't,' said Tompkyns bluntly. 'You're always so jolly cocksure, Dick; but you don't score every time all the same. What are you going to do?'

'Well, you see, the governor's just been made a J.P. I'm going to tell him all about the affair, and if there's enough evidence to show that Barlow's a fraud and a swindler, he can sign a warrant for his arrest, and all that kind of thing, you know.'

'Well, I don't care a hang,' said Tompkyns; 'I'm not going to risk the loss of my personal property while you discuss the matter with your governor or anybody else. I shall simply go to Barlow's house, and make him hand me back my blazer and watch and chain; that's what I shall do. You can do what you like.'

He turned on his heel and whisked through the window, Dick making an ineffectual grab at him as he passed.

'What an incurable ass the fellow is!' muttered Dick. 'Why couldn't he leave the thing in my hands? He's sure to make a mess of it. If there's a chuckle-headed way of doing things, Tompkyns is absolutely certain to find it out. He's built that way; can't help himself. Well, I suppose I'd better go and interview the pater. Can't say I'm very keen on it. There's sure to be an awful row. The worst of it is that when the governor goes on the warpath he always uses his tomahawk on the first fellow he comes across, whether he's to blame or not. It isn't my fault, goodness knows; but I don't mind betting five to one that he'll make out that it is. That's his little way. Well, I may as well get it over.'

He picked up the letters and glanced over them again.

'It looks bad,' he said; 'it looks about as bad as it can look. Yet, upon my word, I didn't think that Barlow was that sort. He always struck me as being an awfully decent chap. And yet I don't know. After all, we know next

to nothing about him. That comes of taking a man on trust. If the governor had had a grain of sense he'd have inquired into the fellow's antecedents before he allowed him to become engaged to Nellie. If I'd been in his place I should. Well, this'll teach him a lesson anyway.

But I'm sorry for Nellie; I'm awfully sorry for her, poor little girl. Never mind; we'll make him smart for it. He'll find out that he's made a very big mistake indeed this time.'

So saying, he went off to interview his father, who was still dozing placidly in the library.

AT DINNER WITH A CITY COMPANY.



OWHERE, perhaps, is the art of dining luxuriously better exemplified than in connection with the banquets of the various City guilds—or companies, as they have come to be called in these latter days.

It is alleged that many of them have so few ways of expending their incomes that a sort of friendly and informal rivalry exists for the honour of serving the choicest repasts. This may or may not be so; but there is no doubt that a guest at a company dinner is seated in the 'lap of luxury,' and where no expense has been spared to afford him something more than ordinary pleasure.

It is not everybody who enjoys the *entrée* to these functions, which, quite apart from their 'gastronomical' aspect, are so interesting as to call for some description.

Let us suppose, then, that the Worshipful Company of, say, Lacemakers are about to give a dinner, for which an elaborate invitation card has come to hand. A drizzle of rain and snow is falling in the quiet and crooked side streets of that corner of the City in which stands the magnificent hall of this powerful and ancient company. But, accentuating exterior discomfort, from windows and doors of the palatial edifice a wealth of warm and welcome light glints on the cabs and hansom that splash up to the steps in the portico, set down their fares, and crunch away over the sodden gravel.

On a night so chill and comfortless, cheerful indeed is the appearance of the spacious entrance-hall, with fires of generous proportions blazing away on either side; with soft carpets to soothe the feet; with plentiful light shining from many-pointed electroliers of artistic fashioning; with stairways, banked with flowers and foliage, winding up past the marble busts and the painted portraits of famous, perchance defunct, Lacemakers. The Worshipful Master, surrounded by his wardens and by officials bearing wands of state with the arms of the company done in silver on the top thereof, gives each guest a welcome in the reception-room. For this little ceremony a constant stream of 'all sorts and conditions of men' is flowing over the threshold. The full style and title of each arrival is announced by an official, who appears to have been chosen for the part of crier because he possesses a voice which conveys

in a most politely ceremonial manner the full measure of a man's dignity.

The visitors enter in a curious sequence according with the priority of their advent, and not with laws of precedence. For instance, the usher calls out, 'The Right Honourable the Earl of Ruraldom, Knight of the Garter,' and his lordship steps forward; 'Mr William Greene,' and the commoner follows the peer; and after him, in curious medley, come 'Professor Drinkwater,' 'Mr John Jones,' 'Lieutenant Colonel Deering, Commander of the Bath,' 'Mr Justice Perrywig,' 'Mr Arthur Browne,' 'The Very Reverend the Dean of Greenminster,' 'Mr Sidney Poole, Member of Parliament,' and so on, until some two hundred visitors are assembled.

Presently the air is filled with the booming of a gong. The usher's voice breaks in, as the vibrations die away, with the announcement, 'My lords and gentlemen, dinner is served.'

The invitation is acceptable. It is, moreover, the signal for the Master, preceded by his attendants bearing insignia, to lead the procession up the steps, between the palms and ferns and banks of beauteous blossoms, into the banquetting-hall, wherein, perhaps, the climax of splendour is reached. Plans of the room have been given to every guest, so that he can find his way to his seat without confusion. If he finds himself in such hospitable quarters for the first time, there is much to claim his attention in the noble chamber, with its rows of tables, draped with spotless linen, and set out with plate and cutlery and candelabra and epergnes of flowers, all radiant with light that descends from clusters of incandescent gleams overhead. The walls, too, near the top, are picked out with lines of glowing points of light, which scatter the shadows from the angles of the ancient roof and revive the colours in the banners that droop beneath the mellow wooden beams. Every feature of the place, in fact, affords delight. The frescoes on the walls are by eminent artists; the carving of the wainscoting is beautiful beyond compare; the windows are filled with soft stained glass, recording the arms and names and days of past Masters of the craft.

But a rapping on the high table brings back one's thoughts to the present. Then the master of ceremonies, behind the Master's chair, lifts his voice to say, 'My lords and gentlemen,

pray, silence for grace by the reverend the chaplain.'

Another voice, in a few words, calls down the divine blessing; the lines of guests drop into their seats, and nimble waiters glide to their left hands with the opening course of a menu consisting of from thirty to forty dishes. Of course there is turtle-soup. But that is a mere nothing. What strikes the casual visitor is the remarkable manner in which the 'seasons' have been more or less defied, whereby he gets choice things set before him that he does not expect to see upon his own table for weeks to come. Some sort of glamour, too, is imparted to the occasion by the hum of conversation that rises up equally from all quarters of the room, blending with the jingle of cutlery and plates, and the fusillade of explosions as corks are drawn in order to release stores of choice and ancient vintages. So the feast goes on.

Midway through, the commanding note of the master of ceremonies exclaims, 'My lords and gentlemen, the Worshipful Master desires the pleasure of taking wine with you all.'

Immediately every guest is on his feet, his eyes set towards the chairman, his well-filled glass in hand. With one accord Master and guests exchange bows and sip the bubbling liquid; and, after this pleasant exchange of courtesies, they resume their places until 'the voice,' with the same ceremonial tone as heretofore, cries, 'My lords and gentlemen, pray, silence for grace.'

The chaplain does not respond this time, however, but a quartette of cultured songsters raise their voices in a melodious chorus of thanksgiving. This practically concludes the repast; dessert, of course, being lingered over after the waiters have borne round salvers of iced rose-water in which the guests may dip their fingertips.

The company now awaits the uprising of the speechmakers and the pleasant interpolation of musical items. Both in regard to the speakers and their toasts, everything is made clear by the superbly printed programmes, wherein is given not only the words of all the songs and glees, but occasionally the 'score' when the music is particularly choice. Cigars and cigarettes in dainty envelopes have been distributed; and ornamental match-boxes, embellished, as are plate, cutlery, and programmes, with the arms of the company, furnish means to start the fragrant weed as soon as the royal toast has been proposed and accepted.

There is no need to dwell upon the speechifying part of the proceedings. Everything, as before, is done in due order, the arrangements being characterised by a courtesy which, like all the amiable intentions of the Master and his court, are designed to continue the note of welcome which was given in the reception-room.

During the evening it is almost certain that the 'loving-cup' will be circulated round the tables. The massive, double-handled vessel, filled with choice wine, is started on its travels by the Master, who, having sipped the contents, brushes the edge of the cup with his serviette, replaces the sculptured lid, and, bowing towards his friend on his right, passes the cup on to him, standing whilst the latter tastes the wine and until the cup has been passed on.

So the evening rolls on to its close. If the company is more than ordinarily rich its hospitality does not end when the guests leave the table. In the hall each receives a handsome souvenir—a silver casket of delicious confections was presented on one occasion; and with such a permanent reminder a guest cannot well forget his experiences at Lacemakers' Hall.

DUNBAR'S FIND.

By BROWN PATERSON.

THE white mists hung as a veil around the magnificent mountain peaks, crowded sentinel-like at the head of the gorge. Here and there a hill-top appeared through the ganzy vapours and floated like some magic island above the sea of white, seeming to pierce almost into the brilliant blue of the sky. But below this gorgeous vision the coolies shivered miserably under their thin blankets, and Arthur Dunbar, hurrying to muster, thought regretfully of his English overcoat, long ago torn into shreds to stop the leaks over his bed in the ramshackle bungalow which was his lodging.

Arthur usually felt exhilarated by such a morn-

ing as this, and was apt to think no country in the world could possibly equal Ceylon for its scenery or its climate; but to-day he merely shivered and felt wretched. 'Hang it all!' he muttered, knocking off the heads of the glowing scarlet shoe-flowers irritably as he passed along, 'I am a born ass. As if I had any business to be laying money on horses, and getting swindled, when I have not one brass farthing to rub on another, and owe already more than I am likely to pay for a good time to come.'

That was it. Dunbar, as no one knew better than himself, had been 'going the pace' considerably of late, and now the climax was reached. He was a sociable being, and found the lonely bungalow perched up on the mountain-side a dull

enough place at times, for all his appreciation of the grand scenery to be surveyed from its door. Scenery is not enough when a man is only three-and-twenty and fond of fun. Neither did his nearest neighbours satisfy all his requirements. Penn, the tall Scotchman on the next estate, was a silent man, whose idea of hospitality consisted in giving you a clay pipe and long-sleeved chair, and smoking another himself in the long-sleeved chair opposite, without saying half-a-dozen words during the process; while Middleton, the planter, who was Arthur's nearest neighbour on the other side, though companionable enough, had lately taken to practising the concertina with a perseverance that drove all visitors off.

And in fact, from one excuse and another, Arthur had come to spend most of his leisure farther away among a fast set. These men did not look upon tea-planting as their business, but only as something which was to be shirked as much as possible. There was hard drinking at Elwatte, and a good deal of betting went on as well, in all of which Arthur took his share. All the men had money on the Ootacamund races. It was sheer madness on Dunbar's part, for he had nothing beyond his second year's salary as manager; nevertheless he had staked his thousand rupees with the rest, and—lost of course. That was what he learned the night previous when he rode over to Elwatte; and somehow—he did not know now precisely how—the draft in his pocket, received from his proprietor at home by the last mail for estate expenses, and just endorsed by himself, passed out of his hands into those of the winner. Such an act spells ruin when looked at in broad daylight, and ruin was the word which Dunbar saw written between him and whatever he looked at as he strode along this morning. Could the draft be got back? Manning, who had it, was not the sort to yield up his prey easily, nor had Dunbar anything to offer in its place if he were. 'I am done for,' thought the poor young fellow; and there were tears in his eyes as he looked round him as if for a way of escape.

At that instant he saw a coolie coming along the narrow estate-road towards him. It was his *peon* on his way back from the village, where he had gone overnight to fetch provisions. Salaaming to his master, the man brought out a yellow envelope from the recesses of his loin-cloth. 'Tappal dorai sent it,' he explained as Dunbar mechanically tore the missive open. It was a cable from his proprietor. Mr Grant was selling his estates to a syndicate, and was coming out by the next steamer to wind up his business.

That was the last straw. Arthur stood crunching up the flimsy paper in his hand, and growing paler every instant about the lips; while the coolie, lifting the beef-box on his head again, pursued his way to the bungalow. As he passed he seemed suddenly to remember something. 'Plenty rain, he bring down plenty-much stones,' he remarked.

'Elwatte plenty-much stone he come rolling down.' This coolie had an ambition to become an *appu*, and diligently improved his English on every opportunity with that end, but Dunbar hardly heard his jargon, and went on to the tea-house as if he walked in a dream.

The hours passed on drearily till breakfast-time. Dunbar was transplanting, and he passed between the factory and the fields many times that morning. But it was not the glare of the sun scorching down on the hillside, nor yet the intense heat of the drying-room, that made his cheek so white and the damp dew of perspiration to stand on his brow. Everywhere, everywhere he saw that word 'ruin' written before his eyes. At last the breakfast-hour came, and, mounting his pony, he took across the patana grass on to the short-cut to Elwatte. The good little pony knew the road well, and trotted over it smartly, though it was but a rough track, more like the bed of a torrent than anything in the shape of a path. Very like the bed of a torrent it was this morning, for there had been a severe storm in the night, and the water was pouring down the hillside in places as if coming from a lake. Again and again the pony had some work to keep its feet; but within four miles of Elwatte bungalow he and his rider had to come to a full stop. The track at this point took a sharp curve, with nothing but precipice above and below, and here the landslip of which the coolie had spoken had taken place. A gap yawned where the road had been only last night, when Arthur had ridden this same way home. The soil, soft and friable as sand, was completely washed out, and great lumps of earth and bushes torn up by the roots lay scattered on the edge or had rolled over beneath. Preoccupied as he was, Dunbar could not but look and look again at this picture of disaster.

'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'if this had happened last night, Tommy, before you and I came along in the dark, we would have been lying here, it strikes me, with our necks broken at this moment. Not that it would have mattered much—to me at any rate,' he added bitterly. 'Well, there's nothing to be done but to turn back and take the Government road, old fellow; so round you go.'

This was an operation requiring some care on so narrow a path, but it was accomplished in safety; and he galloped back till he reached another road, which he followed till it joined the high-track. Vexed at the delay, he pushed on as fast as he could. Manning had said he was going to Colombo to-day, and he must see him and get that draft stopped first. But he was all but too late, for as he came to the spot at which the Elwatte road led up the hill, the very man he was seeking came galloping down.

As soon as Manning saw him he shouted, 'Hallo! Keep out of the road, like a good fellow. Then go on to the bungalow and have a drink

if you will; but don't ask me to come back with you, for I'm posting down to catch the two train, and it's ten to one if I do it. That brute of a housekeeper of mine muffed the thing till I believe I've lost the connection.'

'Stop, Manning,' answered Dunbar, barring the way in spite of the injunction just received. 'I won't keep you a second; but I must speak to you. I must have that draft back.'

'The draft back! Confound you! What do you take me for?' cried Manning angrily. 'Unless you have the thousand rupees in cash, as is not very likely, my fine fellow, from what I know of your finances, I should be a pretty flat to do any such thing. If that is all you have got to say, get out of my way. I tell you I've got to catch that train.'

'Manning, I'll be ruined if you don't,' Dunbar returned. 'Grant is due here in a fortnight, and you know what that means. Everything will come to a smash up. But if you will let me have it back I promise you I will pay you in three months. My brother at home is a good fellow, and will help me out of the mess, and'—

'Go to — with your brother!' burst out Manning. 'What are you or your brother to me? You should have thought of all that before now. Let me pass, will you?'

'Not till you have listened to me, Manning. You ought to listen, for it's through you I ever began to bet; though that's no excuse, I'm aware. Still'—

'Still,' retorted Manning, who was somewhat in liquor, for all it was so early in the day—he was a heavily-built man, with a sallow grayish face and eyes that flitted backwards and forwards as he spoke—'still, if I stand here listening to your idiotic snivelling I'll lose my train. Once for all, will you let me pass?'

'Not till you have heard me out,' answered Arthur persistently.

'Then I'll make you,' shouted Manning in fury, bringing down his whip so sharply on Tommy's back that the poor beast reared upright and almost upset his master. But Dunbar was a good rider, and his blood was up. Setting the pony straight across the road, he called out, 'You are a brute, Manning; but you *shall* hear me.'

'Before I hear you I'll see you to Jericho,' roared Manning, wheeling round his horse ere the other realised the drift of the manœuvre. 'There's another road, as it happens, Mr Simpleton.'

He galloped up the road and round a corner. In an instant Arthur was at his heels.

'Manning, stop for heaven's sake!' he shouted. 'Come back—come back, I say!'

But Manning sped on. 'Done, you young fool,' he cried back, turning round with a grimace of triumph. 'Go home and have a weep, for that

draft you will never set eyes on again; you may rest assured of that.'

'You'll be killed, man!' almost shrieked Dunbar, but it is questionable if the other even heard him. If he did he paid no heed, and his horse, which was fresh and a far more powerful animal than Arthur's little tat, carried him in another moment round the curve and down the hill at break-neck speed.

Arthur drew up the pony. 'He'll break his neck,' he muttered, 'and serve him right.' The suspicion already rankling in his mind that he had not lost fairly was confirmed by Manning's conduct. 'Nobody can say I didn't warn him, either,' he added. Heavens! A cold sweat broke out on his brow. Was he murderer as well as thief? While he dallied here the man was riding to his death. The path Manning had taken was the same he had himself tried to travel, and the spot where the slip was, in the concave of a sharp curve, reached by abrupt angles on both edges, lay nearer to the Elwatte angle than the other—so near, indeed, to the jutting out of the hill on that hand that there would be danger for any one rounding the curve even at a foot-pace. For a rider galloping at Manning's headlong speed calamity was certain. Dunbar impetuously turned the pony round and made for the Government road with the sudden idea of getting back to his own side of the slip ere Manning reached it on the other, and warning him. But ere he had gone half-a-dozen yards he stopped. What was the use? Long ere he reached the gap by that way all would be over.

He drew up his pony in his uncertainty, and looked from side to side. Suddenly he was seized with an idea. If he climbed up the face of the hill, on the other side of which lay that awful hole, he might yet be in time. He sprang from Tommy's back and tore up, trampling the tea-bushes and setting the stones rolling under his feet as he struggled forward. Even in his haste the thought of the destruction he was doing vexed him. But this was no time to take account of that. It was a man's life and a horse's against everything else. Soon he had got through the planted slope, and came to what was far more difficult to push his way in. The top of the estate at this point had not been cleared, and a dense growth of fern and jungle plants barred his progress, and almost choked him. The only implement he had with which to force a passage was his thick riding-whip, and the great chains of scarlet and orange creepers which twisted their wreaths of flowers between his feet and round his arms were hard to break. Yet he pushed desperately on, and reached the summit at last, where he was fain to pause, draw breath, and wipe his scratched and streaming face. The next moment he set out on the descent. On both sides of the shoulder of the mountain planting had taken place in parts,

but here the old coffee which once flourished was all but stamped out by the weeds and creeping plants which in that country so speedily hide away all traces of cultivation once it is abandoned. Still, there was the trace of an old road, which Dunbar was not slow to take advantage of; and so rapidly did he go down, that in about five minutes he found himself close to the short-cut and just over the great gaping hole, which he could see right beneath him. In the silence the sound of Manning's horse's hoofs afar off could be faintly heard, and Arthur knew there was not a moment to lose. He half-slipped, half-ran the remaining distance, keeping always to the right, that he might land clear of the slip. He had got to within half-a-dozen yards of the road, when, jumping over a large lump of rock, he somehow miscalculated his distance, and fell, bringing away with him the very stone he had been trying to avoid. Along with it came another great slice of the sand and silt similar to that which had given way below, and Arthur, to his horror, felt himself going down with it. In vain he clutched at bushes and stones. The branches broke off in his hands, and the stones rolled away as he touched them. Every moment the impetus became greater. He was drawn on as if he were being sent through his own wire-shoot, and straight in a line for the first landslip. The fall he had tried to save Manning from was to happen to himself as well. He was not two yards from the verge of the gap; another second and he would be dashed over it, full twenty feet. 'Grant will think I did it on purpose,' he thought, and the notion bothered him oddly. 'I wish that transplanting had been finished,' he continued, cogitating half-dreamily; 'things would have showed up better for me then. I've messed the whole thing as it is, and done nobody any good.' He was on the edge now. His feet were over, and he closed his eyes to see no more, when suddenly he was stopped. His right hand, still clutching at the bushes, had found support at last. On the very edge of the hole an old coffee-stump, with part of its roots hanging exposed and bare in the air over the gap, still held firm on its upper side, and resisted all the force of the rushing earth, which had dislodged everything less deeply grounded. It rocked and creaked as Dunbar's weight bore on it, but it held firm in its place. Hardly daring to believe his good fortune, the young man, inch by inch, while the earth rattled under him over the precipice, dragged himself sideways till he had gained the upper side of the bush, and then lay there panting and exhausted. The next instant he heard a sound that roused him from his half-dazed condition. Manning was close on the place of danger now, for the noise of his horse's hoofs came distinctly to the ear. Cautiously Dunbar drew himself up to his knees, and next on to his feet, still keeping his grip of the stump which had saved him. Had he dared to do so he could

hardly have moved farther yet, for the sickening sensation of slipping was still strong on him, and his head felt giddy. But, drawing his dog-whistle from his pocket, he blew the shrill note again and again, till the air fairly rang with the sound. Then he desisted to listen. Manning, alarmed at so strange a noise, had checked his horse in spite of his haste. The next instant his unsteady step resounded on the road, and, rounding the corner, he stood below Dunbar, staring horror-struck at the peril he had escaped.

'Stay where you are,' shouted Dunbar. 'The whole place is slipping here. You must go back.'

'Dunbar!' exclaimed Manning, turning a face perfectly yellow with fear towards the point on which Arthur stood. 'How did you get there? This is ghastly.'

'Climbed over to tell you,' answered Dunbar briefly, 'and just missed tumbling in myself.'

'Can you get back again?' inquired Manning somewhat huskily after a moment's pause.

'Don't think so,' Dunbar replied; 'not without a rope or something. The wretched thing is like a sandbank.'

'Can you hold on for half-an-hour?' questioned Manning.

'Yes, I dare say,' returned Dunbar. 'It's all right as long as this stump holds out; but I don't believe there's a square inch of solid ground for a yard or two on either side of it.'

'I'll bring help from Penn's,' cried Manning. 'Keep up your pluck, old man, a bit longer.' He disappeared, and Dunbar heard him galloping off.

Then followed a weary while of waiting. Gnats and mosquitoes buzzed round Arthur's head; the noonday sun blazed overhead, and ever and anon low rumbles close to him, followed by the sharp rattle of small stones and sand, told him how precarious was his present position. At any moment the ground on which he stood might go also. At the roots of the coffee-tree a small heap of red earth, brought down and arrested in the same way as himself, grew momentarily higher as fresh slips took place. Dunbar took to watching this heap, and calculating curiously at every fresh split how much of the soil carried along would land at this haven of refuge. There were so many chances against that the game became intensely absorbing. As he watched, a tiny flash shone out like a ray of light from the red earth. It twinkled within reach of his arm; and, forgetful of his peril, he stretched out his hand to pick up the stone, when, whether his weight was at length too great for the ground, or what, he never knew, but with a great crash the coffee-stump, earth and all, gave way, and he was carried over the gap. At the same moment Penn and Manning with a gang of coolies reached the spot.

It was several weeks before Dunbar recovered from that fall. In fact, that he recovered at all

was a miracle. The stump beneath him broke the violence of the crash no doubt. Still, that he only broke his leg and not his neck was a marvel. He was still in hospital when Mr Grant came in, the day after his arrival, to see his young assistant. Dunbar stammered out a few incoherent sentences about the missing draft.

'The draft, my dear fellow,' answered the old gentleman soothingly; 'there's no lost draft. You're light-headed still, and no wonder. Manning cashed the draft—I suppose he found it in your pocket—and paid the coolies and all that. I never thought there was so much sense in the fellow's head; but likely enough he's right enough when he's sober. And, by the way, that's a grand stone you nearly killed yourself getting. It was a *coup* for me, for it's a gem syndicate that are offering to buy my ground, and I'll be able to put on the price now, I can tell you. That landlip is just on the boundary-line, as you know.'

'What kind of stone is it?' asked Arthur listlessly.

'A cat's-eye, my boy. Penn has it, and, by Jove! it's a good thing for you it didn't get into that other fellow's clutches. You had it so tightly gripped in your hand that Penn could hardly get it away. I've seen it, sir, and I'll give you twelve hundred rupees for it on the nail if you like. It's strange if I don't make that out of the syndicate over it. The very sight of it will send the shares up, and the directors will jump at it, if I'm not mistaken.'

Dunbar had also another visitor a few days later. This was Penn. 'Manning sends you a message,' he said in his slow, deliberate way. 'You had better not bet any more, he says, for you don't know how. Hanged uncivil, I call it.'

'I'll pay him that thousand rupees, on my honour,' broke in Arthur eagerly.

'I don't know what you're driving at,' returned Penn; 'and I don't want to. Manning's not my sort, but we're not likely to be bothered with him much more.'

'Why?'

'Because he's cleared out. He got the sack a week since, and is off to the Straits or somewhere.'

Arthur gave a low whistle.

'What for?' he asked.

'Hanged if I know,' returned Penn calmly. 'He was a bad fish. He's let in a lot of fellows over these races.'

'I'll pay him, he may be sure,' said Dunbar again.

'You confounded idiot!' growled Penn. 'Can't you see the fellow has let you off? It's the only good thing I ever knew him do.'

'He fetched you and the coolies to me,' Arthur remarked.

'Ahem! All things considered,' Penn returned dryly, shaking the ashes from his pipe, 'there's no great credit due to him for that. And, all

things considered again, young man, you may thank your stars you've got off so well.'

And that was all Dunbar ever saw or heard more of John Manning.

SUNSET ON THE NILE.

I SAW not such a placid stream as makes
A pleasant murmur through an English plain,
Ruffling the tranquil bosoms of the lakes,
Then speeding to the main;

Nor such a torrent as on Northern hills
Comes leaping crystal-clear from rock to rock,
Falls o'er the ledges in a thousand rills,
Rebounding with the shock

Into a thousand tiny water-jets,
That upward spring, as striving to regain
Their place upon the rocky parapets,
But always strive in vain.

I saw a waste of waters, cold and drear,
Flow silent through a region desolate,
Which the sun lighted up but could not cheer—
As fathomless as fate.

On either side the palm-tree marked its path
Beneath great rocks, whose ridges seemed to swell
Like stormy billows rising up in wrath,
But frozen ere they fell;

And on the banks, in lichen-covered rings,
Fragments of massive walls, now crumbled low,
Castles and palaces of ancient kings
Long centuries ago.

Yet from the time-worn ruins may we trace
How strongly stood the bulwarks in their prime;
How haughtily defied with changeless face
All enemies but Time.

Chill grew the scene—the sun had disappeared—
Slowly the brightness faded all around;
A ganzy mist, that thickened as it neared,
Dropped down without a sound.

The black-browed rocks, the waters, and the sky
It covered with a cloak of pearly gray
That hid their sterner outlines from the eye
Of the un pitying day.

A tender sadness weighed upon the air,
A silent moaning for an unknown grief,
A sorrow that all nature seemed to share,
That asked for no relief.

When, lo! a ray of palest primrose light
Shot o'er the path of the departed sun,
And with slow-deepening brightness put to flight
The shadows one by one.

Hashed lay the river in its slinging bed,
The clear-cut palms were motionless and straight,
Like sentinels who hear a far-off tread
And raise their heads and wait.

Then suddenly the sky above me burned
With crimson light that glorified the flood,
Until I almost fancied it was turned
A second time to blood.

And, ere my dazzled eyes regained their view,
Colour chased colour o'er the evening sky;
In radiance ever-changing, ever new,
The rainbow hues swept by;

But ever growing fainter as they passed
And shrinking, till the clouds with threatening mien
Drove all the glory from the heavens at last,
And night fell o'er the scene.

JEAN H. MACNAYR.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

REMINISCENCES.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, K.C.M.G.

I.—DISCOVERY OF THE ADEN RESERVOIRS.

AFTER fifty years' service under Her Majesty in India, Aden, Zanzibar, and Algeria, the time came when I was glad to exchange the cares and fatigue of public life for rest in my beloved and venerable native city of St Andrews. There, in my hours of idleness, I have been occupied in reading the MS. diaries and narratives of travel of my grandfather, Principal James Playfair, of this university, and of my father, mother, and other relatives, from which I have derived the utmost pleasure and instruction. The idea has occurred to me that if I could put together a few notes regarding the family history, and especially concerning my own life and career, it might be interesting to my children and grandchildren when I, like my own parents, have passed away. I had not, and I have not now, any idea of publication; but it has been suggested to me that a few episodes of my career might be considered as having more than mere family interest. I propose, therefore, giving a short series of such incidents in the *Journal*, of which all good Scotchmen are naturally proud.

In 1854 events occurred which necessitated an entire reorganisation of the government of Aden; every individual connected with the former administration, down to the junior clerk, was changed. Hitherto the chief civil and military authorities were separate; now it was resolved to unite them in the same person. Colonel, afterwards Sir James, Outram was selected as the first Political Resident and Commandant. He had just emerged triumphantly from his great struggle with the Government of Bombay, known as the Baroda *Khutput* Affair. The story of it is told by his biographer, Sir Frederick Goldsmid; but a much more graphic description is given by *Punch* in one of those beautiful poems which sometimes appear when a great man dies:

He faced worse foes than tigers driven to bay:
Wrong leaning upon power, injustice throned
In Justice's high seat; for many a day
He fought that fight, single, unhelped, disowned,
But fearless in his faith, bearing his breast
Under the armour of a conscience pure:
True knight—with stainless shield, and lance in rest
That no gainsayer might for long endure!

I had passed an examination as interpreter in the Arabic language, and, during a visit of two years to Egypt and Syria, I had been associated with Outram in a quasi-political mission on which he had been engaged there. When, therefore, he was offered the Aden Residency he made it a condition that he should be allowed to choose his own assistant. It was a matter of no small pride and gratification to me to receive from him a copy of a letter which he had written to the private secretary of the Governor of Bombay, Lord Elphinstone, on the subject. I cannot resist the temptation of giving part of it:

On his lordship's intimation that I should be allowed to choose my own assistant, I mentioned the name of Lieutenant Playfair as particularly well qualified for the office, having known him in Egypt, and had many opportunities of seeing how he conducted himself with natives, as well as forming a judgment of his abilities. He is the man of all others of my acquaintance I would most readily trust for the efficient performance of the duties devolving on my assistant.

Thus I, a young second Lieutenant of artillery, left purely military service never to return to it, and entered the Political Department, under a chief who well merited the eulogium engraved on his statue at Calcutta:

IF AN OPPONENT ONCE STYLED HIM
THE BAYARD OF INDIA,
THEY WHO SET UP THIS MEMORIAL
MAY WELL LACK WORDS
TO UTTER ALL THEIR LOVING ADMIRATION.

Colonel Outram arrived at Aden on the 3d
DEC. 24, 1898.

June 1854, less than two months after the Crimean war had broken out. This, of course, affected us only very indirectly, yet it brought about the matter of which I am now writing. All the best seamen in England had volunteered for the Royal Navy, and it was only the scum of the merchant service who could be got to man the coal-tramps which came to Aden. The best of this bad lot were eagerly taken up by the vessels of the Indian navy on the station, and the men were quite willing to undergo the imprisonment imposed by the Mercantile Marine Act for refusal of duty if, after their release, they could enter that comfortable and well-paid service. On one occasion I had as many as fifty sailors in jail—as mutinous a set as it is possible to conceive. They set every prison regulation at defiance, and I was at my wits' end to know how to punish them for disobedience and keep them in due order. The great bulk of the ordinary prisoners were natives sentenced to hard labour on the public works outside the jail premises. I threatened the sailors that if they were not more amenable to discipline I would send them out to similar work. They laughed me to scorn, and dared me to do anything of the kind. The valley in which the ancient reservoirs are situated is narrow, and enclosed on each side by high and precipitous mountains. I selected this spot for their delectation, partly because it was long in shade and I did not wish to expose them to the heat, and partly because it would be easy to guard them by a cordon of police at the gorge of the valley. To this place I marched them early one morning, and told them that they should not be permitted to go back for their breakfast till they had excavated a certain number of cubic yards of soil from one spot and carried it to another. Finding themselves in a rat-trap, they set to work with a will to execute the very easy task that had been allotted to them. I left them there digging, and rode away. Very shortly afterwards the sergeant of police sent a man to my house to beg me to return and see what had been found. My astonishment was great to find that the outline of a reservoir had been unearthed, the existence of which no one in Aden had suspected; this led to another, and then to another, and eventually the entire system was brought to light.

The expedient of constructing reservoirs in which to collect and store rain-water has prevailed in Arabia from the remotest antiquity; these are generally found in localities devoid of permanent springs and dependent on the winter rains for a supply of water during the summer months. The most remarkable instance on record is the great dam of Mareb, in the country of Saba, better known as the kingdom of the Queen of Sheba. This country was frequently ravaged by impetuous mountain torrents, while at other times it was parched for want of a sufficient supply of water; in order, therefore, to remedy these evils, Abd-esh-

Shems, surnamed Saba, conceived the idea of building a dam across the gorge of a valley contained between two mountains, which he thus converted into a vast reservoir for the reception of the rain-water descending from the hills. The dam was of cut stone, secured by iron or copper cramps, forming a prodigious mass of masonry, three hundred cubits broad, one hundred and twenty feet high, and two miles in length; it was provided with thirty sluices, through which the water was conveyed into canals for the irrigation of the fields and gardens of Mareb, and by means of which that city became what Pliny styled it—'the mistress of cities and the diadem on the brow of the universe.'

The dike, having somewhat suffered from the lapse of time, was consolidated by the Himyarite queen Belkis, about the commencement of the Christian era, and in her time it was deemed too strong ever to be destroyed. That catastrophe did, however, at length take place; the dam, which had stood for seventeen hundred years, yielded to the pressure of water from within, and gave way, deluging the country far and wide, and carrying away the whole city, with the neighbouring town and people; and thus the prosperity of Mareb was destroyed. This event took place in A.D. 120, and is famous in Arabian history as the *Sail-el-arim*, or 'rush of water from the reservoir,' by which name it is mentioned in the Koran.

This, doubtless, suggested similar reservoirs in other parts of Arabia and the neighbouring coasts of Africa, which have usually been subject to it; and with the spread of the Khalifate westwards the idea was introduced into Spain and other Mohammedan conquests.

There is no certain record of the construction of the Aden Reservoirs. Aden was one of the principal seaports of the Himyarites. Inscriptions in their language have been found there; and, in the absence of any proof or tradition to the contrary, there is a strong presumption that the reservoirs there were the work of the same people who had constructed the great dam of Mareb. We know, however, really nothing of their origin; they might as well have been constructed by the Romans, or by the Persians who conquered Yemen in the seventh century, or, indeed, by the early Arabs, who, like the Moors of Spain, were quite capable of constructing works of this magnitude, and who really did make important irrigation works in various parts of the country.

Aden must at one time have been a place of great importance; it is called by the author of the *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea* 'Romanum Emporium.' The hills and valleys abound with remains of its ancient greatness. Every commanding point is crowned with the ruins of a watch-tower; a broad, well-engineered path, like the old Roman military roads, leads to

the summit of Shumshum, the highest peak, one thousand seven hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and the sides of the hills abound in ruined reservoirs, in addition to those before described.

There was much diversity of opinion as to the advisability of restoring these reservoirs. Some maintained that if they had not been hopelessly ruined they would never have been abandoned; but we determined to make the experiment with convict labour and the limited surplus of municipal funds at our disposal. Indeed, the water question was too important for any reasonable chance of solving it to be neglected. Water containing three-parts of saline matter in every two thousand is usually considered unfit for domestic purposes; here at least two-thirds of the population were obliged to drink water containing from five to ten parts. The few wells of better quality were rigorously reserved for the use of the troops and European inhabitants; the elaborate works subsequently carried out—condensing engines, an aqueduct from the interior, &c.—were then unthought of, and the only really good water available for the townspeople was brought in, at great cost, from the interior on camels. The efficient restoration of the reservoirs was far beyond the resources of the Residency. We had made the discovery, and proved that they could be made available once more; the work was therefore made over to the Public Works Department, and admirably completed by Captain Fuller of the Bombay Engineers. It is difficult without a plan to give such a description of the reservoirs as will enable any one who has not seen, thoroughly to appreciate them.

The formation of Aden is purely volcanic, and bears the appearance of having been in a state of activity at no very remote geological period. The town is situated in the crater, and is encompassed on every side by a range of hills except on the east, where the island of Seerah seems once to have completed the circular form, but has been detached by some convulsion of nature, and carried out to sea a distance of a few hundred yards, thus forming a small harbour. On the outer or western side of this crater the hills are precipitous, and the rain-water descending from them is carried rapidly to the sea by means of a number of long, narrow valleys separate from each other. On the inner or eastern side the hills are quite as abrupt, but the descent is broken by a tableland which occupies about one-fourth of the area of the peninsula. This receives the water from above, and leads it into the ravine in which the tanks are situated. Owing to the hardness of the rocks and the scarcity of soil upon them, a very moderate fall of rain suffices to send a stupendous torrent down the valley, which, ere it reaches the sea, sometimes becomes an unfordable river.

The tanks, which are situated under the foot

of the hills, are generally built at a re-entering angle of the rock which promises a copious flow of water. Here the soil has been carefully cleared away, and a salient curve of masonry built across it; while every feature of the adjacent rocks has been taken advantage of, and connected with small aqueducts to ensure no water being lost. The overflow of one tank leads to another, and thus a complete series existed, as far at least as the large circular reservoir, called 'Playfair Tank,' outside the gorge of the valley. Their construction is extremely fantastic; the only principle that seems to have been adhered to is the avoidance of straight lines. They are beautifully coated with hydraulic lime, and have flights of steps, gradients, platforms, &c., heaped together so as to give a picturesque appearance to the whole. Each large tank has a smaller one above, built for the purpose of receiving the earth and stones carried down by the torrent, and thus permitting only clear water to flow into the reservoir below.

A high Indian official returning to England in 1856 thus wrote to Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay:

I was much interested in the tanks which Brigadier Coghlan [who had now succeeded Colonel Outram] showed me. A short time ago they were as completely buried as Herculeum; and we passed over some which, being filled to the brim with rubbish, have less the appearance of being what they are than Pompeii must have been before it was excavated. Six of them have been cleared out, and are quite ready to catch every drop of water which falls; they are admirable and substantial works, most beautifully *chanamed*, and most fantastic in their shapes, with all sort of queer stops.

The upper tank of all consists of a dam drawn across the head of the valley; that called 'Coghlan Tank' goes across the bottom of it. Between these two there are others on each side. The discharge of these is led by a substantial aqueduct into a large circular one outside the valley altogether. This is the largest and finest of all; it has been named 'Playfair Tank.' The aggregate capacity of the entire series is about twenty million imperial gallons. The cost incurred by the Public Works Department when I left Aden was about 334,028 rupees; but this only included 'Coghlan Tank' and those above it. Rain does not often fall at Aden, only once in several years; but when it does fall it pours in a manner unknown elsewhere.

I stood by 'Coghlan Tank' when it was filled for the first time, and I do not exaggerate in saying that from the moment the water entered it till it overflowed not more than ten minutes elapsed! The torrent from the mountain seemed to rush down, make two or three surges round the tank, and then burst out on the opposite side. This tank contained 4,645,273 imperial gallons! Had an indefinite number been in existence they would all have been filled. But I witnessed a greater storm than this on a subse-

quent occasion. Early on the morning of the 30th April 1859 it rained moderately, and all the tanks which were cleared out were filled to overflowing. This opportune supply of water was hailed with the greatest delight, and our apprehensions for the approaching summer were completely at rest, 8,000,000 gallons of water being collected; and after ample allowance for wastage and evaporation, the value of it would have nearly repaid all that we had expended. But at 11 P.M. the rain recommenced, and for two hours continued to fall with inconceivable violence. Within half-an-hour the whole peninsula was traversed by torrents, which swept away human beings, horses, camels, and property of every description. The rain did not entirely cease till daylight the following morning, when the appearance of the place was most distressing. Every road and street was so cut up as to be impassable for wheeled vehicles and difficult for horses and mules; the town appeared almost in ruins; the water in the reservoirs had been displaced by immense quantities of stone and soil washed into them; and upwards of twenty men, women, and children perished. One of the best men in the police force, a powerful Soudanese havildar, seeing a woman being carried away by the torrent rushing through the town, threw himself on the bank and extended his hand for her to grasp. She succeeded in doing so; but so great was the violence of the flood that he was drawn into it, and both were carried out to sea. I myself had a very narrow escape. I was riding through a street in the Jews' quarter, when an inspiration, of which I was not even conscious, induced me to dig my spurs into the horse's flanks; he bounded forward, and the house which I was passing fell down, filling the lane with its ruins. The discharge of water in the Taweela Valley, where the tanks are situated, was on this occasion calculated at 2368 cubic feet per second; and from the upper tank alone 43,000 cubic feet of *debris* were removed.

From the commencement of the work up to

the time that I left Aden, the amount of water actually issued from the reservoirs was 39,000,000 gallons, which realised 51,200 rupees.

A little garden was made about the tanks, which became a favourite evening promenade. I planted it with flowers and shrubs from India, and orange-trees from Zanzibar; and I succeeded in naturalising several species of frankincense from the eastern part of the Somali coast, which, when last I heard of them, were in a flourishing condition. Nothing can be more curious than the manner in which the frankincense-tree (a species of *Boswellia*) grows. Instead of springing out of the soil like any other well-regulated shrub, it prefers the bare and almost polished surface of the marble rock. It does not seem to insert its roots into natural fissures, but adheres to the vertical cliff by a sort of intumescence at its base, somewhat like a boy's sucker sticking on to a stone; it then advances at right angles to the cliff, after which it mounts vertically to a considerable height and becomes an umbrageous and handsome tree. It is so full of resin that on the slightest incision being made on the stem a copious discharge of the fragrant drug takes place. This is collected when dry, and becomes a large article of export under the name of *luban* or *olibanum*. It is hardly possible to find a more interesting field for botanical research than the region where this tree is found. On one occasion during a morning's walk at Bunder Murayeh, whence I brought the young trees planted in this garden, I plucked a few specimens at random and sent them to Sir William Hooker of Kew. He wrote me, in reply to my letter:

These are extremely interesting, and, with the exception of the Mangrove (*Avicenna tomentosa*), they are, every one of them, new to us and to science. This collection gives one an idea of the richness and peculiarity of the Somali flora, of which we had no previous idea. It is the rarest thing in the world to get a small collection with two or three new species from any part of the world; and here seven out of eight are all new to me and, I don't not, to science also.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Foote was cogitating in this way, Browne was rolling along westward. He passed Apsley House and the Park, and dodged his way in and out of the traffic through Kensington Gore and the High Street. By the time they reached the turning into the Melbury Road he was in the highest state of good humour, not only with himself but the whole world in general.

When, however, they had passed the cab-stand and turned into the narrow street which was his

destination, all his confidence vanished and he became as nervous as a weak-minded schoolgirl. At last the cabman stopped and addressed his fare.

'The fog's so precious thick hereabouts, sir,' he said, 'that I'm blest if I can see the houses, much less read the numbers. Forty-three may be here, or may be down at the other end. If you like I'll get down and look about.'

'You needn't do that,' said Browne. 'I'll find it for myself.'

It may have been his nervousness that led him

into doing such a thing—on that point I cannot speak with authority—but it is quite certain that when he did get down he handed the driver half-a-sovereign. With the characteristic honesty of the London cabman, the man informed him of the fact, at the same time remarking that he could not give him change.

'Never mind the change,' said Browne; and then he added, with fine cynicism, 'Put it into the first charity-box you come across.'

The man laughed, and with a hearty 'Thank ye, sir; good-night,' turned his horse and disappeared.

'Now for No. 43,' said Browne.

But though he appeared to be so confident of finding it, it soon transpired that the house was more difficult to discover than he imagined. He wandered up one pavement and down the other in search of it. When he did come across it, it proved to be a picturesque little building standing back from the street, and boasted a small garden in front. The door was placed at the side. He approached it and rang the bell. A moment later he found himself standing face to face with the girl he had rescued on the Gieranger Fjord seven months before. It may possibly have been due to the fact that when she had last seen him he had been dressed after the fashion of the average well-to-do tourist, and that now he was dressed in a top-hat and a heavy coat; it is quite certain, however, that for the moment she did not recognise him.

'I am afraid you do not know me,' said Browne, with a humility that was by no means usual with him. But before he had finished speaking she had uttered a little exclamation of astonishment, and, as the young man afterwards flattered himself, of pleasure.

'Mr Browne!' she cried. 'I beg your pardon indeed for not recognising you. You must think me very rude; but I had no idea of seeing you here.'

'I only learnt your address an hour ago,' the young man replied. 'I could not resist the opportunity of calling on you.'

'But I am so unknown in London,' she answered. 'How could you possibly have heard of me? I thought myself so insignificant that my presence in this great city would make no sort of difference to any one.'

'It makes more difference than you think,' said Browne, with a solemnity that would not have discredited a State secret. Then, thinking he might possibly have gone too far, he made haste to add, 'I cannot tell you how often I have thought of that terrible afternoon.'

'As you may suppose, I have never forgotten it,' she answered. 'It is scarcely likely that I should.'

There was a little pause; then she added, 'But I don't know why I should keep you standing out here like this. Will you not come in?'

Browne was only too glad to do so. He accordingly followed her into the large and luxuriously furnished studio before him.

'Won't you sit down?' she said, pointing to a chair by the fire. 'It is so cold and foggy outside that perhaps you would like a cup of tea.'

Tea was a beverage in which Browne never indulged, and yet, on this occasion, so little was he responsible for his actions that he acquiesced without a second thought.

'How do you like it?' she asked. 'Will you have it in the English or the Russian fashion? Here is a teapot, and here a *samovar*; here is milk, and here a slice of lemon. Which do you prefer?'

Scarcely knowing which he chose, Browne answered that he would take it *à la Russe*. She thereupon set to work, and the young man, as he watched her bending over the table, thought he had never in his life before seen so beautiful and so desirable a woman. And yet, had a female critic been present, it is quite possible—nay, it is almost probable that more than one hole might have been picked in her appearance. Her skirt—in order to show my knowledge of the technicalities of woman's attire—was of plain merino, and she also wore a painting-blouse that, like Joseph's coat, was of many colours. A detractor would probably have observed that her hair might have been better done. Browne, however, thought her perfection in every respect, and drank his tea in a whirl of enchantment. He found an inexplicable fascination in the mere swish of her skirts as she moved about the room, and a pleasure that he had never known before in the movement of her slender hands above the tea-tray. And when, their tea finished, she brought him a case of cigarettes, and bade him smoke if he cared to, it might very well have been said that that studio contained the happiest man in England. Outside, they could hear the steady patter of the rain, and the rattle of traffic reached them from the High Street; but inside there was a silence of a Norwegian fjord, and the memory of one hour that never could be effaced from their recollections as long as they both should live. Under the influence of the tea, and with the assistance of the cigarette, which she insisted he should smoke, Browne gradually recovered his presence of mind. One thing, however, puzzled him. He remembered what the shopman had told him, and for this reason he could not understand how she came to be the possessor of so comfortable a studio. This, however, was destined to be soon explained. The girl informed him that after his departure from Merok (though I feel sure that she was not aware that he was the owner of the magnificent vessel she had seen in the harbour) she had been unable to move for upwards of a week. After that she and her companion, Madame Bernstein, had left for Christiania, travelling thence to Copenhagen, and

afterwards to Berlin. In the latter city she had met an English lady, also an artist. They had struck up a friendship, with the result that the lady in question, having made up her mind to winter in Venice, had offered her the free use of her London studio for that time, if she cared to cross the Channel and take possession of it.

'Accordingly, in the daytime, I paint here,' said the girl; 'but Madame Bernstein and I have our own lodgings in the Warwick Road. I hope you did not think this was my studio; I should not like to sail under false colours.'

It struck Browne that, if he had his own way, he would give her the finest studio that ever artist had taken up a brush and pencil in. He was wise enough, however, not to say so. He changed the conversation, therefore, by informing her that he had wintered in Petersburg, remarking at the same time that he had hoped he might have the pleasure of meeting her there.

'You will never meet me in Petersburg,' she answered, her face changing colour as she spoke. 'You do not know, perhaps, why I say this. But I assure you, you will never meet me or mine within the Czar's dominions.'

I fancy Browne would have given all he possessed in the world not to have given utterance to that foolish speech. He apologised immediately, and with a sincerity that must have touched her heart, for she at once took pity on him.

'Please do not feel so sorry for what you said,' she replied. 'It was impossible for you to know that you had transgressed. The truth is, my family are supposed to be very dangerous persons. I do not think, with one exception, we are more so than our neighbours; but, as the law now stands, we are prohibited. Whether it will ever be different I cannot say. That is enough, however, about myself. Let us talk of something else.'

She had seated herself in a low chair opposite him, with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on her hand. Browne glanced at her, and remembered that he had once carried her in his arms for upwards of a mile. At this thought such a thrill went through him that his teacup, which he had placed on a table beside him, trembled in its saucer. Unable to trust himself any further in that direction, he talked of London, of the weather, of anything that occurred to him; curiously enough, however, he did not mention his proposed departure for the Mediterranean on the morrow. In his heart he had an uneasy feeling that he had no right to be where he was. But when he thought of the foggy street outside, and realised how comfortable this room was, with its polished floor, on which the firelight danced and played, to say nothing of the girl sitting opposite him, he

could not summon up sufficient courage to say good-bye.

'How strange it seems,' she said at last—'does it not?—that you and I should be sitting here like this! I had no idea, when we bade each other good-bye in Norway, that we should ever meet again.'

'I felt certain of it,' Browne replied, but he failed to add why he was so sure. 'Is it settled how long you remain in England?'

'I do not know that it is,' she answered. 'We may be here some weeks; we may be only a few days. It all depends upon Madame Bernstein.'

'Upon Madame Bernstein?' he said, with some surprise.

'Yes,' she answered; 'she makes all our arrangements. You have no idea how busy she is.'

Browne certainly had no idea upon that point, and up to that moment he was not sure that he was at all interested; now, however, since it appeared that madame controlled the girl's movements, she became a matter of overwhelming importance to him.

For upwards of half-an-hour they continued to chat; then Browne rose with the intention of bidding her good-bye.

'Would you think me intrusive if I were to call upon you again?' he asked as he took her hand.

'Do so by all means, if you like,' she answered, with charming frankness. 'I know no one in London, and I shall be very glad to see you.'

Then an idea occurred to him—an idea so magnificent, so delightful, that it almost took his breath away.

'Would you think me encroaching if I inquired how you and Madame Bernstein amuse yourselves in the evenings? Have you been to any theatres or to the opera?'

The girl shook her head. 'I have never been inside a theatre in London,' she replied.

'Then perhaps I might persuade you to let me take you to one,' he answered. 'I might write to Madame Bernstein and arrange an evening. Would she care about it, do you think?'

'I am sure she would,' she answered. 'And I know that I should enjoy it immensely. It is very kind of you to ask us.'

'It is very kind of you to promise to come,' he said gratefully. 'Then I will arrange it for to-morrow night if possible. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' she answered, and held out her little hand to him for the second time.

When the front door had closed behind him and he was fairly out in the foggy street, Browne set off along the pavement on his return home, swinging his umbrella and whistling like a school-boy. To a crusty old bachelor his state of mind would have appeared inexplicable. There was no

sort of doubt about it, however, that he was happy; he walked as if he were treading on air. It was a good suggestion, that one about the theatre, he said to himself, and he would take care they enjoyed themselves. He would choose the best seats at the opera; they were playing *Lohengrin* at the time, he remembered. He would send one of his own carriages to meet them, and let it take them home again. Then a still more brilliant idea occurred to him. Why should he not arrange a nice little dinner at some restaurant

first? Not one of your flash dining-places, but a quiet, comfortable little place—Lallemant's, for instance, where the cooking is irreproachable, the waiting faultless, and the company who frequent it beyond suspicion. And yet another notion, and as it occurred to him he laughed aloud in the public street.

'There will be three of us,' he said, 'and the chaperon will need an escort. By Jove! Jimmy called me mad, did he? Well, I'll be revenged on him. *He shall sit beside Madame Bernstein.*'

CIGARETTES AND CIGARETTE-MAKING.



HE practice of cigarette-smoking has developed in this country almost entirely since the Crimean war. Up till that time Britons had regarded the cigarette as a finicking toy of the foreigner, whose delft and ready skill in the rolling up of the little wisp of tobacco came naturally to the effeminate races of the Continent and the East, but was altogether unworthy of the emulation of our insular manhood. The Briton smoked his pipe, and, if he could afford it, his cigar; but the cigarette in the lips of the dusky stranger he regarded with contemptuous amusement.

When, however, British officers went out to that memorable struggle in the Crimea, among a good many other privations and hardships they had to endure was for a long time an inability to get their customary supply of cigars, and, as the best substitute within their reach, they took to the cigarette so generally in use among their French and Turkish allies. When the war was over, such of them as survived it came home skilful manipulators of the little slips of paper, and confirmed cigarette-smokers. What the officers of the army did could not, of course, be beneath the dignity of our young civilian dandies, and the thing became fashionable to a limited extent; and to roll a cigarette with graceful ease became a coveted accomplishment. Those who smoked them had to roll them themselves then, for the ready-made cigarette was hardly known. That fact in itself tended very considerably to impede any very rapid development of the fashion; and it was not for many years after the close of that war, in 1856, that this method of consuming the fragrant weed became at all general. Practically the whole habit of cigarette-smoking may be said to have been a growth of a single generation in this country.

For a long time people made their own. But that which came so easily to the light-fingered foreigner was to the Britisher often a matter of some difficulty, and for the clumsy and incompetent, little mechanical pocket appliances appeared

in the market after a while; but they never attained any great vogue, and little by little the ready-made cigarette came into favour, and then the consumption increased very rapidly.

Curiously enough, however, it does not appear to have affected other modes of smoking at all. The only exception to this was in the case of very small cigars, in which, however, there never was any great amount of trade done. The cigarette superseded these, but does not appear appreciably to have checked the consumption of cigars or the use of pipes. It seems generally to be believed by those most experienced in the trade that the consumption of tobacco in the cigarette form has been almost entirely a clear addition to the business. It has proved a sort of stepping-stone to the art of smoking, or it has been supplementary to the use of the pipe or cigar. People who could not take to the heavier mode of smoking, and would not have smoked at all but for the cigarette, were able to take to that; and by thus gradually inuring themselves to the use of tobacco found that they could by-and-by get on to the pipe or cigar. On the other hand, a smoker who has had enough of his pipe or his cigar-case is yet equal to a cigarette or two. And, again, there are circumstances in which a smoker feels that it is not worth while lighting up a pipe or cigar, but will nevertheless light up a cigarette. He is going to make a call perhaps, and has a short distance to ride or walk. He will think nothing of lighting a cigarette and tossing it away half-smoked when he reaches his destination; but a cigar would be extravagant. For regular use, however, the habitual smoker doesn't find the cigarette sufficient. It comes in only incidentally with him, while it is consumed to an enormous extent by those who are not habitually given to indulgence in pipes and cigars, and probably would not smoke at all but for the milder temptation.

To what extent cigarettes have come to be smoked in this country it is not very easy to say with any confidence. There are no trustworthy figures of any kind. In America it is different. Over there every packet of cigarettes requires a

government stamp, the value of which depends on the number the packet contains; and it is possible to tell precisely what is the consumption. Nine or ten years ago the yearly account stood at two thousand one hundred and fifty millions, or about six-and-thirty cigarettes for every man, woman, and child in the States; and as the consumption seemed to be going up at the rate of three or four millions a year, and the population has rapidly multiplied, the total must by this time have risen far above that figure. It was expected at the time those figures were put together that by 1895 the Americans would be smoking not less than four thousand million cigarettes in the course of a year, and the probability is they are doing more than that now. According to one of the trade journals a short time since, the smoking of even four thousand millions would be no very remarkable achievement, and certainly would not entitle the Americans to 'boss' this business. Taking the population of these islands at thirty-eight millions, this authority assumed that ten per cent. are cigarette-smokers, and that they consumed on an average five a day all the year round. This would give a total of nearly seven thousand millions. The tobacco contained in this number of cigarettes would weigh over nine thousand three hundred tons, and if it were stowed in carts, each carrying a ton, and the carts were marshalled in a line with twenty feet for each horse and vehicle, a procession would be formed over thirty-five miles long. It would yield customs duty amounting to more than three and a quarter millions of money. Reckoning each cigarette to be three inches long, the total length of seven thousand millions of them would be upwards of three hundred and thirty-one thousand miles, or more than enough to circle the globe nearly fourteen times round. It would make a line from here to the moon and nearly half the way back again.

It may perhaps be questioned whether ten per cent. of the whole population of the British Isles are cigarette-smokers, and whether five a day is not too high an average. It is impossible to say with much confidence; but the figures are not altogether without foundation either, as may be easily shown. At first, as has been said, each smoker made up his own cigarettes. He took the loose tobacco and a small strip of what had the credit of being rice-paper and twisted up the thing with the tips of his fingers. Then came the little mechanical cigarette-roller for private use; and after a while tobacconists offered the ready-made cigarette. But for a long time they were all made by hand, and it cost about half-a-crown a thousand to make them; and the charge to the customer was a great deal more than this. As soon as it became evident that there was a demand for cigarettes ready-made, mechanics of course began to put their wits to work to contrive a machine that would supersede hand-labour, and, after a good many failures,

they succeeded entirely. Of late, fingers in this business have been very rapidly giving way to machines, which will do the work quite as well, and at a cost of something like twopence-farthing a thousand instead of half-a-crown. These cigarette-machines are complicated to look at, but are said—most of them at any rate—to be extremely simple in working. The raw material—the tobacco and paper, that is—is put into the machine at one end, and the perfect cigarettes come out at the other. The tobacco is thrown into a kind of hopper, from which, as soon as the mechanism is set in motion, it is dragged down below by wheels armed with little brass spikes that pass it on in a light, loose condition just ready for rolling up. The paper is put into the machine in the form of a thin white ribbon rolled round a spool, and of just the required width for one particular size of cigarette. For small-sized cigarettes the ribbon is narrow; for the larger sizes it is wider.

The machine being set in motion, a thin stream of loosened tobacco begins to move along from the spiked wheels, and as it moves, the channel it fills gradually contracts until the line of fragrant weed is pressed between two metal wheels running one against the other, with their edges so grooved as to leave between them a circular passage just the size of the intended cigarette. Of course, the quantity of tobacco is made, by an adjustment of the machine, exactly to fill the passage between these wheels, which give it just the necessary pressure to bring it into cigarette form, but without squeezing it so as to make it hard. It passes through between these wheels like a brown cord, and on the other side is met by the strip of paper, which, winding up from the spool below, comes flat under it and moves along with it. If any printing is required to appear on the cigarette, the machine has already arranged for that, and the inscription, whatever it may be, will be found printed at the proper intervals on the under side of the paper. The mechanism has done this printing as part of its day's work, and as soon as the paper moves from its spool.

The narrow band of paper with its round cord of tobacco on it passes along on the top of the machine from end to end—a distance of perhaps eight or ten feet; and as it travels the mechanism gradually bends the edges of the paper over the line of tobacco until they nearly meet. When the paper nearly encloses the tobacco, one of its outside edges just touches, in passing, a little sticky wheel, which imparts the slightest portion of its stickiness to the paper and lets it pass on. This edge now runs flat down on to the core of tobacco, and the other edge quickly comes down upon it and is fastened to it, and the cigarette is made. At the next stage it is swiftly sliced off and rolls down a shoot into a receptacle placed to catch it. There is at least one machine in the

market which dispenses with any sticking material, and most ingeniously joins the two edges of the paper by mere folding and pressing. This, of course, obviates any detriment to the fragrance and flavour of the tobacco by the burning of gum or anything of the kind.

It takes a good while to describe the work, but the process itself is almost too rapid for the eye to follow; and, in the case of the most efficient of these ingenious pieces of mechanism—such as the 'Baron' machine—the cigarettes, white, round, or oval if preferred—perfect in form and wonderfully even in their filling—run down the little shoot at the end at the rate of from two hundred and forty to four hundred a minute. None of these contrivances were altogether successful at first. The tobacco was irregularly distributed, and the sticking was not satisfactory. Sometimes it failed altogether, and too great an overlapping of the edges of the paper imparted an unpleasant

flavour to the smoke, owing to the quantity of the paper burnt. In the best of the machines, however, all difficulties have been overcome, and hand-made cigarettes are now fast being driven out of the market, and probably all but those of the very highest class will soon be made without the touch of a hand. This exception is rather curious. According to the statement of a leading manufacturer, the reason why cigarettes made of the very finest Turkish tobacco are likely to continue to be made by hand is not that there is any superiority in the making-up; but so sensitive is the tobacco and so acute the taste of the real connoisseur—or so vivid is the imagination of some of those who consider themselves connoisseurs—that the metal of the machine is believed to impart an unpleasant flavour to the tobacco; and as price is, of course, no hindrance at all to many smokers, there will, it is said, always be some cigarettes made by hand.

DR BARLOW'S SECRET.

CHAPTER III.



MR HAWTHORNE was supposed to be improving his mind and preparing himself for his magisterial duties by the study of legal literature in the solitude of his library; but, as already mentioned, he was enjoying a quiet nap, with his hands crossed over his capacious waistcoat, and a handkerchief thrown over his head and face to keep away the flies. It was with some difficulty that Dick succeeded in rousing him; and when he eventually did so, the expression upon his honoured parent's countenance was by no means an amiable one. There was something positively owl-like about the worthy magistrate's aspect as he sat up with the handkerchief dangling at the side of his head and surveyed his obtrusive offspring with an irritable eye.

'Well, what is it? What's the matter now?' he asked gruffly.

'Well, the fact is,' blurted out Dick, 'that we've got into a jolly nice mess, dad; that's about the long and short of it.'

'Ah, you're always getting into some mess or other,' growled his father. 'I wish you'd take a leaf out of Barlow's book. You're old enough to know better. What's up now?'

Now this piece of advice happened to touch Dick on a sore point, for his father was constantly holding up Barlow before him as a model of all the virtues.

'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'you'd like me to take a leaf out of Barlow's book—would you?'

'And why not?'

'Because,' exclaimed Dick, 'the immaculate

Barlow turns out to be an unscrupulous fraud and swindler—that's why.'

'What? Pooh, pooh, Dick! somebody's been hoaxing you. Why, I saw the man this morning.'

'I dare say you did, but I'm very much mistaken if you'll ever see him again.'

'Why—what—where is he?'

'He's bolted.'

'Bolted!' exclaimed Mr Hawthorne, rising to his feet with extraordinary agility, and glaring at Dick through his gold spectacles—'bolted!'

'Yes; gone to New York to meet his wife.'

'His wife!' exclaimed Hawthorne, his rosy face turning purple with alarm and indignation—'his wife! Are you losing your senses, Dick, or are you trying to take your fun out of me? Don't you play any pranks with me, young man, or'—

'Just you read these letters, dad,' interposed Dick, handing him the letters, 'and you'll soon find out whether I'm in my senses or not.'

Words fail to adequately describe the wrath and consternation of Mr Hawthorne when he had hurriedly glanced through the letters. Instead of figuring upon the magisterial bench, it is more than probable that he might have posed in the dock charged with assault and battery had Barlow been present. That the fellow should have had the audacity to play such a trick upon him, a successful man of business, a landed proprietor, and a recently appointed magistrate, appeared too monstrous to be credible. His purple countenance and glaring eyes positively alarmed Dick, who began to fear that his excellent parent was about to succumb to a fit of apoplexy. For a time rage deprived him

of speech, and there was a perceptible pause before he could do justice to his feelings.

'The scoundrel!' he exclaimed at length; 'the cold-blooded, heartless scoundrel! And to think that my daughter has actually been engaged to marry a bigamist! Now I come to think of it, I always suspected there was something queer about the fellow.'

By this time Dick had recovered his equanimity. He had lit another cigarette, and was seated in an easy attitude on the table, swinging his legs to and fro.

'I think we're jolly well rid of him, sir,' said he, with a cheerful attempt at consolation.

'Rid of him!' exclaimed his father. 'We're not rid of him yet, I hope. Anyway, it'll be a good long while before he gets rid of me. Why, I advanced the fellow a cheque for a cool hundred this very morning to pay for some furniture. Of course, I meant to make Nellie a present of it, but that makes no difference now.'

'Pshaw!' whistled Dick. 'You'll never see that hundred again, dad.'

'We'll see about that,' growled his father. 'I must see Nellie at once.'

He picked up the letters and strode off to the sitting-room, with Dick in his wake.

'The audacity of the fellow,' he continued, 'that's what amazes me; the cool impudence of the scoundrel. But he shall pay for it—he shall pay dearly for it, or I'll know the reason why.'

He glanced impatiently round the room.

'She's not here. Where's the girl got to?'

'She's doing a weep, I believe,' said Dick. 'She's dreadfully cut up, poor girl. Hullo! here's Tompkins coming. Barlow's done him too.'

'Tompkins?'

'Yes; walked off with his blazer and a gold watch. Tompkins is on the verge of lunacy. He's been after Barlow. He wouldn't keep quiet and leave the thing in my hands. By Jove, though, he seems to have got his blazer after all! Good old Tompkins!'

At that moment Tompkins, with a blazer over his arm, came through the window breathless and perspiring, and sank into a chair.

'Well, did you see him?' asked Dick.

'No; he's gone.'

'Bolted, by Jove! I said so. But you've got your blazer—eh?'

'Yes,' stammered Tompkins breathlessly; 'I made the servant let me have it. She wanted to keep me out, but I—I forced my way into the house, and took it—took it from a peg in the passage—and—and she threatened to give me in charge—but I didn't care—I—I wasn't going to be done out of my blazer. I believe there's a policeman after me now. I saw her talking to one as I came away.'

'And what about your watch?' asked Dick.

'It's gone. He's got clear away with it. I

felt instinctively that I should never see that watch again. I knew I shouldn't. I—I wasn't going to lose my blazer as well.'

Here Mr Hawthorne, who had been listening impatiently, interposed:

'Come, come, we're wasting time. We must act at once or the fellow will give us the slip. This woman Pettigrew talks about their signatures being in the register at Highchurch, and the 21st of June being the anniversary of something or other they were mixed up together in. We must have that register examined. There's a Bradshaw in the library, Dick. Just see when there's a train, and how long it would take you to get there and back.'

Dick was going, when he suddenly stopped with an exclamation of surprise and joy.

'By Jove! I'd forgotten. Look here, dad; I know the curate in charge there. You remember him—Will Johnson. He's *locum tenens* for the rector.'

'Thou telegraph to him at once,' said his father.

'I will, by Jove! The rectory's within a stone's-throw of the church; so if Will happens to be in I'll jolly soon get at the truth of the matter.'

'Then don't waste time. Set about it at once. In the meantime I consider that I shall be fully justified in issuing a warrant for the fellow's arrest.'

Dick and his father hurried out of the room, leaving Tompkins still panting in the easy-chair into which he had collapsed.

'This is the result of letting anything out of my sight,' soliloquised Tompkins. 'I shall never see that watch again; I know I shan't. I shall keep my blazer on in future if the perspiration streams from every pore. I can take a warm bath when I get home.'

At that moment a form appeared at the window—a vast, bulky form, with a round, red, moon-like countenance. It was the form of Robert Jones, the village constable, and his somewhat dull, bovine eyes were fixed threateningly on Tompkins. Tompkins sprang to his feet, clutching his blazer tightly.

'What do you want?' he exclaimed angrily.

'I want you,' said Jones gruffly as he stepped inside the room; 'that's what I want.'

'Eh? Nonsense! Go away. You've no business here. Be off with you.'

'I must warn you,' said the ponderous constable, with a magisterial air, 'as anythin' you say may be used against you as evidence. You'd better come along quiet and peaceable, and make no fuss.'

'But what are you going to do with me?' asked the bewildered Tompkins.

'I'm goin' to take you into custody on a charge of stealing a gentleman's tennis blazer.'

'Eh? A blazer! Stealing a blazer? Why, the

blazer's mine, I tell you. It was stolen from me.'

The constable shook his big head and eyed Tompkins reproachfully.

'Come, come, now,' he said; 'that's too old. We know all about that. I shall also charge you with entering a dwelling-house, the residence of Joseph Hawthorne, Esq., J.P., with felonious intent.'

'But I tell you,' exclaimed the exasperated Tompkins, 'that Mr Hawthorne's a particular friend of mine.'

For a moment a smile illumined the constable's large, fat face.

'Oh yes,' said he, 'of course he is. We know all about that.'

Then the smile faded away, and he eyed Tompkins severely.

'Now you come along, and no more of your chaff,' he continued. 'I've had enough of it. We've had our eye on you for some time back. You're an old hand, you are.'

He made a grab at Tompkins, who dodged behind the table.

'You colossal ass,' shouted Tompkins, 'are you mad, or drunk, or both?'

The constable's face flushed a dull red and his eyes glittered angrily.

'Oh, I'm a hass, am I?' he exclaimed. 'We'll see which of us is the biggest hass before I've done with you.'

He stretched an elephantine hand across the table and caught Tompkins by the collar. Tompkins struggled vigorously, but he was like a child in the grip of the huge policeman. There can be little doubt that he would have been unceremoniously conducted to the lock-up if the door had not opened and Mr Hawthorne appeared.

'Why, bless my soul and body!' he exclaimed in amazement at the extraordinary scene. 'What's the matter? What's all this about?'

Tompkins turned to him appealingly.

'Look here, Mr Hawthorne,' he said, 'will you convince this incurable idiot that I am not a burglar or a pickpocket? He wants to take me into custody for stealing my own blazer.'

Jones still kept his grip on Tompkins's collar.

'I've warned him, sir,' said he, 'as anythin' he says will be brought forward as evidence against him.'

'Pooh, pooh, Jones!' exclaimed Hawthorne impatiently, 'you're making an egregious blunder. This gentleman is a personal friend of mine. I've known him a long time.'

But the constable was still unconvinced.

'So have the police, if you'll excuse me, sir,' he remarked stolidly. 'We've had our eye on him for many a day, and now we've caught him in the act.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' exclaimed Hawthorne.

'Let the man go at once, I tell you. Do you hear me?'

Slowly and reluctantly the constable unloosed his captive's collar, and Tompkins, after glaring angrily at the representative of the law, retreated to the pier-glass to arrange his ruffled plumage.

'Now, look here,' continued Hawthorne; 'you take this warrant for the arrest of Dr Barlow.'

Even the stolid constable showed some symptoms of surprise.

'What!' he exclaimed; 'the doctor? Why, I thought as him and the young lady was'—

'Never mind what you thought,' interposed Hawthorne testily; 'just listen to me and do what you're told. My trap's at the door; get into it, and drive to the railway station at full speed. The Liverpool train leaves in ten minutes. I believe you'll find Dr Barlow on the platform. Take him into custody, and bring him here at once.'

But the constable still hesitated, with the corner of his eye still lingering suspiciously on Tompkins.

'Well, don't you understand me?' asked Hawthorne irritably. 'What are you waiting for?'

Jones came a little nearer, and, shielding his mouth with one hand, pointed at Tompkins with the thumb of the other.

'If you'll take my advice, sir,' he said in a hoarse whisper, 'you'll keep your eye on him; that's what you'll do—keep your eye on him.'

With a sage nod of the head, the constable withdrew deliberately through the window. A few minutes later, while Tompkins and Mr Hawthorne were discussing the situation, Dick came hurriedly into the room, looking flushed and excited, with a telegram in his hand.

'Well,' asked Mr Hawthorne anxiously, 'anything fresh?'

'Anything fresh!' exclaimed Dick, flourishing the telegram. 'I should think so—rather.'

'Well, out with it. What is it?'

'Why, Barlow was married to Dorothy Pettigrew at Highechurch on the 21st of June 1893.'

Mr Hawthorne stood aghast at this confirmation of his worst forebodings.

'Good gracious!' he groaned; 'to think that my daughter should really have been within an ace of marrying a bigamist! I hope this will be a lesson to you, Dick.'

'A lesson to me!' exclaimed the bewildered Dick.

'Yes,' rejoined his father severely. 'Didn't you advise me to consult him instead of Barker? Didn't you introduce him to the family? Didn't you vouch for his respectability?'

'Certainly not,' retorted Dick indignantly. 'I simply heard he was a clever fellow, and so mentioned his name to you, and brought him here to play tennis once or twice. I never professed to know anything about him. It was you, dad, that was always cracking him up as a model for me.'

'Stuff and nonsense. I should never have had anything to do with the fellow if it hadn't been for you. I never quite approved of the engagement from the first, but Nellie was so bent on it that I gave way. I shall go and talk to her about it. I'm astonished at the girl taking up with such a fellow.'

'Well,' exclaimed Dick as his father left the room, 'if that doesn't beat everything! Why, only half-an-hour ago he was wishing that I'd take a leaf out of Barlow's book, holding him up to me as a model of all the virtues, by Jove!'

Tompkins regarded him with an unsympathetic countenance.

'I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Hawthorne, or anything of that kind,' he said, 'but I am bound to say that unless you can vouch for the respectability of your acquaintances I shall be glad if you will not introduce them to me. Otherwise I shall be obliged to discontinue my visits here.'

Dick wheeled round and stared at him.

'The dickens you will!' said he.

'Eh? Yes. I shall do so reluctantly, of course, but I cannot undertake to associate with bigamists and pickpockets.'

'And do you imply that I associate with such people?' asked Dick wrathfully.

'You introduced me to Barlow.'

Dick regarded him with a smile of mingled indignation and amusement.

'May I ask, Tompkins,' he said, 'if you labour under the illusion that I derive an unlimited amount of pleasure from your society?'

'I don't care whether you do or you don't,' retorted Tompkins; 'but in any case I don't want to go the length of dropping you if I can possibly avoid it. Still, I can't run the risk of

your friends making away with my personal property.'

Dick's face flushed angrily; but the situation tickled his sense of humour, and in spite of himself his wrath melted away, and he regarded Tompkins with an almost friendly grin.

'If you weren't naturally an ass, Tompkins,' he said, 'I should give you a piece of my mind, which, to say the least of it, would probably make you sit up. As it is, I advise you to take a cigarette and cool down.'

As he spoke he handed Tompkins his cigarette-case.

'Thanks,' said Tompkins; 'I don't mind if I do. Have you a match? Thanks. You must really select your acquaintances more carefully in future, Dick, if you wish to keep the reliable friends who stick to you in spite of your little failings.'

Before Dick could reply Nellie entered the room with a handkerchief to her eyes.

'Hullo, Nellie!' exclaimed Dick, 'has the governor been pitching into you?'

'It's all your fault, Dick,' rejoined Nellie irritably. 'It wouldn't have been half so bad if you hadn't meddled with those letters. I—I wish I'd never shown them to you. I'm sure Tom would have explained everything to me if I'd asked him quietly. You—you always think you can do things better than anybody else, and you always make a mess of them.'

'Just what I've been telling him, Miss Hawthorne,' said Tompkins complacently.

Dick glanced from one to the other, and shrugged his shoulders with the air of one who finds the ways of this world incomprehensible.

'Well, I'm blessed!' he exclaimed; 'this is all tho thanks a fellow gets for trying to help people out of a hole. Keep it up; keep it up.'

WOMEN IN THE POST-OFFICE.



It is probable that women have always been included amongst the employes of the Post-Office. The writer can remember when the head of the post-office in the great town of Sheffield was a woman, and when there was a 'postmistress' of Gibraltar. The post-office sometimes 'runs in families,' and cases are not infrequent where a postmaster is succeeded by his widow, or daughter, or other female relative. For the most part, such cases would indicate a desire on the part of the authorities to reward long and faithful service or to exercise compassion towards dependent relatives. Not only are post-mistresses fairly common in these days, but post-women—that is, female letter-carriers—are by no means uncommon. There recently retired from the Bristol post-office a postwoman who was

born in 1825, and who must have been delivering letters for the best part of *sixty years*. She was seventy-two years of age when she retired, and it is estimated that she must have walked a quarter of a million miles during her long service. Although she served a very sparsely populated district, she was never stopped nor molested in any way on her round, and it is needless to say that she gained the respect of all with whom she came in contact. The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, recognising the exceptional circumstances of this woman's service, granted her half-pay in the shape of pension, and the inhabitants of her native village took the occasion of her retirement to present her with a handsome testimonial. Another postwoman in the Bristol district has just succeeded her aunt as sub-postmistress, the latter having served for forty-seven years and

reached the astonishing age of ninety-five. The niece had served for forty-two years as postwoman, so that she must be well on to sixty on taking up her new appointment. The post-office cannot be an unhealthy occupation, or its employés would not live to such abnormal ages. But there are young postwomen as well as old. We have seen the portrait of one who cannot be much above thirty, and who, attired in the official overcoat and cape, with a saucy felt hat and feather, looked uncommonly smart and business-like. She is the wearer of two good-conduct badges, and appears to take her full round of duties—making two rural deliveries a day, besides meeting the trains and attending to the travelling post-office apparatus. A man could hardly do more, and some men do a great deal less. But then this woman was Scotch!

But women have invaded the higher ranks of the post-office service. This may be said to have been brought about by the acquisition of the telegraphs in 1870, when a considerable number of female telegraphists were taken over by the Post-Office from the several telegraph companies then existing. It would appear that women were first employed in telegraphy in 1853, the innovation being due to the initiative of Major General Wylde, a director of the Electric Telegraph Company. General Wylde was in attendance on the Queen at the time, and it is said that Her Majesty expressed to him her approval of the employment of females as telegraphists. The extent to which such employment has obtained during the past forty-five years would probably be a source of surprise, as well as of gratification, to Her Majesty. At the present time the Post-Office employs not far short of thirty thousand women in various capacities, and of these it is probable that the largest number are employed in telegraphy or in duties relating thereto. In London alone the number would appear to exceed fifteen hundred, of whom no fewer than a thousand are employed at the Central Telegraph Office in St Martin's-le-Grand. The salaries range from ten shillings a week to a 'girl graduate' to £300 a year to the matron who superintends the establishment, the intervening grades being those of supervisor and assistant-supervisor, with salaries ranging between £100 and £200. There can be no doubt that, for all but the hardest duties and the night work, women are admirably adapted for telegraph work. They are more tractable and patient than men, and have a finer sense of touch and hearing, the latter being an indispensable qualification when so much telegraph 'translation' is now done by sound, aural signals having largely displaced visual in these days of progress. All kinds of instruments are worked at the central office, and there are few, or none, which cannot be efficiently operated by a fairly-skilled female telegraphist. The writer has even seen the Hughes type-printing instrument,

one of the most laborious and difficult to work, admirably operated by a young woman. Telephone work, too, is peculiarly suited to girls; and there is here a large field for female employment in the future. Not only in London, but in all the large cities—Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow—women are largely employed in telegraphy, and with equally satisfactory results. The romance of the telegraph has been heightened by the employment of women, and courting, and even kissing, are said to be practised on the wires. Mr Scudamore, whose commanding energy bestowed on the country the inestimable boon of cheap telegraphy, told in one of his early reports on the reorganisation of the system how a young woman in London formed an attachment for, and became engaged to, a young man in Berlin, whom she had never seen, and how they subsequently got married, purely on the strength of a telegraphic courtship! But then, as Mr Scudamore pointed out, 'the whole world is the country of the telegraphist. Sitting at one end of a wire, no matter what its length, he converses as easily with the clerk at the other end as if he were in the same room with him. Strange as it may seem, he knows by the way in which the clerk at the other end of the wire does his work whether he is passionate or sulky, cheerful or dull, sanguine or phlegmatic, ill-natured or good-natured. He soon forms an acquaintance with him, chats with him in the intervals of work, and becomes as much his companion as if he were working face to face with him.' What more can an amorous couple require than this?—unless it be an exchange of photos; for the telegraph has not yet achieved the transmission of likenesses, although in the fac-simile telegraph we have a close approximation to such a result.

Quitting the region of romance, it may be noted that young women of the class from which telegraphists are drawn are largely employed as counter-clerks or 'counter-women' at the various branch post-offices in London and other large towns. If it be remembered that a post-office clerk nowadays has to be something of a banker, an insurance agent, a parcel receiver, as well as a stamp-seller and an interpreter of the Postal Guide, with its five hundred odd pages, it will be seen that the department has great faith in the capacity of women for the performance of the most exacting duties. Such faith has, apparently, not been misplaced, for women are being employed in increasing numbers at post-office counters, and the work, it would seem, is neither too intricate nor too exacting for them. Time was when the public, or some portion of it, made rather a stand against the female post-office clerk, and when the comic journals delighted to expose her flirtations and frivolities from week to week. But it is much more dangerous to flirt across a post-office counter than through

a telegraph-wire between London and Berlin, unless the wire happens to be 'milked' by some inquisitive person *en route*. Somehow, the comic man was never very happy in his hits at the post-office girl, and it is now a recognised thing that certain post-offices shall be served by women, and very well served, too.

But a still higher development of female labour has taken place in the Post-Office since the acquisition of the telegraphs. The great account branches of the department have called in the aid of the woman clerk to such an extent that it is doubtful whether they may not one day outnumber the men employed. Thus, in the Accountant-General's department, where a total of more than eighteen hundred persons is employed, more than six hundred are women. These latter are employed in two separate branches—namely, the Postal-order Branch and the Clearing House Branch, and the salaries range from twelve shillings a week for sorters to £400 a year for superintendents, the intermediate classes being clerks, principal clerks, and assistant superintendents. The work in the Clearing House Branch is wholly connected with the telegraphs, and is largely taken up with the bringing to account of press telegrams, sent without prepayment, and the making out of accounts against the various newspapers on whose behalf they are transmitted. This is a more or less complicated class of work, but it is performed with perfect efficiency by the two hundred or so women clerks employed in it. The term 'Clearing House' is no doubt a survival from telegraph days, that being the designation given by the old companies to what is known in the Post-Office as the 'Message Branch.' The Postal-order Branch, although of more recent date, employs twice the number of persons employed in the Clearing House Branch, a large army of 'sorters' accounting for most of the difference between the two establishments. It is clear that much sorting must be required when millions of orders have to be placed away in pigeon-holes, regard being had not simply to the amount of the order, but to its number and cipher as well. The facility with which orders can mostly be traced is the best evidence of the care with which the work is done by the women sorters employed upon it. Last year upwards of sixty-seven millions of orders were issued, representing a total value only a trifle less than twenty-five millions sterling.

It is in the Savings Bank Department that the most extensive employment of female labour is to be found; the establishment for the current year exceeding a thousand persons, and nearly equalling that of the male branch of the office. A new feature is to be found in this year's list—namely, 'girl clerks,' of whom a total of sixty contrasts with one hundred and fifteen boy clerks. There are upwards of two hundred sorters and six hundred second-class clerks, the establishment

being completed by first-class clerks, principal clerks, assistant superintendents of two grades, and a superintendent who rises to the princely maximum of £450 a year. We wonder if a sorter or a girl clerk carries a superintendent's baton in her pocket, because, if so, there would be the splendid leap from about £30 a year to the princely amount just mentioned. It is not difficult to understand that there must be much work in the Savings Bank Department exactly suited to the female capacity and the female love for order and precision. Millions of documents have to be dealt with in the course of the year—acknowledgments for sums deposited, warrants for sums to be withdrawn, declarations of various kinds, and a host of forms which is positively bewildering. Most of these, no doubt, pass through female hands, and probably also some of the ledgers are posted by the more experienced women. The odd thing is that, of all the millions deposited and withdrawn during the year, not a penny enters or leaves the building in Queen Victoria Street known as the Central Savings Bank, which is simply an office of account. The money is dealt with by the postmasters throughout the country, and here again the female element comes in, many postmasters' assistants being women.

It remains only to notice one other branch of the service—the Returned Letter Office, where women are employed in any numbers. Here about fifty persons are engaged in the work of returning 'dead' or derelict letters to their senders, an operation requiring care and confidence, but no great skill. Hence the salaries only run from fourteen shillings a week in the case of a 'returner' to £170 a year in the case of the superintendent. This office used to be called the 'Dead Letter Office,' and is so called by many old-fashioned persons to this day. But the women clerks have never known it by this designation, as their employment in this branch of the service is of comparatively recent date.

Only one great department—the Money-order Office—has escaped the female invasion so far. But the fiat has gone forth, and henceforward money-orders, like postal-orders, will be sorted by female hands instead of by male. The Money-order Office is a comparatively small establishment, and it is understood that a small contingent of women clerks drawn from other branches will inaugurate the era of female labour there. By-and-by, no doubt, a proportionate number of women clerks will be borne on this establishment, as in the other great branches of the office.

One department we had very nearly missed—the Medical Department. Even here women are employed, there being a female medical officer and an assistant female medical officer. There is also, unless we are mistaken, a lady doctor at Manchester. It was Mr Fawcett, when he was Postmaster-general, who introduced women into

this department, and the large number of females employed in London would seem to afford an ample justification for this course.

We have thus seen how enormously the employment of women by the Post-Office has increased since the acquisition of the telegraphic service twenty-eight years ago. It has spread into nearly every branch of the service, not even excepting the secretary's office, where it is understood that women typists are employed; and it is probable that the solicitor's office is the only one which has escaped the invasion of the 'monstrous regiment of women.' Women solicitors are not yet an accomplished fact, but they will come in time no doubt. It would seem, too, that the example of the Post-Office has spread to other departments of the Civil Service, the Inland Revenue establishment showing a number of 'female assistants' in the office of the Controller of Stamps and Stores, and a number of 'female tellers' in the Stamping Department. The Customs is more modest, only figuring for a few women typists at the present moment; and this is probably the extent to which most other government offices are committed to the 'forward movement' so far. Even the Treasury, it is understood, has its women typists, so that 'My Lords' will be able to judge for themselves as to the value of female labour in the public service.

Appointments in all branches are eagerly sought

after, and the number of female candidates attending the competitions held from time to time is enormous. From twenty to thirty candidates per vacancy is a not uncommon proportion in the more important competitions, and a severe training must be gone through before a candidate has the smallest chance of success. 'Cramming' has to be done by women as systematically as by men before the ordeal appointed by the Civil Service Commissioners can be successfully faced; and the 'Civil Service factories,' as the cramming establishments have been rather cleverly, if cynically, described, are almost as full of one sex as of the other. Whether the best material is obtained in this way is a matter beyond the scope of this article, although it is a point which has engaged attention in the recent past, and will be increasingly debated in the near future. Let it suffice for the present to say that the material turned out so far has been found sufficient for its purpose, and that the Civil Service sieve is not too narrow in the mesh, having regard to the enormous number of persons anxious to get through it.

It would be idle to speculate whether the increased employment of women in the public service is due to considerations of policy, of philanthropy, or of parsimony. It is a great fact, and it will remain so long as there is simple, useful work to be done, which can be as well, or better, done by women than by men.

PINE-APPLE GROWING IN FLORIDA.



OME of the most profitable fruit-growing in the world is that at the present time being carried on in a town of Southern Florida, U.S.A., where the damp gray sand is bringing forth the luscious shed-grown

pine-apple, to the pocket-filling profit of its lucky planters.

Five years ago the industry was in its infancy, and the number of acres set to this fruit in the whole country could have been told on the fingers of one hand. At the present date there are several hundred acres of these plants growing under sheds, and the number is daily increasing. Eight new pineries were planted around Orlando in the summer of 1898. Editors, lawyers, and physicians, merchants, ministers, and millionaires, have been bitten with the planting fever; in fact, almost every man in the country town who can scrape together the necessary capital has, or is about to, 'put out' his big or little pine-apple 'patch.'

The bygone profits have certainly been enormous. It is stated on good authority that the proprietor of a seven-acre 'pinery' cleared nearly £8000 from last season's (1896) crop, with only a portion of his plants fruiting! One woman cleared £400 on half an acre. No wonder an acre of pines

is regarded as a snug little fortune. The crop is an annual one; there are nine thousand plants to the acre; each plant produces an apple weighing from five to fifteen pounds, worth from sixpence to five shillings each, according to the season of marketing; also a number, varying from five to twenty-five, of offshoots termed 'slips' and 'suckers,' the present market price of which ranges from sevenpence-halfpenny to one shilling each.

The original pioneer of this paying enterprise now possesses more than a dozen acres of shedded 'pinery,' and is commencing an extension of several more. The property is styled 'The Klondyke Pinery,' a name and an association which, according to report, it does not belie.

The long vistas of the large plant-sheds, in the chequered light and shade, loom longer still, and the first sight of the serried ranks of plants, whose sharp-pointed, sword-like leaves reach well up toward the shed-slats, seven feet from the ground, fruit in all stages of curious growth and colour peeping from amidst its armed guardians, is strangely impressive.

Like orange and lemon growing in this country, pine-apple growing, however, is one of the luxuries of horticulture, the large indulgence chiefly of men of riches.

The risk at present most obvious is that from frost. The two very severe frosts of the winter of 1894-95, which killed to the ground nine-tenths of all the citrus-trees in the state, only 'set-back' pine-apples under sheds one year—'all healthy plants sprouted immediately from the ground.' A recent device, the burning of resin briquettes, placed at intervals throughout the sheds, has proved of much service in warding off ordinary vagaries of the Frost-king; the dense smoke prevents the great radiation of heat during the night of visitation.

The juice of the pine-apple is reputed a specific in diphtheria, as also to possess properties similar to that of pepsin in dissolving albumen;

it is being prepared for these purposes in factories on the east coast of the state.

The fact has long been known that the nearer a fruit is grown to its northern limit the more excellent will be its quality; the pine-apple of Central Florida is an example. Certainly the luscious fruit grown in the moist half-shade of these slatted roofs is different indeed to the open-air product of the sand-hill slopes and rocky 'keys' of the more southern country.

In the opinion of many, the shed-grown pine-apple of Central Florida will make its mark in horticultural history, and will probably hold its own nobly against all comers in that final test of all fruit excellence—Covent Garden Market.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The rusty gate hangs on its broken hasp,
The ivy's green embrace the only clasp.
The only breath that breathes is deep decay
Brooding above the spot from day to day.
The yew-trees twine their arms about the bowers
Once chosen home of beauteous mingled flowers.
The green ferns droop above the darkened well,
The nightingale alone awakes the spell.
The sundial, overthrown, lies on the lawn,
And never more shall mark the rising dawn.
The daisy and the primrose from the grass
Forgot the sound of gliding feet that pass.
The broken marble fountain throws no stream
Of dewdrops on the lilies' waxen gleam.
Choked is the pool with vegetation rank;
Hoarse croak the frogs from out the green weeds
dank;

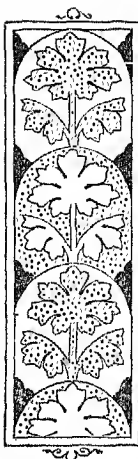
Only the wild-birds oft-times come to drink
Their morning sip of nectar from its brink.
The ringdove builds her airy palace near,
And coos her love-song to no listening ear.
The throstle now alone awakes the rose,
Whose wild thrown sprays aloft the south wind blows.
No shutters close the staring windows' eyes;
Their sightless orbs look out to meet the skies.
No living foot treads o'er that silent floor;
No human hand throws open wide the door;
No fitful firelight banishes the night,
Nor gilds the mouldering walls with ruddy light.
No shadows dance upon the parlour wall,
Throwing reflections, weird and grim and tall.
Only the gray shades of the departed,
Only the pale ghosts of the true-hearted,
Hover anon about the closed door,
In mute remembrance of the days of yore.
Through summer's sunny days and dusky nights,
Through all prolific Nature's deep delights,
Mid all the desolation, listless roam
The shades of those who knew the place as home;

And down the cedar-walk a lady glides—
A velvet hood her dainty beauty hides,
The satin hoop her tiny feet reveals
As through the rustling leaves she silent steals;
And all adown the deep mysterious glude
The moonbeams flicker through, and softly fade.
A youth is strolling slowly by her side,
The dreamy shades their lingering kisses hide;
And through the bushes gleam a pair of eyes,
And muffled figures from the shadows rise.
A point of steel has vanished in her breast—
Her stifled cry and breathing are at rest.
When Winter's icy grip of crystal frost,
When song of bird and running stream are lost,
When every herb and leaf and fruit and flower
Slumbers, to gain anew their magic power,
Then empty echoing silence reigns supreme;
No more the sad-eyed ghostly forms are seen.
'Tis only with the waking touch of Spring,
When all the woods with flutey voices ring,
That slender shades creep round the home once
more,

That stealthy footsteps falter o'er the floor,
And scare the living from the mournful scene
Of former joys, and what they might have been.
They say a curse hangs o'er the old homestead;
Hence creeps the bindweed o'er the lilies dead,
The gray moss clothes the hoary apple spray,
And all things speak of ruin and decay.
Perchance if some pure spirit from the skies
Would loose a tear of pity from her eyes,
'Twould lay the tireless shades of dark despair
That through the summer, earth-bound, linger
there.

Then once again might girlish voices sing,
And happy chimes of children's laughter ring,
And lovers' whispers murmur deep delights
Through summer days and silent starry nights.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE LEGEND OF BLOOD POOL

By Major A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

HIGH up on the fjelds, under the shadow of the great domed snow-field known as the Jökul, stretches a weird, wild plateau strewn with mighty granite boulders, and seamed with countless rivulets draining off the snow-waters into a network of long, deep lakes. No one lives on this waste except for a few weeks of the short summer and autumn, when, if you wander up from the lowlands to the outlying sæters, you will find that half the peasants are away with their cattle, grazing them on the rich vegetation that crops up amongst the rocks or that fringes the borders of the tarns. Or, maybe, if you ascend to the plateau itself—four thousand feet above the sea—you will meet with solitary reindeer-hunters living in small stone shelters, and spending their time in netting the trout and stalking the deer. Occasionally, also, you may come on a herd of tame reindeer, watched over by wrinkled-faced Lapps, who roam throughout the highland pastures whithersoever their deer may choose to lead them.

The story I am about to tell was given to me by one of these wandering Lapps—Black Andreas—who, according to his own account, has weathered ninety winters, and whose puckered face has the appearance of having withstood the elements for several centuries. The old man is not garrulous; his tongue, in fact, can only be loosened by the application of raw spirits; and as he drinks and talks only at night, lapsing into a comatose state after about half-an-hour, it can be understood that the extraction of his story was a matter of considerable time. To reproduce it in his own words at all literally translated would be an utter impossibility; all I can hope to do is to relate the tale from memory, with the aid of a few rough notes that I took from time to time. Whether the whole thing is mere romance produced from a brain fired by ardent potations, or whether it is founded on fact, I am not prepared to say, though it is well known among the sæter-

folk of the neighbourhood, and many an old Norseman can throw light on several points.

It all happened when Svarte Andreas was a young man, and he himself speaks with a knowledge of facts and as one who actually knew the actors in the tragedy—for such, we shall see, it was. The scene lies in one of those small, sheltered valleys stretching down from the Jökul towards the east, where for eight months of the year the wonders of the land lie buried deep in snow. In the summer, however, it is fair enough to look upon; true, there are no trees, but a wealth of glorious scenery extends in all directions. If you look to the west you see the solid white sloping sides of the snowfield, which resemble for all the world the sugar surmounting a bridal cake—poured carelessly on the top and allowed to run over in parts. Turn in whichever other direction you will, the same scene meets your gaze—a vast stony waste, with here and there a black, rounded mountain-top standing up above the general level of the plateau, and a score of sparkling lakes, each in its setting of green-sward and marsh; while everywhere between the rocks stand banks of gray reindeer-moss and tufts of coarse grass, studded with brilliant-flowered alpine plants. It is a sight worth seeing in the early summer months, and the unspeakable solitude of the spot makes you feel that you are a trespasser in Nature's preserves. The stone-chats flit from rock to rock, uttering their cries of alarm; the golden plover calls plaintively to his mate, and the lemmings dart into their holes at the first sight of the intruder. At your feet, as you stand in this little valley, lies a deep, black tarn, surrounded by a morass of soft, peaty earth, where grow in wild luxuriance, between the bunches of white cotton-grass, the delicious multiberries—the yellow fruit like little balls of gold among their russet leaves. The tarn is known as Blood Pool; and thereby hangs the tale.

It was autumn; the harvest in the lowlands was over, and the farmers' sons were free to go to the

mountains and try their luck with the wild reindeer which, in the early years of the present century, roamed in vast herds over the Hardanger Vidde. Englishmen were as yet almost unknown in the land, and, indeed, the Englishman who figures in this story was said to have been the first that ever attempted deer-stalking in these parts. He was looked on as an eccentric individual; for, that any one of means should live in a *fiskebod* in the wilderness and shoot reindeer without wanting the flesh of the animals was to the Norseman a thing unheard of. The real name of this adventurous sportsman has unfortunately become unintelligible, for Veelpal (as Andreas calls him) can be converted into no English equivalent; yet possibly, when my story is read, some one may remember to have heard a similar tale of one of his relatives, and so be able to set the matter at rest for ever, and give to the sæter-folk the interpretation of Veelpal—the mad Englishman. Be that as it may, the shooting season had come, and for the second time the Englishman had taken up his headquarters in a small hut by the side of Tindhölen Lake, whence, at sunrise each morning, he started, with his musket, in search of deer. The results of his first season had gained him a great reputation among the local hunters, and 'to shoot with English bullets' had become almost a proverb; yet he had been now a fortnight on the Vidde without doing any execution whatever. The cause of his bad luck he put down to the wind, which had kept in one quarter for several days, and thus attracted all the deer to one part of the vast plateau.

'This accursed lake again,' muttered the Englishman, who, after a hard day's toil in pursuit of a wounded buck, found himself on the sodden margin of what is now called Blood Pool, in the swamps of which the tracks of the beast had suddenly disappeared. Twice he beat round the edge of the morass, but not a footprint could he discern beyond a certain spot; then, having refreshed himself with multiberries to his heart's content, he abandoned the chase, and strolled up to a neighbouring ridge in order to scan the country. He was now several miles from his hut; the sun had long since ceased to tinge the Jökul with its expiring rays, and a heavy mist was creeping up the valleys. Suddenly, as he gazed northwards, he descried a thin wreath of smoke ascending from a mound by the side of a tarn at no great distance, and thither he at once decided to wend his way in search of a night's lodging. The mist had enveloped the country rapidly; and as the weary Englishman approached the spot where he had noticed the smoke, it became impossible to see ten yards ahead, and to right and left he wandered without discovering anything in the nature of a hut. The place, moreover, had grown uncanny; strange sounds issued from the depths of the mist, and even the great gray boulders appeared to be moving. Many a time had Veelpal

laughed at the old women's tales related by the sæter fire, of the trolls and the evil spirits that dwelt among the mountains; but now it seemed as if he were suddenly confronted by every species of ghost and goblin. He sat down and rubbed his eyes, thinking that, tired out and hungry, he must be suffering from a disordered brain. A great snowy owl swooped silently by him out of the gloom—a new terror; but, nerving himself, he arose and shouted at the top of his voice. The effect was magical; the large stones around him got up and fled out of sight, and, almost at his elbow, a small rasping voice asked in bad Norsk, 'Who is it calling?' The voice had issued from the mound, and Veelpal at once remembered that there was a particular kind of spirit that lived in mounds on the fjelds; but, on turning, he found that his questioner was a reality—a little old Lapp, whose head and shoulders were protruding from a trap-door in the side of the hillock on which he had been seated.

'Welcome to the palace of the King of the Lapps,' said the old man, with a certain amount of dignity; 'it is not often that we have visitors here, and I have never seen a foreigner in these regions before. I suppose you are none other than the mad Englishman who shoots the deer for amusement?'

Veelpal nodded, whereupon the Lapp rubbed his hands together, broke into a succession of chuckles, and then laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

'How many deer have you lost in the pool up yonder?' he asked.

'Which pool?' inquired the Englishman.

'Why, the pool away over the brow, where the water lies deep and black, and whither the hunted deer flee for shelter—shelter which they get, too,' chuckled the Lapp.

Veelpal became interested, for on several occasions he had had the same bad luck that had pursued him this day; he had followed the deer as they fled towards the snowfield, and then had suddenly lost all trace of them. His host, however, refused to enlighten him as to the disappearance of the animals, only nodding his head and smiling to himself when questioned. Then, getting up from his seat, he took down from a niche in the wall a number of small and well-polished bones, which he threw in a heap on the floor. These he gazed on for a while; then, gathering them up, he remarked, with a smile, 'There'll be more deer to disappear on the morrow, and Ravdna comes home. Ravdna is my granddaughter, and I had to send her this morning up into Sysendal to fetch back some of the herd that had strayed.'

It began to dawn on the Englishman that the Lapp was the owner of tame reindeer; and when the old man presently got up and said that he must go out and see to his animals, the mystery of the moving rocks that had troubled the sports-

man was now cleared up. He required no second invitation to take possession of the absent Ravdna's bed, and by the time his host returned he was fast asleep.

The sun had already been some time above the horizon when the old Lapp gently shook his guest, and bade him get up and partake of the coffee which he had prepared. Then, for the first time, the Englishman was able to see by the light streaming in through the open trap-door the interior of the 'palace of the king.' There was but one room—some ten feet square—lined throughout with stones and rough planks, and blackened by the smoke from the peat and juniper fire that burned in one corner. A few wooden shelves were ranged round the chamber, and pieces of reindeer horn stuck in between the stones served as pegs, on which were hung innumerable articles of wearing apparel, fishing-nets, cooking utensils, and odds and ends; while two rough wooden couches stood in opposite corners—the beds of Ravdna and her grandfather. There was nothing peculiar about the hut; it was very similar to many another *fjeldbod*; but from the centre of the dingy roof was suspended an object which at once attracted the Englishman's eye. This was a massive bowl of bright metal resembling beaten gold, and it hung by three chains of the same material. Round the rim was chased a Runic inscription, and the remainder of the vessel was engraved with quaint hieroglyphics. To a connoisseur of works of art, as was Veelpal, the bowl became a matter of the deepest interest; and, being a man of few words, he forthwith inquired of his host if he would part with it.

'Not for all the wealth that the earth has yielded up to man, nor for all the wealth that is still locked up in the bowels of earth, would I allow that bowl to leave my family,' was the curt reply. 'But,' added the Lapp, 'when I am called to join my forefathers in Valhalla, the bowl will pass to the man who weds Ravdna—the last of our race. As for you, forget that you have ever seen it, and if you desire peace in this world, pray to your God that you may never see into it.'

The Englishman would have asked further questions, but the arrival of Ravdna put an end to the conversation. With a wild whoop, she burst through the narrow doorway, when, suddenly discovering that her grandfather was not alone, she drew back, then, with flushed face, held out her hand to the stranger, and in a soft, melodious voice, said, 'Velkom til Finsebu.' Veelpal stood spell-bound; never before in Norway had he met with such an apparition, and his astonishment was the greater because he had imagined that the girl would be of the unkempt *sæterjente* type usually encountered in these parts—instead of which, there stood before him a form whose portrait truly depicted would have made a painter's fortune. A dark-green dress trimmed with red braid, and a

crimson bodice laced with silver, covered her shapely figure; while a white shirt and a solid silver waist-girdle made up a costume at once neat and picturesque. Far below her waist hung two thick plaits of flaxen hair, and the flowered silk handkerchief used as a head-covering had fallen loose round her neck. On her feet were sandals of reindeer-skin, and a cloak of the same trimmed with lemmings' skins depended from one shoulder—the picture of this northern Diana being completed by a slung bow and quiver, and a short spear carried in the hand. There was nothing in the girl's face to bespeak a life of hardship and toil, as undoubtedly hers was, for her features were delicately modelled; and, though her face was sunburnt, her complexion was fair, even for a Norsewoman. It was all a revelation to the Englishman—a peep into an age long past; and it was with undisguised reluctance that, when the old Lapp hinted broadly that it was time for him to depart, he said 'farvel' to his new acquaintances.

'Welcome back again,' laughed Ravdna, in the most unconventional manner, holding out her hand, and, at the same time, piercing the stranger through and through with her pale-blue eyes.

It was a good fifteen miles from Finsebu to Tinhölen, and twice the distance it seemed today to the sportsman, who for once had no thoughts for the reindeer, no thoughts for anything but Ravdna—the princess of the Vidde. His boots, as they crushed the dried-up moss; his musket, as it jogged against his back; every trickling stream he passed, and every bird that chirped from tussock to tussock, uttered the same word—Ravdna. Twenty-four hours before he would have scorned to think that he would ever have crossed from ridge to ridge of this wild country without scanning every inch of it with his telescope in search of reindeer; yet here he was—he, the professed misogynist—the man who cared for nothing but the chase—plodding aimlessly along, with eyes on the ground and with thoughts for nothing but a Lapp girl.

Life for the Englishman was now a mere miserable existence; his hut, which before had been all that was desirable in his eyes, had become a wretched hovel; his weapons were put in a corner, and for the time being forgotten. To make matters worse, the two days following his adventure were wet, when it would, at any time, have been useless looking for reindeer; but the third day broke clear and bright, and Veelpal was early abroad. With his musket on his back, he walked without any apparent object, though at noon, by some strange fate, he found himself once again by the side of Blood Pool. Why he had come to the spot he would not have confessed even to himself. On starting at daybreak he had intended going in the opposite direction, yet, gradually some mysterious power had drawn him towards Finsebu; and here he stood gazing into the deep

black water, until suddenly a laugh behind him caused him to look round, when he descried Ravdna seated on a rock and waving her hand to him.

'Well, so you have come back again,' shouted Ravdna, standing up and making him a mock curtsy; 'but you have not sent us any deer to-day.'

'Sent you deer! How can I send you deer?'

'Why, don't you know that when the wind blows from the right direction every deer within miles comes up towards the Jökul? This narrow path is the only one hereabouts by which they can cross the swamps and lakes.'

Leading her companion down a little farther, she showed him how her grandfather benefited by the flight of the deer along the path. The track led by the edge of the pool, and between it and a far-extending swamp; at a certain point in the path Ravdna stopped, and, pointing to some layers of juniper twigs, exclaimed, 'Now I will show you what becomes of the deer when they take this path.' She stooped down, and, lifting a mass of branches, disclosed to the astonished Englishman a carefully concealed pitfall, some twenty feet deep, and lined throughout with stones. 'That is how we catch the wild reindeer,' said Ravdna; 'and now you know how you send us deer.'

The Englishman was disgusted at the sight of what he considered a mean, poaching device; but Ravdna's society soon drove the matter from his mind, and the afternoon passed pleasantly enough in listening to the half-wild girl discoursing on the habits of the reindeer. Many a strange tale had she to relate; her short life seemed to have been spent in a vortex of excitement and adventure; she had had single-handed encounters with wolves—had even slain a bear with the short spear which she always carried; and the number of reindeer that she had assisted in doing to death in the fatal pitfall was to Veelpal horrible to hear recounted.

Yet, in spite of the barbaric delight which the girl displayed in her bloodthirstiness, her nature was not altogether devoid of tender feelings, as was evidenced by a trifling incident which occurred on the occasion of this meeting. As the couple wandered over the rough fjelds they came on what at first they imagined to be a wounded plover; shortly, however, they discovered that it was merely the mother's ruse to draw off attention from her offspring—two little, long-legged balls of down—which were running wildly first in one direction and then in the other. Ravdna's solicitude for the safety of the family brought out all her womanly instincts, and increased the Englishman's admiration a hundredfold, so much so that he could not refrain from remarking on her conduct.

'Did you but know my story,' replied the girl, 'you would no longer wonder; but I have sworn on the great golden bowl that, until my grandfather's death, I will reveal nothing.'

To Veelpal the walk towards the pool became a daily habit. Reindeer-shooting was forgotten;

a sight of Ravdna was all he lived for, and his goddess he saw each day. The neighbourhood of Finsebu had long since been abandoned as a trysting-place, for the reason that the King of the Lapps had forbidden his granddaughter to meet Veelpal, whom he now regarded with the most bitter animosity. Still, such difficulties gave only a keener zest to their meetings; and Ravdna's duty of watching the herd allowed her full opportunity of wandering far from home. Sheltered by the rocks of some time-worn moraine, the couple would sit together for hours at a time, Veelpal ever endeavouring to persuade his fascinating companion to give up her wild existence and take her place as wife and mistress in his English home; while Ravdna, deeply impressed by all her lover told her, begged only for time—till her grandfather died and set her free.

So the days passed, and summer had drifted into autumn. The first snow had fallen and driven the ryper towards the lower slopes of the fjelds, and the Englishman had decided to make his final appeal to Ravdna on the morrow; his stone hut was becoming uninhabitable, and the cold was no longer to be borne. The morrow came, and Veelpal was early at the place of meeting, but Ravdna was absent. For an hour he waited impatiently, then strode along the reindeer path towards Finsebu. On the margin of the pool he found the Lapp girl, seated with her head buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

'What is it, Ravdna?' he asked.

'He is dead,' she murmured, 'and I it was who brought his death.' Then, gasping between the sentences, she related the catastrophe that had come upon her: how her grandfather had been preparing the pitfall in the morning, and how she, while tending the herd to the southwards, had come on a large number of wild reindeer, and had driven them towards the pool. Onwards to the Jökul they had sped, with the result that the old Lapp king had been caught on the narrow path, and had been trampled to death by the terrified beasts.

'Come and see him,' concluded the weeping girl; and Veelpal followed her to the hut. The body was laid out on the bed, and had been covered with a richly-embroidered shawl. A curious golden crown, studded with jewels, was placed upon the head, a spear in one hand and a knife in the other; while on the floor by the bedside stood the great bowl—and, horrible as it seemed to Veelpal, filled with blood. Bidding him follow, Ravdna lifted the bowl carefully, and retraced her steps to the edge of the pool, when, turning to Veelpal, she told him to gaze into the blood and tell her what he saw. She shook as she held the bowl, and the Englishman, awed by the weird situation, obeyed the girl, and looked down into the red fluid. There he saw reflected the troubled face of Ravdna side by side with

his own, the slopes of the white snowfield, and the strange hieroglyphics chased on the bowl.

'Tell me exactly what you see,' said Ravnna; and he told her.

'Can you see no more than that?'

'No more.'

'It is because you are not of our people. You can see only the present; your sight helps you nothing in regard to the past or the future. I see many things in the bowl; do you hold it so that I may look the better?' Not liking to refuse, the Englishman reluctantly obeyed, and Ravnna bent down, and clasping her forehead with her hands, spoke as one in a dream:

'I, Ravnna, Princess of the Lapps, am looking into the past. My mother's face is before me—a fair face, the face of a Norse sæter girl. Why does she marry the Lapp king's son? She loves him. But he is cruel; he drives her from his hut to roam on the fjelds with her two little ones, and she and her small son are devoured by the wolves. Her people at the sæter swear to be revenged, and kill my father, hurling his body into the depths of yon pool, and I am saved and carried back to the sæter. In time my father's father comes and makes peace with my mother's people, and I am given into his care. I am looking now into the future. I see the face of Ravnna and the face of a man'—

Thus far had the fair sorceress proceeded, when the Englishman, trembling with excitement, let the bowl slip from his hands, and its contents, trickling down through the black earth, gradually crimsoned the waters of the pool.

'What have you done?' screamed Ravnna in agonised tones. 'Oh, see what you have done! The blood of the sacred white deer is mingling with the unhallowed waters. It is my father's curse.'

Then, stretching out her hands towards the towering Jökul, she murmured, 'O spirit of the great snow, have pity!' and, with a wild, piercing shriek, fell forward on her face. Veelpal lifted up the senseless form and conveyed it to the hut, placing it tenderly on the vacant couch. For hours he sat by her side, listening to her incoherent utterances, and endeavouring to make her understand the situation; but no sign of recognition did she give. She was living her young life over again, and at times her speech was quite unintelligible to the Englishman, though he gathered that she was cold and cheerless. He warmed up some reindeer milk and gave it to her, and he heaped up the juniper twigs on the fire. By sundown Ravnna had fallen into a deep sleep, her hand tightly locked in his, and Veelpal, tired and weary, sat thinking over the events of the day.

That night two reindeer-hunters, from their hut at Halue Vand, noticed a strange glare against the background of the Jökul. Next morning they met a Lapp herdsman, who had seen the same light, and who told them that the herds of the Lapp king were scattered far and wide over the fjelds. Together the three men proceeded to Finsebu, where they found the hut burnt out, and amongst the debris they were able to discover the charred remains of three human beings.

'The golden bowl,' concludes Svarte Andreas, 'is still to be seen floating on the waters of the pool, which are even now tinged with the blood of the sacred deer; and maybe the beasts still get lost in the pitfall, but no Laplander or Norseman would care to lend a hand in taking them out.'

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER V.

IF Browne had ever looked forward to anything in his life, he certainly did to the dinner-party he was giving on the evening following his visit to the studio in Holland Park Road. On more than one occasion he had entertained royalty at his house in Park Lane, and at various times he had invited London society to functions which, for magnificence and completeness of arrangement, had scarcely ever been equalled and never excelled. Upon none of these affairs, however, had he bestowed half so much care and attention as he did upon the dinner which it is now my duty to describe. Having written the formal invitation, he posted it himself; after which he drove to the restaurant which was to be honoured with Katherine Petrovitch's presence, and interviewed the proprietor in his own sanctum.

'Remember, Alphonse,' he said to that delightful little man, 'good as the others have been, this must be the very best dinner you have ever arranged for me. It must not be long, nor must it be in the least degree heavy; in addition to which every item upon the menu must be the best procurable. You know my taste in wine, and I give you *carte blanche* to ransack London for what you consider necessary in the way of rarities. Reserve "No. 6" for me, if it is not already engaged; and make it look as nice as you possibly can. I will send the flowers from my own house, and my own gardener shall arrange them.'

Alphonse chuckled and rubbed his hands. This was just the sort of order he delighted to receive.

'Ver' good; it shall be done, M'sieu Browne,' he said, bowing and spreading his hands apart in his customary fashion when pleased. 'I have

made you many, many dinners before, but I give you the word of Alphonse that this shall be the best of all. *Ma foi!* but I will give you a dinner zat for its betterment you cannot get in England. Ze cost I will'—

'Never mind the cost,' answered the reckless young man; 'provided you satisfy me, I don't think we're at all likely to quarrel about that. But, remember, it must be the best in every way. Nothing short of that will do.'

'I will satisfy you, m'sieu; never fear that. It is my honour. Perhaps it is royalty zat you have to come to my house?'

'It is nothing of the sort,' Browne replied scornfully. 'I am asking two ladies and one gentleman.'

Alphonse's face expressed his surprise. It looked as if he thought his beautiful dinner was likely to be wasted.

Having arranged the hour and certain other details, Browne returned to his cab once more, and drove off in search of Jimmy Foote. It was some time before he found him, and, when he did, a considerable period elapsed before he could obtain speech with him. Jimmy was at the Welter Club, playing black pool with two or three youths of his own type. From the manner in which their silver was changing hands, it certainly looked as if that accomplished young gentleman was finding his time very fully taken up, picking up half-crowns from the table, placing them in his pocket, and paying them out again.

'Hullo, Browne!' said Bellingham of the Guards, after the black ball had disappeared into the top pocket and while the marker was spotting it again. 'Are you coming in?'

'Not if I know it,' said Browne, shaking his head. 'Judging from the anxious expression upon Jimmy's face, things are getting a little too hot with you all.'

As Jimmy Foote remarked at a later date, this came pretty well from a man who that evening had ordered a dinner for four people which was destined to cost him upwards of fifty pounds. At the end of the next round, however, the former retired from the game, and, putting his arm through that of his friend, led him to the smoking-room on the other side of the hall.

'I hope you have calmed down, old fellow,' said Jimmy as they seated themselves near the fire. 'To what do I owe the honour of seeing you here to-night?'

'I want you to do me a favour,' Browne returned, a little nervously, for he was afraid of what Jimmy would say when he knew everything.

'Anything you like in the world, old man,' said the latter. 'You have only to ask. There is nothing wrong, I hope?'

'Nothing at all,' replied Browne. 'Rather the other way round, I fancy. The fact of the matter is, I have asked two ladies to dine with me to-morrow evening at Lallemand's, and to go

to the Opera afterwards. I want you to make one of the party.'

'The young lady is the painter of that charming Norwegian picture,' said Jimmy, with imperturbable gravity, 'and the other is her chaperon.'

'How on earth did you know it?' asked Browne, blushing like a schoolboy, for the simple reason that he thought his secret was discovered.

'It's very plain that you never knew I was a wizard,' returned his companion, with a laugh. 'You old duffer; try and put two and two together for yourself—that is to say, if you have any brains left to do it with. In the first place, did you not yesterday afternoon invite me to accompany you on a delightful yachting trip to the Mediterranean? You were tired of England, you said, and I gathered from your remarks that you were counting the hours until you said "good-bye" to her. We went for a walk, and as we passed up Waterloo Place I happened to show you a picture. You turned as white as a sheet at once, and immediately dived into the shop, bidding me wait outside. When you reappeared you acted the part of an amiable lunatic; talked a lot of bosh about preferring fogs to sunshine; and when I informed you you were on the high-road to an asylum, said it was better than that—you were going to the Holland Park Road. Our yachting cruise has been thrown to the winds; and now, to make up for it, you have the impudence to ask me to play gooseberry for you, and try to propitiate me with one of Lallemand's dinners, which invariably upset me for a week afterwards, and a dose of Wagner which will drive me crazy for a month.'

'How do you know I want you to play gooseberry?' asked Browne savagely. 'It's like your impudence to say such a thing.'

'How do I know anything?' said Jimmy, with delightful calmness. 'Why, by the exercise of my own common-sense, of course—a commodity you will never possess if you go on like this. You are spoons on this girl, I suppose, and since there's another coming with her, it's pretty plain to me somebody must be there to keep that other out of the way.'

'You grow very coarse,' retorted Browne, now thoroughly on his dignity.

'It's a coarse age, they say,' Foote replied. 'Don't I know by experience exactly what that second party will be like?'

'If you do you are very clever,' said Browne.

'One has to be very clever to keep pace with the times,' Jimmy replied. 'But, seriously, old man, if you want me, I shall be only too glad to come to your dinner; but, mind, I take no responsibility for what happens there. I am not going to be called to account by every London mother who possesses a marriageable daughter.'

'You needn't be afraid,' said Browne. 'I will absolve you from all responsibility. At any rate

you assure me that I can count upon your company?'

'Of course you can, and anything else you like besides,' Foote replied. Then, laying his hand upon Browne's shoulder, he added: 'My dear old Jack, in spite of our long acquaintance, I don't think you quite know me yet. I talk a lot of nonsense, I'm afraid; but as far as you are concerned you may depend the heart's in the right place. Now I come to think of it, I am not quite certain it would not be better for you to be decently married and out of harm's way. Of course, one doesn't like to see one's pals hurried off like that; but in your case it's different.'

'My dear fellow,' said Browne, 'as you said just now, you certainly do talk a lot of nonsense. Whoever said anything about marriage? Of course I'm not going to be married. I have never contemplated such a thing. It's always the way; directly a man shows a little extra courtesy to a woman, talks to her five minutes longer than he is accustomed to do, perhaps, or dances with her twice running, you immediately get the idea that everything is settled between them, and that all you have to do is to think about the wedding present you are going to give them.'

'When a man gives himself away as completely as you have done in this particular instance, it is not to be wondered that his friends think there is something in the air,' said Jimmy. 'However, you know your own business best. What time is the dinner?'

'Seven o'clock sharp,' said Browne. 'You had better meet me there a few minutes before. Don't forget we go to the Opera afterwards.'

'I am not likely to forget it,' said Jimmy, with a doleful face.

'Very well, good-bye until to-morrow evening.'

There was a little pause, and then Browne held out his hand.

'Thank you, Jimmy,' he said with a sincerity that was quite inconsistent with the apparent importance of the subject. 'I felt sure I could rely upon you.'

'Rely upon me always,' Jimmy replied. 'I don't think you'll find me wanting.'

With that Browne bade him good-bye, and went out into the street. He hailed a cab, and bade the man drive him to Park Lane.

Once he had started, he laid himself back on the cushions and gave free rein to his thoughts. Though he had impliedly denied it a few minutes before, there could be no doubt about it: he was in love—head over ears in love. He had had many passing fancies before, it is true, but never had he experienced such a strong attack of the fever as at present. As the cab passed along the crowded street he seemed to see that sweet face, with its dark eyes and hair; that slender figure, and those beautiful white hands, with their long tapering fingers; and to hear again the soft tones of her voice as she had

spoken to him in the studio that afternoon. She was a queen among women, he told himself, and was worthy to be loved as such. But if she were so beautiful and so desirable, would she have anything to do with himself? Could she ever be brought to love him? It was consistent with the man's character to be so humble, and yet it was strange that he should be so. Ever since he had been old enough to be eligible for matrimony he had been the especial prey of mothers with marriageable daughters. They had fawned upon him, had petted him, and in every way had endeavoured to effect his capture. Whether or not Katherine Petrovitch knew of his wealth it was impossible for him to say. He hoped she did not. It was his ambition in life to be loved, and be loved for himself alone. If she would trust him, he would devote his whole life to making her happy and to proving how well founded was the faith she had reposed in him. Vitally important as the question was, I believe he had never for one moment doubted her. His nature was too open and sunny for that, while she herself was of course above suspicion. The fact that she had confessed to him that her family was prohibited in Russia only served to intensify his admiration for her truthful qualities. Though he knew nothing of her history or antecedents, it never for one moment caused him any uneasiness. He loved her for herself, not for her family. When he went to bed that night he dreamt of her, and when he rose in the morning he was, if possible, more in love than before. Fully occupied as his day usually was, on this occasion he found it more than difficult to pass the time. He counted the hours—nay, almost the minutes—until it should be necessary for him to set off to the restaurant. By the midday post a charming little note arrived, signed Katherine Petrovitch. Browne was in his study when it was brought to him, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could contain his impatience until the butler left the room. The instant he had done so, however, he tore open the envelope and drew out the contents. The writing was quaint and quite un-English, but its peculiarities only served to make it the more charming. It would give Madame Bernstein and the writer, it said, much pleasure to dine with him that evening. He read and re-read it, finding a fresh pleasure in it every time. It carried with it a faint scent which was as intoxicating as the fabled perfume of the Lotus Blossom.

Had the beautiful Miss Verney, who, it must be confessed, had more than once written him letters of the most confidential description, guessed for a single moment that he preferred the tiny sheet he carried in his coat-pocket to her own epistles, it is certain her feelings would have been painful in the extreme. The fact, however, remains that Browne had the letter, and, if I know anything of human nature, he has it still.

(To be continued.)

LYDDITE—THE NEW EXPLOSIVE.



THE recent achievement of the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, in compassing the final destruction of Mahdism, is one which will live long in the memory of the British nation. No example could be found which better illustrates the famous saying of Von Moltke, that 'war is now an applied science;' for the final rout at Omdurman, with all its examples of bravery and fighting skill, was only the culmination of a scientific campaign. The telegraph, the steamboat, and the railway were all utilised; and without their aid Omdurman would have been an impossibility. Probably one of the most interesting features of the campaign, however, from a military standpoint, was the great success achieved by the lyddite shells, which, used for the first time in actual warfare by the British army, proved that lyddite is the best explosive as yet discovered for use in shells. It is the object of the present article to give a short description of this substance, which is destined to play an important part in the wars of the future. Lyddite, as has previously been stated in this *Journal* ('Modern Shells and Projectiles,' August 27, 1898), is only a variety of picric acid, which has been melted and allowed to solidify, thereby becoming denser.

Melinite, recently introduced into the French army, is also another form of picric acid; indeed, most of the so-called 'new' explosives consist of this substance in one or other of its forms, disguised by different names. The history of picric acid as an explosive is remarkable, and furnishes a striking example of how great discoveries may frequently result from accident. Picric acid was discovered in 1771, and for more than a century was used as a dye for wool, silk, and leather, without its explosive powers being suspected. Some ten years ago, however, a fire occurred at a chemical-works in Manchester, and spread to a shed containing a quantity of this acid. Being melted by the heat, the acid flowed until it came into contact with a quantity of litharge stored in the same building. A terrific explosion followed, and subsequent investigation revealed the fact that under certain conditions picric acid behaved as a powerful explosive. Further experiments have made clear the necessary conditions; and at the present time picric acid bids fair to outlive all other explosives for the purpose of filling shells.

Before proceeding to describe the manner in which this body is caused to liberate its explosive power, it will be advisable to give a brief account of its manufacture and common properties, in order that the sequence may be made clear. Pure phenol, or carbolic acid (the common disinfectant obtained from coal-tar), is placed in a vessel with an equal amount of strong oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), and the temperature raised to the boiling-

point of water. Strong nitric acid (aqua fortis) is then allowed to flow into the mixture, after which the whole is cooled, leaving a solid mass of yellow crystals in the vessel. These crystals are filtered and drained, and afterwards washed with cold water—when the residue is pure picric acid. The crystals so obtained have an intensely bitter taste, and for this reason have been largely employed on the Continent for the adulteration of beer. If handled, picric acid stains the fingers a golden yellow. If heated gently it melts quite tranquilly, and may be poured from one vessel to another. If strongly heated it chars with a slight fizzle; if hammered on an anvil no detonation occurs, as in the case of most other explosives. A cursory examination, such as the foregoing, gives no indication of its latent powers, and it is therefore a matter of little wonder that they should have remained undiscovered for more than a century.

To the uninitiated, such a body would appear to contradict all the ideas formed as to the properties of explosives. They are generally—and in the vast majority of cases rightly—regarded as substances extremely dangerous to handle, and which heat or a blow would cause to explode at once. The apparent discrepancy, however, may be easily reconciled if we consider the analogy furnished by a weight suspended by means of a string. Such a weight represents stored energy, ready to be liberated the moment the string is cut; similarly, an explosive yields its energy immediately its stable condition is broken down. A sensitive explosive, easily called into action, such as nitro-glycerine, resembles a weight suspended by a thin thread, and therefore easily severed; a stable explosive, whose constituents are not readily torn asunder, such as picric acid, resembles a weight held by a strong rope, and therefore more difficult to release. To set into action bodies of the latter type, it is necessary to provide a shock sufficient to break down the existing bonds, and thus set free the stored energy. We may pursue the analogy further: thus, a weak explosive contains little energy, and would be represented by a small weight; a powerful explosive, on the other hand, would be represented by a large and heavy weight. We are thus enabled, by means of this simple analogy, to understand all the difference in behaviour exhibited by these bodies.

The shock necessary to explode picric acid in all its forms is furnished by a class of bodies known as 'detonators.' These are sensitive bodies which explode with great violence; and if placed in contact with a large mass of picric acid, the shock to which their explosion gives rise causes the whole charge to detonate, an extremely small quantity of the detonator sufficing to set into action an indefinitely large quantity of the acid. Thus, by utilising a secondary substance to pro-

vide the shock, this powerful explosive may be made to yield its latent energy. The best detonators for this purpose may be readily made from picric acid itself, by causing it to combine with the oxides of metals. Thus, with lead-oxide (litharge) it forms lead-picrate; with potash, picrate of potash; and so on. All these bodies explode on the slightest blow or application of heat, and are capable of producing the requisite shock to explode the main charge. In this we see the explanation of the Manchester explosion. In itself the acid would have been harmless; but, coming into contact with the litharge, lead-picrate was formed, which exploded and spread the chain of destruction to the whole mass of acid.

We are now in a position to understand the manufacture of lyddite shells, and the reasons for the precautions adopted. Picric acid made by the above process is melted by gently heating, and poured into the interior of the shell to the amount required; and on cooling becomes a solid, compact mass now known as lyddite. The inner lining of the shell is coated with clean tin, a precaution rendered necessary by experience and a knowledge of the properties of picric acid. It has been shown how this body combines with oxides to form picrates, which are able to bring about its detonation; and hence, if ordinary iron shells be used, any rust in the interior (which is oxide of iron) would thus tend to produce premature explosion, and render the shell unsafe to handle. The detonating charge consists of a small quantity of lead-picrate, which is placed in the shell immediately before firing, and which on impact produces a shock which brings the main charge into action.

According to the accounts received from those who participated in the recent Soudan campaign, the destructive power of the lyddite shells was enormous, and far exceeded any results previously attained. In an incredibly short time earth-works were destroyed, leaving breaches through which the shrapnel or man-killing shells could be fired, and the work of destruction thus completed. The experience of the whole campaign leaves no room for doubt that lyddite is by far the most efficient shell-explosive known.

It is a very difficult problem to ascertain the numerical superiority of lyddite over other explosives. It is certainly six times more powerful than nitro-glycerine, which in turn is at least eight times more powerful than the same weight of gunpowder. Further, all experience shows that its effects are spread over a much greater area than in the case of nitro-glycerine or dynamite, which are intensely local in their action. It has been frequently erroneously stated that lyddite or melinite may be used as a substitute for cordite or gunpowder in propelling a projectile; such could not be the case, however, as the explosion takes place so rapidly that the chamber of the gun would be inevitably shattered. Probably one of the greatest advantages of lyddite is its absolute safety to handle, which we can realise when we recall its use in the arts for over a century without its powers being even suspected. In this respect, combined with its superlative destructive capacities, lyddite approaches an ideal explosive for shells; and it is safe to predict that it will play an extremely important part in the great military operations of the future.

DR BARLOW'S SECRET.

CHAPTER IV.



THE climax of this somewhat curious series of events took place in the library, where Mr Hawthorne, Nellie, Dick, and Tompkins had been sitting for some time, awaiting the arrival of the culprit. There had already been a very animated discussion; for Nellie, with the charming inconsistency of her sex, had definitely taken up the cudgels on behalf of the erring Barlow, and insisted, in spite of the most convincing proofs to the contrary, that he would be able to clear himself of the charges brought against him. She was quite incapable of suggesting in what way he would accomplish this apparently impossible task, but she asserted again and again that he would do so to the ultimate confusion of those who had so cruelly misjudged him. She stood entirely alone in her conviction of his innocence, and had consequently been reduced to tears by the scepticism of the others,

who were troubled with no doubt as to his guilt.

Nellie's illogical attitude exasperated her father. He would not admit the possibility of Barlow explaining away proofs that would convict him in the eyes of any impartial jury. Indeed, the newly-appointed magistrate would have been considerably disconcerted if he had been suddenly assured of Barlow's innocence; for, even as it was, he was haunted by doubts as to the strict legality of his somewhat high-handed proceedings. He realised that he might be placed in a very awkward position if by some extraordinary combination of circumstances Barlow could ensure a verdict of not guilty. He felt sure that he would not be able to escape the ridicule of the local press and the smiles of his brother magistrates, even if Barlow, for Nellie's sake, agreed to look over what had passed. These reflections no doubt added to the vigour of his onslaught upon

Nellie's feeble efforts to exculpate her betrothed. Nothing would please those newspaper fellows better, he reflected, than to poke fun at what they called, in their horrible jargon, 'the great unpaid.'

Dick and Tompkins simply smiled pityingly at Nellie's arguments. That any intelligent jury would convict Barlow of various crimes and misdemeanours seemed, in their opinion, a foregone conclusion. That Mr Hawthorne, in having the culprit dragged ignominiously before him to be subjected to a private cross-examination, might be acting irregularly never entered their minds. Barlow, in their eyes, was a convicted swindler, and Mr Hawthorne was the omnipotent exponent of the laws which he had outraged. They devoted their energies to the discussion of more practical questions. Most of their time was spent in comparing Barlow's case with others of a similar nature, in order that they might determine exactly how long he was likely to be lodged and boarded at Her Majesty's expense, and whether he would have to mend roads, work on the treadmill, or pick oakum. Tompkins, smarting under the loss of his gold watch, was disposed to think that seven years' hard labour would be a very moderate punishment for so grave an offence; but Dick, not having suffered in person or pocket, was inclined to take a more merciful view of the case, and suggested that five years' penal servitude would amply meet the requirements of the case. Mr Hawthorne, when appealed to, pooh-poohed these suggestions as the vague surmises of the inexperienced amateur, but had himself the most nebulous ideas as to what would actually happen to Barlow when he was duly tried and convicted.

This interesting discussion was brought to a premature close by the sound of wheels on the drive, and a few moments later the door was thrown open, and Jones, the constable, ushered in. 'Well?' asked Hawthorne impatiently.

'We've got him, sir,' exclaimed Jones, his face glowing with triumph; 'but it was a close shave. The train was just startin', and we had to bundle him out head first. A precious hard fight we had of it, too. I shall charge him with assaultin' the police in the execution of their duty. Shall I bring him in, sir?'

'Certainly,' said Hawthorne. 'I should just like to hear what the scoundrel has the assurance to say for himself.'

As the constable disappeared Mr Hawthorne rose, leaned his back against the mantelpiece, parted his coat-tails, and assumed his most magisterial air.

'If he supposes for a moment,' said he, 'that by fawning and whining he'll wheedle me into letting him off he'll make a mistake, I assure you—he'll make a very great mistake indeed.'

'That's right, dad,' said Dick. 'You give it him hot and strong. He deserves it. I'd like to have a go at him myself!'

'If he's made away with my watch he needn't expect any mercy from me,' said Tompkins.

'Oh papa!' said Nellie in a quivering voice, 'don't be too—too hard on him. Perhaps, after all, he'll be able to explain everything.'

'Explain everything!' exclaimed her father.

'Pooh, pooh! Ridiculous!'

'Impossible!' cried Dick.

'Absurd!' echoed Tompkins.

'It's nothing whatever of the sort,' cried Nellie.

'I don't believe he's done anything wrong at all, and it's very er—er—cruel of you to talk like that until he's had a chance to prove his innocence. It's very cruel and wicked, and'

'Hold your tongue this minute,' cried her father. 'I won't allow you to speak like that to me. If I hear another word from you I'll pack you off to your room instantly. Indeed, I think you'd better'

He was interrupted by the opening of the door and the appearance of Barlow and the constable. It was difficult to recognise the spruce and rather dressy young doctor in the dishevelled being who stood before them. His silk hat was dinged and battered, his tie and collar awry, his coat torn, his whole person bearing the marks of a prolonged and vigorous struggle. For a moment he stood speechless with indignation. Hawthorne, believing that he was overcome with shame, cleared his throat with the intention of delivering a highly moral exhortation. But the constable interposed.

'It's my duty to warn you,' he said, addressing Barlow, 'that anything you say may be used against you as evidence.'

Barlow fairly stamped with anger.

'Will you hold your tongue, you hopeless idiot?' he exclaimed savagely. 'And you, Mr Hawthorne, will you be good enough to explain the meaning of this outrageous performance? I can only come to the conclusion that you have temporarily taken leave of your senses.'

This unforeseen attack from one he expected to pose as a cringing, shamefaced culprit, pleading abjectly for mercy, threw the worthy magistrate completely on his beam-ends. The moral platitudes he was about to utter died away on his lips, and he stood speechless and bewildered.

'Here, don't you try that game on,' interposed Dick; 'don't you bully the governor. I'll not stand it.'

As Hawthorne seemed for the moment inarticulate, Barlow turned promptly on Dick.

'You're a self-sufficient young ass, Dick,' he remarked, 'but you've got some glimmerings of intelligence. What's the meaning of all this?'

Dick was never slow to grasp at any chance of coming to the front.

'I'll soon let you know the meaning of it,' he rejoined promptly. 'You see, we happen to have discovered that on the 21st of June 1893 you married a woman of the name of Pettigrew at Highchurch.'

'Yes, sir. How do you explain that, sir?' blurted out Hawthorne. 'You, a married man, undertake to marry my daughter.'

Dick caught up the letter which lay on the table, and flourished it in Barlow's face.

'You get a letter from your wife in New York'—he exclaimed.

'And you bolt,' blustered his father once more, purple with indignation—'you bolt with my cheque for a hundred pounds.'

'And my gold watch and chain,' chimed in Tompkyns.

Barlow glanced from one to the other with an air of stupefaction, as if he could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses.

'Well, upon my word and honour,' he exclaimed at length, 'if any of you gentlemen ever want a certificate to prove you suitable inmates for a lunatic asylum, I hope you'll save yourselves any further trouble by applying direct to me. There's your watch, Tompkyns.' He took it out of his waistcoat-pocket and laid it upon the table. 'If it were a pinchbeck Geneva it could hardly keep worse time. I took it out of your blazer for fear the servants should meddle with it, intending, of course, to return it when I saw you. If you were in your right mind I should expect you to take that for granted.'

He extracted a cheque from his pocket-book and laid it beside the watch.

'There, Mr Hawthorne, is your cheque for £100 still uncashed. I think that, before making up your mind that I was a swindler, you might at least have inquired at the bank whether I had cashed it. As to the letter, I shall inquire later on by what code of honour you consider yourselves justified in prying into my private correspondence; and, if I see fit to do so, I shall at the proper time and place give a full and satisfactory explanation. I may say, however, that I did go through a form of marriage with Mrs Pettigrew at Highchurch on the date named.'

'Oh, you did—did you?' blustered Hawthorne, recovering from his embarrassment at the sight of the uncashed cheque.

'That settles it,' said Dick.

'Oh Tom, Tom!' exclaimed poor Nellie.

Barlow held up his hand.

'Stop a minute,' he said; 'I can explain the whole thing to the satisfaction of any impartial man or woman.'

'Stuff and nonsense,' snorted Hawthorne.

'Well, you must think us jolly green,' said Dick.

'Just you wait a minute. She had every reason to believe herself a widow. Her husband, engaged on a scientific exploration on the west coast of Africa, was *officially* reported to be dead. After an absence of three years he turned up at the church door on the day of the wedding as we came out after the ceremony, and he and Mrs Pettigrew drove away in the carriage which I

had provided, and for which, I may mention incidentally, I had to pay. I will give you the address of the clergyman who performed the ceremony, and he will corroborate every word I have uttered. And now I am prepared to admit, Mr Hawthorne, that I should most certainly have told you about this. I see now that it was clearly my duty to do so; but the fact is, I was so chaffed and ridiculed at the time that I had grown morbidly sensitive about the business, and couldn't bring myself to speak of it. Indeed, it was in consequence of this affair that I left Highchurch and came here. I need hardly add that I am, of course, as much a bachelor as if Mrs Pettigrew and I had never set eyes on each other.'

'There, papa,' cried Nellie triumphantly, 'didn't I tell you he would explain everything?'

Mr Hawthorne flushed and began to look excessively uncomfortable. Dick wriggled uneasily in his chair, and even Tompkyns appeared embarrassed.

'But, my dear fellow, if all this is true,' stammered Hawthorne—'and if it is I owe you a most sincere apology—if all this is true, why in the name of common-sense did you run away?'

Something like a gleam of hope appeared in the eyes of Dick and Tompkyns. Barlow's sudden disappearance was certainly a suspicious circumstance, and perhaps, after all, his glib explanation of what had taken place was a false one.

'Run away!' exclaimed Barlow, with an air of mingled amazement and indignation. 'I did nothing whatever of the sort. A wealthy patient of mine, an old maiden lady, a morbidly nervous hypochondriac, is sailing to New York by the *Lucania*, and, having a horror of sea-sickness, telegraphed to me to accompany her. I was going to Liverpool, intending to sail with her as far as Queenstown, or even accompany her to New York if absolutely necessary. Just as the train was starting I was pounced on by a couple of idiotic policemen, and dragged forcibly out of the compartment. Of course she'll be annoyed at my absence, and I'll probably never pocket another fee from her again.'

Mr Hawthorne wiped the perspiration from his brow with a voluminous coloured handkerchief, conscious that he had placed himself in a very awkward situation, and wondering how he was to wriggle out of it. His eye fell on Dick, and he experienced an immediate sense of relief.

'Well, Dick,' he said severely, 'you see what a mess your groundless suspicions have got us into.'

Barlow promptly wheeled round on Dick, who looked very red and foolish.

'So Dick was at the bottom of it, was he?' said he. 'I'm not surprised to hear that. He's always putting his foot in it.'

Tompkins clutched eagerly at the chance of whitewashing himself at Dick's expense.

'I must confess,' said he, 'that Dick was the first to arouse my suspicions. Otherwise I should naturally have supposed that you had simply taken my blazer by mistake. You ought to be more careful about throwing suspicions upon innocent people, Dick.'

'I shall certainly never allow Dick to interfere with my affairs again,' said Nellie emphatically.

'I shall trust to my own judgment of a man in future,' said Hawthorne. 'I was just telling Dick that he ought to take a leaf out of your book, Barlow, and I hope he'll follow my advice.'

All eyes were fixed reproachfully on Dick, who visibly squirmed.

'Well,' he muttered to himself, 'if ever I try to help any one out of a hole again may I be jiggered.'

'Oh, well,' said Barlow, 'let's say no more about it. It can't be helped now, and I must confess that things looked a little queer. There's another train in half-an-hour, and perhaps I shall be in time after all. I can't go out in these things, but I dare say Dick can lend me some toggery.'

'Certainly,' said Dick effusively; 'I shall be delighted.'

'I'll lend you my watch and chain with pleasure,' said Tompkins, 'if you've forgotten your own.'

'Oh, we'll fix you up, my dear fellow, never fear,' said Hawthorne, with unctuous affability; 'and I do hope you'll oblige me by putting that cheque back in your pocket-book.'

'You'll have some refreshment before you go, won't you, Tom?' asked Nellie. 'I'll tell the servants to get it ready.'

'Jones,' said Hawthorne to the constable, waving his hand in the direction of the door, 'you can go.'

'Oh, very well,' said Jones gloomily; 'but what about these 'ere charges of assaultin' the police in the hexecution of their duty?'

Barlow, who was a thoroughly good-natured fellow, and was beginning to see the humorous side of the situation, laughed jovially.

'Oh, well,' he said, 'I believe I gave you a pretty tough job of it before you got me out of the train. Here's a sovereign for you, and let us hear no more about it.'

'And here's another for your mate below,' said Hawthorne; 'but not a word of all this, remember, especially to the newspaper men.'

The constable grinned and saluted.

'Thank you, sir. I'll remember, sir.'

'Now, Tompkins,' said Dick, 'where's your contribution?'

'Eh?' said Tompkins. 'Well, I don't approve of tipping on principle; but I suppose, under the circumstances, I must make an exception.'

He produced a purse, and deliberately extracted a shilling, which he handed to Jones.

'There you are,' said he, 'but don't expect anything from me in future.'

Jones gazed contemptuously at the coin lying in the centre of his huge palm, and then put it slowly into his pocket.

'A bob,' he muttered as he moved ponderously to the door. 'Well, I'm blowed! A bob for assaultin' the police.'

A few minutes later, when Barlow and Nellie had slipped into the conservatory for a little private conversation, Nellie regarded him with a half-smiling, half-reproachful glance.

'Oh Tom, Tom!' she said, 'you told me you had never loved any one but me.'

'And I told you the truth, Nellie,' answered Barlow eagerly. 'My liking for Mrs Pettigrew was only a passing fancy.'

'Well,' said Nellie, 'I'm never going to doubt you, or be the least bit curious again; but, now that everything's come out, you won't mind showing me her photograph, will you?'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE STORAGE OF EGGS.



AN interesting experiment in egg storage was recently brought to a successful conclusion in the warehouse of Messrs Christianson of Bernard Street, Leith. In June a batch of 50,000 Scottish, Irish, and Danish eggs were sealed up in patent storage apparatus, and were opened and examined four months afterwards, only a small proportion of the eggs being found unfit for use. The secret of the method is to keep the eggs cool, to allow free access of air around each egg—to keep them upright in position, and to turn them periodically so that the yolk of the egg is constantly embedded in the albumen. These desiderata are

brought about by placing the eggs in frames, which by the action of a lever can be inclined in different directions as needed; in this way 23,000 eggs can be turned over in half-a-minute, without risk of breakage. Testimonials are at hand from reliable sources, showing that eggs so treated will remain perfectly fresh and good for at least five or six months.

SHIPS' BOATS.

In nearly every case of shipwreck—and unhappily we have had many of them of late years—it is common to read of the difficulty with which the boats are lowered; and it is no exaggeration to assert that if these boats were in readiness for instant use, and could be lowered into the water easily, hundreds of lives

would be saved. Any one who has made a coasting trip or crossed the Channel on an ordinary steam-vessel must have noted how the boats are disposed, carefully covered with tarpaulin, kept inboard, and with the appearance of not having been touched for months. It is easy to imagine how the only means of escape from a sinking vessel is vitiated by this state of unpreparedness. To quote two instances; there is first the wreck of the *Drummond Castle*, the inquiry into which elicited the information that 'the boats were not kept fit and ready for use, but swung inboard and resting on chocks;' and, second, there is the more recent case of the *Mohegan*, in which the same lamentable state of affairs seems to have obtained. We hold that on every ship there should not only be a boat-drill at least once a week, but that the boats should be kept supplied with tinned provisions and fresh water. With such precautions the terrors of shipwreck would be greatly diminished.

OCEAN TELEGRAPHY.

It is the proud boast of this country that it has laid and controls the major part of the electric cables which girdle the earth; and the masterful position thus created must be of incalculable importance in the event of war. It is, however, the fact that the cables are not so much used as a means of intercourse between friends and relations as they might be. Out of every hundred and ten messages passing between this country and Australia, one only is not devoted to purely business matters; and in the case of India the family message occurs only once in three hundred telegrams. The price of transmission—in some cases half-a-guinea a word—is the real bar to a more social use of the ocean cables. Mr Henniker Heaton, M.P., who has brought his imperial penny postage scheme to such a successful issue, has recently announced that his next great effort will be to establish perfect electrical communication between every part of the empire at a reasonable price. He looks forward to the time when any one in Britain will be able to wire to the antipodes almost as cheaply as one can between England and Scotland, and mentions a penny a word as a fair price to aim at. Whether at such a tariff it will be possible to pay a fair interest on the vast amount of capital invested in submarine cables, and whether it would pay to embark in fresh enterprises of the kind to meet the increase of work which might be expected, are questions which would have to be considered before such a radical change could be brought about.

ZULULAND.

According to the report of Mr J. J. Garrard, Acting Commissioner of Mines, the country of the Zulus, owing to its mineral riches, offers most favourable opportunities for the investment of capital. It has never been prospected, except in a

few isolated places, and even then in a very indifferent manner. Everything seems in favour of mining enterprise, for the geological indications promise valuable minerals, the climate is good, cheap labour is abundant, and there is easy access to a port. All these facts point to cheap supplies and mining at a minimum cost. 'What is wanted now,' says Mr Garrard, 'is the capital with which to make a fresh start in the right direction, the men capable of using that capital to the best advantage, and, lastly, the co-operation of the Government to encourage and foster what should prove to be the most important industry of this country for many years to come.'

MAGNETIC ROCKS.

Most persons will acknowledge that they retain in their memories the details of a fairy story learnt in childhood, while far more important things which occurred only a short time ago are forgotten. Hence when we read of that terrible shipwreck off the Manacle Rocks, Cornwall, which was brought about by the vessel being miles out of its right course, and see that the magnetism of the rocks is given as a possible initial cause of the disaster, the mind instantly reverts to the history of Sindbad the Sailor, where an incident of the same sort is vividly described. It is not by any means the first time that the influence of magnetic rocks has been gravely discussed; and about twenty-five years ago, when this question assumed an aggressive form, the matter was put to the test and finally set at rest under Government auspices. The then Astronomer-Royal at the Cape was provided with a small steamer and various instruments, and endeavoured, in coasting round different headlands, to detect their attractive power. This he failed to do, and the theory as to the attractive nature of rocks, so far as their alleged influence on ships is concerned, was proved to be a myth.

VENTILATION OF TUNNELS.

It seems certain that the passenger traffic of our large cities will in the near future be chiefly carried on by means of electric railways in underground tunnels, and many such works are now in progress. The experience gained in the use of steam locomotives for such service has shown that the problem of efficient ventilation—which resolves itself into a means of getting rid of the products of coal combustion—is one that seems incapable of solution. But the question has lately arisen whether, in case of accidental and protracted delay of a train in an electrically-worked tunnel-railway, the passengers would not be exposed to risk of suffocation. The fear seems altogether groundless, for the reason that these railways as now commonly constructed are constantly and most efficiently cleared of foul air. The carriages are shaped to the contour of the tunnel, with only a few inches to spare between their sides

and the wall, and they therefore sweep before them a huge mass of air, and suck after them as much more. In addition to this clearance there are enormous passenger-lifts at each station, which act as air-pumps. According to Sir Benjamin Baker, the designer of the latest of the Metropolitan electric railways, which is six miles in length, each passenger, even without the action of the lifts, will have at his disposal twenty times the quantity of air which would be provided, or be necessary, in a well-ordered hospital.

A MACHINE ROAD-MENDER.

In spite of the constant advance in mechanical contrivances there are certain occupations which must still depend upon handiwork. Such we assumed to be the business of picking up with the pickaxe the stones of a macadamised road before fresh metal could be laid and rolled upon it. But a machine called Rntty's Patent Macadam Road Scarifier may now be seen at work in London, and possibly elsewhere, tearing up the street roadway in the most satisfactory manner. It is of the nature of a plough, the ploughshare being represented by thick spikes of chilled iron, which, set at an angle, tear up the roadway as the machine is dragged behind a steam roller.

ELECTRICAL WONDERS.

Ignorance has of late years credited science with powers which are comparable only with those attributed to the geni of Arabian fairy tales. Whenever war shows its hideous face we are sure to hear of some daring chemist who professes to have invented a compound which will blow an invading host to pieces. Now it is the turn of the electrician, and we are gravely told that M. Tesla has discovered a means of annihilating an entire fleet. He has merely to switch on certain currents from a point far beyond the range of modern guns, and the ships and all that they contain will perish. A moment's consideration will show how idle such rumours are. Powerful as are the machines for the production of electricity, there is none known that will exhibit at one discharge a fraction of the energy let loose by a single flash of lightning. But even supposing that M. Tesla has discovered a rival to Jove's thunderbolts, are we to believe that the artificial is so much more potent in its effects than the natural article that it cannot be controlled by lightning-conductors?

CULTIVATED BLACKBERRIES.

Observant persons have noted that during the past year or two the wild bramble, or blackberry, has found a place in the fruiterers' shops and finds a ready sale. But it is not generally known that for years this common wayside berry has been successfully cultivated in various parts of England and Scotland. As the culture might with advantage be greatly extended and the matter

is of interest to fruit-growers and to the public generally, we give a few particulars as to the method pursued with great success by Mr Cadell at Larbert in Stirlingshire. Each bush is planted three feet from its fellows, and trained on wires which are fixed on posts six feet in height. Mr Cadell has two rows of bushes, each twenty yards in length, and running north and south, so that the sun can act equally on both sides of the rows. At first little manure is needed; but by the third year the plants will have reached maturity and can be treated more liberally. From the two rows of bushes described there was gathered in 1897 ninety-nine pounds of luscious berries, and as the weather last year was more favourable, the crop may no doubt have been greatly increased. The bramble has the merit of being a very hardy plant, and one which is free from the attack of insects and birds; moreover, its fruit remains in prime condition for a period of about two months—that is, during the whole of September and October. When the plant finds a congenial soil the berries are of large size and are not much inferior to the mulberry. Under cultivation and proper attention the tendency is, of course, in the direction of finer growth and improved flavour. Several of the many British sub-species of bramble repay culture. In America blackberries are extensively grown for their fruit; and of late years American kinds have with advantage been introduced into English gardens.

A VERY SANITARY HOUSE.

Japan has long rejoiced in earthquake-proof houses, and now we hear of an abode in Yokohama which possesses the unique distinction of being microbe-proof. It is said to have been erected by an eminent German bacteriologist, who hopes by its aid to avoid all the ills to which human flesh is heir so far as they are due to zymotic causes. The house is built of glass bricks, so that there is no need for windows, and the doors when closed are perfectly air-tight. Ventilation is brought about by air being forced into the building through cotton-wool filters, and in case this treatment does not rob it of all its bacteria, the air is further driven against glycerine-coated plates of glass. Of course when the door of this strange domicile is opened to admit visitors armies of air-borne microbes must come in too; but the sunlight which plays around the rooms will soon kill off these. We doubt whether this glass-case and cotton-wool treatment of human beings will bring any substantial advantage to the experimenters, and we should decidedly prefer a healthy, open-air life, microbes and all.

STEERING A BALLOON.

Many have been the attempts, by means of propellers and other contrivances, to render a balloon dirigible; and although on a very calm day the unwieldy thing has perhaps been coaxed

a point or two out of its course, little has been done to conquer its tendency to sail with the wind and in no other direction whatever. In his attempt to reach the North Pole by means of a balloon, Andrée had conceived the idea of trailing behind the car a heavy rope, the object of which was to retard progress, and thus have at disposal a surplus amount of wind which could be made to act upon a sail placed aslant, so as to alter the balloon's course towards the right or left at will. In order to test this theory, Mr P. Spencer, a well-known aéronaut, recently made a balloon journey over the flats of Essex, carrying with him a rope 500 feet in length, with a weight of 100 lb., together with a square sail of light material. It was found that the new equipment did what was expected of it, and that it was quite possible to avoid obstacles in the way of the trailing rope by manipulating the guy ropes attached to the sail. The trailing rope was also found to act as a splendid brake when the final descent was made, the car eventually touching the ground without the usual bump. The balloon was that which has been making captive ascents from the Earls Court Exhibition (London) for some months past.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

The art of adulteration has become, during these latter years, a scientific industry; and while the small retailer is fined for borrowing milk from 'the cow with the iron tail,' the cleverer, because better educated, purveyor of sophisticated wares too often gets off scot-free. A case in point has recently been brought under the notice of the Royal Agricultural Society, which shows to what impudent lengths an adulterator will go, and how difficult it is to bring him to book. Farmers are in the habit of steeping their seed wheat in a solution of sulphate of copper, otherwise known as blue vitriol, or bluestone, the cost of which is about twenty shillings per cwt. A compound called 'Finely ground vitriol, specially prepared as a dressing for wheat,' has been placed on the market at the price of twenty-eight shillings per cwt. On examination this was found to consist of sulphate of iron coloured with Prussian blue. Now, sulphate of iron is worth only four shillings per cwt.; but as it is commonly known as green vitriol, it cannot be said that the fancy compound of this salt and Prussian blue is sold under a wrong trade description. Luckily farmers have a simple and conclusive test ready to hand, for a solution of the genuine bluestone will quickly cover a knife-blade held in it with a coating of metallic copper.

LIFE IN THE DEEP SEA.

An expedition left London a short time ago, the object of which was to investigate a most important problem regarding the distribution of life in the sea. It used to be believed that the ocean depths were tenantless, and that all life

was confined to the shallow surface belt; but this idea had to be abandoned even before the *Challenger* went on her memorable voyage of scientific research. Next the idea was mooted that the oceanic fauna was confined to the surface and bottom belts, separated by an intermediate zone of barrenness. During the *Challenger* expedition it was found that if the depth at which the surface nets were towed was increased, new animals were enclosed in their meshes, an observation which pointed to the probability of life at all depths. The investigations now in progress are designed to settle this important point. The *Oceana*, fitted with deep-sea gear and every modern appliance, is at work off the west coast of Ireland. It was intended that extended observations should be made with a chain of tow nets, the length of which would be gradually increased until a depth of 2000 fathoms was reached. Experiments were also devised with nets of a self-opening and closing nature, so that samples of life at different depths could thus be secured. It was also intended to conduct experiments with a deep-sea trawl. The expedition was fitted out at the expense of the Royal Geographical Society and the Drapers' and Fishmongers' Companies.

CENTENARY EXHIBITION OF LITHOGRAPHS.

The beautiful art of drawing on and printing from stone was invented one hundred years ago by Senefelder. We are glad to note that the Committee of Council on Education have, on the initiative of the Society of Arts, determined to hold an exhibition at South Kensington Museum in honour of this event during the present winter. Lithography has been of immense service to mankind, and for certain work it still holds a premier position. In many respects the results it affords are far better artistically than those possible by the quicker, and therefore more convenient, processes which have partly superseded it. The exhibition cannot fail to excite widespread interest.

FORGOTTEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

In a previous number Mrs Molesworth sets down in pleasant and chatty fashion what she remembers of the children's books which charmed and instructed her own girlhood; and in the November part of this *Journal*, in the article, 'Writers for the Young,' the most popular names amongst the present-day authors were discussed. In his *Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books* (Leadenhall Press), Mr Andrew W. Tuer takes us much farther back, to the days of our great-grandmothers. These specimens are gleaned apparently from a period between 1788 and 1830, and comprise, besides Charles and Mary Lamb's anonymous *Poetry for Children* (which should have been so mentioned in the Preface), such veracious narratives as *A Present for a Little Boy*, *Trifles for*

Children, &c.; while we have Mr Anstey anticipated in the fish which holds the butt-end of the rod while the fisherman is dangling at the end of the hook, and the horse seated in a gig driving the groom. The paper and printing of Mr Tuer's volume must be much more sumptuous than his very numerous specimens, and his illustrations also have been improved in the reproduction and printing. The volume is interesting and instructive, as showing how much better off are the children of to-day in the matter of books for the young than their ancestors at the beginning of the century.

BREATHING AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

The experience of the doctor in charge of the men laying the now completed electric railway to the summit of the Gorner Grat in Switzerland (height, 10,289 feet above the sea) is that dwellers in the plains can never accustom themselves to physical exertion at great altitudes. According to a recent article in the *Revue Scientifique*, the workers, many of whom were from the low-lying province of Bologna, worked perfectly well in 1896, when the elevation was below 2400 feet; but in 1897, when they were getting above that height, the workmen began to complain of lassitude, bad headaches, loss of appetite, and other symptoms, which at first led the doctor to think an epidemic of influenza had broken out. None of the affected men could do anything like their usual amount of work; and though a short stay at Zermatt, in the valley below, banished the unpleasant symptoms, they returned as severely as before when the men resumed work on the mountain. The outcome of the observations was that the average man may be counted on to work up to a height of about 2900 feet; above 3300 his health and working power is seriously affected. In the end all the workmen from the plains had to be dismissed, and only mountain-born men engaged.

Experiments in breathing at high altitudes were discussed in this *Journal* in the number for the 6th of February 1897; and some references to mountain sickness occur in the article on the ascent of Aconcagua in the number for the 23d of last July.

THE IRISH GRANITE INDUSTRY.

There is far less known about the coloured or stained granites, with which the quarries of Galway literally teem, than there is about her marbles; but a granite industry is beginning to develop, with every prospect of a splendid future.

Mr Miller, of the Galway Marble Works, observing the beauty and abundance of these granites, got over workmen from Aberdeen some years ago to teach the local hands how to treat the stone, and these soon became adepts in the craft, and able to teach the new-comers. The quickness with which the Galway men master the details of the process is remarkable, and they are found to possess taste and no small amount of originality and capacity in designing. Four quarries lie close

to the town of Galway—those of Barna, Shantalla, Rahoon, and Ballagh. From Rahoon comes granite with stains of reddish tint and green cinctures, that of Shantalla is of a delicate mottled pink and green, and there are endless and beautiful varieties, all taking a very high polish which stands the effects of weather better than any marble, native or foreign, 'making this,' writes Mr M'Henry, one of the best geologists in Ireland, 'a peculiarly valuable stone, possessing two essentials, durability and beauty.' He also remarks on the close proximity of the vast and never-failing water-power of Lough Corrib, with all the facilities and advantages thus afforded for the works.

Hitherto no proper quarry has been opened, the stones being just removed when wanted from holes dug in the ground. Yet there is a good record of work done, and many beautiful and artistic products of it through the country. What will it be presently, when—according to a leading Scotch contractor, who, at the request of Colonel Courtenay, owner of the Shantalla quarry, has gone thoroughly into the matter—the works will be giving employment to at least 1000 men?

This is no idle speculation. Finding that Messrs Tapp & Jones, the great mineral surveyors, of Westminster, have more than confirmed previous reports, Colonel Courtenay has placed the whole business in their hands, and they are preparing plans for a regular quarry with a 'good face.' So the day may not be far distant when the clang of a great industry shall resound in one of the poorest districts in Ireland, and the City of the Tribes by the wild Atlantic, no longer desolate and forsaken, aloof from the stir and hum of the world's great business centres, shall take her place among them, self-helping and self-respecting.

DEATH AND SONG.

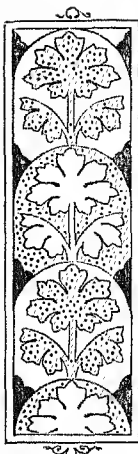
Oh, sing to me of my beloved dead,
That I may meet their lips in fantasy,
And clasp their hands, and hear them speak to me
In sweet, familiar greeting: they have fled
O'er viewless seas, and now may press and tread
In spirit form about my path and see
The fashion of my life, whate'er it be,
And kiss me when asleep upon my bed.

Thus let me feel their presence in sweet song
That shall close-knit me to their golden spheres,
And make my life more noble, and more strong
To wrestle with the short or lengthened years
That hold me from their bosoms, and prolong
My flowering joys and little budding cares.

CHARLES LUSTED.

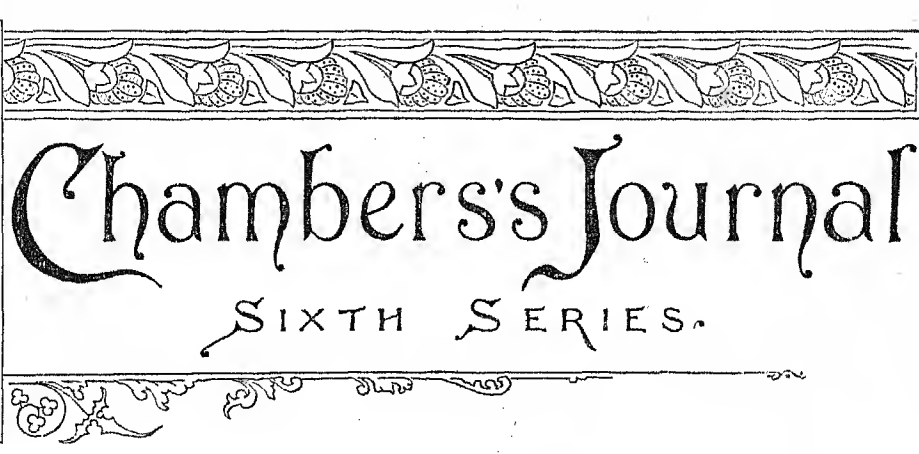
* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



MR BRAITHWAITE'S PERPLEXITY.

By MRS HAMILTON SYNGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MR BRAITHWAITE sat in his study composing his sermon. Surrounded by commentaries and Fathers of the Church, he was conscientiously striving to produce five-and-twenty minutes of instructive and original matter without undue reference to these mental props.

The life of a country clergyman is not, as a rule, exciting. It may often be somewhat monotonous. But it has its alleviations. For the last day of the week it grants an immunity from domestic or other disturbances which is quite unparalleled in other professions. 'The Rector is writing his sermon, and cannot be disturbed,' is generally lived up to by each member of a clergyman's household.

In the present case this period of repose was appreciated to the full. Mr Braithwaite rarely quitted the seclusion of his study from morning until dinner, except for some particular, urgent matter.

He sat most of the day dreaming in his chair—a way he had fallen into of late years. It made a change from the six days of bustling activity within the house, and the constant succession of sick persons, naughty choir-boys, and requisitioning parishioners without. Sometimes he took down his favourite books, and, surrounding himself with them, read from one and another in a desultory manner. But more often he would stroll up and down the room, pausing every now and then to gaze fondly at the coral-pink begonias, the pyrethrums, and the Madonna lilies which adorned the beds in front of his windows.

The Rector loved his flowers. His tenderness for them was one of the few natural and spontaneous elements remaining in the incrustation of long-enforced habit with which his real self was enclosed. The enchantment of their growth, their

smell, their colours, was the one form of sensuous enjoyment left to him. He was always happy amongst them, and while in their company he forgot his years, his careful asceticism of conduct, his self-contained reserve, and became as light-hearted as a child.

For five-and-thirty years the Rector had done his duty in the position of life in which he had been placed. He was orthodox, he was upright. His domestic life, though tempered by considerable trial, was without reproach.

The Rector had faced the inevitable.

When he discovered he had married a narrow-minded and tyrannical woman with only one point in view—her own—he had seen what his course must be. It was a case of fighting—wearily and incessant fighting, or surrender; and he had chosen the latter course. He was not very young and he was not very strong; he loved peace and quiet and goodwill, and hated wranglings and disputes. And so he procured immunity from these vexations by the withdrawal of himself from all subjects of disagreement. As far as was possible, he waived every doubtful question. It was not exactly the craven attitude of giving in, but it was avoiding all possibility of having to do so.

Not for one moment, however, was the Rector self-deceived. He knew he was a coward. He knew he had chosen the unworthy part. But he did not flinch when he surveyed himself from the outside. If he had bought his peace and paid a heavy price, that was his affair.

That the price was heavy he was fully aware. But it was not for himself that it weighed upon him, that each year that passed made him feel uncomfortable misgivings and regrets. It was as a father that the Rector's conscience rose up against him and disturbed his serenity of soul.

He was fond of his two daughters. He always treated them with kindness and politeness, and tried to gratify those of their requests which

managed to reach him unextinguished by the way. His second marriage had been more or less on their account—to supply an understanding supervision to all those matters in the elevation of the young, with which only a woman can deal.

The supervision had not been by any means after his mind; but he had never interfered. He had ignored. He had let things alone.

But that he had done so weighed upon him continually of late years; and though he said to himself that any other course was impossible, yet he was chafingly conscious that he was not released from the obligation of endeavour.

Kitty at present was only a child; but Maggie was nearly grown up, and her presence was becoming more and more a disturbing element in that condition of unruffled calm with which he strove to surround himself.

He knew so little about her. He had never tried to understand children's ways. He felt it might land him in difficulties, and so had stood on one side. But now that she had passed from childhood, her presence weighed upon him with a sense of obligation unfulfilled. He felt uncomfortable before her criticising, questioning brown eyes. Out of his set and measured existence, where each duty was mechanically performed, and where all disturbing questions were held ruthlessly at bay, what had he to offer her?

Thoughts such as these fluttered through his mind this Saturday afternoon. He could hardly give his attention to his sermon.

'Oh, hypocrite of hypocrites!' he seemed to read between the lines, 'what right have you to preach of duties rightly performed—you who neglect your own?'

Several times he put away his work. It seemed as if it almost refused to come into shape. He tried to enjoin himself into serenity by sketching in his mind a system of reform, a fresh line of conduct, different modes of paternal solicitude, of the bestowal of advice. How often he had done it before! How often failed! He got up at last and went to the window. The rain-clouds of the morning had all passed away, and the sun flooded everything in a delicious glow. The flowers with their sweetness and colour, the songs of the birds, the hum of the pollen-laden bees, seemed soothing voices to his spirit. He longed to break through his rule and slip out amongst them. He only feared being seen. Mrs. Braithwaite appeared to be composed of ears and eyes. She would find him out and ask him what the 'subject' was, and whether he had finished, and if the library windows might be cleaned.

Then, suddenly, as he stood irresolute, there came a knock at the door.

'Father, may I come in?' a young voice was heard to say, and, without waiting for an answer, his daughter Maggie came up to him and stood by his side.

'I'm busy,' died away upon Mr Braithwaite's

lips. He gathered up a pile of papers which lay beneath his hand, and placed upon them a letter-weight. Then he sat down in his chair.

'What is it, my dear?' he said in a slightly constrained manner. 'If it is not important I should prefer'—

'It is very important,' interrupted his daughter. 'Mayn't I speak to you now?'

'Certainly, dear,' said the Rector cheerfully. He had suddenly remembered—here was an opportunity! He tried to marshal in his mind the many things he had just been thinking out. He knitted his brows.

'I want to ask you something, father. You see, I have no real mother to ask; you are the proper person, are you not?'

'Yes, I believe so,' said the Rector somewhat timidly. 'Is it your allowance? Perhaps I can'—

'No, thank you, father, it's not that at all. It's advice. I want to know something. I have been reading a book where a girl always goes to her father for advice, and so everything ends well. I'm going to begin—to come and ask you things. The "step" is no good at all.'

'Yes,' said her father tentatively. He felt surprised. He felt that his knowledge of human nature was singularly small. Maggie had not been in the habit of coming to him for advice; and just through the chance suggestion of some ill-written novel, no doubt, she was entering upon a new course of action as easily as if she had done it all her days.

'I've been thinking it over,' continued the girl confidently. 'Though you don't talk to us much, and always leave the "step" to decide everything, I really believe you—you take our part sometimes. I can see it in your eyes.'

The Rector stared at her, amazed. This young unformed thing had reached the heart of the situation, had laid bare, in her simple matter-of-fact manner, the burden of his soul.

'Kitty is rather afraid of you,' went on Maggie after a moment's pause. 'She says you are not at all the sort of father she would choose. But, then, you could not understand a tom-boy like Kitty. You never were one yourself, I'm quite sure. But I'm not afraid of you at all. I'm going to be just the sort of daughter Eveline was—the girl in the story, you know. It would feel so nice and cosy and comfortable.'

The Rector was touched. He went so far as to lay his hand for an instant upon her arm. He looked at her in a new and interested way. As he did so he felt a pang. He noticed as he had never done before how like her dead mother she was growing. The great and overwhelming sorrow of his life, instead of peacefully fading away, seemed once more to hover over him. He could hardly bear to see her, and turned his eyes away.

'What is it you want to ask me, dear?' he

said at length, as he brought his thoughts back from the long-past years.

'Well—it's something I want to find out. Kitty thinks you wouldn't know anything about it at all; but I'm not so sure of that.'

'What is it, dear?' said the Rector, with a smile. He felt amused.

'Well, father, I want to know'—She hesitated for a moment, then went on. 'Did you ever—ever *love* anybody?'

The Rector stared blankly into the young face before him, with its frank, questioning eyes.

'My dear child, what do you mean?' he exclaimed in a more astonished voice than he had used for many years. 'I hope I am not wanting in that Christian charity which—'

'Don't, please, father! It sounds like the congregation. I don't mean that sort of—dull sort of thing. Can't you tell me—just between ourselves—were you ever *in love*?'

The last words were whispered close to his ear. She had knelt down by his side and leaned up against the arm of his chair.

The Rector gasped. He glanced at the girl's half-turned-away head, and then at the open window. He felt a sudden longing to escape. Then he felt annoyed with himself at wishing to do so. He passed his hand over his brow and did not reply.

'I suppose you were in love once,' said Maggie helpfully. 'With my mother, I suppose?'

She looked up at him in a pretty, affectionate manner. 'How does it *feel*?—that's what I want to know.'

'You are very like—her,' he stammered at length. His hands grasped the polished oak arms

of the chair, and his eyes looked out of the window into the far away.

'Yes?' The word was spoken encouragingly.

Suddenly he turned and looked at her with his deep-set gray eyes.

'What do you want to know for?' he said in a strenuously calm voice. 'You are only a little girl.'

She flushed, and looked down upon the floor. 'I only wanted to know—so as to know,' she faltered; 'and—I am past seventeen.'

But the Rector did not seem to hear. He had risen from his seat. His eyes gazed straight in front of him, out of the window, over the village and the valley and the tops of the trees.

'What—does—it—feel like?' he muttered. His voice had a curious, broken sound. 'What is it like?' he repeated, below his breath, so that she could hardly hear. 'When—it's taken away—like *hell*.'

The girl shrank back. She crouched down, almost hiding herself behind the chair. She was frightened. She had never seen him so moved before. He, who was so collected and so calm, and who disliked any emotional display.

There was silence for a minute. The clock ticked noisily from the mantelpiece. A sharply defined clattering of plates came from the kitchen. Then he spoke.

'My dear,' he said in his usual measured tones, 'I think the begonias must be watered this evening; hardly any rain fell. I believe Matthews is very busy to-day.'

'All right, father; I will go and do it at once,' she answered; and, without looking in his direction, she hurried out of the room.

A GREAT EDITOR: JOHN BLACKWOOD.



TO judge by the booksellers' advertisements in the papers, everybody nowadays writes novels and gets them into print. Yet the relations between writer and publisher, between editor and contributor, have still a

mysterious fascination for the general public. People like to hear how this great author made his first bow to the reading world, or how that one made a 'plum' (as our forebears would have called it) out of some work at which half-a-dozen members of 'the trade' had turned up a disdainful nose or wagged a dubious head. Publishing, one imagines, must be a profession compared to which an unknown gold-mine in Timbuctoo ranks as a 'gilt-edged' investment. If you make a hit, it is probably a very big one; but the misses! It is always best, however, to look upon the bright side of things, if possible; and in the volume on John Blackwood which his daughter, Mrs Gerald Porter, has just brought out (William Blackwood & Sons:

Edinburgh and London, 1898), and which, in the meantime, completes the 'Annals of the House,' it is not the gloomy aspect of the business which rises to view. Here we see a man, with an hereditary genius for publishing, enjoying the confidence and respect of the most eminent literary characters of his time, and conducting an undertaking of no little magnitude with conspicuous tact, shrewdness, and success.

No one, perhaps, could have handled George Eliot as he did. At the very beginning of their connection, before the new writer's sex and identity had been disclosed, he had been warned by Mr Lewes what a sensitive creature he had to deal with. 'He is so easily discouraged, so diffident of himself, that, not being prompted by necessity to write, he will close the series in the belief that his writing is not relished.' It is plain to see how her genius expanded under the sunshine of Mr Blackwood's encouragement. One feels in reading the publisher's letters to her how genuine and sincere his praise

was. There is a manly, earnest tone about his eulogy which must have been exquisitely gratifying to a nature that never got over an almost morbid craving for the sympathy and appreciation of others. Not that George Eliot undervalued the more palatable rewards of her efforts. Those who have read her biography may recall the keen business instinct she displayed, and how she was perpetually apprehensive lest her latest book should not be pushed with sufficient vigour. 'I certainly care a great deal for the money,' she confesses in a letter to her publisher, 'as I suppose all anxious minds do that love independence and have been brought up to think debt and begging the two deepest dishonours short of crime.' She had assuredly nothing to complain of in Mr Blackwood's transactions with her. He was ever liberal and considerate; and when, tempted by the offer of an exceptionally large sum of money, she deserted George Street for the nonce and carried *Romola* to another market, he wrote her a letter which for good sense and good feeling would be difficult to match. 'Rest assured,' he says, 'that I feel fully satisfied of the extreme reluctance with which you would decide upon leaving your old friend for any other publishers, however great the pecuniary consideration might be; and it would destroy my pleasure in business if I knew any friend was publishing with me when he could, or thought he could, do better for himself by going elsewhere.' It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of a sentiment which, proceeding from another pen, might have seemed unreal and affected.

He enjoyed, as we have hinted, the friendship of almost all the literary giants of his generation. With Thackeray he was on the most intimate terms, and 'Thack.' was his guest when, having abandoned his Jeameses for good, he came to Edinburgh to lecture on the Georges. Lytton, a writer of unquestionable genius, though his reputation has suffered eclipse, was a close ally, and formed a valuable connecting-link with the world of politics. Professor Aytoun was an even closer associate. He lived not far from Blackwood, and many was the cigar smoked and many the glass of toddy drunk by the two in company while the author of the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* struck out some brilliantly humorous idea for the next number of 'Maga.' With Samuel Warren, who must have had many better qualities than he is often credited with, he maintained a friendship which had begun in the previous generation. Kinglake was another of the band, the prospect of a visit to whom was one of the inducements to undertake the yearly jaunt to London. In Laurence Lockhart he possessed a contributor whose lightness of touch may well make story-tellers envious, and a friend whose wit and humour were inexhaustible. Mrs Porter has done well to reprint at length his *Voice from the Rhineland*, one of the happiest pieces, in its own peculiar vein and metre, that have been produced since Goldsmith wrote

The Haunch of Venison. Another Laurence—'Larry' Oliphant—was one more of the sworn Blackwood men; while the three brothers Hamley formed a trio to which a parallel would not be easy to find. Edward was beyond doubt the ablest of the group. His *Recent Confessions of an English Opium Eater* is as brilliant an experiment in parody as can easily be recalled, and electrified De Quincey. Trollope and Charles Lever, again, were a couple of writers with whom Mr Blackwood came constantly into contact both in a business and a social capacity. The extracts from Lever's letters and the account of his life at Trieste are among the most interesting portions of the book. There are pathos and, alas! truth in a remark he makes *à propos* of 'Tony Butler': 'What you say of a real love-story is good; but I can't forget that Thackeray said no old man must prate about Love. . . . As to writing about Love from memory, it is like counting over the bank-notes of a bank long broken; they remind you of money, it is true, but they're only wastepaper after all.'

When we have added to the foregoing enumeration the names of Lord Neaves, Captain Speke (of Nile celebrity), and Mrs Oliphant, we feel that we have given tolerably ample proof of the proposition with which we set out. But it must not be supposed that Mr Blackwood was in any sense a bookworm or a recluse, though, naturally, the greater part of his correspondence was with literary men and women. He loved to mingle with the world, and he was never happier than when entertaining a congenial circle either at his Edinburgh house or at Strathtyrum, near St Andrews, where he spent those summers of which his daughter gives us so brilliant and sympathetic a sketch. The great resort of golfers was much less thronged twenty or thirty years since than it is now. There was no need of a relief-course, and it was possible to have one's game in comfort. Among all the golfers of a period which saw Mr Gilbert Mitchell Innes, Dr Argyll Robertson, and the late Mr Robert Clark at their very best, there was no better match-player than John Blackwood. He had no pretensions to being a first-class player; but, as Lord Moncreiff justly says, 'he knew exactly the limits of his own powers; and he played to win the match and not for his own glory.' His putting was notoriously deadly, despite a style the reverse of orthodox or graceful. It was probably one of the happiest moments of his life when he was elected captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club; and he seems to have performed the duties of that office with all due punctuality and seriousness. What he has to say of 'Old Tom' is admirable, and will go straight to the heart of every one who knows the many excellences which adorn that king among professionals. How Mr Blackwood contrived to combine incessant golf and unvarying hospitality with attention to the business of his firm is a mystery, or would be to most men. But he was blessed with the fatal gift of mingling duty with pleasure

—fatal, we mean, to ordinary mortals, who, in admiring awe, vainly seek to imitate its fortunate possessors. He would linger long over the morning cigar, chatting to his family and guests. Only with a strong effort could he shut himself up in his business-room. But, once settled there, he indulged in no dawdling or delay; and a large pile of packets for the post at lunch-time would testify to an industrious and well-spent forenoon.

There was no part of his work to which he was more attached than the editing of the family *Magazine*, which passed under his control at the age of twenty-eight. Like Douglas Cook of the *Saturday Review*, and unlike Dickens (one of the greatest of editors), Lockhart, and Reeve, he wrote nothing himself, but confined himself to inspiration, suggestion, and amendment. As an editor he took broad views. He was always afraid of becoming 'groovy,' and he was desirous that his periodical should embrace all subjects that interest mankind. There was no innovation on the practice of anonymity during his reign. He despised those rival miscellanies which consisted of an incoherent farrago of articles signed by political or social celebrities. He held very strongly that the suitability of any subject for his purposes depended entirely upon the handling of it; and he often wrote in that sense to people who sent in lists of subjects for proposed papers. He did

not like to buy a pig in a poke. He always preferred to see his way well into a serial story before starting it on its career. 'Waiting uncertain each month gives me rather more hot water than I like in my monthly toddy,' he wrote to Lever, who confessed that he wrote, as he lived, from hand to mouth. Mr Blackwood's correspondence gives one some conception of the ceaseless vigilance—the unremitting superintendence which he exercised over his army of writers. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he had the knack of getting exactly what he wanted out of his contributors. He was always delighted with them in proportion to the quickness with which they caught his hints and gave effect to his suggestions. Of such stuff are great editors made. Mrs Porter, who can tell a good story with uncommon point and spirit, mentions an old Scotch gardener who, on meeting a fellow-countryman who had entered the Church of England, complacently remarked: 'On, ay: gairdeners or meenisters, ony kind of heid-wark, they maun aye come tae us.' When one thinks of the Murrays, the Blackwoods, the Macmillans, and many others, and when one remembers how the world of Fleet Street is peopled with Scots, one is driven to believe that, as regards some departments of the business of literature, the venerable worthy was not so very far wrong.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE dinner that evening must be counted a distinct success. Browne was the first to arrive, and it was not wonderful that he should have been, considering that he had spent the whole of his day waiting for that moment. The owner of the restaurant received him personally.

'Well, Lallemand,' said Browne, with an anxiety that was almost ludicrous, 'how are your preparations? Is everything ready?'

'Certainly, monsieur,' Lallemand replied, spreading his hands apart. 'Everything is ready; Felix himself has done ze cooking, I have chosen ze wine, and your own gardener has arranged ze flowers. You have ze best men-servants in London to wait upon you. I have procured you four kinds of fruit that has never been seen in England before; and now I give you ze word of Lallemand zat you will have ze most perfect little dinner zat has ever been seen in ze city of London.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Browne. 'I am exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in the matter.'

'I beg you will not mention ze trouble, monsieur,' replied Lallemand politely. 'It is ze pleasure of my life to serve you.'

He had scarcely spoken before a cab drew up outside, and Jimmy Foote made his appearance, clad in immaculate evening-dress. He greeted Browne with a somewhat sheepish air, as if he were ashamed of himself for something, and did not quite know what that something was.

'Well, old man,' he said. 'Here I am, you see; up to time, I hope. How d'ye do, Lallemand?'

'I hope you are most well, Monsieur Foote,' replied Lallemand, with one of his inimitable bows.

'I am better than I shall be after your dinner,' Foote replied, with a smile. 'Human nature is weak. I am tempted, and I know that I shall succumb.'

Browne all this time was showing evident signs of impatience. He glanced repeatedly at his watch, and as seven o'clock drew near he imagined that every vehicle pulling up outside must contain the two ladies for whom he was waiting so eagerly. When at last they did arrive he hastened to the door to greet them. Madame Bernstein was the

first to alight, and Katherine Petrovitch followed her a moment later. She gave her hand to Browne, and as he took it such a thrill went through him that it was wonderful the young man did not collapse upon the pavement.

Having conducted them to the room in which they were to take off their wraps, Browne went in search of Foote, whom he found in the dining-room.

'Pull yourself together, old chap,' said Jimmy as he glanced at him; 'you are trembling like a leaf. What on earth is the matter with you? Take my advice and try a pick-me-up.'

'I wouldn't touch a drop for worlds,' said Browne, with righteous indignation. 'I wonder at your suggesting such a thing.'

Instead, he went to the table and moved a flower-vase which was an eighth of an inch from the centrepiece farther than its companion on the other side.

'This is as bad a case as I ever remember,' said Foote to himself; and at the same moment Katherine Petrovitch and Madame Bernstein entered the room. A somewhat painful surprise was in store for Browne. There could be no doubt about one thing: Madame Bernstein had dressed herself with due regard to the importance of the occasion. Her gown was of bright ruby velvet; her arms were entirely bare; and while her bodice was supported by the most slender of shoulder-straps, it was cut considerably lower than most people would have considered compatible with either her age or her somewhat portly personal appearance. Round her neck and studded in her hair she wore many diamonds, all so palpably false as to create no suspicion of any kind. Her companion's costume, on the other hand, was simplicity itself. She was attired in black, unrelieved by any touch of colour; a plain band of velvet encircled her throat, and Browne confessed to himself afterwards that he had never in his life seen anything more becoming. He presented Foote to the ladies with becoming ceremony; and when their places had been allotted them they sat down to dinner, madame on Browne's right, Katherine on his left.

Despite the knowledge that the dinner had been prepared by one of the most admirable *chefs* in the world, and the fact that Lallemand himself had given his assurance that everything was satisfactory, Browne was nevertheless considerably exercised in his mind lest something might go wrong. He might have spared himself the trouble, however, for the dinner was perfection itself. Only one thing troubled him, and that was that the person he was most anxious to please scarcely touched anything at all. But if she did not, Madame Bernstein made ample amends for her. She allowed no dish to pass her plate untasted; the connoisseur was apparent in her appreciation of the wines, while her praise of the cooking was volubility itself. From what he had seen of her, Browne

had been prepared to dislike her intensely; to his surprise, however, he discovered that she improved on acquaintance. Seemingly, she had been everywhere and had seen everything; in her youth she had known Garibaldi personally, had met Kossuth, and been brought into contact with many other European liberators. For this reason alone her conversation could scarcely have failed to prove interesting. Katherine, on the other hand, was strangely quiet.

The dinner at an end, the ladies withdrew to put on their cloaks; and while they were absent Browne ascertained that his carriage was at the door. When he had conducted them to it, they drove to Covent Garden. The box was on the prompt side of the house, and was the best that influence and money could secure. Madame Bernstein and Katherine Petrovitch took their places in the front, while Browne managed to manoeuvre his chair into such a position that he could speak to Katherine without the others overhearing what he said.

'You are fond of music, are you not?' he inquired as the orchestra took their places. He felt as he said it that he need not have asked the question; with such a face she could scarcely fail to be.

'I am devoted to it,' she answered, playing with the handle of her fan. 'Music and painting are my two greatest pleasures.'

She uttered a little sigh, which seemed to suggest to Browne that she had not very much pleasure in her life. At least that was the way in which he interpreted it.

Then the curtain went up, and Browne was forced to be silent. I think, if you were to ask him now which was the happiest evening of his life, he would answer, 'That on which I saw *Lohengrin* with Katherine Petrovitch.' If the way in which the time slipped by could be taken as a criterion, it must certainly have been so, for the evening seemed scarcely to have begun ere it was over and the National Anthem was being played. When the curtain descended the two young men escorted the ladies to the portico, where they waited while the carriage was being called. It was at this juncture that Jimmy proved himself of use. Feeling certain Browne would be anxious to have a few minutes alone with Katherine, he managed, with great diplomacy, to draw Madame Bernstein on one side, on the pretence of telling her an amusing story concerning a certain Continental military attaché with whom they were both acquainted.

'When do you think I shall see you again?' Browne asked the girl when they were alone together.

'I cannot say,' she replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile. 'I do not know what Madame Bernstein's arrangements are.'

'But surely Madame Bernstein does not control your actions?' he asked, a little angrily;

for he did not like to think she was so dependent on the elder woman.

'No, she does not altogether control them, of course,' Katherine replied; 'but I always have so much to do for her that I do not feel justified in making any arrangements without first consulting her.'

'But you must surely have some leisure,' he continued. 'Perhaps you shop in the High Street, or walk in the Park or Kensington Gardens on fine mornings. Might I not chance to find you in one of those places?'

'I fear not,' she answered, shaking her head. 'If it is fine I have my own work to do.'

'And if it is wet?' asked Browne, feeling his heart sink within him as he realised that she was purposely placing obstacles in the way of their meeting. 'Surely you cannot paint when the days are as gloomy as they have been lately.'

'No,' she answered; 'that is impossible. But it gives me no more leisure than before; for in that case I have letters to write for Madame Bernstein, and she has an enormous amount of correspondence.'

Though Browne wondered what that correspondence was, he said nothing to her on the subject, nor had he any desire to thrust his presence upon the girl when he saw she was not anxious for it. It was plain to him that there was something behind it all—some reason to account for her pallor and her quietness that evening. What that reason was, however, he could not for the life of him understand.

They had arrived at this point when the carriage reached the door. Madame Bernstein and Foote accordingly approached them, and the quartette walked together towards the entrance.

'Thank you so much for your kindness to-night,' said Katherine, looking up at Browne.

'Please, don't thank me,' he replied. 'It is I who should thank you. I hope you have enjoyed yourself.'

'Very much indeed,' she answered. 'I could see *Lohengrin* a hundred times without growing in the least tired of it.'

As she said this they reached the carriage. Browne placed the ladies in it, and shook hands with them as he bade them good-night. He gave the footman his instructions, and presently the carriage rolled away, leaving the two young men standing on the pavement, looking after it. It was a beautiful starlight night, with a touch of frost in the air.

'Are we going to take a cab, or shall we walk?' said Foote.

'Let us walk, if you don't mind,' Browne replied. 'I feel as if I could enjoy a ten-mile tramp to-night after the heat of that theatre.'

'I'm afraid I do not,' Foote replied. 'My idea is the "Périgord" for a little supper, and then to bed. Browne, old man, I have been

through a good deal for you to-night. I like the young lady very much, but Madame Bernstein is—well, she is Madame Bernstein. I can say no more.'

'Never mind, old chap,' said Browne, patting his companion on the shoulder. 'You have the satisfaction of knowing that your martyrdom is appreciated; the time may come when you will want me to do the same thing for you. One good turn deserves another, you know.'

'When I want a turn of that description done for me I will be sure to let you know,' Foote continued; 'but if I have any sort of luck, it will be many years before I come to you with such a request. When I remember that, but for my folly in showing you that picture in Waterloo Place, we should by this time be on the other side of the Eddystone, en route for the Mediterranean and sunshine, I feel as if I could sit down and weep. However, it is *kismet*, I suppose?'

Browne offered no reply.

'Are you coming in?' said Foote as they reached the doorstep of the Périgord Club.

'No, thank you, old man,' said Browne. 'I think, if you will excuse me, I will be getting home.'

'Good-night, then,' said Foote; 'I shall probably see you in the morning.'

Having bidden him good-night, Browne proceeded on his way.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, he betook himself to Kensington Gardens, where he wandered about for upwards of an hour, but he saw no sign of the girl for whom he was in search. Leaving the Gardens, he made his way to the High Street, with an equally futile result. Regardless of the time he was wasting, and everything else, he passed on in the direction of Addison Road. As disappointment still pursued him, he made up his mind to attempt a forlorn hope. Turning into the Melbury Road, he made for Holland Park Road. Reaching the studio, he rang the bell, and waited patiently for the door to be opened. When it was he found himself confronted with an elderly person, wearing a sack for an apron, and holding a bar of yellow soap in her hand.

'I have called to see Miss Petrovitch,' he said.

'She is not at home, sir,' the woman replied. 'She has not been here this morning. Can I give her any message?'

'I am afraid not,' Browne replied. 'I wanted to see her personally; but you might tell her that Mr Browne called.'

'Mr Browne,' she repeated. 'Very good, sir. You may be sure I will tell her.'

Browne thanked her, and, to make assurance doubly sure, slipped five shillings into her hand. Then, passing out of the garden, he made his way back to the High Street. He had not pro-

ceeded more than a hundred yards down that interesting thoroughfare, however, before he saw approaching him no less a person than Katherine herself.

They were scarcely a dozen paces apart when she recognised him.

'Good-morning, Miss Petrovitch,' he said, raising his hat. 'I have just called at your studio in the hope that I might see you. The woman told me that she did not know when you would return. I thought I might possibly meet you here; hence my reason for being in this neighbourhood.'

It was a poor enough excuse, but the only one he could think of at the moment.

'You wanted to see me?' she said in a tone of surprise.

'Are you angry with me for that?' he asked. 'I did not think you would be; but if you are I will go away again. By this time you should know that I have no desire save to make you happy.'

This was the first time he had spoken so plainly. Her face paled considerably.

'I did not know that you were so anxious to see me,' she said, 'or I would have made a point of being at home.'

All this time they had been standing on the spot where they had first met.

'Perhaps you will permit me to walk a little way with you?' said Browne, not a little afraid that she would refuse.

'I shall be very pleased,' she answered promptly.

Thereupon they walked back in the direction of the studio.

At the studio gate they stopped. She turned and faced him, and as she did so she held out

her hand; it was plain that she had arrived at a determination.

'Good-bye, Mr Browne,' she said, and as she said it Browne noticed that her voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears.

'Miss Petrovitch,' he began, 'you must forgive my rudeness; but I feel sure that you are not happy. Will you not trust me and let me help you? You know how gladly I would do so.'

'There is no way in which you can help me,' she answered, and then she bade him good-bye, and, with what Browne felt sure was a little sob, vanished into the studio. For some moments he stood waiting where he was, dumfounded at the suddenness of her exit, and hoping she might come out again; then, realising that she did not intend doing so, he turned on his heel and made his way back to the High Street, and so to Park Lane. His afternoon was a broken and restless one; he could not rid himself of the recollection of the girl's face, and he felt as sure that something was amiss as a man could well feel. But how was he to help her?

The clocks in the neighbourhood were striking eleven next morning as he alighted from his hansom and approached the door of the studio he knew so well. He rang the bell, but no answer rewarded him. He rang again, but with the same result.

Not being able to make any one hear, he returned to his cab and set off for the Warwick Road. Reaching the house, the number of which Katherine had given him, he ascended the steps and rang the bell. A maid-servant answered his summons, and he inquired for Miss Petrovitch.

'Miss Petrovitch?' said the girl, as if she were surprised. 'She is not here, sir. She and Madame Bernstein left for Paris this morning.'

ROSSLAND: A GREAT MOUNTAIN GOLD-CAMP.



THE much-advertised provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-west Territories in the Dominion of Canada have for years been regarded as promising fields for the emigrant and the small capitalist; and the yearly increasing yield of grain from the great western plains testifies to the richness of the soil, and to the plodding perseverance of those who have 'gone upon the land,' and founded new homes remote from towns on the outside edge of civilisation.

It is not, however, the writer's purpose to dwell upon the resources and wealth of these well-known and much-written-about provinces, but to take the reader farther afield to a part of the Dominion which is destined ere long to attract the world's eye by the development of its immense mineral resources. It seems strange that British Columbia

should appear to thousands of intelligent people as a sort of *terra incognita*—a mere name on a map.

Here we have a province with an area of some 383,000 square miles within a fortnight's journey of Great Britain, a country which, as its resources and wealth become better known, will open up a sphere of industry for thousands of people. Although British Columbia contains large and fertile areas of land suitable for various branches of agriculture, yet it is unlikely that the province will become to any large extent an exporter of farm produce, as she has within her own boundaries an ever-increasing market for all the agricultural commodities which are likely to be produced for some time to come. It is mainly the mining industry which is destined to bring this portion of the dominion before the eyes of the outside world.

Of course it is well known that gold has been mined in British Columbia for very many years, many millions of dollars' worth of the precious metal having been extracted from the 'placer' gravels of her rivers and creeks; but it is only quite recently that modern mining and scientific methods have demonstrated beyond dispute the richness of the gold, silver, copper, and lead-bearing lodes which traverse nearly the whole province from north to south, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

Lode-mining in British Columbia largely owes its present prosperity to the enterprise of our American cousins. A few years ago Southern British Columbia was less known and as little heard of as Central Africa; but the great mining states of Idaho, Colorado, and Montana each contributed its quota of pioneer prospectors, who, in the face of incredible hardships and difficulties, crossed the international boundary-line, and by their adventurous researches in the lonely mountain forests laid the foundations of an industry which is rapidly raising the country from the oblivion of the unknown to the front rank of the world's wealth-producers. Although the whole province is dotted with busy mining-camps, yet it is in the southern portion that the most rapid developments are taking place. Most notably is this the case in the Trail Creek mining division of West Kootenay. Here we find a veritable beehive of activity. Perched upon the mountain-side, at an altitude of over three thousand feet above sea-level, is the town of Rossland. Less than four years ago this place was practically non-existent; it has now a population of about seven thousand inhabitants, with wide, well-graded streets, schools, churches, good hotels, an opera-house, water and sewerage systems, newspapers, and in fact every equipment of a modern go-ahead city.

The whole town is lighted by electricity, which is transmitted from the generating station at Bonnington Falls, on the Kootenay River, a distance of about twenty-eight miles. This plant is, I believe, the second largest of its kind in the world, and is owned by the West Kootenay Electric Light and Power Company. The company, in addition to supplying light, also supplies power to many of the mines, smelters, and reduction-works in the district. Mining towns all the world over are noted for their rapid growth; many of them, however, have but a mushroom existence. Such, however, is evidently not to be the fate of Rossland, as the city is the legitimate offspring of enterprise, welded to the proved value and permanency of several of the surrounding mines. The fact that Rossland is the terminal point of two separate railway systems also indicates that the city has come to stay. The Canadian Pacific Railway now runs its cars right into the town, and the other line connects with the great American trunk lines at Spokane in Washington Territory.

In a paper which the writer contributed to *Chambers's Journal* last year ('The Golden Kootenays in 1888'), a few figures were given showing the output of some of the mines in this part of British Columbia. Since the appearance of that article the output has largely increased, and is likely to continue increasing. The principal values are in gold, with a good percentage of copper; and the richness of such mines as the 'Le Roi,' the 'War Eagle,' and the 'Centre Star' are stimulating the development of scores of other meritorious mines, many of which will ere long take a place in the front rank of gold-producers. Many more mines could now commence shipping at a handsome profit, but the directors very wisely prefer waiting to develop their properties till they reach the stage that will yield the highest profit at the lowest working cost.

In the hard diorite rock of the Trail Creek district this is necessarily a slow and expensive task; but results will prove the wisdom of this course by the facilities gained for the rapid output of large bodies of ore. Many of the mines are largely owned by American and Canadian companies; and doubtless it is greatly owing to the success which has rewarded their efforts that the attention of English capital has been turned in this direction. There are many English companies now working mines in British Columbia, and one company in particular (The British American Corporation) is mining on a very extensive scale in the Trail Creek district. This company, which has a considerable capital behind it, has acquired some of the best mining properties in this district, and is spending large sums in their development. The company has retained the services of such well-known mining men as Mr Carlyle, late Provincial Mineralogist, and Mr McDonald, the late Inspector of Mines; while the local director and the financial manager are both mining men of wide experience in many parts of the world.

This company has built a splendid suite of offices for the clerical staff, also assay offices with all modern appliances for testing ores. One of the mines (the 'Columbia and Kootenay') under the superintendence of Mr McDonald shows immense bodies of gold-bearing ore; and I hear that it is the intention of the company to float it as a subsidiary concern.

In view of the immense amount of gold-carrying ore which is now proved to contain paying values, and the increasing number of mines approaching the dividend-paying stage, it is safe to predict that capital in the shape of money and brain and muscle will, at no distant date, place the mining industry of British Columbia upon a firm and enduring basis. From all parts of Eastern Canada and the United States come men of all sorts and conditions, and in most cases they not only 'spy out' but succeed in acquiring some of the fatness of the land.

In many cases a man can earn more in a day in British Columbia than he could in Great Britain or 'back East' in a week. No doubt many of my readers will say, 'What would be the use of my going to a mining country like British Columbia?' Certainly it requires experience to be a good miner; but the miners' wants open up innumerable avenues of profit for the small capitalist, in general storekeeping and many branches of business and trade. There is evidently money in circulation in a district where female domestics and hotel servants are paid at the rate of £60 and £70 per year, including board. The writer, who has sojourned in many parts of the world, has rarely encountered a country where opportunity, under careful cultivation, gives such a promise of an early crop of the fruits of enterprise or labour. In the uplands of British Columbia, though the snow lies deep in the winter, the cold is little felt. There are none of the blizzards and snow-drifts here which sweep the prairies to the east of the

Rockies; the snow comes straight down, and lies where it falls until the spring. A few warm sunny days lay the earth bare, and soon the mountains and valleys don their summer attire of multi-coloured flowers and profuse vegetation. Though the weather is sometimes hot in summer, it is not the enervating heat of the South African veldt or of the western plains of Australia. Altogether, the climate is very healthy, and no special winter outfit is required beyond plenty of warm underclothing and substantial footwear.

If any reader of this article should be seeking an outlet for his energies outside the Motherland, or who may be furnished with the means and desire to invest his time and money in some country beyond the seas, then, in the light of experience gained in many of the world's highways and by-ways, the writer would suggest that such an one could turn his thoughts in a more unprofitable direction than towards British Columbia.

THE LITTLE CURATE.

By J. J. BELL.

THE curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, the Rev. John St John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark-haired and pale-complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents in Broxbourne.

'Such a very uninteresting young man,' said the maiden ladies over their afternoon tea.

'So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?' remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in giving women an overwhelming and not altogether united majority in Broxbourne society.

The men, on the other hand, voted St John a good sort; and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to his many qualities.

'You're a dear little girl, Nancy,' the curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chastising a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt. The child screamed, and the father, presumably, cursed.

'Stop!' cried the curate.

The angry man merely scowled and raised the strap for another blow. St John laid a detaining hand on the fellow's arm, the temerity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled howling up an alley.

'What the'—spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweetheart.

'Let us go, dear,' he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the workman's cronies appeared at the door of the ale-house opposite, and, seeing how matters stood, crossed the road, and with rough hands and soothing curses conducted their furious friend from the scene.

'Horrible!' sighed the curate as the lovers continued their walk.

Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. 'If I were a man,' she said, 'I would have thrashed him—I would indeed!'

'You think I should have punished him, then?' said the curate mildly; 'he was a much larger man than I, you know.'

Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

'You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy,' he said presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic ideas. But she made no reply.

'So you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?' he questioned after a chill pause.

'I don't think your cloth is any excuse, anyhow,' she blurted out suddenly and cruelly; the next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy 'Good-bye' was all he had vouchsafed her.

Mr St John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short-cut across the moor. It was a clear summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned fiercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he loved was a thing not lightly to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been unreal; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him.

He was about half-way home when his sombre meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

'Now, Mister Parson,' he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated face.

'Good-afternoon, my man,' returned St John, recognising the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a turkey-cock.

'I'll "good-afternoon" ye, Mister Parson! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done wi' ye,' cried the man, who had been drinking heavily, though he was too seasoned to show any unsteadiness in gait.

The curate drew back. 'What do you want?' he asked. He was painfully white now.

'What do I want?' repeated the bully, following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. 'I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology'—he fumbled with the word—'apology for interferin' 'tween a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blasted interferin'.'

'You infernal coward!' exclaimed St John.

His opponent gasped.

'Let me pass,' said the curate.

'No, ye don't,' cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from a parson.

St John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low hedge here and there, and losing itself at last in the heat-haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. 'I've got ye now.'

'You have indeed,' said St John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, while his enemy gaped at the proceedings.

'Now I'm ready,' said the curate gently.

'Are ye goin' to fight?' burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. 'Come on, ye'—

But the foul word never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully-planted blow from a small but singularly hard fist. The little curate was filled with a wild, unholy joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friends the Indian-clubs and dumb-bells, which had kept him in trim these past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes, and getting in a stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched; his wind was gone, his jaw was swollen, and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Partly parried, it caught him on the shoulder, felling him to the earth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But no. The fallen man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief.

'Feel better?' said the curate.

'Well, I'm'—

'Hush, man; it's not worth swearing about,' interposed his nurse. 'Now, get up.'

He held out his hand and assisted the wreck to its feet.

'You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's money.'

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

'Please, go away, and don't thrash your boy any more,' said St John persuasively.

Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out a grimy paw. 'Mister Parson, I'm—I'm'—

'Don't say another word. Good-bye,' and the curate shook hands with him.

The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. 'I'm—I'm'—' he said. It had to come. Then he shambled homewards.

St John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub, and donned his coat and hat. As he started towards the village a girl came swiftly to meet him.

'O John, John, you are splendid!' she gasped as she reached him. 'I watched you from the hedge yonder.'

'I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston,' said

the curate coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on.

Nancy started as though he had struck her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her.

She bowed her head, and he went on his way. He had gone about fifty yards when she called his name. Her voice just reached him, but something in it told him that he had not suffered alone. . . .

He turned about and hastened to her.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

By VICTOR PITKETHLEY.



ABOUT three miles from the slumberous old town of Wells, in Norfolk, lies the village of Stiffkey, locally pronounced 'Stewkey.'

Mine host of the pleasant inn in Wells, at which I was staying, told me such strange tales about this place and its inhabitants that I was presently overcome by a burning desire to visit it. Thereupon the worthy landlord seemed quite conscience-stricken at the result of his own garrulity, and endeavoured to dissuade me from the enterprise.

'It's true they're a rum lot,' he explained apologetically—'a very rum lot. But I don't think, when you've seen it, you will thank me for sending you there. But there'—breaking off suddenly—'I don't know. I don't understand them. They have nothin' to do with us, nor us with them. They don't seem natural folk to me.'

In pursuit of information one meets with more of this curious, half-reticent know-nothingness, real or assumed. People seem to dislike talking about the place, and an intention to visit it is mildly marvelled at. What, one wonders, can be the explanation of this all but universal shyness concerning Stiffkey and all appertaining to it? Is it the residence of some bloodthirsty descendants of the smugglers of old, who kept watch and ward over the desolate mud-flats for the keg-laden luggers that softly grounded on the beach, afterwards secreting their haul in the marshes that stretch away to the sky-line hereabouts? Or is this village—never spoken of save with peculiar look and significant shoulder-shrug—some stronghold of the progeny of the ancient Danes, who scorn to mix with the peaceful, prosaic farm-hand or fisherman, holding themselves strictly aloof behind the barren barrier of scrubby sandhills that fringe the lonely sea? One can obtain no answer to these questions, and from sheer curiosity is finally impelled to set out along a narrow, never-ending lane, which is pointed out as the road to 'Stewkey.' 'It's a long lane that has no turning,' saith the old proverb, and the absolute veracity of this well-worn adage is forcibly impressed upon the explorer as he trudges along the furrowed, grass-grown track. The season is late autumn, and the first breath of impending winter is sobbing over

the marshes, while storm-wrack flits across the lowering sky. Stumbling over the stones and anathematising the County Council, one plods on, half sorry to have undertaken the trip, and wondering for how many more miles this interminable straight line of a lane will continue. And there is never a house, nor an inn, nor even a tree to break the eternal monotony of rutty road. At last, after what seems ages, the track drags its weary length upwards, and from its summit one catches a first view of Stiffkey. The village lies embosomed in bare-topped hills, and is bordered by thick-growing, sombre copses, the trees of which are just beginning to show their branches through the fast-falling leaves. Beyond these are rolling meadows, still exhibiting the mellow tints of autumn; while past the village there winds down a tiny river to the sea, which is seen close at hand, a study in misty grays and browns. The hamlet, warm with the time-softened tints of red tiles and brickwork, lies higgledy-piggledy among the darkening trees, the houses facing towards the various points of the compass, in the pleasing if insanitary fashion beloved of the old rural builders. A small church thrusts up its tower from the rear, and behind this is to be caught a glimpse of a stately-looking farmhouse. This, by its carved doors, now worm-eaten and rotting, and its mullioned windows, which look forth on the wallowings of odorous pigs and the squabbles of disconsolate fowls, betrays that it was not originally intended for a farmhouse. It is, in fact, Stiffkey Hall, built by Sir Nicholas Bacon, who held the office of Lord Privy Seal to the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, and was premier baronet of England. This gentleman was the son of a rich agriculturist of Bury St Edmunds; but he soon rose above his father's sphere, and amassed so much money that he took to house-building as a sort of hobby. There are one or two old mansions in different parts of the country in the erection of which he had a finger; but his purse seems to have become exhausted soon after he commenced on his Stiffkey dwelling, for he never finished it, so that, instead of the old Hall being now the residence of some patriarchal squire, looking after the villagers with kindly benevolence, it is only a tumble-down farmhouse.

As one turns from an inspection of the Hall,

one is conscious of a change in the aspect of things. There is a brooding darkness over the hamlet which was not noticeable from the summit of the road. The warm tints fade out of the damp, moss-grown brickwork, the woods seem eerie and dark, and there is no sound save the dreary sighing of the chilly wind, the far-away heave of the gray sea, and the harsh scream of a bird above. The ordinary sounds of village life are entirely absent. Where are the inhabitants, or is the place deserted? Presently, however, one sees a group of sullen-looking men lounging round the door of an ale-house. One lifts his head to stare, but the others take no notice whatever of the curious glances they are favoured with. For truly they are queer folk. Every man, without exception, is red-haired, and the cast of their features is singularly unlike the usual Norfolk type. There is something shifty in the small, beady eyes, something fox-like in the long narrow faces and small pinched features.

Grovelling in the kennels, sprawling in the weedy gardens, and sitting on the doorsteps of the untidy houses are dozens of children, red-headed like their lounging fathers. Slowly one grasps the curious fact that the village is inhabited by a race of bright-haired Rufuses. Everybody is possessed of ruddy locks, from scarlet to dull brick-red, in curls and ringlets and long straight wisps. The explanation of this phenomenon, unique of its kind, is readily forthcoming when one has probed a little deeper into the ways of this primitive community. Intermarriage is the universal rule here, and is responsible for the half-witted children who swarm round the doorposts, the puny frames of the men, and the terrible evils that hang round the valley like a brooding curse. No 'Stewkey' man ever seeks a wife outside his own valley—probably because no bright-eyed lass in all the country-side would listen to his suit for one moment; nor do the girls of the place ever go forth to seek a husband among the 'foreigners' who dwell at the end of the long lane. Consequently all the bad points of the big family have been perpetuated and accentuated in the course of long years of intermarriage, and this hapless village presents as pitiable an object-lesson of the evils of the system as could be imagined.

We have seen the men and the sprawling children, whom a few old crones are making a sorry pretence of looking after; but where are the girls and the women, who should now be busy about their household duties? Where, indeed! Early in the chilly morning the girls and women might have been seen, with their skirts tucked up about their bare, scarred legs, and with long rakes over their shoulder, slowly picking their way down to the oily-looking sea that flings itself lazily on to the pebbles under the sickly light of an autumn dawn. Here they work till the tide turns, shovel-

ling the hard-won cockles into the sacks on their bent backs, apparently heedless of the biting cold of the wavelets. Then, staggering under their heavy burdens, from which percolate tiny streams of water that soak through their ragged clothes, they plod wearily back to the village again. Every able-bodied woman and girl goes away thus, day in and day out, to the 'main,' while the men loaf about and the old crones mind the babies. The children, when they can be coerced, are given such instruction as they can assimilate in the Board school; but they are unpromising pupils, taking them all round, with the hereditary taint of the family upon them—physical and mental depravity.

In one cottage, perhaps a shade more tumble-down than the rest, sits a hag who might very well pass muster as one of the witch-sisters in *Macbeth*. Around her are grouped any number of cradles, and in these are the babies of the hamlet, left to the tender mercies of this helpless old soul while their mothers are winning a bare subsistence from the treacherous sea, which every now and then claims one of the cocklers for its own. Fourpence a peck is as much as the dealers at Wisbech or Lynn will give for the cockles; and the hardest day's work, under the most favourable circumstances, will not produce more than a bushel of 'bluestones.' Sometimes by day, sometimes by night, according to the tides, the gangs of hard-featured, bare-legged women, in their bifurcated garments, scour the pools and hollows of the beach, reaping a scanty harvest of molluscs, and inevitably succumbing, sooner or later, to the rheumatism that is the lot of all these poor cocklers. Meanwhile the men idle about the fields, or drink and quarrel among themselves, invariably returning home for their meals, however, and to obtain from their Amazon bread-winners the money they have received from the dealers who come daily for the cockles.

As one dives deeper into the history of this lonely valley the shadow seems to darken and deepen. The morals of the Stewkeyites, as might be expected, are far from good; they seem to have little of anything that can be called religion, and their whole souls are wrapped up in the prices they will obtain for their cockles on the morrow.

Night is drawing near. The clouds are darkening, and a sharp shower sets the few leaves in the encompassing woods rustling loudly. The wind is rising in a shrill note of complaint, and the sea changes from slaty-gray to black. Slowly down the rough track, assisting their steps with their rakes, go the gang of women, bound for the beach, which the retiring sea—now touched with running ridges of white foam, upon which the rising moon casts its uncertain light—has left wet and pool-studded. A light gleams from the window of the ale-house, wherein the 'men' of

Stiffkey are enjoying their pipes and grog, while the women-folk trudge knee-deep through the chilly water, pushing their rakes along the bottom.

If the impression we have received be not strangely erroneous, surely the village is under the shadow of hereditary degeneration—mental, moral, and physical—of lost manhood, of poverty, of Death.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN THERAPEUTICS.

BY A JAMAICAN JOURNALIST.

THE traveller in South American wilds has to face many dangers that, whilst interesting for their very novelty, are for the most part devoid of that element of adventure which to the average explorer is the very salt of travel. In this sense his experiences may be regarded as monotonous. But, on the other hand, apart from the question of material gain, which is the usual objective, those who go forth in canoes or afoot into the primeval wildernesses find many compensations. If, instead of the lurking lion's spring, the ponderous pachyderm's charge, or the flying dart of the dodging bushman, with the excitement incident thereto, one encounters nothing more obtrusively formidable than the harmless Howling Monkey, the buzz of the mosquito, or the flashing curl of the scared serpent; yet even these are full of interest to those who seek it. And at times the experience comes unsought and in a form that is none too welcome owing to the danger that follows in its trail.

Of all the dangers incident to travel in those far-away southern lands, none are more imminent than those to be apprehended from penetrating the malarial regions or encounters with the poisonous reptiles that abound in the forests. But, strangely enough, there are none more easily neutralised, and indeed even avoided, if one only knows how to go about it. For it is a fact that has been not infrequently noted by more or less responsible explorers, but which yet remains to be utilised by modern seekers after the great secret truths of Nature, that whilst these latter are exhausting the known resources of science to find antidotes for tropical malarial and snake poisons, so far without avail or even forecast of success, the simple Indian *peimans* or doctors of South America know and freely practise not only sure cures for the most virulent fevers or snake poisons, but also inoculations that give immunity against them.

The antidotes are all herbal, and in reality of the most simple nature, although their administration is invariably accompanied with an infinite deal of grotesque mummary. No less high an authority than Sir Clements Markham has testified to the efficacy of these Indian cures for tropical fevers and other diseases; and he also gives an interesting description of the careful training of the 'medicine men' in the medicinal properties of

plants, their university being the forest and their diploma a wand painted after the manner of a barber's pole. I have myself had a fairly intimate experience of some of these curious people and their really wonderful powers, to which I am specially able to testify. My experience, too, has been within the 'sphere of influence' of Great Britain in Guiana, and it seems that some effort might well be made to obtain these valuable secrets for the British Pharmacopœia.

I propose here to relate my own personal experience; but it may be well to add that I have met white men who had much the same story to tell from other points ranging from Guatemala in Central America to the Amazonian lowlands of Ecuador and Peru. So far as I am able to judge, however, perhaps the most successful 'medicine men' in tropical America are to be found among the San Blas Indians, possibly because theirs is the most deadly fever-breeding region of them all.

My time had come. The bucket of my health had gone once too often to the well-heads of malaria, where the swampy creeks that lead to Guiana's gold regions meander through dismal forests, and it lay shattered. Whether I had inhaled the poison, or received it through the tiny puncture of a mosquito's proboscis, mattered little. That was a detail not worthy of consideration. The fact on which all attention focussed was that there I lay, prostrated in my hammock, ravaged by an all-consuming fever, and with death knocking at the door—that is, figuratively, for the *benab* (wall-less hut) that sheltered me was innocent of doors.

Medical aid, supposing it to be of any use, was not to be had within a fortnight's journey, and in that time I should be lying at the root of the mighty mora-tree that, in mockery of protection, spread its towering canopy over a hundred feet high above our camp. We did not lack for quinine, but my faith in that drug had long ago vanished before the inexorable face of experience. If in trained hands, and in well-equipped hospitals, it had on more occasions than I cared to remember just then proved a 'drug' in more senses than one, what hope in its efficacy could I muster up who had no one to administer it properly, and where all the surrounding conditions were distinctly unfavourable?

But although delirious at intervals, I 'kept my head' otherwise, fortunately, and determined to make a hard fight of it. Within a few miles of

our camp was an Indian settlement. I had had some doings with them, and won the goodwill of the headman. I sent one of the Indian hangers-on to him and asked that he would secure me the services of a *peiman*. The messenger left at daylight in the morning, and I was pretty bad then. It was midnight before he returned with my friend the old chief and the tribal 'medicine man,' who, it afterwards appeared, had made some difficulty about attending a white man. By that time I was past knowing anything of my surroundings, and in all human probability would never have recovered consciousness—in this world. My companions told me afterwards that I had already developed all the well-known symptoms of febrile collapse.

The *peiman*, however, having finally consented to treat me, had come fully prepared. He intimated that even he considered it a bad case, but went to work on me, administering internal remedies by means of roughly-devised but obviously effective subcutaneous and other injections. Then followed the inevitable process of mummery, which my companions were not permitted to witness, the *benab* being walled in for the nonce by blankets. One prominent feature was the rattling of dry gourds, which was kept up, they told me, for fully two hours incessantly, and at such a rate that one would have thought there were a dozen people inside the hut instead of the solitary *peiman* and his helpless patient.

When, at about three o'clock in the morning, the *peiman* issued forth and my companions were allowed a sight of me, they found me sleeping quite naturally, and bathed in a profuse perspiration, or rather sweat, which was already moistening the outer folds of the double blanket in which the old 'medicine man' had wrapped me from head to foot.

At eight o'clock I awoke, when a draught was administered. But of that awakening I have no recollection. I then slept straight on for twenty-four hours, the *peiman* from time to time administering subcutaneous injections. When I finally awoke there was not the slightest trace of fever left, although, as a matter of course, my weakness was great. From that time on improvement was rapid—far more rapid than one would have dared to hope for under ordinary conditions; and in three days I was able to be about, feeling quite my old self inside of a week, being then fit to undertake the long and arduous journey down to Demerara, which I made 'without turning a hair,' as the saying is.

And now comes what may be considered as the most remarkable part of this experience—albeit I myself have no doubt whatever that I was to all practical intents and purposes wrested literally from the grip of death, having reached a stage from which no medical practitioner could have rescued a patient. The *peiman* was more than pleased with the reward that I tendered him, and

before leaving our camp he intimated to me, through the headman, that if I cared to go over with him to the native settlement he would give me an inoculation which would be a sure preventive against all sorts of 'bush' (malarial?) fevers, no matter how exposed I might be to them, for at least a hundred moons—that is, about twelve years. If ever I did contract any such malady within that time, whilst the 'medicine' lasted, it would at any rate be of the mildest type.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that, in view of what I had seen and experienced of the old 'medicine man's' capabilities, it did not even occur to me then to doubt his power to inoculate against malaria just as effectually as our own physicians can against smallpox. And who would refuse even an off-chance of immunity against a danger to which one was incessantly exposed?

The inoculation was very simple. It consisted of stabbing gently into the left wrist with a bunch of exceedingly fine needles plucked from a hard spiny leaf, the needles being first passed through a flame, and then dipped into a black liquid of the consistency of honey. The spots punctured commenced to itch almost immediately, and in a few minutes the sensation was almost intolerable. Then a warmth spread up the arm, the pulse began to beat rapidly, the head to throb and pain rather disagreeably, and the membranes of throat and mouth became dry and hard. In half-an-hour I had developed all the well-marked symptoms of malarial fever.

At this stage the *peiman* gave a grunt of satisfaction and smiled all over his hideous face—for he was, truly, the most abnormally ugly human being I have ever seen, even for a South American Indian. He then gave me a gourd filled with a thick, slimy, and pungent mixture, intimating that I must drink it. The thing smelled vilely enough, but with a heroic effort I got down a gulp of it. Its noxiousness was unutterable, and only the earnest assurance of the headman, that if I did not drink it the fever would surely kill me, induced me to swallow the stuff.

A deep sleep of a couple of hours' duration followed. When consciousness returned I was feeling as well as I ever felt in my life, only that there were four small but keenly smarting blisters on my left wrist. These the *peiman* anointed with some sticky stuff, and then bandaged—and the operation was over.

Now comes the sequel. Was I fever immune? On the basis of the good old argument that one swallow does not make a summer, I should hesitate to make any such unqualified claim as that. I can only say that my after-experience went far—indeed, the whole way—toward justifying the pretensions of the *peiman*. Soon after this adventure my business took me away from that part of the continent, but led me to an even worse region—the low-lying and swampy coast lands of the Caribbean and Pacific shores of Darien

and Panama. Thereabouts I underwent quite a considerable amount of exposure, especially on one particular trip, when we got capsized in a squall on a creek, got to shore, and spent the night under a clump of trees which afforded but scant protection from the pitiless rain that poured down all night. Of four white men in the party three got fever, and two died within twenty-four hours. The third survived, but his health was permanently broken, and he soon after went home to the United States. For my part, I came through that crucial test with nothing worse than a bad fresh cold.

This occurred within eighteen months of the inoculation. Subsequently I spent some six years about the Isthmus of Panama, and at that hottest hot-bed of fever, Colon, and never experienced a day's fever—not for lack of opportunity to contract it, certainly. Moreover, I was on several occasions in immediate contact with yellow and other infectious fevers, and did not contract them.

Medical men to whom I mentioned the matter pooch-pooched the idea of immunity, and warned me that it was a peculiarity of the worst forms of what is known as 'Chagres fever' not to attack the victim until he is out of its influence. Then the disease, germinating rapidly in another climate, seizes its victim and almost invariably ends fatally. It is better, far better, they told me, to have Chagres fever at home than abroad.

I left the Isthmus of Panama just ten years after the inoculation, and went over to Jamaica. I had not been there long before, sure enough, Chagres fever laid hold of me; and it hung on, more or less persistently, for nine months. My general health had been pretty badly run down by ten years' continuous work in a tropical climate; but at no time did the fever get the better of me, or even develop alarming symptoms, and finally it disappeared altogether.

Whilst not presuming to furnish data on which any positive opinion may be based, it does appear that these facts indicate the probability that the pretensions of the Indian 'medicine men' are something more than fanciful, that their power to cure and even ward off the endemic diseases of their lands has some more substantial foundation than the mere 'efficacy of faith' of their home patients, and that altogether the matter is one well worthy of the fullest expert investigation.

As a last word in this connection, it may not be uninteresting to quote the following extract from a minute that was recently published in the official *Gazette* of Jamaica, above the signature of His Excellency Sir Henry Blake, during a somewhat alarming appearance of yellow fever in that colony:

'In *The Land of Bolivar*, by Spence, published in 1878, vol. i. p. 110, is the following note: "A specific is said to have been discovered for yellow fever by the vice-consul of Her Britannic Majesty

at the city of Bolivar," writes the Consul General at Caracas. "An old woman named Margarita Orfile has discovered an efficacious remedy for the yellow fever and black vomit which has completely cured several persons after the medical men had declared they could only live for a few hours. This remedy is the juice of the vervain plant (*Verbena officinalis*), which is taken in small doses three times a day. Injections of the same juice are also administered every two hours, and the intestines are completely relieved of their contents. All the medical men here have adopted the use of this remedy, and consequently very few, if any, persons now die of these terrible diseases referred to. The leaves of the female plant only are used.

"A person now living at Moneague Hotel spent some time in Panama, where six years ago he was cured of an attack of yellow fever by a doctor who had spent fifteen years with the Indians, and obtained the remedy from them. Having been informed that he knew the remedy, which was a secret carefully guarded by the doctor, whose success ensured for him a very large practice, Lady Blake questioned him, and was informed by him that the cure was the juice of the vervain with white flowers, taken three times daily, while for three nights running a hot bath in which was steeped a quantity of the vervain with blue flower and of Guinen hen-weed (*Petiveria alliacea*) was taken, and a hot drink of limes and water administered, which produced profuse perspiration. The decoction was prepared by washing the roots clean, then pounding the whole plant, including the root, in a mortar, and boiling for half-an-hour in a small quantity of water. This information was afterwards repeated to me. The secret was disclosed by the doctor's dispenser, who was a Jamaican and a friend of our informant. It is evident that this is the same remedy as that mentioned by Spence in 1878."

DEATH IN LIFE.

So fair, so rare, and yet so soon to die!
Love's cup untasted, brimming full and high,
Life's music silenced all so suddenly.

White statue, with the hair of living gold,
Death is the same Grand Sculptor as of old!
His touch makes *marble*—passionless and cold.

The eyes *he* closes ope not night nor day—
The ears *he* seals hear naught that earth can say—
The lips *he* kisses never shall betray!

O prattler of the open heart and brow,
Sphinx-like, inscrutable thou liest now—
Doomed evermore to keep a silence-vow!

M. HENDERWICK BROWNE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

REMINISCENCES.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, K.C.M.G.

II. PATRIARCHAL JUSTICE AT ADEN—PERIM.

IMENTIONED in a former article the manner in which I was suddenly transferred from being a second lieutenant of artillery to the almost irresponsible position of governor of an important and somewhat turbulent colony. In those days, and probably it is the same now, the Resident had enough to do with his military command and a general superintendence over every department; all matters of detail, and especially the administration of justice, were left to his assistant. I had at first no European help whatever in the numerous departments of the administration. Subsequently, however, a second assistant was appointed—Mr Hormuzd Rassam, who became well known afterwards through his captivity in Abyssinia. At the time of his appointment he was already distinguished by his services to Assyrian archæology; it is to him that we owe many precious antiquities in the British Museum, such as the Deluge Tablets and the Bronze Gates of Shalmaneser II. The discovery of Sepharvaim was about his latest achievement.

I shall never forget the appalling amount of responsibility thrust upon me without any previous preparation. I knew absolutely nothing of law or criminal procedure. The Indian Penal Code was not then in existence, and our justice was administered in what we used to call 'The Patriarchal Department.' Almost the first criminal case I had to investigate was the barbarous murder of a Hindu boy. When the details came to my notice I consulted my chief, Colonel Outram, who gave me the wholesome advice, often, perhaps, given by others in similar circumstances, 'Study the case carefully; give your decision unhesitatingly, but never state your reasons. Your decision will generally be right; your reasons will almost invariably be wrong.' The result of this advice was that in all the many years during which I

administered justice at Aden not a single sentence of mine was ever made the subject of appeal.

The case to which I have alluded is a curious instance of the unreliable nature of *mere circumstantial evidence*. The body of a Hindu boy was found in the ravine which Arabs from the interior used as a market-place. Both his hands and feet were cut off and were lying beside him, evidently for the sake of the silver bangles and anklets which Indian children habitually wear. He was the son of a Hindu woman of very indifferent character. Near her house was that of a mason named Govind, who was very intimate with the mother, and much attached to the boy. On the previous evening the latter had committed some little naughtiness, and his mother threatened to punish him. The child ran away, saying, 'If you are going to beat me I will take my supper with Govind.' He was seen to enter Govind's house about eight o'clock, but nothing more was known of him till his dead body was found. My suspicion was naturally directed to Govind; he was fond of the boy, it is true, but he was a man of bad character, and so impecunious that the value of the bangles would have been an object of consideration to him. On examining the ground, I noticed a line of spots of blood from the body to Govind's house; in the house was a mat stained with blood, but this was susceptible of explanation. The evidence appeared so strong that I brought him to trial for murder, but yet so defective that I felt bound to acquit him.

A short time afterwards I was taking my usual morning ride about the town. I saw an Arab carrying two small sharks from the beach to the fish-market; their heads were cut off, and their tails attached to a bar of wood which he supported by the middle on his shoulder. At every movement of his body a drop of blood fell on the ground. The line thus formed passed over the

place where the boy's body had been found; it continued to Govind's door, and thence to the fish-market. I had failed to notice any blood on either side of the line between the two places, and it is quite possible that the first series of spots might also have been caused by a fisherman. If I had hanged the accused I should certainly have had a *mauvais quart d'heure* afterwards.

The charge of the jail interested me almost more than any other part of my duties; it was the cause of the Reservoirs being discovered, as I have already shown. Architecturally it had not much to boast of, being simply a rectangular enclosure of rude stone walls, containing a few sheds of Zanzibar rafters, as they were called—poles of mangrove-wood—placed so close together as to prevent a man passing through, but admitting light and air in every direction. Protection against cold was not a matter that we had to take into consideration in that climate. The roofs were of reed and thatch, the floors of mud, with a varnish of cow-dung. From a sanitary point of view they were perfect. I do not think that there was a jail in British India with such a low death-rate; but we had to depend much more on the vigilance of the police than on the strength of the walls for the security of the prisoners. These consisted not only of culprits sentenced at Aden; there were between sixty and seventy state prisoners, sent to undergo long periods of imprisonment for acts of rebellion committed in India. They all had chains on their ankles; but it depended on their own conduct whether these were light or heavy. When I first took charge of this primitive establishment, the prisoners were employed exclusively on outdoor labour on the roads, and every man was permitted, on his return from a short day's task, to amuse himself by cooking his own dinner, and to spend a great part of his spare time in the cook-rooms. Being a new broom, I naturally determined to sweep this time-honoured custom away. One day, without any previous notice, I paraded the prisoners and instituted a thorough search of their persons, bedding, and kitchens. The result was as I had anticipated. I found that almost every prisoner had a knife, a razor, or a pair of scissors in his possession, besides small sums of money, apparatus for gambling, and hoards of every conceivable species of rubbish: of these I seized and destroyed several cart-loads. I ordered that for the future they should be divided into messes of twenty, and appointed an old worn-out political prisoner as cook to each, due regard being had to their legitimate prejudices of race and caste. This created quite a revolution; the operation of cooking had been their most cherished distraction, and they preferred rather to starve than to abandon it. As there was no religious question involved, I fixed on the 1st of January, then near at hand, for the new system to come into operation; they positively refused to receive their

rations, and from that day till the 9th not an ounce of food was received by prisoners of Indian nationality, who constituted the great majority of the whole. It was not till I had made them understand, very clearly and practically, that corporal punishment would follow disobedience of prison discipline that the mutiny was quelled. Subsequently the jail became to a great extent self-supporting: printing, both in English and Arabic, bookbinding, and other industrial arts were introduced; and only those men who could not possibly be employed within the walls were sent out to the public works.

Our great triumph was when Her Majesty assumed the direct government of India from the East India Company. The Royal Proclamation to the chiefs and princes of India was translated into all Oriental languages; it was sent to us, and admirably rendered by Mr Rassam, the second assistant, into Arabic, and beautifully printed in that language at the jail press.

Although the construction of the jail was so slight, escapes were almost unknown. I only remember one; but that was so curious as to be worth narrating. A Somali managed to escape on two separate occasions, immediately after having been sentenced to long periods of imprisonment for house-breaking. Some time after his last escape I had occasion to visit the Somali country, about a day's ride south of Berbera. I encamped in a large, fertile valley, where were vast herds of camels and 'hills of sheep.' Almost the first person I met was my friend the escaped burglar. He welcomed me in the most cordial manner, constituting himself my personal attendant; he slept across the door of my tent, brought me beakers of camel's milk, organised dances for my amusement, and treated me generally as if I had been his benefactor. It was curious to see the conduct of this savage. He thoroughly understood that I had no personal animus against him; he had been brought up to consider his neighbours' goods as his lawful prey; but he recognised my right to prevent him and punish him if I could. He had circumvented me twice, and there was really no cause why he should harbour ill-feeling towards me. On my departure I shook him warmly by the hand, and gave him a liberal present and an urgent invitation to return to Aden, assuring him of the hospitality of the British Government for at least twenty years. He laughingly replied that he had had sufficient experience of British civilisation, and preferred his own pastoral and nomad life for the future.

By this time Outram had left Aden, as he was required for more important duties in India. His successor was Brigadier, afterwards Sir, William Mares Coghlan, with whom I continued on the most affectionate terms during all the years we remained together at Aden. He retired into private life about the same time that I went to Zanzibar, and took up his residence at Ramsgate.

I cannot refrain from quoting one of his last letters to me :

The postman has brought me no letter which has gratified me more than yours of the 7th November. I am delighted to follow your wanderings, and to hear how well you are getting on. Not that I ever doubted that you would succeed anywhere, and at anything to which you apply yourself. I have a very pleasant recollection of our association at Aden; we got on so well because we had confidence in each other. Often as I have attempted to express my sense of obligation, I never perfectly succeeded; but I did what I could, and I watch your career with satisfaction. . . . I received lately a letter from Sir Charles Wood, in which he told me that Her Majesty the Queen had 'graciously approved of my appointment as K.C.B., in recognition of my long and distinguished service, especially as Governor of Aden.' . . . 'This is satisfactory to me, to my family, and to my friends. I am sure you will be pleased. I cannot forget how much I am indebted to you for my success, and of course also for this honour.

Sir William Coghlan died at Ramsgate in November 1885, full of years and honour.

There is one of my reminiscences which I cannot pass by. Some years ago I published in the *Asiatic Review* an article called 'The True Story of the Occupation of Perim.' As there is no knowing how soon the importance of this position may be realised, I may be allowed to return to the subject.

There is no act of our administration to which I look back with greater satisfaction than this. Perim is a mere rock, it is true, but one which possesses the singular value of being so distinctly in its right place that we cannot contemplate with equanimity the possibility of its being in any other hands than our own. The question is often asked, 'Where is Perim—the beautiful island of Perim; and how did it become Britain's key to the Red Sea?' Every one knows that it is in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and is fully convinced that the ridiculous story in the *Lays of Ind* is an accurate account of the manner in which it came into our possession. The amusing ballad 'Perfidy Albion' recounts how a French frigate called at Aden on its way to the Red Sea. The officers were cordially entertained by the Governor (Coghlan); and when their hearts were warmed by good fare and generous wine, the captain dropped a hint that he was going to touch at Perim for purely scientific purposes. The Governor winked to his *aide* (myself), who immediately stole away, and, while the captain was still at the festive board, got into a man-of-war which happened to be in the harbour, and thus anticipated the gallant Frenchman, who did not leave Aden till the following morning.

And now, gentle reader, 'tis time that you knew what horror had burst on *Le Capitaine's* view. On a ridge on the island, which highest appeared, A pretty tall flagstaff was solidly reared—
So tall 'twould have certainly shamed all the trees
Had there been any there; and afloat on the breeze
Streamed the swelling expanse of the glorious old flag
Which English affection and slang call 'The Rag;'

While beneath, hat in hand, were a group of Jack-tars,
Engaged evidently in shouting hurrahs;
And astride on a rock, 'neath an umbrella's shade,
Like the spright of the scene, our acquaintance the
Aide.

Thus Perim was won,
And thus Frenchmen were done;
And if a bit shabby,
'Twas very good fun.

All this, of course, is purely imaginary; but no doubt there is a grain of truth in all the fiction current about Perim. Ever since the scramble for Africa and other unoccupied spots on the earth's surface took place, French agents, official and unofficial, were always travelling about the East in search of strategical positions and coaling-stations. But, at the time of which I write, their reports and recommendations rarely got beyond the *cartons* of the ministers to whom they were addressed; the favourable opportunity was always neglected, and sometimes we stepped in and acted while they were considering the advisability of action. The consequence is, that while we have a continuous chain of stations between England and the remotest part of our Eastern possessions, France has only one place, Jibouti, between Algeria and Tonkin, where her vessels could coal in time of war.

In 1856-57 a French consular agent, Monsieur Henri Lambert, spent much of his time in visiting the various ports on the Arabian and African coasts near Aden, and there was strong reason to suppose that his object was to occupy or to recommend the occupation of Perim. The magnificent work of Monsieur de Lesseps had not yet been commenced, and Englishmen generally were incredulous of its being brought to a successful termination; but there was no such doubt in France, and Monsieur Lambert did not conceal his opinion that his government would probably occupy Perim so as to command the entrance to the Red Sea in the event of the Canal being constructed.

This no doubt stimulated our activity in the matter. Brigadier Coghlan strongly urged the immediate occupation of the island for many reasons, one being that steam communication between England and India had so greatly increased that it became necessary to facilitate as much as possible the dangerous navigation of the Red Sea. It is difficult now to realise how much steam navigation was then in its infancy. We had on the station a vessel of the Indian navy, the *Lady Canning*, the copper boilers of which, once in the *Hugh Lindsay*, were the first that had ever entered the Red Sea!

The Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb presented the most serious obstacle to navigation, and it was considered that a light on Perim would greatly facilitate the passage of steamers. Perim was, in fact, an integral part of Her Majesty's dominions. During the war between England and

France at the close of last century it was found necessary to occupy it as one of the measures in reply to Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and a force of four hundred men was despatched thither under Colonel Murray in 1799. The island was taken possession of, in the name of the East India Company, with the usual formalities. The court of directors fully concurred in Lord Elphinstone's recommendation for its reoccupation, and I was sent to take possession of it once more in the name of the East India Company, but on this occasion without formalities or ceremonies of any kind.

The 'fortifications' of Perim have often been described in detail; the fact is that there was never the slightest intention of building any. The island cannot, of itself, be a bar to vessels passing the Straits. The smaller strait, indeed, it might command, as the width between the island and the mainland of Arabia is only a mile and a half; but the distance from it to the African coast is eleven miles, and this passage, therefore, is beyond the reach of artillery. The great value of Perim, however, is its deep and capacious harbour. In time of war one or two

vessels at anchor there, with banked fires, could prevent an enemy from entering or leaving the Red Sea without giving them battle. The nations of Europe may say or do what they please regarding the Suez Canal; Perim is Britain's key to the Red Sea. It was pointed out when Perim was first occupied that, should the Suez Canal really be completed, the harbour of Aden would no longer suffice to contain all the vessels that would pass down the Red Sea, and that there would not be sufficient accommodation on shore for commercial purposes or for the stowage of coal; therefore our mercantile interests would require the relief that Perim might be expected to afford. This provision has been fully realised. A company has been formed at Liverpool for the purpose of utilising the great natural advantages of Perim, and the actual formation of the coaling-station there took place in 1883. Thus Government has secured, without any cost to the State, a station where the largest ironclads can replenish their stock of coal and provisions, and which may one day be of immense value to our navy and to our nation if—which God forbid—we should ever find ourselves engaged in war with a European nation.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS PETROVITCH and Madame Bernstein left for Paris this morning,' said the maid who opened the door to Browne at Warwick Road; and the latter, when he heard it, felt his heart sink like lead. He could scarcely believe his ill-fortune. Only a moment before he had been comforting himself with the thought that he would soon be standing face to face with Katherine, ready to ask her a question which should decide the happiness of his life. Now his world seemed suddenly to have turned as black as midnight. Why had she left England so suddenly? What had taken her away? Could it have been something in connection with that mysterious business of Madame Bernstein's of which he had heard so much of late? Then another idea struck him. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she was leaving that had occasioned her unhappiness on the previous afternoon. The maid who had opened the door to him, and whose information had caused him such disappointment, was a typical specimen of the London boarding-house servant, and yet there was sufficient of the woman still left in her to enable her to see that the news had proved a crushing blow to the man standing before her. Her heart was touched with a feeling of compassion that was not often there.

'Can you tell me at what hour they left?'

Browne inquired. 'I was hoping to have seen Miss Petrovitch this morning.'

'I can tell you what the time was exactly,' the girl replied. 'It was on the stroke of nine when they got into the cab.'

'Are you quite certain upon that point?' he asked.

'Quite certain, sir,' she answered. 'I know it was nine o'clock because I had just carried in the first floor's breakfast; and a precious noise, sir, he always makes if it is not on the table punctual to the minute. There were some letters for Madame Bernstein by the post, which the other girl took up to her bedroom. As soon as she read them she sent down for Mrs Jimson and called for her bill. "I leave for Paris in an hour's time, Mrs Jimson," says she, sort of short-like, for I heard her myself; "so make me out my bill and let me have it quickly."'

'And did Miss Petrovitch appear at all surprised or put out at having to leave London at such short notice?' Browne asked, not without a little trepidation.

'Well, sir, that was exactly what I was agoing to tell you,' the girl replied, dropping her voice a little, and glancing back over her shoulder into the house, as if she were afraid she was being watched. 'She did seem precious put out about it; at least so the other girl says. Jane tells me she feels certain Miss Petrovitch had been crying,

her eyes were that red, and when she went into the room she and madame were at it hammer and tongs.'

'I suppose they left no message for any one who might chance to call?' Browne inquired, refusing to comment on what the girl had just told him.

'Not as I know of, sir,' the young woman replied. 'But if you will just wait a minute I'll go in and ask Mrs Jimson. She will be sure to know.'

Browne contained his patience as best he could for some five or six minutes. Then the girl returned and shook her head.

'There's no message of any sort, sir,' she said; 'at least not as Mrs Jimson knows of.'

'Thank you,' said Browne simply. 'I am much obliged to you.'

As he said it he slipped half-a-sovereign into the girl's hand. The bribe completed the effect the touch of romance, combined with his pleasing personality, to say nothing of his smart cab drawn up beside the pavement, had already produced. Not only would she have told him all she knew, but, had she dared, she would have gone so far as to have expressed her sympathy with him.

Browne was about to descend the steps, when another idea occurred to him, and he turned to the girl again.

'You do not happen to be aware of their address in Paris, I suppose?' he inquired. 'I have a particular reason for asking the question.'

'Hush, sir!' she whispered. 'If you really want to know it, I believe I can find out for you. Madame Bernstein wrote it down for Mrs Jimson, so that she could send on any letters that came for her. I know where Mrs Jimson put the piece of paper, and if you'll just wait a minute longer, I'll see if I can't find it for you and copy it out. I won't be a minute longer than I can help.'

Feeling very much as if he were guilty of a dishonourable action, Browne allowed her to depart upon her errand. This time she was somewhat longer away, but when she returned she carried, concealed in her hand, a small slip of paper. He took it from her, and once more thanking her for her kindness, returned to his cab.

'Home, Williams,' he cried to his coachman, 'and as quickly as possible. I have no time to spare.'

As the vehicle sped along in the direction of the High Street, Browne unfolded and glanced at the paper the girl had given him. Upon it, written in a clumsy hand, was the address he wanted, and which he would have fought the world to obtain.

'Madame Bernstein,' so it ran, '35 Rue Jaquerie, Paris.'

'Very good,' said Browne to himself triumphantly. 'Now I know where to find them. Let me see! They were to leave London in an hour from nine o'clock; that means that they started from Victoria and are travelling *via* Newhaven and

Dieppe. Now, there's a train from Charing Cross, *via* Dover and Calais, at eleven. If I can catch that I shall be in Paris in an hour and a half after them.'

He consulted his watch anxiously, to find that he had barely an hour in which to pack his bag and to get to the station. However, if it could be done he was determined to do it; accordingly he bade his man drive faster. Reaching Park Lane, he rang for his valet, and when that somewhat stolid individual put in an appearance, bade him pack a few necessaries and be ready to start for the Continent at once. Being a well-drilled servant, and accustomed, by long usage, to his master's rapid sittings from place to place, the man offered no comment, but merely saying, 'Very good, sir,' departed to carry out his instructions.

Two minutes to eleven found Browne standing upon the platform at Charing Cross Station. It was not until he was comfortably installed in the carriage and the train was rolling out of the station that the full meaning of what he was doing struck him. Why was he leaving England? Why, to follow this girl. And why? Why, for one very good reason—*because he loved her!* But why *should* he have loved her, when, with his wealth, he could have married the daughter of almost any peer in England; when, had he so desired, he could have chosen his wife from among the most beautiful or most talented women in Europe? Katherine Petrovitch, attractive and charming as she was, was neither as beautiful, as rich, nor as clever as a hundred he had met. And yet she was the one woman in the world he desired for his wife.

So concerned was he about her that, when they reached Dover, his first thought was to examine the sea in order to convince himself that she had had a good crossing. He boarded the steamer, the lines were cast off, and presently the vessel's head was pointing for the Continent. Little by little the English coast dropped behind them and the shores of France loomed larger. Never before had the coast struck him as being so beautiful. He entered the train at Calais with a fresh satisfaction as he remembered that every revolution of the wheels was bringing him closer to the woman he loved. The lights were lit in the cafés and upon the boulevards when he reached Paris and was driven through the crowded streets in the direction of the hotel he usually affected.

Familiar as he was with the city, it seemed altogether different to him to-night. The loungers in the courtyard of the hotel, the bustling waiters, the very chamber-maids, served to remind him that, while in the flesh he was still the same John Grantham Browne, in the spirit he was an altogether separate and distinct individual from the man they had previously known. On reaching his own room he opened the window, leant out, and looked upon Paris by night. The voice of the great city spoke to him, and greeted him as if with the

sweetest music. Once more he was sharing the same city with Katherine Petrovitch, breathing the same air, and hearing the same language.

Shutting the window at last, he washed off the stains of travel, changed his attire, and descended to the dining-hall.

Having no desire to lose time, he resolved to institute inquiries at once about the Rue Jacquarie, and to seek, and if possible to obtain, an interview with Katherine before she could possibly depart from Paris again. How was he to know that Madame Bernstein's plans might not necessitate another removal to Rome, Berlin, or St Petersburg?—in which case he might very easily lose sight of her altogether. He had never trusted madame, and since her departure from England he was even less disposed to do so than before. There was something about her that he did not altogether appreciate. He had told himself that he did not like her the first day he had met her at Merok, and he was even more convinced of the fact now. What the link was between the two women he could not think, and he was almost afraid to attempt to solve the mystery.

Dinner at an end, he rose and went to his room to put on a cloak. In love though he was, he had still sufficient of his father's prudence left to be careful of his health.

Descending to the courtyard once more, he called a *fiacre*, and when the man had driven up, inquired whether he knew where the Rue Jacquarie was. The man looked at him with some show of surprise.

'Oui, m'sieu,' he replied, 'I know the Rue Jacquarie, of course; but'—

'Never mind any buts,' Browne replied as he jumped into the cab. 'I have business in the Rue Jacquarie, so drive me there at once.'

'To what number?' the man inquired, in a tone that implied that he was not over-anxious for the job.

'Never mind the number,' said Browne; 'drive me to the corner and set me down there.'

The man whipped up his horse, and they started *via* the Rue Tronchet. Turning into the Rue St Honoré, and thence into the Place de la Madeleine, they proceeded in the direction of Montmartre. For some time Browne endeavoured to keep tally of the route. Eventually, however, he was obliged to relinquish the attempt in despair. From one street they passed into another, and to Browne it seemed that every one was alike. At last the driver stopped his horse.

'This is the Rue Jacquarie,' he said, pointing with his whip down a long and somewhat dingy thoroughfare.

Browne bade him wait for him, and then proceeded down the street on foot in search of No. 35. After the magnificent quarter of the city, in which he had installed himself, the Rue Jacquarie seemed mean and contemptible in the extreme. The houses were small and dingy, and it was plain that they were occupied by people who were not the possessors of any conspicuous degree of wealth. He walked the whole length of the street in search of No. 35, and, not finding it, returned upon the other side. At last he discovered the house he wanted. He thereupon crossed the road, and standing on the opposite pavement, regarded it steadfastly.

Lights shone from three of the windows, and Browne's pulses beat more quickly as he reflected that it was just possible one of them might emanate from Katherine's room.

It was now close upon ten o'clock, and if all had gone well with them the girl should now have been in Paris some three hours. It was extremely unlikely that after such a journey she would have gone out, so that he had every reason for feeling certain she must be in the house before him. In spite of the thin rain that was falling, he stood and watched the building for some minutes. Once a woman's shadow passed across a blind upon the second floor, and Browne felt his heart leap as he saw it. A few moments later a man and a woman passed the concierge. They paused upon the doorstep to wish some one within 'good-night'; then, descending the steps, they set off in the same direction in which Browne himself had come. Before doing so, however, they turned and looked up and down the street, as if they were afraid they might be observed. Seeing Browne watching the house, they hastened their steps, and presently disappeared down a side thoroughfare. For an ordinary observer this little event might have had little or no significance; but to Browne, in whose mind indefinable suspicions were already shaping themselves, it seemed more than a little disquieting. That they had noticed him, and that they were alarmed by the knowledge that he was watching the house, was as plain as the lights in the windows opposite. But why they should have been so frightened was what puzzled him. What was going on in the house, or rather what had they been doing that they should fear being overlooked? He asked himself these questions as he paced down the street in the direction of his cab. But he could not answer them to his satisfaction.

'Drive me to the Amphitryon Club,' he said, as he took his place in the vehicle once more; and then continued to himself, 'I'd give something to understand what it all means.'



SEBASTOPOL TO-DAY.

By ALFRED KINNEAR.



THE official visit which the Czar Nicholas II. has recently paid to the chief Russian stronghold in the Black Sea, and the fanfare of rejoicings over the renaissance which it celebrated, must have awakened some stirring memories. A brief sketch of the Sevastopol, or Sebastopol, of to-day, drawn also from a recent visit, may not be without interest. To the vast majority of Englishmen the comparatively restricted territory known as the Crimea is a *terra incognita*; yet to hundreds, and, indeed, thousands of the survivors of the middle fifties the great historic campaign must ever awaken sensitive memories of a long and heroic struggle. But while beyond the reach of the average British traveller, and known in a vague way to others, the region in which high military reputations found their cradle and others their grave has been brought by the resources of steam, then nearly in its infancy, almost to our doors. In that campaign—the final scene of all in the pomp and majesty of England's stately line of battleships—London was removed by many days from Sebastopol, and the road was beset by manifold dangers and delays. To-day the traveller in almost as many hours, and with a minimum of delay or peril and a maximum of comfort, may traverse the road.

Travellers—Russian as well as English—staying at Sebastopol, or detained over Sunday, have a pleasant way of taking a droschky-drive out to the heights of Balaklava or into the famous 'Valley of Death' between luncheon and dinner. The drive is over high rolling ground swept by the breeze anon from the sea and now from the stately Chersonese. It is for both nations classic ground. To the Russians of Odessa and the north it is the Riviera of the Black Sea. Yet rising high above its fine spring and autumn climate, and its manifold natural attractions, is the memory of that death-struggle—that Crimean Waterloo—which no Russian soldier can ever forget or wholly forgive. As one steams round the bluff red cliffs of Balaklava Bay, to quote James Grant, the Russian officers on board the Black Sea mail-boat will gather to the side and talk in low tones of the famous war and the destruction by the hand of Heaven of the great English armada.

The British officer, for an expenditure of eighty kopeks, may ride over the great entrenchments, and in four hours cover a region which it cost England millions of money, and years of time and almost countless lives, to circumvent. It is when one takes this drive and looks over the relatively limited field of the campaign that the real tenacity and genius of the Russian defences come upon us.

Sebastopol, again, that epic in military defence—

what a gem of the Orient, as we see it in the calm of peace!—Sebastopol as seen from the sea in the flush of a fine spring or autumn morning, and again when the westering sun bathes the white buildings and the cream-hued forts in a golden glow, looks supremely lovely. It is a scene of broken beauty, of white dome and green slopes, rising from a sea of deepest blue. Two new forts have taken the place of those that gave our admirals so much trouble and baffled the ingenuity of our gunners and submarine miners. Two hotels, of the modern 'grand' family kind, overlook the entrance to the harbour, while away and high to the left is where the great Malakoff stood.

A weird yet, to the English visitor, a deeply interesting feature of the street which flanks the harbour to the right, and contains the British Consulate, is the remains of ruined buildings apparently once of considerable size and prominence. This road was the old highway to Balaklava. It cut between the Redan and the Little Redan, and then, curving, passed through the entrenchments and amid the English lines. It was at the head of this street—straight, broad, and steep—that sharp fighting occurred. It was down this rough, ill-paved, battle-seamed, siege-torn thoroughfare that the retreating Russians hurried and the allied forces followed to seize the prize that had been won at last, and so dearly. It is up this street to-day that merry travelling parties now drive to the scene of battle. Although well-nigh half-a-century has passed since the war, the effects of the bombardment are still seen along the line we have traced. In fact, very little of that street could have been left standing when the city fell. One sees, at every step almost, deep yawning gaps where great houses, war factories, or private stores once stood. Some of these buildings must have been of great size, if not of opulent splendour; and the visitor marvels at such wreckage in the midst of palaces. The explanation is perhaps to be found in the supposition that the owners, either were killed in their homes or that they fled, or never had the means of restoring their demolished property. Further, it will be remembered that the Treaty of Paris practically provided against the restoration of the city. At any rate there is the wreck in the midst of the renaissance, historical if not living testimony to the vigour of British artillery or the fire-dealing power of our mortars. Some of the buildings succumbed to our cannon; some were fired by our shell.

Even in the glory of restoration the surviving ruins remind one of bits of old Jerusalem or of Damascus. One of the most striking remains, to my mind, is to be found in the outer posts of what I should take to have been a restau-

rant or *café-chantant*; for upon one of the pillars, quite legible under a thin smearing of whitewash, which it has preserved while not wholly effacing, is a small placard or playbill bearing the date '1854,' and announcing an entertainment while Britain's artillery was thundering at the gates of the beleaguered city. But this is a touch of cynicism which every great siege produces. Sebastopol remained until 1870 practically as the bombardment had left it. Then, when France, one of the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Paris, had been crushed by the war with Germany, the Czar Alexander tore up the treaty, laid the foundations of the Black Sea Fleet; he and his successor gradually rebuilt Sebastopol, restored the arsenal, added a great shipbuilding establishment; and that is why Russia rejoices to-day. This is why Fort Constantine looks like the creation of yesterday, while the still remaining ruins here and there testify to the disasters of the Crimean war.

To my mind the defence of Sebastopol was much finer than the assault; and in the museum, most reverently maintained by the Russian Government, we obtain glimpses both of the character of the assault and the stubborn nature of the defence. Even now one may distinguish the great clamps that held the iron cables thrown across the harbour. The museum is full of relics of the great struggle—Russian, British, French, and Turkish.

One may trace the course of the campaign in a fine ground-plan in relief; and any one wandering about the entrenchments has only to scratch the surface of the earth with a walking-stick to bring up bullets, round-shot, fragments of shell, broken sabres and pistols and helmets, and remains of uniforms, with human bones. Comparatively recently a Scotch gentleman added to the museum the plumed bonnet of one of the 'Forty-Twas.' When picked up the bonnet contained the head of one who had been a giant, for the trunk of a Highlander, six feet to an inch, lay ten or twelve yards away. The head had been taken off by a shell, cut as clean from the neck as if severed with an axe. It was one of the relics of the Alma—of that magnificent charge of the Highland Brigade, which will live if for nothing else but Colin Campbell's impetuous order: 'The wounded will lie where they fall.' There was no time for halts or individual efforts in the cause of mercy.

The Russian authorities in Sebastopol, now a great naval dockyard 'up to date,' while jealous of their secrets, are courteous enough to strangers, who are permitted to see a good deal. The city has an interest especially for English travellers on its historical account; but as a thing of beauty, quite apart from its potentialities, it is a gem in a very exquisite example of Nature's setting.

MR BRAITHWAITE'S PERPLEXITY.

CHAPTER II.

IT was about a month afterwards. Mr Braithwaite was leaving home. Every year he took a fortnight's holiday in London by himself. It was during Convocation, and it was generally supposed that he was attending the meetings and assisting at ecclesiastical matters of that kind. During his absence a *locum tenens* took the Sunday duty, and Mrs Braithwaite, a host in herself, administered the parish with untiring zeal.

The Rector was not sorry that the day of his departure had arrived. The house had been a good deal upset lately, and once when he had been away for the day he found a dressmaker had had possession of the study; and there was a litter of frocks and other paraphernalia of the kind upon some of the chairs.

For Maggie was engaged to be married. It was a most satisfactory match—a young squire of the neighbourhood who had loved her from a child. His parents were dead, and he had an unimpeachable rent-roll. A nice fellow in every way. No one had anything to say of him but praise. He was a churchwarden, and subscribed to everything with a free hand. He looked after

his tenants. He hunted a little. He shot a good deal.

But the chief thing in its favour was Mrs Braithwaite's frame of mind. There was a respite from battling with the misdeeds of others such as had not been for many years. The parish was well-behaved. No one neglected his duties. With the servants there was no fault to find. Even the animals felt the difference. The dogs ventured once or twice into the drawing-room, and the cat crept on to the new velvet-pile arm-chair.

The trousseau was rather too obtrusive, no doubt, and the arrangements for the wedding were a little fatiguing towards the end. But not once had the Rector been taken to task for visiting the wrong sick baby, or asking after the husband of the young woman who had never had a husband of any kind. He felt particularly cheerful; and then, too, during the last month he had made great strides. Not with Kitty, to be sure. He never had got on with her. She generally eyed him distrustfully from a distance, and if he came upon her in the garden, she was still inclined to run the other way.

But Maggie had been charmingly forthcoming.

Acting up to her new rôle, she had asked his opinion on different matters, and had come into the library to talk to him from time to time. Once or twice she had thrust her pretty little arm within his as he strolled down his favourite walk in the garden, between the sweet-peas and the purple clematis which flanked the path in festoons on either side. He felt more than ever regretful that he had not made use of his opportunities before.

And now he should not see her again till just before the wedding.

He had packed his portmanteau, and the carriage was coming round to take him to the station in half-an-hour. He sighed a little to himself as he arranged some papers in a drawer and put away a few things he did not care to leave about.

He had left the door open, but his back was turned to it, and he did not notice for a moment that some one had come in. Then, suddenly looking up, he saw that it was Maggie. He noticed that she was pale, and there was an appearance about her eyes as if she had shed tears not long ago.

'I wish you weren't going away, father,' she said as she came and stood by the writing-table beside him. As she spoke she fidgeted the letter-clip up and down.

The Rector looked surprised. He was not accustomed to regret at his departure. It was generally welcomed by the servants for a suspension of late dinner, and by Mrs Braithwaite for house-cleaning and purposes of that kind.

'I think it is one's duty to take a change,' said the Rector a little apologetically. 'I didn't think my absence would be regretted by anybody.'

'Well, you see, father, when you come back it will be just before the wedding—and it all feels—so—so'— Her voice shook and the tears stood in her eyes.

Her father stopped sorting the papers in his hand. 'I don't understand,' he said in a bewildered sort of way. He sat down in his chair.

'I don't know how to—explain,' said Maggie piteously as she put a small embroidered handkerchief to her eyes.

He looked at her for a moment in silence. 'You mean to say—you are not happy?' he asked at length.

The girl flushed. Then suddenly she flung herself down upon the ground and laid her pretty, fair head against his knee.

'No—I don't want to marry anybody—not anybody at all. I don't want to— Oh father, can't you understand?'

'This is very serious,' said the Rector as he grimly stroked her hair. He looked at the clock. There were only a few minutes more before it would be time for him to start. He wished she

had chosen a little earlier in the day. After making his arrangements and fixing his train nothing had ever stopped him before.

What should he do?

'You are a little upset. It is a great step in one's life, I know,' he said at last. 'But you will have a very good husband. I would not have consented'— he faltered a moment before her gaze—'no, I would not have consented,' he repeated firmly, 'if I had not been sure of that.'

'I know he's good; but he—I don't think I really—I don't really love him. Does it matter, do you think?'

She looked at him questioningly through a mist of tears.

The Rector fidgeted with his keys. He foresaw a prospect of agitating days and sleepless nights before which his spirit quailed. The secret joys before him, the great orchid show, and the wonderful new tulips gleamed luridly ahead. He would miss all this if he stayed.

'Does it matter marrying—when one only just likes a person—just enough to—to kiss them sometimes—if one has to,' went on his daughter inexorably.

The Rector rose from his chair. He kept his eyes steadfastly away from the clock. As he turned them in the opposite direction they fell upon the portrait of his dead wife. She looked at him from out of the long-past years.

He stopped. He came and stood in front of the girl, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

'Yes, it does matter,' he said slowly. 'It matters everything in the world. It must be broken off.'

He could hear the sound of the carriage-wheels coming round. His portmanteau was being carried downstairs. . . . He went to the door.

'Mason,' he said to the servant outside, 'tell Davis I have put off going away to-day. Tell him to take the carriage round.'

'Oh father, you mustn't stay for me!' cried the girl; 'you have never missed going on the same day before.'

'Because I've neglected my duties for seventeen years it is no reason for going on doing so,' said the Rector a little testily. Even a martyrdom has its irritating moments.

'Dear child,' he went on quite quietly, 'some day you will know what real love means. Till then, wait. Nothing makes up for the lack of it; it is at best a covered-up misery without.'

'But mother—what will she say? I daren't tell mother. Father, couldn't we run away?'

The Rector smiled grimly. In his heart of hearts there was nothing he would like better than to run away. As his thoughts flew back down the vista of his past life, he saw himself, in a sense, continually running away. There were other kinds than the merely physical performance.

'Don't worry yourself, dear; leave it to me,' he said at last. 'I will talk to your mother about it.'

'She will be very—angry,' said the girl. She was knotting her handkerchief nervously in her fingers.

'I know,' said the Rector firmly. 'Dear child,' he went on after a pause, 'I am beginning to perceive I might have been a different father to you, if I had had more courage and been less selfish over my'— He paused a moment and then went on: 'Anyhow, I can begin now. I will manage it for you. I will tell your mother to-night when she returns from the flower-show.'

'Will you write to—to—Charlie?' said the girl hesitatingly.

The Rector looked at her in silence for a moment. 'I think that will be your part,' he said; 'the only right course is to write and explain to him yourself.'

'Oh dear! it is all so dreadful. What shall I do?'

The Rector pulled himself together. He made her sit down. He talked for another half-hour, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that when she left him she was in a more composed frame of mind. When it was all over he sank into his low reading-chair and shut his eyes. He felt as if he had gone through some severe

and unaccustomed physical task. Nor was it over. There was a horrible dread at his heart of work still to be done. The facing of Mrs Braithwaite loomed alarmingly near. He remembered the few occasions, in the past, on which he had done so, and felt that they had taken years off his life.

And yet it must be done.

At last the carriage-wheels were heard; and, feeling too nervous to await her approach, he forestalled the parlour-maid and went to the hall door to let her in.

He noticed by her face that something was amiss. He had learned to read her face. Though she looked surprised to see him, there was evidently something on her mind which excluded an interest in any other matter.

'Herbert,' she said, the spring of the *vis-à-vis* going up in a little bound as she alighted—'Herbert, you still here? Well, never mind; I've something important to tell you; so come into the library, and shut the door.'

He followed her down the passage, noting particularly the solid, set look of her capacious shoulders, upon which the little lace fichu which she wore over her best Sunday silk appeared apologetically inadequate.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WITHIN recent years industrial education has come to demand much attention in this country. It is now admitted that more than a mere elementary education, such as is to be had in the primary schools, is required to fit the average youth for the battle of life. But, besides this, there is another consideration, which many regard as of vastly more importance than the first: it is that, if Great Britain is not to be gradually but surely ousted from the world's markets by her foreign rivals, for one thing her artisans must be taught to take an intelligent interest in their work, and must be able to direct their energies to perfecting it. The movement in the direction of industrial—but more especially technical—education had its beginnings before the latter consideration received much attention, in the establishment of a few technical schools, mostly in London.

General interest was only aroused to the importance of the subject in 1881, when a royal commission appointed to consider it brought out the fact that this country was far behind the Continent and the United States in this respect. The Government seriously took the matter in hand. In that year was passed the Technical Instruction Act, and in the following year the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise Duties) Act. The first act defined technical education as (1) instruction in

science and art applicable to industries; (2) the application of special branches of science and art to specific industries; and (3) other kinds of instruction which may be approved by the Science and Art Department, and are stated by the local authorities to be required by the circumstances of their district. By the same act county councils, town councils, or other local authorities were permitted to levy a rate not exceeding one penny in the pound for the purposes of technical education. By the Local Taxation Act a tax on spirits was raised for the benefit of local authorities, giving them permission to use the whole or part of it for the same purpose.

Meanwhile technical education had been making rapid progress in London, and in 1884 the Central Institution at South Kensington was opened, having been built and equipped at a cost of £100,000. The education given at the Institution is, however, of a higher grade than the usual technical instruction. Students are qualified to become mechanical, civil, and electrical engineers, superintendents and managers in various kinds of industries, and technical teachers. Besides this and numerous other institutions more or less fully equipped for the teaching of technical, industrial, and manual subjects, there are the institutions known as Polytechnics. Up to 1891 there were only the Regent Street Polytechnic and the People's Palace; now there are eleven. At these

places instruction in almost every branch of technology, science, and art, and in industrial and manual subjects, is given, from the most elementary to the highest stages.

In other parts of the country the development of technical education has been almost as equally rapid as in London. Besides special colleges in the chief cities, there is hardly a town or other centre of population in which facilities are not given for technical instruction of some kind.

In addition to the money raised under the two acts already mentioned, funds for the support of technical education are drawn from the rates levied under the Public Libraries Act, from endowments, fees, &c. The estimated total expenditure of public money on technical education in the United Kingdom for the year 1895-6 was £793,507.

Technical instruction is carried on in both day and evening schools. In day schools, for pupils who desire to give their whole time to study, every kind of technical, commercial, and sometimes industrial or manual instruction is given. Some of the pupils at these schools study up to the age of eighteen before taking to practical work. Most of those who do this, however, intend to follow such occupations as mechanical or electrical engineering, chemical or textile manufactures, or agriculture, where the processes involved demand a comparatively wide knowledge of science. Much of the advanced work of such pupils is done in fully equipped laboratories and workshops, such as all colleges have. In the evening classes, mainly for those who work during the day, facilities are given for the study of science and art as applied to their daily work, and for the acquisition of a commercial education.

The kind of technical or industrial education in any particular district depends very much upon the industries there predominant. In the cotton districts of Lancashire and Cheshire, for instance, among other things the principles of cotton-weaving and spinning are taught; in dairy counties such as Cambridge, Berks, &c., dairy-work, bee-keeping, horticulture, &c.; and in such iron districts as Warwickshire and Staffordshire, mechanical engineering, iron and steel manufacture, &c.

In regard to industrial or manual training, it stands to reason that the best place in which a young man ought to learn his trade is the workshop (and some masters are prejudiced enough to look with a jaundiced eye on youths hot from the 'schools'). 'But while this is so, it is also recognised that there are many questions of materials, design, principles, and methods which it is nowadays quite impossible for a beginner to be instructed in during business hours, and which can be both more economically and more efficiently taken in hand by an organisation especially charged with such work.'

In looking at the state of industrial education abroad, our attention is naturally turned in the

first instance to Germany, which within the last few years has done so much to imperil our trade supremacy. It is said that it was the World's Fair at Philadelphia in 1876 which awakened Germany to the importance of industrial, as distinct from technical, education. The German Commissioner, Professor Reuleaux, telegraphed to Prince Bismarck that 'our goods are cheap but wretched.' Inquiries were instituted by the various German states into the causes of the industrial inferiority. They found that requisite technical knowledge was wanting among the labourers, a knowledge which could only be acquired in suitable schools, and that every industry relies upon the technical knowledge and ability accumulated by years of skilled labour for its success in the world's markets; hence that special excellence in any branch of industry is a result both of technical schooling and acquired skill. The result was that a large number of industrial schools were at once started on a systematic plan, and German industry was not long in feeling the effect. These institutions are of three kinds: elementary industrial schools, which prepare the mass of the people; secondary industrial schools, for the teaching of foremen and designers; and higher institutions or colleges, which prepare those destined for industrial leaders. Previous to 1876 there were schools of each kind already in existence; but the various states now fostered industrial education by subsidising the schools established for that purpose.

These industrial schools are both day and evening schools. As the employment of children under sixteen years of age is prohibited in factories and workshops, many communities have made attendance compulsory between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and some of the states have made this possible by law. The state leaves to each community the choosing of the particular subjects to be taught, these being suited to the needs of the locality—agricultural or industrial, as the case may be. The secondary industrial schools are in the large industrial centres of the empire. They are chiefly schools of design, in which three-fourths of the time devoted to study is given to drawing and mathematics. Few of these schools have workshops; but the students, being mostly apprentices or journeymen artisans, can make models in their shops after designs made at school. The masters encourage this, for they often benefit by new ideas or inventions thus introduced. The whole system of industrial education is under the control of the Minister of Commerce and Industry.

No country, perhaps, has carried industrial education to more perfection than Switzerland, and there is no country in Europe which can boast of more industrial and trade schools in proportion to the population. Swiss industrial education, however, does not altogether depend upon schools. A system was experimentally started a few years

ago which had worked very well in Baden. This was the subsidising of selected master-workmen for training apprentices according to prescribed rules and regulations. The period of trial expires in this present year, and if it has proved successful, the Federal Government will grant the means to carry out the plan on a much more extended scale. The examination of apprentices is a great feature in the Swiss system. In some of the cantons the examination is obligatory, in others it is optional. About 1200 candidates are examined annually, but this number will increase as soon as obligatory examination is adopted in every canton. Switzerland is moving indirectly towards compulsory instruction for all those designing to follow industrial pursuits.

Of the higher industrial institutions of Switzerland, those of Zurich and Berne are the most noted. The school at Berne aims to teach a young man a trade; to enable those who have learned a trade in some workshop to complete their technical education, and so prepare themselves for higher positions than that of artisans; to check the immigration of skilled workmen from other countries; and to elevate the trades in general. Instruction is gratuitous. Funds are furnished, partly by the community, partly by the Federal and Cantonal Governments, and partly by the sale of the products of the shops. The graduates are examined under the rules in force for apprentices. The conviction seems to be growing in Switzerland, as it has grown in Baden, that it is better to subsidise the masters for the training of apprentices than to extend the system of trade-schools.

In Austria it is only comparatively recently that active steps have been taken to bring industrial education up to the level of neighbouring countries. As a national institution, it may be said to be in its experimental stage. Both the systems of subsidising masters and of establishing trade-schools are being tried. So successful have these so far shown themselves that it is proposed to introduce the Swiss system of examination of apprentices.

In France elementary instruction in agriculture is compulsory in rural schools; hence it is taught from the earliest school age—namely, seven. Instruction is given both by means of text-books and by simple experiments and observation. The Minister of Public Instruction says: 'The end to be attained by elementary instruction in agriculture is to give the greatest number of children in rural districts the knowledge indispensable for reading a book on modern agriculture, or attending an agricultural meeting with profit; to impress them with the love of country life and the desire not to change it for the city or manufactures; and to inculcate the truth that the agricultural profession, the most independent of all, is more remunerative than many others for industrious, intelligent, and well-instructed fol-

lowers.' For those who wish to follow agriculture as a profession there is, of course, secondary instruction.

Denmark owes its prosperity almost wholly to the perfection of its agricultural or dairy industry. Naturally, therefore, this branch of industry receives most attention. The necessary instruction is given at what are called rural high-schools. In these schools men—peasants of from eighteen to thirty years of age—spend five months of winter, and women three months of summer, 'receiving an education which leans chiefly to the human side, and gives but a secondary place to the scientific and technical side, the object being to develop the heart, mind, and will.' The leading agriculturists of Denmark hold that, apart from the advanced study of agriculture in the university stage, the spread of improved methods of farming is due more to the 'highly developed common-sense' of the Danish farmers as brought out by their rural high-school education than by any technical training in the schools.

In the United States the movement for manual instruction was inaugurated in 1865 by the starting of the Institute of Technology in Boston. In all the principal cities of the Union there are now one or more special industrial institutions, schools, or colleges. To take New York alone, there are among its institutions the New York Trade School, where instruction is given in trades exclusively; the Working-man's School, where manual training according to the latest trade methods is a special feature; the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, the object of which is to promote manual and industrial education, as well as cultivation in literature, science, and art; and the Teachers' College, for the manual training of teachers, among other things. The Jews have two institutions in New York—the Hebrew Technical Institute and the Baron de Hirsch Trade-School, the latter for assisting Russian and Roumanian Jews to gain a knowledge of some trade and a sufficient knowledge of the English language. Most of these institutions in the great cities are either self-supporting or are supported by endowments. In 1862, colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts were, by act of Congress, and by further act in 1890, endowed with public lands and the proceeds arising from their sale. These two sources of revenue, amounting to about 1,500,000 dollars, do not represent the whole income; other sources are fees, state grants, &c. The total income amounts to about 5,250,000 dollars. Although previous to 1862 agricultural colleges existed in some of the states, after their endowment they rapidly increased, and now there are about fifty. While agriculture is taught in most of them, the branches of industry peculiar to each state are not neglected. In addition to these there are fourteen industrial colleges and institutes for coloured pupils; these are mostly

in the southern states. It is, however, admitted that Germany is ahead of the Republic in the matter of industrial education, and that much more requires to be done.

Great Britain does not, in regard to industrial education, compare favourably with some of the European states. Many of our schools, excellent though they be, are, strictly speaking, not industrial schools at all, or only partially so. All give instruction in science and art as applied to industries—a great number of them nothing else. Others give this instruction along with instruction in commercial subjects; others again, but they are comparatively few, combine these two branches with a more or less amount of purely industrial and manual training. The great majority of the schools are, or aim at being, secondary industrial schools; they are, in other words, technical schools. Elementary industrial education is practically neglected. The one is as important as the other. This is fully

recognised in Germany, the country above all others from which we have most to fear. There technical or secondary industrial education follows, in natural sequence, elementary industrial education, according to a sound and common-sense system, under the control of a responsible minister. We cannot be said to have a system. Local authorities are under no control except in so far that the industrial and manual subjects ("other kinds of instruction") which they may elect to teach must be approved by the Science and Art Department.

It may be hoped that the trend towards technical instruction will be aided by the proposals recently issued in a circular from the Education Department, in which recognition is asked for a distinct class of science schools, to which a grant will be given conditionally on their giving a special three years' course of instruction in experimental science, drawing, history and English literature, and means of instruction.

THE STORY OF A GREAT BULLION ROBBERY.



THE first sight the robbery of gold or silver bullion would seem one of the most hazardous of all forms of theft. The great weight and clumsiness of the 'swag,' the number of people usually employed in guarding it, and, not least, the difficulty of disposing of it when stolen render the adventure peculiarly dangerous. Perhaps, however, the very magnitude of the task, the risks attending it, and the bold and skilful combinations necessary to circumvent them possess attractions of their own to the minds of the more Napoleonic class of criminals. Certain it is that bullion is a frequent object of attack, and sometimes the thieves have managed to get clear away with their booty without leaving any clue. The impudent robbery of silver ingots in broad daylight in a London street a few years ago is no doubt still fresh in the public mind. In this case the thieves were tracked and caught. The affair presented some features unique in the history of crime, and no doubt if the police told the whole story, which did not come out at the trial of Sarti and his confederates, it would appear more surprising still. But it may be doubted whether this case equalled in romantic interest the great bullion robbery on the South-Eastern Railway over forty years ago, when gold to the value of £12,000 was stolen from the night mail on its way from London to Folkestone.

On May 15, 1855, the night mail for Folkestone and Dover left London Bridge Station with a large quantity of gold in the guard's van. The specie belonged to three firms—Messrs Abell & Co., Messrs Spielmann, and Messrs Butt—and its in-

tended destination was Paris. Every care was taken to prevent theft. The gold was contained in three boxes, each of which was bound with iron bars and had been sealed and weighed before the start. These again were placed in two iron safes fastened by Chubb locks. The safes were in ordinary use for the conveyance of bullion. Two keys were required to open each, but the same pair did for both the safes. Three sets of duplicate keys were in the possession of the railway company, one being kept in London, and another at Folkestone; the third was in the charge of the captains of the South-Eastern Railway boats. On this eventful night the safes were taken out of the train at Folkestone in the ordinary way (nothing unusual being noticed) and placed on board the boat for Boulogne. On arrival at the port the boxes were taken out and weighed. It was subsequently found that the weight here differed from the weight in London. At Paris they were weighed again, and the weight corresponded with that of Boulogne. When the boxes were opened it was discovered that £12,000 worth of gold had been abstracted and a quantity of shot substituted to make up weight. The police were at once communicated with, and made exhaustive investigations. It was obvious from the comparison of the weights at the different stoppages that the robbery must have been committed before the bullion reached Boulogne, and the impossibility of touching it while on board the boat rendered it practically certain that the gold was stolen from the train between London and Folkestone. Beyond this, however, the police could discover nothing. The thieves had decamped with £12,000, leaving not a trace behind.

The affair was soon forgotten by the majority of people, but in September 1856 public interest was revived in a singular manner. A man named Edward Agar had been convicted in October 1855 of uttering a forged cheque, and had been sentenced to transportation for life. He was at this time undergoing the preliminary imprisonment at Portland, and he now came forward and made a remarkable confession to the authorities. He declared that the bullion robbery sixteen months before was committed by himself and three accomplices—namely, William Pierce, formerly a ticket-printer in the employment of the South-Eastern Railway Company; James Burgess, guard; and George Tester, clerk in the office of the traffic superintendent of the company. The three men were arrested, and on the 13th of January 1857 their trial opened at the Old Bailey before Mr Baron Martin.

The principal witness against them was the informer, Agar. His reason for turning queen's evidence in this unexpected way was a desire to be revenged upon Pierce for the latter's conduct to a woman whom Agar had left under his care. Before his arrest Agar was living with a young woman named Fanny Kay, who had borne him a child, and of whom, despite occasional quarrels, he was passionately fond. When he was sentenced to transportation he entrusted to Pierce a sum of £3000, which he had acquired somehow before the bullion robbery, to be devoted to the maintenance of Fanny Kay and his child. But after a short time Pierce appropriated the money himself, and turned the unfortunate woman adrift. This came to the ears of Agar in Portland, and, having nothing to lose himself, he determined to repay his quondam friend's treachery by informing against him.

In the indictment Pierce was described as a grocer, imperfectly educated, and aged forty. He had been dismissed from his place as ticket-printer to the railway company in 1850. Burgess, who was aged thirty-five, and had been in the company's service as guard for thirteen years, was described as 'well educated;' and Tester, who was only twenty-six, was accorded the same description. Agar was aged forty-one, and on his own confession had made his living by crime for nearly twenty years.

The informer told his remarkable story with much coolness and obvious sincerity. He had become acquainted with Pierce about five years before, when the latter was clerk at a betting-office in King Street, Covent Garden. One day Pierce told him that it was the custom to convey gold bullion in a safe by the night train from London Bridge Station to Folkestone, and proposed that they should attempt a robbery on a large scale. Agar, however, declined, thinking the scheme impracticable. He went to America for some time, and on his return accidentally met Pierce in King Street. Pierce then asked him if

he had thought any more about the robbery. Agar replied that he believed it would be impossible to carry the thing out unless they could obtain an impression of the keys used for the safe. The two men had repeated meetings, and at last Agar told Pierce that if he could obtain the impressions he would have no objection to undertake the completion of the scheme. Pierce said he thought he could get the impressions, and explained that Burgess and Tester would be their only confederates. Burgess was already known to Agar; Tester he only knew by sight. That young man was then stationmaster at Margate, and Agar went down to see him by arrangement with Pierce, who wrote asking Tester to show the expert thief an impression of the cash-box key to see if it would be any criterion to go by in making the keys for the bullion safes. But despite the most laudable desire to advance in the profession of crime, Pierce proved himself only a novice in this affair of the keys; and Agar was obliged to tell Tester that the impression he had to show was not of the slightest use. Tester, who also seems to have had a natural taste for knavery, thereupon declared that it was a great pity Pierce had not mentioned the matter to him before, because when he (Tester) was clerk at the Folkestone Station he had the keys in his possession.

Agar returned to London without success, but in consequence of Tester's last remark it was determined that Pierce and he should go down to Folkestone and reconnoitre. They took lodgings, Agar going by the name of Adams, and gave out that they were there for the sake of the sea-bathing. This was quite twelve months before the robbery actually came off. They went down to the station and the pier regularly every day to observe the arrival of the trains and the delivery of luggage to the boats, thus making themselves acquainted with the habits of the officials. But their constant watching aroused the suspicion of the police. Pierce, whom they had particularly noticed, was obliged to go back to London, but Agar stayed behind for a few days. Then Tester introduced him to a young man named Sharman, who sometimes had charge of the keys at Folkestone, and Agar set about corrupting him; but, as the informer said in court, Sharman 'being a very sedate young man,' he could not get much information from this source. He therefore returned to town somewhat disheartened, and advised that the matter should be allowed to rest for some time.

Pierce, however, still clung to the scheme indomitably; and at last fortune smiled upon their enterprise. Tester, who had by this time been promoted to a clerkship in the office of the traffic superintendent, wrote to Pierce one day stating that one of the keys of the bullion safe was lost, and the safe had to be sent to Messrs Chubb to be refitted. Tester himself was con-

ducting the correspondence in the matter, and it was not difficult for him to get the key into his possession for a short time to take an impression of it in wax. But Agar refused to entrust such an important operation to an amateur, and so Tester was obliged to meet him and Pierce at a beer-shop in Tooley Street, bringing the key with him. Agar, under pretence that he wanted to wash his hands, went into a bedroom and took the impression with all the care and skill of an adept. Tester then managed to put the key into its place in the superintendent's office without attracting the least suspicion.

Thus, after months of waiting and disappointment, the first step in the conspiracy was achieved. But they still required an impression of the second key, and this proved a graver difficulty than any they had yet experienced. Agar, who was plentifully provided with money, having in his possession £3000, handed over to Pierce two or three hundred sovereigns, which the latter then forwarded to him by rail at Folkestone. The bogus consignment was made out to Agar under the name of Archer. That ingenious gentleman of course turned up for his gold on the arrival of the tidal train, and observed that Chapman, the official in charge, took the second key of the safe out of a cupboard in his office.

A bold stroke was then decided upon. In their previous reconnaissance at Folkestone, Pierce and Agar had noticed that on the arrival of the Boulogne boat Chapman and the other officials generally went to the pier to make arrangements connected with the transport of luggage, *leaving the office unattended*. So one day the worthy pair again arrived at the seaside town and waited for the arrival of the boat. They then saw Chapman and a man named Ledger leave the office and make for the pier. Pierce boldly went inside, while Agar remained at the door. Pierce opened the cupboard without difficulty and took the key to his confederate, who, standing the while on the threshold, rapidly took an impression of it in wax. Pierce then replaced it in the cupboard; and, closing the door of the office, the thieves coolly walked away without attracting attention.

Now came the task of filing the keys. Agar bought several blank keys and filed them to the required shape in Pierce's house, Walnut Tree Walk, Lambeth—with such care that the operation took fully two months. Even then perfection had not been reached, and Agar actually travelled down to Folkestone with Burgess, the guard, seven or eight times in order to try the keys on the bullion safes. On each occasion they fitted more nearly, and at last the day arrived when they turned the locks with absolute ease.

The hour for making the great attempt was now close at hand. But first it was necessary to arrange for the safe conveyance of the gold after it had

been stolen. They calculated that the largest amount they could carry would be about £12,000 worth, and they spent several days in preparing courier-bags for holding the bullion. Then, as they would have to substitute something for the precious metal, to bring the boxes as far as possible up to the original weight, Pierce and Agar bought a quantity of shot. This they put up in a number of small bags, some of which were placed in the courier-bags and the rest in a large carpet-bag. A special bag of black leather was made for Tester, who was to get out of the train at Reigate, and there take some of the gold and convey it to London, so as to relieve the arch-conspirators of part of their burden. These preparations were made at Agar's house, Cambridge Villas, Shepherd's Bush; and when they were complete the bags were conveyed by cart to a house in Crown Terrace, Hampstead Road, to which Pierce had in the meantime shifted his quarters.

All was now ready for the enterprise, and the gang only waited for a night when a sufficient quantity of bullion was being despatched to make the robbery worth their while. But as they could not find this out till the last moment, they had to go to the London Bridge Station for several nights before a proper chance arrived. Pierce and Agar would drive in a cab to St Thomas's Street, near the station, some time before the train started. Pierce, who was disguised in a black wig and false whiskers, wore a big cloak, under which he carried some of the bags. Agar also had a cloak. He took it off, however, and went up to the station to meet Tester, who told him whether any gold was going down that night. As already stated, this programme was rehearsed for five or six nights before the great opportunity occurred.

At last, on the night of the eventful 15th, as Agar was hanging around the station, the guard, Burgess, came out and wiped his face. This was the appointed signal to indicate that bullion was going down with the train. Burgess went back to his duties. Agar summoned Pierce hastily, and getting two first-class tickets for Dover, gave one to his confederate. Pierce thereupon got into a carriage. But Agar waited about, and choosing his opportunity, managed to jump into the guard's van unobserved. Burgess then carefully covered him with an apron. Tester was in another part of the train.

After the train had started Agar threw off his covering and proceeded swiftly with the work of removing the bullion, which on this night was contained in two safes. He opened one with the keys and took out a wooden box. This he carefully prised open with his tools and took out four bars of gold. One bar he placed in Tester's bag, and gave it to Burgess to be handed out at Reigate. The other three he placed in the carpet-bag. Then he put shot into the box in place of the gold. The train by this time had reached Reigate, and

Agar went under cover again. Tester got out and received the black bag from Burgess, and once more the train sped on its way. Agar got up and opened the second box, which was in the same safe, and took therefrom a quantity of American gold pieces, again substituting shot for the metal abstracted. He then fastened down both boxes, and sealed them down as they were when they started. He locked the safe and opened the other. This contained only one box, which he found filled with small bars of gold. He took as many of these as he thought he had sufficient shot to replace, and then fastened the box up again and locked the safe.

Both the safes were removed by the railway officials at Folkestone, without suspicion, and placed on the Boulogne boat. Agar and Pierce, however, went right on to Dover. Arrived there, Agar walked at once to the harbour and threw the keys and the rest of his tools into the sea. Then the successful thieves went to a hotel, giving out that they had come to Dover from somewhere in the adjacent district, and that they were going up to London by the 2 A.M. train. Before they started they managed to take the gold out of the carpet-bag and place it in the courier-bags attached to their persons, and when they got back to London they left the carpet-bag behind in the waiting-room.

The gold was taken to Pierce's house, where they were joined by Tester with his share of the spoil. Pierce sold the American coins to money-changers, getting in return as much as £400. Then they removed the bullion to Agar's house at Cambridge Villas, and, extemporising a furnace in one of the upper rooms, they melted the whole of it and ran it into ingots. Agar then began cautiously to sell it, receiving about £3 an ounce. An interesting fact came out in his evidence—namely, that the first person to whom he sold some of the bullion was James Saward, better known as 'Jim the Penman.' This Saward was a remarkable character. He was a barrister of the Inner Temple, and Agar himself said he had seen him pleading in Westminster Hall. Saward appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey in the following March, charged with the commission of an astounding series of skilful forgeries in the City—which were actually beginning to affect the security of the entire mercantile community—and was sentenced to transportation for life.

Other means of disposing of the gold, however, were also found, and one day Burgess and Tester visited Cambridge Villas to share in the first division of the spoil, each of the conspirators receiving from £600 to £700. But before Agar could dispose of any more of the gold he was arrested on the charge of uttering the forged cheque, and was sent to prison. He understood that the rest of the gold, which was unsold, was buried by Pierce in a hole in his pantry under

the front steps of a house at Kilburn to which he had removed from Hampstead Road. The newspaper reports of the day do not say whether this treasure was ever recovered.

In telling his strange narrative Agar made manifest the animosity he bore towards Pierce; but the details he gave were so clear and convincing, and were corroborated so strongly by the evidence of independent witnesses, that, though the prisoners were defended by some of the ablest counsel of the day, the jury without hesitation brought in a verdict of guilty. Burgess and Tester, who were charged with stealing the property of their employers, were sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Unfortunately the arch-conspirator and worst rascal of the gang managed to get off more lightly. Not being in the employment of the railway company at the time, he could only be proceeded against for simple larceny. For this he got the maximum penalty—two years' imprisonment with hard labour, the first three months to be passed in solitary confinement. But in sentencing him the judge denounced his conduct to Fanny Kay in the most scathing terms, and ordered the £3000 which he had appropriated to be restored to the woman. As for Agar, he had been made to understand from the first that his confession would bring him no remission of the sentence which had already been passed upon him, and therefore he went back once more to the hulks.

AN INDIAN LULLABY.

Pocahontas, Powhatan's dearest Jewell and Daughter, in that darke nighte came through the irksome woodes . . . and brought them so much Provision that saved many of their Lives. . . . The Love of Pocahontas so revived their dead spirits, that all men's Fear was abandoned.

Thus from numbe Death our goodde God sent reliefa. The sweet Assuager of all ether griefe.—*Generall Historie of Virginia*, CAPT. JOHN SMITH, *Sometyme Governor*.

REST ! rest ! rest !

The south wind sighs in the pine-tree's crest,

The dewdrop sleeps in the rose's breast,

The curtains of Night are over the west—

The beautiful west.

Ye have won your way from the fiery east ;

From danger and toil ye stand released.

Yield ye now to the charm possessed

By the dwellers within the dreamy west—

The beautiful west.

Sleep ! sleep ! sleep !

See ! to our feet the moonbeams creep ;

By the waves of that silver tide caressed,

We shall float through the gates of the mystic west—

The beautiful west.

ANTONIA KENNEDY—LAURIE DICKSON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

KNIGHTS OF THE BRUSH.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT, Author of *Personal Forces of the Period*, &c.

SIX miles of very awkward walking it is (or in the later seventies was) from the little inn at Sligachan to the famous Loch Coruisk in the Isle of Skye. Parenthetically one may observe that, as Macaulay invests the valley of Glencoe with a gloom not specially characteristic of the actual spot, so did the eye of Sir Walter Scott see in this sheet of Hebridean water a closer resemblance than the prosaic eye would detect to the Avernian lake. Coruisk is indeed desolate enough from its situation, but not absolutely awe-inspiring. Seated by these waters at the date mentioned was an artist whom, during part of his walk, the present writer had accompanied. I had lagged behind; by the time the loch was reached, Vicat Cole had not only unpacked his artist's materials, but had nearly completed his sketch. With a puzzled rather than an appreciative look, a shock-headed Highland shepherd-boy was, as I approached, watching the painter's progress for some time in stony silence. At last the urchin found his voice with: 'Ay! But it's nothing to compare with MacWhirter.' He had seen, like every one in that part of the world, if not the original, a copy of John MacWhirter's very powerful landscape. The lad knew that artist, though a native of distant Midlothian, to be a compatriot. He inferred from the appearance of the later painter that he was but a Sassenach tourist with colours and brush. Local opinion elsewhere was more favourable to the rendering of the Skye lake by the well-known painter of Surrey landscapes. A few days later we were in Portree together. One after another the art-loving among the inhabitants called at our inn to see the presentation by an English brush of that Hebridean spot, which—to every Scotsman scarcely less a national idol than Sir Walter himself—John MacWhirter had already immortalised.

After the Skye days I again met Vicat Cole in
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the Arts Club in London, to which at that time we both belonged. Never, surely, were goodlier representatives of the painter's craft collected within the same space than in those days inside that pleasant and pretty house at the corner of Hanover Square. Vicat Cole himself was a remarkably well-looking man, powerfully and symmetrically built. His tawny beard was a welcome and familiar feature at most artistic and literary gatherings of that period. I have not entered the club for several years; its internal fittings and arrangements may have changed since I saw them. Those who would know what they were then like cannot do better than look up the social sketches of art-life in London by John Leech or George du Maurier in back-numbers of *Punch*; for the scene wherein the brethren of the brush are drawn is without exception this pleasant haunt. Gone are nearly all of that group; the most impressive of them always seemed the late Field Talfourd. With his white locks surrounding a most noble countenance, seated in his arm-chair in the smoking-drawing-room, with its comfortably unclimbable furniture, Field Talfourd appeared the king as well as, by seniority he probably was, the father of the place. During his later years his brush often lay idle; in his day he had painted the portraits of most social personages. While thus professionally engaged he had stayed at every house worth visiting in the kingdom, and had known every person of note; beyond any artist the present writer has ever met he excelled in the gift of pleasant conversational reminiscences. Talfourd, indeed, many years earlier, had been seen by the present writer. Together with George Cattermole, he visited at town and country houses where in early youth it was my lot often to be. Cattermole was then, or had lately been, engaged on his fine illustrations to 'The Waverley Novels.' Still overflowing with interest in that task, this great artist and kindly man would delight his young

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friends by the hour together with giving them in his own words the chief points of the stories his drawings embellished; still full of the spots he had visited, described by Sir Walter, he would accompany this talk with recollections of his own itinerary.

Set in the framework of the Arts Club building is a memory bringing several great men together under its roof. Sir Edwin Landseer was then still living, not, I think, very long since having completed his Trafalgar Square lions. He had, whether as guest or member, found his way into the club, to sit at dinner nearly opposite the table whereat a great artist with the pen was then dining. Charles Dickens the younger was a regular *habitué* of the place. On the occasion now mentioned he had brought with him to dinner his famous father; the other occupant of the table being the old family and personal friend of Dickens, also an artist of knightly bearing, the present Marcus Stone, R.A. Later in the evening the painters already mentioned, the nobly picturesque Field Talfourd, Cole, Landseer of the leonino face, and Stone himself, were seated together. It was a notable little company; it visibly impressed the observing imagination of the novelist, who seemed almost disposed to make an obeisance before the venerable presence of his old friend the great animal-painter, as with some admiring murmur on his lips he placed his arm in his son's, and so passed out of the club.

The period of social and commercial prosperity for the painter, the most characteristic growth of Victorian times, was, in those far-off days, only beginning. Few were the men who made a large and regular income by their pencil or brush; remarkable, as one looks back upon it, seem the amount and quality of artistic genius then available but precariously recognised. Thus, during the later sixties, improvements then comparatively recent in the engraver's art coincided with the development of much undoubted genius among black-and-white artists, never fully appreciated at the time, now mostly forgotten, but still of interest to record. Book or magazine illustration, as it is understood to-day, seemed then in its infancy; it was undoubtedly helped forward in its way by Tom Hood the younger. This busy *littérateur* inherited not only some of his father's humour, but also his keen eye for artistic effects with pen and pencil. As periodical editor, the younger Hood gathered round him and introduced to the public several artists of merit and mark, though their names were writ in water. A young Irishman of most sweet and gentle disposition, as well as of most delicate fancy, Paul Gray, delighted his friends with a vein of humour and philosophic irony in his talk that, under happier circumstances, would have won him London fame as a conversationalist. The early death caused by weak lungs prevented his rare powers as a car-

toonist from ever reaching maturity. Frederick Walker was allowed more time by Fate for making his name known. But in respect of the delicate sense of beauty suffusing all their pictures, as well as tinged with irony, expressing itself in their casual talk, the two men, in spite of many differences, naturally suggest each other.

At the date now referred to there first visibly began that improvement in the worldly fortunes of art which, with some vicissitudes, but upon the whole steadily and progressively, has continued to the present day. Gradually the art-teachers exchanged their dingy little houses in Bloomsbury for semi-detached villas in breezy St John's Wood or still more spacious premises in courtly Kensington. But within the present writer's recollection, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, there was pointed out a deserted tenement as the original home of 'Gandish, R.A.' to whom 'Colonel Newcome' took 'Clive.' Gandish in the flesh was, or during the forties had been, Henry Sass, the first teacher of John Everett Millais. Probably of that identity no doubt exists. But another well-known art-teacher, Leigh, lived about the same time in Newman Street. His son, a very clever writer of society verse, whom I knew well, clung to the belief that his father and not Sass might have been the original of him who Thackeray immortalised. Talking once to me on the personal forces which have made the career of the modern artist, Millais, I remember, gave a foremost place to the black-and-white work of John Leech and of other pencils in *Once a Week*, first started as a rival to *Household Words*. Absolutely the first rank was assigned by Millais to D. G. Rossetti. That artist I had only just met. But I can recall, as it were yesterday, the most brilliant and original conversation which I ever heard between that master and two of his disciples—the consummate draughtsman, colourist, and variously gifted Frederic Sandys, one of my oldest friends in literary or artistic London, and the poet Algernon Charles Swinburne. It was a meeting much to be remembered, for each one of these able men talked at his ease, therefore at his best. The conversation might be described as a luminous and original running commentary on various phases, episodes, and masters of the brush or pen since painting and writing became arts. Probably no man of our day ever possessed so gifted and devoted a band of friends and disciples as Dante Gabriel Rossetti. His personal influence seemed so magnetic and diffusive as to transform his friends and pupils into his mouth-pieces. Not perhaps consciously, but still, as they would have been the first to admit, the central thoughts which inspired their conversation and their life came originally from him of whom they often spoke as 'the master.' Before Rossetti died he saw that the material fortunes

of the art to which he had given so much of intellectual prestige and social vogue were permanently secured.

Of that success the houses of Leighton and Millais in South Kensington were the picturesque and triumphant embodiments. Both men were in their way perfect hosts; but their methods of hospitality were as different as their persons and their views of life. In his appearance, habit, distinction of manner, and splendour of talk, Leighton ever seemed an Italian noble of rare stateliness and culture, born out of his place and time. Distrustful sketch, therefore, of him as 'Gaston Phœbus' in *Lothair* is scarcely a caricature. Leighton had not, I think, anything unreal or artificial about him. But the man was so completely merged in the artist, and the artist lived so entirely, not only in his art, but with the great Italian masters of other days, as almost unconsciously to pitch his casual talk in a key too high for the ordinary society of his own day. In 'Sir Piercie Shafton' this was called euphuism; in Frederick Leighton it was the unpremeditated desire of the great artist in colours to show himself equally an artist in words. That he might avoid the trivial or the commonplace in thought, he deliberately employed a phraseology which, by a sort of self-action, did not lend itself to be the medium of mere trivialities. Nothing could be more graceful or more honourable to both these great and noble-minded men than the temper of respect for commanding genius, combined with the regard and personal affection which, in their social intercourse, did not, indeed, cause Millais to stand on ceremony with Leighton, but did tinge the manner of the one towards the other with something of the manly homage that the great and kindly artist who succeeded Leighton at the Royal Academy could not have withheld from the man he admired and loved. 'Unspoiled by fame' was the expression applied to Millais by his brothers of the brush; it passed into a proverb, and exactly described the man at each successive stage of his career. To the last he was the same Jack Millais, with his old briar-root pipe and well-worn shooting-coat for choice. His work seldom permitted him to dine out; when he did so dine, it was always for choice with a friend at the 'Garrick' or some erony of other days who, having gone through long storm and stress like Millais himself, had now reached the haven of home comfort. 'A dear, good fellow' was the description given by his successor of the earlier president. But to Leighton, state occasions and social or civic pageants were as congenial as Millais found the homelier intercourse of everyday friendship. The goodness and benignity of the two men were the same; it was their artistic temper which differently coloured the social demeanour of each. The only time the present writer can remember to have seen Millais' good-nature ruffled was when, after a chorus of

compliments to Leighton's universal accomplishments, an acquaintance of both artists drawled out, 'Yes, wonderful man; paints, too, I believe.' The words were uttered in no unkindly tone; to the elder artist they had an uncharitable sound. He commented on them, as the spirit moved him, with something of kindly warning against the cheap and mean vice of detraction, socially known as 'crabbing.'

Millais's opportunities during the seventies made him a sort of Paris of the studio. Many faces famed for beauty had first become known to the world from his pictures; after this, on the eve of every London season he found himself beset by the family or friends of promising *débutantes* with requests that he would give some of his time and skill to producing a portrait of the young lady by himself for the forthcoming Academy Exhibition. When the subject warranted his special attention, the artist sometimes saw his way to grant the request. When otherwise, the chivalrous kindness and most delicate consideration of the artist so shaped the words of refusal as to convey a general impression only less pleasant to carry away in memory than an actual assent.

Among artists who from their fine presence and generous character—such as those already enumerated—claim for them, in no conventional sense, the title 'knights of the brush,' Philip H. Calderon should have a place. Something of the courtly grace of Spanish chivalry was recalled by the manly ease of his manner and movement; he seemed, also, to possess another and more purely intellectual attribute of the Southern races—a prophetic quickness to discern coming possibilities. That common property, indeed, of the Celtic stock, generally denied to the Teuton, frequently showed itself in Calderon's conversation. Some years ago he extended a holiday trip across the Atlantic to those fruitful and picturesque regions which in later years were to be the theatre of war between the United States and Spain. There was no sign at the moment to make such a contingency seem near. Soon after his return, I think at the Arts Club, conversationally reviewing his holiday experiences, this great Anglo-Spanish artist, with a tone of sadness, soliloquised: 'And to think that spots so fair must sooner or later be given over to war.' The tone in which words to this effect were murmured almost reminded one of the story told by Herodotus of that Asiatic officer whom the historian met before the Greek repulse of the Persian invasion, who saw it all coming, and grieved most at his inability to avert the havoc he foresaw as the Nemesis of the ill-starred aggression by his own country. 'The bitterest woe of all is it, when one foreknows much, to have power to control nothing'—the phrase so often on the lips and in the thoughts of Arnold of

Rugby and his pupil Stanley. To-day the social life of English art, at least in London, differs from the life of letters in that the former has preserved very much of its primitive simplicity, and that

the studio sketches and personages of Thackeray—for example, J. J. Ridley—are not, as all who knew the late kindly and simple Charles Earle will admit, quite out of date.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VIII.



OW the Amphitryon Club is situated in the Avenue de l'Opéra, as all the world knows, and is one of the most exclusive and distinguished clubs in Europe. Browne had been a member for many years, and during his stays in Paris was usually to be found there.

It was a fine building, in which everything was done in the most sumptuous and luxurious fashion. You might lunch there on bread and cheese or a Porter-house steak; but the bread, the cheese, and the steak, while unpretentious in themselves, would be the very best obtainable of their kind. What led him there on that particular evening Browne did not quite know. It was Destiny! Blind Fate had him in hand, and was luring him on to what was to be the most momentous half-hour of his life. He knew he was pretty certain of finding some one there with whom he was acquainted; but he was certainly not prepared for the surprise which greeted him when he pushed open the swing-doors and passed into the smoking-room. Seated in a chair by the fire, and looking into it in the meditative fashion of a man who has dined well and feels disinclined for much exertion, was no less a person than Maas.

'Mon cher ami,' he cried, springing to his feet and holding out his hand, 'this is a delightful surprise. I had no notion you were in Paris.'

'I only arrived this evening,' Browne replied. 'But I might return the compliment, for I thought you were in St Petersburg.'

'No such thing,' said Maas, shaking his head. 'Petersburg at this time of the year does not agree with my constitution. To be able to appreciate it one must have Slav blood in one's veins, which I am discourteous enough to be glad to say I have not. But what brings you to the gay city? Is it business or pleasure? But there, I need not ask. I should have remembered that business does not enter into your life.'

'A false conclusion on your part,' said Browne as he lit a cigar. 'For a man who has nothing to do, I have less leisure than many people who declare they are overworked.'

'By the way,' Maas continued, 'they tell me we have to congratulate you at last.'

'Upon what?' Browne inquired. 'What have I done now that the world should desire to wish me well?'

'I refer to your approaching marriage,' said

Maas. 'Deauville was in here the other day, *en route* to Cannes, and he told us that it was stated in a London paper that you were about to be married. I told him I felt sure he must be mistaken. If you had been I should probably have known it.'

'It's not true,' said Browne angrily. 'Deauville should know better than to attach any credence to such a story.'

'Exactly what I told him,' said Maas, with his usual imperturbability. 'I said that at his age he should know better than to believe every silly rumour he sees in the press. I assured him that you were worth a good many married men yet.'

As he said this Maas watched Browne's face carefully. What he saw there must have satisfied him on certain points upon which he was anxious for information, for he smiled a trifle sardonically, and immediately changed the conversation by inquiring what Browne intended doing that night.

'Going home to bed,' said Browne promptly. 'I have had a long day's travelling, and I've a lot to do to-morrow. I think, if you'll excuse me, old chap, I'll wish you good-night now.'

'Good-night,' said Maas, taking his hand. 'When shall I see you again? By the way, I hope, if it's any convenience to you, you'll let me put my rooms at your disposal. But there, I forgot you have your own magnificent palace to go to. To offer you hospitality would be superfluous.'

'You talk of my house as if I should be likely to go there,' said Browne scornfully. 'You know as well as I do that I never enter the doors. What should I do in a caravanserai like that? No; I am staying at the usual place in the Place Vendôme. Now, good-night once more.'

'Good-night,' said Maas, and Browne accordingly left the room. When the swing-doors had closed behind him Maas went back to his chair and lit another cigarette.

'Our friend Browne is bent upon making a fool of himself,' he said to his cigarette; 'and, what is worse, he will put me to a lot of trouble and inconvenience. At this stage of the proceedings, however, it would be worse than useless to endeavour to check him. He has got the bit between his teeth, and would bolt right out if I were to try to bring him to a standstill. The only thing that can be done, as far as I can see, is to sit still and watch the comedy, and to step in like the god out of the machine when all is ready.'

Having thus expressed himself, he lit another cigarette, and went off in search of the supper Browne had declined.

Browne's first night in Paris was destined to prove a restless one. Whether it was the journey or his visit to the Rue Jacquarie that was responsible for it I cannot say; one thing, however, is quite certain: do what he would, he could not sleep. He tried all the proverbial recipes in vain. He walked about his room, drank a glass of cold water, tried to picture sheep jumping over a hedge; but in vain. Do what he would, the drowsy god would not listen to his appeal. Indeed, the first beams of the morning sun were stealing into his room before his eyelids closed. When his man came in to dress him he felt as drowsy as if he had not closed his eyes all night. He was not going to lie in bed, however. During breakfast he debated with himself what he should do with regard to the Rue Jacquarie. Should he loiter about the streets in the hope of intercepting Katherine when she went abroad? Or should he take the bull by the horns and march boldly up to the house and ask for an interview? Anxious as he was to see her, he had no desire to thrust his presence upon her if it was not wanted. He knew that she would be the first to resent that, and yet he felt he *must* see her, happen what might. As soon as breakfast was finished he put on his hat and set out for a stroll. The clouds of the previous night had departed, the sky was blue, and the breeze fresh and invigorating. Many a bright eye and captivating glance was thrown at the healthy, stalwart young Englishman, who carried himself as if fatigue were a thing unknown to him. Then, suddenly, he found himself face to face with Katherine Petrovitch!

He lifted his hat mechanically, but for a moment he stood rooted to the spot with surprise, not knowing what to say or do. Great as was his astonishment, however, hers was infinitely greater. She stood before him, her colour coming and going, and with a frightened look in her eyes.

'Mr Browne, what does this mean?' she asked, with a little catch of the breath. 'You are the last person I expected to see in Paris.'

'I was called over here on important business,' he replied, with unblushing mendacity; and as he said it he watched her face, and found it more troubled than he had ever yet seen it. 'But why, even if we are surprised to see each other, should we remain standing here?' he continued, for want of something better to say. 'May I not walk a short distance with you?'

'If you wish it,' she replied, but with no great display of graciousness. It was very plain that she did not attach very much credence to his excuse, and it was equally certain that she was inclined to resent it. Nothing was said on the latter point, however, and they strolled along the pavement together, he wondering how he could

best set himself right with her, and she combating a feeling of impending calamity, and at the same time trying to convince herself that she was extremely angry with him, not only for meeting her, but for being in Paris at all. It was not until they reached the Rue des Tuileries that Browne spoke.

'May we not go into the Gardens?' he asked a little nervously. 'I always think that the children one sees there are the sweetest in Europe.'

'If you wish,' Katherine replied coldly. 'I shall not be able to stay very long, however, as Madame Bernstein will be expecting me.'

Browne felt inclined to anathematise Madame Bernstein, as he had done several times before; but he wisely kept his thoughts to himself. They accordingly crossed the road and entered the Gardens by the Broad Walk. Passing the Omphale by Ende and the statue of Æneas bearing Anchises through the flames of Troy, they entered one of the small groves on the right, and seated themselves upon two chairs they found there. An awkward silence followed, during which Katherine looked away in the direction they had come, while Browne, his elbows on his knees, dug viciously into the path with the point of his umbrella, as if he would probe his way down to the nether regions before he would let her get an inkling of his embarrassment. Three children with their attendant *bonnes* passed them while they were so occupied, and one small toddler of four or five stopped and regarded the silent couple before him. Katherine smiled at the child's chubby, earnest face, and Browne took this as a sign that the ice was breaking, though not so quickly as he could have wished.

'I am afraid you are angry with me,' he said, after the child had passed on his way again and they were left to each other's company. 'How have I been unfortunate enough to offend you?'

'I do not know that you have offended me at all,' the girl replied, still looking away from him. 'After all your kindness to me, I should be very ungrateful if I were to treat you so.'

'But there can be no doubt you *are* offended,' Browne replied. 'I could see from the expression on your face, when I met you on the boulevard just now, that you were annoyed with me for being there.'

'I must confess I was surprised,' she answered; 'still, I certainly did not wish you to think I was annoyed.'

Browne thereupon took fresh heart, and resolved upon a bold plunge. 'But you were not pleased?' he said, and as he said it he watched her to see what effect his words produced. She still kept her face turned away. 'Don't you think it was a little unkind of you to leave London so suddenly without either saying good-bye or giving the least warning of your inten-

tious?' he continued, his spirits rising with every word he uttered.

'I was not certain that we were to leave so soon,' the girl replied. 'It was not until yesterday morning that we found it would be necessary for us to set off at once. But how did you know that we had left?'

Browne fell into the trap unheedingly.

'Because I called at your lodgings an hour after you had left, in the hope of seeing you,' he answered promptly. 'The servant who opened the door to me informed me that you and Madame Bernstein had departed for Paris. You may imagine my surprise.'

'But if you were there within an hour of our leaving, what train did you catch?' she inquired, with a simplicity that could scarcely have failed to entrap him.

'The eleven o'clock express from Charing Cross *via* Dover and Calais,' he replied.

'You admit, then, that your important business in Paris was to follow us?' she answered, and as she said it Browne realised what a mistake he had made. She rose without another word, and made as if she would leave the Gardens. Browne also sprang to his feet, and laid his hand upon her arm as if to detain her.

'Again I fear I have offended you,' he said; 'but, believe me, I had not the least intention of doing so. I think at least you should know me well enough for that.'

'But you should not have followed me at all,' she said, her womanly wit showing her that if she wished to escape she must beg the question and attack the side issue. 'It was not kind of you.'

'Not kind?' he cried. 'But why should it not be? I cannot see that I have done anything wrong; and, even if I have, will you not be merciful?'

Large tears had risen in her eyes; her manner was firm nevertheless. It seemed to Browne later on, when he recalled all that had happened on that memorable morning, as if two emotions, pride and love, were struggling in her breast for the mastery.

'Will you not forgive me?' he asked, more humbly than he had probably ever spoken to a human being in his life before.

'If you will promise not to repeat the offence,' she replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile. 'Remember, if I do forgive you, I shall expect you to adhere to your word.'

'You do not know how hard it is for me to promise,' said Browne; 'but since you wish it, I will do as you desire. I promise you I will not follow you again.'

'I thank you,' she answered, and held out her hand. 'I must go now, or madame will be wondering what has become of me. Good-bye, Mr Browne.'

'But do you mean that I am never to see you again?' he inquired in consternation.

'For the moment that is a question I cannot answer,' she replied. 'I have told you before that my time is not my own; nor do I know how long we shall remain in Paris.'

'But if I am to promise this, will you not promise me something in return?' he asked, with a tremble in his voice that he could not control.

'What is it you wish me to promise?' she inquired suspiciously. 'You must tell me first.'

'It is that you will not leave Paris without first informing me,' he answered. 'I will not ask you to tell me where you are going, or ask for an interview. All I desire is that you should let me know that you are leaving the city.'

She was silent for a moment.

'If you will give me your address, I will promise to write and let you know,' she said at last.

'I thank you,' he answered. Then, refusing to allow him to accompany her any farther, she held out her hand and bade him good-bye. Having done so, she passed up the Broad Walk in the direction they had come, and presently was lost to his view.

'Well, I am a fool if ever there was one,' said Browne to himself when he was alone. 'If only I had kept a silent tongue in my head about that visit to the Warwick Road I should not be in the hole I am now. I've scored one point, however; she has promised to let me know when she leaves Paris. I will stay here until that time arrives on the chance of meeting her again, and then— Well, what matters what happens then? How sweet she is!'

The young man heaved a heavy sigh, and returned to his hotel by way of the Rue de Rivoli.

From that moment, and for upwards of a week, he neither saw nor heard anything further of her. Although he paraded the streets with untiring energy, and even went so far as to pay periodical visits on foot to the Rue Jaegarrie, he was always disappointed. Then assistance came to him, and from a totally unexpected quarter.

Upon returning to his hotel, after one of his interminable peregrinations, he found upon the table in his sitting-room a note, written on pale-pink paper and so highly scented that he became aware of its presence there almost before he entered the room. Wondering from whom it could have come, for the writing was quite unknown to him, he opened it and scanned the contents. It was written in French, and, to his surprise, proved to be from Madame Bernstein.

'My dear Monsieur Browne,' it ran, 'if you could spare a friend a few moments of your valuable time, I should be so grateful if you could let me see you. The matter upon which I desire to consult you, as my letter would lead you to suppose, is an exceedingly important one. Should you chance to be disengaged to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon, I will remain in, in the hope of seeing you.—Always your friend, and never more than now,
SOPHIE BERNSTEIN.'

Browne read this curious epistle three times, and each time was farther from being able to understand it. 'What was this matter upon which Madame Bernstein desired to consult him? Could it have any connection with Katherine? If not, what else could it possibly be? And why did she call herself his friend and wind up with 'and never more than now'? It had one good point, however; it would in all probability furnish him with another opportunity of seeing the girl he loved. And yet there were twenty hours to be disposed of before he could possibly keep the appointment. Never in his life had time seemed so long.

Punctually to the minute he arrived at the door of the commonplace building in the Rue Jacquarie. The *conciierge* looked out from her cubby-hole at him, and inquired his business. In reply he asked the number of Madame Bernstein's rooms, and, having been informed, went upstairs in search of them. He had not very far

to go, however, for he encountered madame herself on the landing half-way up.

'Ah, monsieur!' she cried, holding out her hand with an impetuous gesture that was as theatrical as her usual behaviour, 'this is most kind of you to come to see me so promptly. I know that I am trespassing both upon your good nature and your time.'

'I hope you will not mention that,' said Browne politely. 'If I can be of any use to you, I think you know you may command me.'

'It is not for myself that I have asked you to come,' she answered. 'But do not let us talk here. Will you not accompany me to my rooms?'

She accordingly led the way up the next flight of stairs and along a corridor to a room that was half-drawing-room, half-boudoir. Madame carefully closed the door, and then bade him be seated. Browne took possession of an easy-chair, wondering what was going to happen next.

A CALIFORNIAN UNIVERSITY.

By MUNRO SOMERVILLE.



IF American universities little is known on this side of the Atlantic. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are the most familiar, and these are all in the east. The Hudson River was once considered a line of academic division, to the west of which were barbarians engrossed in wheat-deals and hay-raising, and cultivating only a kind of university peculiar to themselves, which was run on strictly business principles, and in return for the dollars of the aspirants conferred degrees upon European gentlemen of literary talents whose merits had not been recognised by their *Alma Mater*. But those who entertain such ideas nowadays are at least a decade behind the times. In Western America there are state and privately endowed institutions which in equipment, wealth, and academic spirit are pressing close upon the older universities of the east, and even invite comparison with those of the Old Country. Of these the Leland Stanford University, in the state of California, is a type. This university owes its institution to the late Mr Stanford, a Californian who made a large fortune first in mining operations and then in railroads. He occupied responsible public positions, being a senator of the United States, President of the Central Pacific Railway, and Governor of California. To him and his wife was born an only son, Leland Stanford, upon whom all their hopes were centred. But at the age of eighteen Leland died of malaria in Italy. His parents resolved to give to the children of California the education which they had planned for their son. The estate and wealth which he would have inherited was

made over to the trustees of the projected university. The gift was of such magnitude as to attract attention even in a country where private generosity is on a large scale. It included an estate of eighty thousand acres and eight million dollars. Architects were engaged, trustees named, and a president appointed; and in 1891 the university opened with fifteen professors and three hundred students. Now it is entering upon its seventh session, with sixteen hundred students and eighty on the teaching staff. Litigation which followed the death of Mr Stanford has hindered the expansion of the university; but it will soon be able to carry out the plans of its founder.

A comparison with our Old Country universities naturally suggested itself to me, arriving at Stanford fresh from a Scottish university. Most radical of all is the difference in the requirements for entrance. At home we spent many an hour poring over the Calendar in the attempt to elucidate from the ordinances of my Lords the Commissioners the various subjects and groups of subjects necessary for the entrance examination. But at Stanford, as in the State University, the candidate for the parchment scrip finds no entrance examination barring the gates. The university and the secondary schools work into each other's hands. To produce evidence of a thorough high-school course, or its equivalent, is all that is necessary for matriculation. Once enrolled, the student has entire liberty in the subjects he selects for study during the four years which lead to graduation. If he chooses he may assay gold quartz in the mining school one hour, read Plato with the Professor of Greek next hour, and analyse manure in the agricultural

department at another hour. The degree which comes at the end of the four years is given for each subject separately, not, as with us, for a selected group offering little or no option. 'Bachelor of Arts in Hygiene,' 'Bachelor of Arts in Steam Engineering,' are examples of the titles with which graduates from Stanford enter upon life. This innovation is startling enough to one brought up in a Scottish university, which, despite the tinkering of commissioners, clings piously to the orthodox curriculum as laid down by its founders five centuries ago. But the special boast of Stanford is that, in virtue of its charter, it occupies a unique position as being 'untrammelled by the vested rights, the ultra-conservative influences, the despotism of the old protean curriculum which surround the older colleges and universities.' It is not surprising, therefore, to find that at Stanford there are no tuition fees, no gown and trowel, no Faculty, and no Senate. Each professor has authority over his own department, is independent of any of his colleagues, and is subject only to the President, who has control over the entire staff, and can make appointments or enforce dismissals.

Lowell's definition of a university as 'a place where nothing useful is taught' is certainly inapplicable to Stanford. The charter declares that 'the object of the university is to qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life.' The university makes no attempt to defend herself against the charge of being utilitarian, but accepts it as a compliment. The majority of the students are turning their attention to subjects which are likely to be of practical help to them in the future.

Another difference may be noted. In our universities at home, students often felt that the distance between the lecturer's desk and the benches was too great. Under ordinary circumstances a few minutes' conversation while enrolling or paying fees, and an invitation to a formal lunch or 'at home,' constituted all the personal contact between student and teacher. Of course there were professors who did manifest some personal interest in those for whom the university existed. Such men are gratefully remembered; but they were an exception. It is different here. Each student has a professor assigned to him, whose

duty it is to guide him in the selection of studies and advise him at all stages of his course when his assistance is asked. The professors have tickets on their doors intimating the regular hours when they are in their rooms for consultation by students. In the selection of professors, youth, when conjoined with talents, has the preference. A 'professor' at Stanford does not denote a spectacled fossil, whose sympathies with youth are dried up with age. They are for the most part young graduates, full of fresh vigour, and brought up under the same conditions and under the same difficulties as their pupils, with no false dignity hedging their office and limiting their usefulness.

The university buildings are at Palo Alto, 'the big tree,' scarcely fifty miles from San Francisco, on a level plain on the edge of the Santa Clara county of California, famed for its beauty and excellence of climate. The architecture is of the old Mission type, first introduced to California by the Mexican Spaniards. The long, low adobe buildings, with the wide colonnades and the open courts, have been successfully reproduced. Within the inner quadrangle are beds of tropical plants and flowers. There is an excellent museum, with treasures from all quarters—mummies from Egypt, vases from Cyprus, totems from Alaska, canoes from Greenland. But of pathetic interest is the collection of the toys and books of young Leland Stanford. A boy's favourite books seem to be very much the same in the New World as in the Old; and in Leland's library I saw such old friends as Jules Verne, Kingston, and Bret Harte. An oak cabinet contains the treasures which the boy had gathered when eight years old to form a collection of his own—the first beginning of the present museum.

A university furnished with such wealthy endowments and equipments, and conducted on such innovating principles, naturally excites attention, and in some quarters provokes criticism. Whether the departure from the old traditions will be ultimately beneficial to the true interests of culture and education some still doubt; but, judging from the results which the university has accomplished within the past few years, there seems little cause to fear for the future.

MR BRAITHWAITE'S PERPLEXITY.

CHAPTER III.

CON entering the library Mrs Braithwaite sank into a chair, and getting out a pocket-handkerchief, wiped her brow. 'Herbert,' she said impressively, 'Maggie's engagement must be broken off. The most dreadful thing has happened. I never was more upset in my life.'

The Rector gasped. He could hardly believe his

ears. What was she saying—'Maggie's engagement must be broken off'?

'Broken off?' he repeated questioningly. 'What do you mean?'

'I mean what I say,' answered Mrs Braithwaite sharply. 'You needn't look at me like that—I'll explain to you as fast I can—and then of course you'll agree with me'—

'I thought you'—

'Yes, I dare say,' interrupted his wife a little irritably; 'but I've changed my mind—and reason enough, too. I can't tell you while you stand there fidgeting about. I wish you would sit down on that chair.'

The Rector did as he was told. He tried to compose his face so as not to express his joy. But it was not easy. A load seemed suddenly lifted from his shoulders. He felt like a prisoner with a reprieve. He felt like a released school-boy.

'Well,' said Mrs Braithwaite as she folded her handkerchief into a neat square upon her knee, 'this is how it happened. I had finished the tents and spoken to everybody—I think it's abominable that man Maple should get the prize for his peaches the second year. I was dreadfully hot and tired. People have no manners—the way I got pushed about in the vegetable tent was disgraceful; I intend to write about it to the managers. Well, I went into that summer-house behind the rockery to rest and get cool, and as I sat there, who should pass by but Charlie walking with a girl I've never seen before. And, would you believe it—only you never show the slightest interest in anything I tell you—his arm was round her waist—or her arm round his—I forget which—and they actually kissed each other three times! I am certain it was three times, for I counted; and it looked to me, as they turned the corner of the shrubbery, as if her head was on his shoulder. I could have fainted, only I don't do that sort of thing—thank Heaven!' Mrs Braithwaite came to a pause, and fanned herself with a half-sheet of the *Times*.

'Are you sure it was he?' said the Rector, endeavouring to put the consternation into his voice which he felt ought to be there.

'Of course I'm certain. I don't sit in a dream and see the wrong person—as some people do. There was no mistake about it; and as he has no sisters or near enough relations, it must have been something improper. I couldn't have believed it. I wouldn't let Maggie marry him for anything I know, in spite of all his money. No one can say I'm a worldly mother!'

'You mean to have it broken off?'

'Of course I do. How can you imagine anything else? But you never have taken the smallest interest in those poor girls.'

'Was she fond of him, do you think?' asked the Rector, feeling he must say something appropriate.

'Fond of him? Yes—no—well, quite as much as a nice-minded girl would be before marriage. But she won't be much longer when she knows.'

'It will be rather a shock to her, I fear,' said the Rector absently.

'She might have worse ones if she married him—if those are his ways,' cried Mrs Braithwaite with asperity. 'I own I'm vexed. It seemed so suitable in every way. But I know my duty,

and I shall stick to it.' She looked at him as if expecting a little opposition for once. He had been even more pleased than herself at the match.

The Rector noticed her expression.

'My dear—you know best. I leave it to you to—to manage,' he said hurriedly.

'I suppose you do, Herbert; you generally do leave things to me to manage.' She looked at him a little grimly, sitting in front of him broad and square. Then she got up from her chair, and undid her bonnet-strings in front of the looking-glass over the mantelpiece. She unpinned the lace fichu, and carefully took off and folded her brown kid gloves. Then, without glancing in his direction, she left the room.

The Rector breathed a great sigh of relief on finding himself alone. He felt almost young—as if he would like to throw his hat in the air, or run a race, or do something to let off his emotions.

He had all the satisfactory feeling of a virtuous act performed. For there had been no flinching this time. He had made up his mind and would have carried it through. That he had not been called upon at the last moment was not his fault. He could now resume his plans and go to London to-morrow or the day after. He would still be in time for the orchid show, and most of the other things he wanted to do.

Half-an-hour later, as he sat in a reverie over past events, he was disturbed by a knock at the door. With red eyes and flushed cheeks his daughter Maggie ran towards him. 'Would the duties of parentage, once taken up, ever rest?' flashed through his mind as he looked up at her.

'Father, mother has been telling me about—about—what she saw. I don't believe it was anything, really—at all. It was that cousin of his who lived with them as a child—she is only fifteen, though she looks quite grown up, seen from behind. I don't believe he kissed her—it was she did it to him—I'm certain. I saw her do it once, and he didn't like it at all—and—and—I don't think I want to break off—*really*—I've told mother so—and she's awfully angry. She says I've no proper feeling, and am a disgrace to her. Will you—will you—make it right with her—please, father? I'm very fond of him, really!—' She threw herself down by his side and sobbed.

The Rector stared at her in silence. He could hardly think connectedly at all. He had already experienced one revulsion of feeling in the day; he hardly felt prepared for another.

'You have changed rather suddenly,' he said at last.

'No, I haven't. I haven't changed at all. I always was very—fond of him—really. You might have known, only you have never known anything about us at all—I mean about Kitty

and me. I know it must be rather difficult for you,' she added after a moment's pause, a touch of contrition in her tone.

'It is difficult,' said the Rector a little wearily. 'It is difficult and it is depressing. It appears I might just as well have not agitated myself on your account at all. It has all been quite wasted.'

He sighed and looked longingly at his garden. It struck him that the culture of flowers was left to him yet. Maggie hesitated for a moment. Then, suddenly, she flung her arms around his neck. It took him by surprise.

'Never mind, daddy dear,' she cried; 'it hasn't been wasted at all. It has made me—find out things—I never knew before. You see you really care about us, Kitty and me, a lot. I told Kitty so. I told her how you'd given up going to London, all for me. She was surprised. And I'm sure girls must be dreadful to understand. I'm sure I am—and Kitty's worse. We're made so queer. You see now about Charlie; as soon as I felt the "step" was going to prevent my marrying him, why, I wanted to—I felt—I'—

'I understand,' said her father, with a little laugh. 'It is very simple now you explain. I must begin to study human nature. I've avoided the subject hitherto. I'm afraid I've been too engrossed with the flowers.'

'Yes, you have, rather,' answered his daughter candidly. 'You see, there's Kitty will want advice, particularly when I'm gone. We never go to the "step" for advice, of course. But Kitty's different to me; she always knows her own mind.'

The Rector made a mental note of the fact. He sighed as he did so. He felt that to learn human nature would take a great deal of time.

'I'll help you all I know,' said Maggie cheerfully. 'I shan't be far off. I wish I'd known you cared about us before.'

'Do you think I'll ever learn?' said the Rector anxiously. He felt, somehow, in this particular branch of knowledge his little daughter was far ahead of him.

'Oh yes, I'm sure you will. You'll get on beautifully, and have time for the flowers and the parish too. You have to notice little things—to yourself—and feel interested. You talk to Kitty about the rabbits and the guinea-pig, and don't be always telling her her hands are dirty, like the "step," and you'll get on.'

The Rector gazed at her in astonished admiration. How had she learned all this?

'I'll try, my dear,' he said simply. 'Now I must go and tell your mother—what you have decided.' He got up as he spoke, and walked to the door.

'Are you really going to tell her?' said Maggie questioningly.

'Yes, I am going to tell her,' he answered, without looking round.

'And you'll make it all right, so she doesn't worry me?'

'Yes, I will make it all right for you, you needn't fear. I think myself some mistake has been made by your mother. You must remember she means to act for the best,' he added, with a sudden realisation of his duty to both sides.

'Oh yes, I know all that; we make allowance—we really do,' said Maggie in an indulgent tone. 'I must go and tell Kitty,' she continued. 'She'll have to believe it now—I mean that you are fond of us,' she added in explanation.

The Rector smiled a little sadly. Then he set his lips firmly together, and walked out of the room.

About half-an-hour later Mr Braithwaite emerged from the drawing-room. He walked absently, not heeding whither he went, though almost instinctively his footsteps led him into the garden.

He turned in the direction of the Madonna lilies, and walked up and down in front of them. Once or twice he stopped and touched a beautiful drooping blossom with his hand. Presently, hearing footsteps coming down the path, he turned round.

It was Maggie. She flew along the path, hatless, little curls of her fair hair flying in the breeze.

'Well?' she said anxiously, 'is it all right now? Did you make it all nice and smooth?'

'Yes; it's all right,' said the Rector slowly. 'But it's not through me. I had nothing to do with it. Perhaps it's as well,' he added, after a pause, as he tied up a drooping lily-head a little closer to its support.

'How do you mean?' cried the girl breathlessly.

'There was somebody else there; he had explained everything. I think he guessed what would happen, and so he hurried on here. It was done for a joke. They saw your mother in the summer-house, and thought—at least I believe it was Gwen who did it—she thought that she would shock her and have some fun. Your mother hasn't seen Gwen since she was a little thing, you know.'

'I thought it was Gwen,' cried Maggie. 'I don't mind Gwen; she's only a child, though she does do her hair up now. Was mother very angry?'

'I believe she had been—rather annoyed,' answered her father judiciously. 'But she was quite herself when I came into the room. Charlie had made his peace very successfully, I must own.'

'Is he with her now?' asked his daughter hastily.

'No; he went to the schoolroom to look for you, I believe.'

'Ah!' said Maggie thoughtfully. She walked slowly down the path in the direction of the house, her slight figure, in its white frock, enframed in the soft green of the arching filbert-trees. The Rector looked after her for a moment. Then he called her back.

'I—I should have done it, if I had had the chance—at least I think I should,' he said a little brokenly, turning his head away as he spoke.

'I know that!' cried the girl reassuringly. 'I shall always think of it just the same as if you had done it, and so will Kitty.'

She came up to him and rubbed her pretty fluffy head against his shoulder.

The Rector stroked her hair silently for a moment. Then she went.

'One must be friends with one's self, and not expect too much, I suppose, or be too much disappointed,' he said, with a little smile. And then he turned to the flowers.

THE END.

LUMPS OF LUCK.

By HERBERT PRESKIN.

IN the good old days of the fifties and sixties, when the sturdy emigrant, shouldering his promiscuous and generally quite useless belongings, stepped boldly ashore on Australian soil, he found himself in a land of infinite possibilities, and one in which there was but little chance of his forecasting correctly the lines along which he would have to seek his fortune. Previous training went for little in the matter, for as often as not he had to completely ignore it and make some totally fresh departure. In the meantime the gold-diggings opened up to him a common field of venture on which he would meet all sorts and conditions of men, actuated by the one desire, urged on by the same impulse—to wrest from Dame Nature her stores of golden wealth. Here he would become incorporated with the general digging population, at that time numbering its tens of thousands.

While on the diggings, to our emigrant, as well as to every member of this great army of workers, the main inducement, the sharp spur to action, was no doubt the chance—offered to him over and above the measure of conditions necessary for subsistence—of gaining one of those rich golden prizes, of making at least one happy dip into Dame Fortune's lucky-bag; and it is to one particular kind of those dazzling prizes that I would like to draw your attention in this article. I do not propose to deal with such chances as getting a golden claim, or even breaking into a so-called 'jeweller's shop' in a drive, or with anything that took any time to work out or clean up before you realised its value, but only with those prizes that dropped on a man like a thunderbolt, fell to him in a moment, as when with a single blow he drove his pick into, or with one scrape of the shovel laid bare, the beautiful face of a lovely shining nugget—a big one, of course, for choice; a great, fat nugget of rich, regal gold—what might fairly be called a solid yellow concrete 'Lump of Luck.' Neither shall I trouble myself about nuggets mixed to any very considerable extent with quartz or other substances, such as the rich quartz specimen lately

got in West Australia, but only deal with those where the gold so far preponderated that we may virtually consider them as composed of nothing but the glorious royal metal itself.

Of such great 'Lumps of Luck,' numbers were unearthed in the early days of the Australian diggings, particularly in Victoria, and nowhere else in the world, I believe, to the same extent. Of the greater part of them there are, unfortunately, no truthful records, no measurements, nor correct weights; neither can the history of their discovery be satisfactorily determined. They exist only in tradition; in many cases, as I know, in fairly reliable form, but still not available for my present purpose. The remainder may be divided into two classes: those that were carefully measured, weighed, and had drawings and models made of their appearance and shape; the other class, those whose weights, values, &c. are known, but have never had their likenesses taken. The former class, which includes some of the largest specimens, nearly all from the colony of Victoria, is that which I would like to introduce you to.

As regards modelled specimens, this could be easily done if you were able to take a stroll with me through the museum of the Sydney Department of Mines. In our Mining Museum there is a large glass case of accurately shaped and gilded life-size models of some of those delightful freaks of Nature.

Our first example is a representation of the emperor of all pure nuggets ever found, the champion 'Lump of Luck' of the world. This gorgeous treasure-trove, known as the 'Welcome Stranger Nugget,' was got on the 5th February 1869 by two men named John Deason and Richard Oates in fossicking the margin of a patch of alluvium near Dunolly, Victoria, almost on the surface of the ground. It was resting on a bed of stiff red clay, just above the bed-rock, barely covered with a loose gravelly loam. It was about twenty-one inches long, width not given, and ten inches thick, with a little quartz, iron oxide, and mullock in it, but the great body of it was solid gold; so I suppose neither John Deason nor Richard Oates felt much aggrieved

on the score of the foreign substances in this most 'Welcome Stranger.' It contained 2286 oz. of gold, or, after smelting, 2248 oz. of fine gold, and was valued at the Bank of England at £9534. Its gross weight as it came from the ground was about 208 lb. You will agree with me, I feel sure, that this was a very tidy morning's work for Messrs Deason and Oates.

Our next example shows the 'Welcome' nugget, which runs the champion very close for weight, and even beats it in the price it brought its lucky finders. It was got on Bakery Hill, Ballarat, by a party of twenty-four, at a depth of one hundred and eighty feet, on the 15th of June 1858, and measured twenty inches long, twelve inches wide, and seven inches thick. In it there were some 10 lb. of quartz, mullock, &c., and into the bargain 2217 oz. 16 dwt. of fine gold, or 184 lb. 9 oz. 16 dwt. troy.

It was bought 'on spec.' in Ballarat for £10,000, taken to Melbourne, and exhibited there for some weeks, bringing in large sums of money. It was then sold for £9325, taken to London, and smelted. It assayed 99.20, equal to 23 carats $3\frac{1}{2}$ carat grains of pure gold. With reference to finding this splendid 'Lump of Luck,' the authority I am quoting from casually remarks that 'the same party the week before found some smaller nuggets from 12 oz. to 40 oz. each.' There is something refreshingly vague and off-hand in this 'some,' perhaps it was a score or so; but in those golden days such little trifles, worth only, say, from £48 to £160 each, were hardly worth counting accurately.

After two such staggerers we can afford a breathing spell to give me the chance of saying that the authority to which I am principally beholden for information about these Victorian nuggets is an official work called *The Goldfields and Mineral Resources of Victoria*, by the late Robert Brough Smyth, F.G.S., then Victorian Secretary for Mines. In this work Mr Smyth reproduces and quotes Mr Birkmyre's list, limited in number to ninety-eight of the principal Victorian nuggets found up to about 1870, and aggregating 36,218 oz., giving an average of 369 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each. Mr Birkmyre remarks that this number seems small, as no doubt it does; but explains this by referring to the 'great number found respecting which nothing definite is known.' Inverted commas will denote, therefore, quotations from Mr Smyth's work.

I must now pass from the first class to some celebrated nuggets of which unfortunately there are no models, such as 'The Blanche Barkly' nugget, found on the 27th August 1857, only thirteen feet from the surface. 'It was twenty-eight inches long and ten wide; no thickness given. It weighed 1742 oz. 13 dwt., with two pounds of clay and oxide of iron in it. It was melted in London for a return of £6905, 12s. 9d. Before that it was exhibited in Melbourne and at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, where it excited great

interest; its lucky owners netting for a considerable time as much as £50 per week.'

A great nameless nugget was uncarthed on the 31st of January 1853, at Canadian Gully, Ballarat, by a party of four, at a depth of sixty feet, weighing 1619 oz.; and immediately after, on the same day, they struck another of 76 oz. 'Two of this party had only been three months in the colony from England, and at once returned there with their prize in the steamer *Sarah Sands*. Both nuggets were melted in London for 1319 oz. 11 dwt. 12 grains fine gold, value £5532, 7s. 4d.' These two gentlemen must certainly have looked on their trip to Australia as a very rosy picnic indeed.

Then come two specimens got side by side in a rust-coloured matrix at Dunolly, Victoria, early in 1857, weighing together 2952 oz. When melted in Melbourne, however, they only gave 1363 oz. 18 dwt. gold, of the value of £5500.

The 'Lady Hotham' was found on the 5th of September 1854, at Canadian Gully, Ballarat, at one hundred and thirty-five feet. It weighed at first 1177 oz. 17 dwt.; but there was much quartz and sulphuret of iron in it, and it only turned out 735 oz. of gold. This painful disappointment was somewhat toned down by the same party taking 220 lb. weight of smaller nuggets out of the same hole, the total of the gold being worth £13,000.

Canadian Gully had evidently been on its mettle—no pun intended—for some time past; for, on the 20th of January 1853, it gave two miners a very pleasant surprise at a depth of sixty feet. Birkmyre's description is delicious; he says that 'the very first blow of the pick led the miner to suspect gold; with the second the pick stuck fast in the mass'—a trifle that only weighed 1117 oz. 11 dwt., and measured twenty inches by eight and a half inches. But this liberal gully had not done with them yet, possibly to make up for any injury the miner might have done to the point of his pick. 'Two days after, and within ten feet of the first one, his mate got another piece twelve inches long, six inches wide, and six and a half inches thick, weighing 1011 oz. 15 dwt., the value of the two being £7500. These men also got 100 oz. of smaller gold, and then sold the claim for eighty guineas.'

In the middle of 1855 a nugget unnamed was turned up in five feet of ground at Blackman's Lead, Maryborough, which weighed 1034 oz., was sold in Melbourne, and melted there for £3250. I have no further particulars about this 'Lump,' and can only hope that the men who poked it out didn't make a chronic habit of doing such things.

The last of this lot is 'The Heron' nugget, got on the 29th of March 1855. 'Two young men only three months in the colony'—three months out seems to have been a regular Maseotte time—'discovered a solid lump of gold weighing 1008 oz. at Old Golden Point, Fryer's Creek, Mount

Alexander.' They refused £4000 on the spot, and sold it afterwards in England for £4080.

Messrs Smyth and Birkmyre now come to nuggets of less than 1000 oz., which I will not describe, but turn back to those in the first class, of which we have models.

Next to the 'Welcome' in this class is the 'Precious,' which was brought to light only twelve feet from the surface in Catto's Paddock at the Berlin rush near Dunolly, Victoria, on the 5th of January 1871. It weighed 1717 oz., and its approximate value was £6868. This is all the information I can get about this 'Lump' from the museum ticket on the model.

In our two next specimens we get among the aristocracy. One represents the 'Viscount Canterbury,' and the other the 'Viscountess Canterbury.' As a lady and gentleman should do, they would not put the poor diggers to any unnecessary trouble, so the 'Viscount' showed up in John's Paddock, Berlin, off Dunolly, at a depth of only fifteen feet. The worthy nobleman weighed 1120 oz., and made his appearance on the 31st of May 1870. His approximate value was £4420. The 'Viscountess' was not long behind his lordship; she made her debut in the same locality on the 3d of October following, from only six feet of ground. Very naturally she was not so heavy as her husband, turning the scale at 896 oz., of the approximate value of £3536.

Our next, 'The Kumi Tow,' was, for a change, christened after some Chinese celebrity, a mandarin, surely, at least. His birthday was the 17th of April 1871, and his native place Catto's Paddock at the Berlin rush, where he was discovered peacefully reposing under twelve feet of soil. His weight was 795 oz., valued at £2871.

I have looked very carefully at our next, called 'The Platypus,' found at Robinson's Gully, Bendigo, in March 1861, without being able to trace in it the faintest resemblance to the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, a water-mole. Possibly its finders had been suffering such a run of bad luck that, when they dropped on it at a depth of five feet only, its appearance seemed quite paradoxical to them. If this was the case, no doubt the £1508 its 377 oz. fetched came in very handy.

I think there can be little question as to the financial state of the person who dug up 'The Needful' from twelve feet of ground. He must have been hard up, credit stopped at the store, &c. So, when he got hold of this 'Lump' of the needful, he at once called his find 'The Needful' nugget. It came from Catto's Paddock, Berlin rush, on the 10th of May 1871, weighed 249 oz., worth about £984.

'The Beauty' was found in 1858 at Kangaroo Gully, Bendigo, and its name is very expressive of the opinion the lucky boys would have of it. It was got at nine feet. There were 242 oz. in it, worth about £968.

'The Crescent' had lain for many a year just two feet below the grass in John's Paddock, Berlin, before being brought to light on the 2d of April 1872. Whoever the finders were, I dare say they did not grumble much because it weighed only 179 oz. and returned them no more than £704.

One would take the finders of the 'Spondulix' to be of a sporting turn of mind. No doubt after they hauled their 'Spondulix,' as they called it, up from the great depth of eight feet they had a jolly good spree. This trifle came from Eureka Gully, Jordan's rush, in November 1872. It contained 155 oz. 10 dwt. of gold, worth approximately £520.

There are other Victorian models of smaller nuggets in the case; but we will be satisfied with those we have shown, and will now give New South Wales a turn. Unfortunately here there is a woeful lack of material; not that we did not find plenty of nuggets, but because, unlike Victoria, there were no properly organised Mining Department until of comparatively recent years, and no interest seems to have been shown in preserving either authentic records, descriptions, or drawings of the 'Lumps of Luck' that were without doubt won by our diggers in the earlier days.

We have only two models of New South Wales nuggets in the whole, careful worth noticing. One represents a very beautiful piece of gold called 'The Maitland Bar Nugget.' It was found five feet below the surface at Maitland Bar near Hargraves. Its gross weight in decimals was 344.78 oz.

'The Maitland Bar Nugget' was valued at the Sydney Mint at £1236. There is no record of who discovered it or of the date when it was found. I believe, however, it was got either in 1881 or 1882.

Of the second, 'The Temora Nugget,' there are even fewer particulars. It is merely docketed as a nugget weighing 168 oz., found at Temora diggings. It must have been got since the beginning of 1860, when this field was first opened.

I must refer, however, to a few unmodelled New South Wales nuggets, for information about which I am indebted to a work by Professor Liversidge, of the Sydney University, on *The Minerals of New South Wales*. On 1st November 1858 a nugget was got at Burrandong at a depth of thirty-five feet, for which £5000 was offered on the spot and refused. It was hammered up to get a little quartz out of it, and afterwards melted in Sydney, when it was found to contain 1286 oz. of gold, valued at £4389, which was rather a let off for the man who offered the £5000. At Kiandra rush, in the Snowy Mountains, in 1860, many fine nuggets were found; the largest recorded one, weighing 400 oz., was got in October of that year.

There remains now one nugget, more properly a very rich specimen, without an account of

which any article on the present subject would be incomplete. Though I have taken it last, it was decidedly not least among our 'Lumps of Luck.' I refer to what is popularly known as 'Dr Kerr's Nugget,' the first large one ever found in Australia, and the one, I believe, that created by far the greatest excitement. It was discovered on the 1st of July 1851 by an educated aboriginal boy in the employment of Dr Kerr of Wallawa Station. This lad, while shepherding a flock of sheep, noticed something sparkling on the corner of a block of weathered quartz, and knocked a piece of it off with his tomahawk, which seemed all gold. He at once went back to the head-station and reported this to his master, Dr Kerr, making him at the same time a present of whatever might be found. Professor Liversidge in his book quotes the whole of the interesting account of its discovery, written by a special reporter of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which appeared in that journal in its issue of 18th July 1851. I will follow this report from the moment when Dr Kerr heard the black boy's story, premising only that this report was written after the gold had been brought into Bathurst and was placed for inspection on a table in the bank.

'Quick as horseflesh could carry him, he' (Dr Kerr) 'was on the ground, and in a very short period the three blocks of quartz containing the hundred-weight of gold were released from their bed. . . . The largest of the blocks was about a foot in diameter, and weighed 75 lb. gross; out of this piece 60 lb. of pure gold was taken. Before separation it was beautifully encased in quartz. The other two were smaller. The auriferous mass weighed, as nearly as could be guessed, from two to three hundredweight. Not being able to move it conveniently, Dr Kerr broke the pieces into smaller fragments, and therein committed a great error; for, as specimens, the glittering blocks would have been invaluable. . . . The heaviest of the two larger pieces presented an appearance not unlike a honeycomb or sponge, and consisted of particles of a crystalline form, as did nearly all the gold. The second larger piece was smoother and the particles more condensed, and seemed as if it had been acted on by water. The remainder was broken into lumps of from two to three pounds, remarkably free from quartz or earthy matter. When heaped together on the table they presented a splendid appearance, and shone with an effulgence calculated to dazzle the brain of any man not armed with the coldness of stoicism.'

The place of this discovery was on the Meroo or Louisa Creek, fifty-three miles from Bathurst, near where the present township of Hargraves stands.

The actual gross weight of the three blocks was 1½ cwt., containing 106 lb. troy, or 1272 oz. of gold and about 1 cwt. of quartz.

That same year, and within twenty-four yards

of the same place, a nugget called 'The Brennan' was found, weighing 36½ oz., and sold in Sydney for £1156; and the following year, also close by, two more were got, one called 'The King of the Water-worn Nuggets,' weighing 157 oz., and the other 71 oz.

To round off my subject, and as a sort of finish to the above account of Dr Kerr's nugget, I must refer to another newspaper contribution. In this case I am indebted to a most interesting letter by Mr W. S. Dowel, a well-known authority on mining subjects, which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 12th February last (1898). After some preliminary remarks, Mr Dowel writes: 'A brief sketch of the history of the early discoveries of gold may prove of interest, as to-day (12th February) we celebrate the forty-seventh anniversary of the discovery of gold in New South Wales by Edward Hammond Hargraves, John Lister, and the brothers William and James Tom.'

After discussing the reports of earlier so-called discoveries which led to nothing, Mr Dowel tells how Mr Hargraves, who was familiar with the western districts, went to the Californian diggings in 1849, was impressed with the similarity of the gold-bearing rocks and the alluvial there to those he had noticed in the colony, and returned to Sydney on 7th January 1851, bringing with him the secret of the prospecting dish and the cradle, which he was the first to teach our diggers the use of. On 10th February he arrived at Mrs Lister's inn at Gnyong, about twenty-four miles from Bathurst, on the Wellington Road, and on 12th February, in company with Mrs Lister's son, proceeded to Lewis Ponds Creek, and at a waterhole known as Yorkey's Corner washed five dishes of dirt, from which was obtained as much gold as would lie on a threepenny-piece. Mr Hargraves then took a piece of newspaper—the old *Empire* newspaper—and wrote in pencil, 'Gold discovered in alluvial at Lewis Ponds Creek this 12th day of February 1851;' then he added, 'This is a memorable day in the history of New South Wales,' and signed it, 'Edward Hammond Hargraves.' This document Mr Hargraves gave to the then Colonial Secretary, and it is now with the records of the colony.

Mr Dowel then describes how Hargraves and James Tom explored some of the Macquarie River country, and after a few days got to Dubbo, to his friends, the Cruickshank family. Mr and Mrs Cruickshank went down to the river-bed with him to try some prospects. 'Mrs Cruickshank—whose son is now a member of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly—with a woman's curiosity, determined to wash a dish of dirt and see what luck would result; and, to their great astonishment, she obtained as much gold as would make a ring.'

After stating Hargraves' subsequent actions with

respect to his discovery, how he taught Tom to make the first Australian cradle, and then went to Sydney to report what he had found to Governor Sir Charles Fitzroy, Mr Dowel continues :

'On March 22, 1851, Hargraves being in Sydney, William Tom and John Lister went to work with the cradle—the just-finished first cradle of the southern hemisphere—'near where Hargraves and Lister first obtained gold, and on the first day of working got 17 grains of gold. A few days afterwards Tom picked up a piece of gold in the bed of the creek in an indent of the rock, about one hundred yards from the junction of Summerhill Creek and Lewis Ponds Creek, now known as the Ophir. The value of the piece of gold was £2, 10s.' William Tom describes what took place on their washing with the cradle and finding nuggets of gold as follows : 'After we got the cradle fixed we began to wash away in good form. While I was working with the cradle John was picking up wash-dirt, and he said, "Look, William, here is a piece of gold," and it was exactly the weight of a new sovereign. We continued to wash for two days, and we got 2 oz. of pure gold. Then we proposed going down the creek. John and I were on our horses, the head of his horse being opposite mine. He said, "Here's a piece of gold." I will not say that I saw it before he got hold of it; but he said, "There is a stick through it," and he broke the stick off. However, this piece of gold weighed exactly 2 oz. Then we camped for the night, and a number of people were soon attracted to the spot where we had discovered the gold.'

This is the account, from the diary of one of the two men practically engaged in it, of the actual genesis of gold-digging in Australia—the genesis of the dish, of the cradle, and of the gold rush. Let Mr Dowel speak once more as to the value of this new industry : 'The importance of the gold discoveries in Australia cannot be overestimated when it is officially announced that

gold of the value of over £400,000,000 sterling has been obtained in Australia since Edward Hammond Hargraves, John Hardman Australia Lister, James Tom, and William Tom found gold at Lewis Ponds Creek, now known as the Ophir.'

After having waded thus far through this old-time rignarole, you may probably be tempted to remark with a sniff, 'It's all very fine writing about nuggets and things that were got in the days of old. That's all over and done for long ago, and the fields are played out.' But, steady a bit, my carping critic. Are they quite played out? I say no. And my trusty old friend, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, comes once more to the rescue; for, on opening my morning copy of that estimable journal of the 2d of May 1898, I get the following telegram of the finding of a rich nugget :

A RICH NUGGET.—2d May 1898.—A nugget weighing 138 oz. was found on Saturday in the New Break o' Day mine, Rokewood, at a depth of sixty feet.

And the day following, the 3d of May, there came this other one :

3d May 1898.—James Seymour and W. Atkins, miners, found at Blue Gully, Trontham, on Saturday, a nugget weighing 142 oz., valued at £560. They had sunk only twenty feet when they came upon the nugget. A rush for claims in the locality has taken place.

So you see, my friend, there are still little bagatelles of 138 oz. and 142 oz. knocking around; in the latter case to be got in quite the old correct style—just pop down a twenty-foot hole, and there you are with £560. It's as easy and simple as sliding off a log.

If I should be the means of causing any one to get the *auri sacra fumes* very badly and start off to seek his fortune with the pick and shovel, all the harm I wish him is that he may at his very earliest convenience tumble across a good thumping sample of what I have called 'Lumps of Luck.'

WAR RISKS.



WAR RISKS are being effected at Lloyd's. The ordinary reader has noticed this phrase in his newspaper frequently of late, and may be puzzled as to its exact significance.

Let him give the rein for a little to his imagination. Every hour of every day of the year millions on millions of British capital, invested in steamers, sailing-ships, and merchandise carried in them, is afloat on the seas between this country and her colonies and other countries. How would the interest represented by this enormous capital

fare in the event of war? Doubtless the Government would, for one thing, commission and subsidise many of the steamers in the principal fleets, and their owners would thus be recompensed; but what of the innumerable liners which connect our country with every corner of the globe, the tramp-steamers, the sailing-vessels, and the merchandise carried in them all? In the event of war breaking out, say, between Great Britain and France, would our Government compensate the shipowners for their loss should their vessels be captured or destroyed by the enemy?

If Britain were victorious—as of course we believe she would be—would the amount of property thus lost be included in our bill of indemnity against France, and then ultimately be repaid to the shipowner and merchant? Whatever the answer to this may be, shipowners and merchants have recognised that, even if their money were to be recovered for them in this way, it would not likely be during their lifetime, and therefore they prefer to protect themselves in a more direct way against this risk.

The marine insurance policy, known as 'Lloyd's' policy, is a document abounding in curious and quaint phraseology. The part which refers to the contingency of war reads as follows: *'Touching the Adventures and Perils which we the Assurers are contented to bear and do take upon us in this voyage, they are of the Seas, Men-of-War, Fire, Enemies, Pirates, Rovers, Thieves, Jettisons, Letters of Mark and Countermark, Surprisals, Takings at Sea, Arrests, Restraints, and Detainments of all Kings, Princes, and People, of what Nation, Condition, or Quality soever.'* This clause, if left alone, amply protects the property insured against war risk. But, unfortunately, it is the custom to attach a rider to the policy, called the 'capture' clause, which reads thus: *'Warranted free of capture, seizure, and detention, and the consequences thereof, or any attempt thereat, and also from all consequences of hostilities, piracy excepted.'* This latter clause completely annuls the former, and throws the war risk off the shoulders of the underwriter on to the assured.

Up till a comparatively recent period it was quite easy to get underwriters to delete the capture clause, and by so doing they accepted the war risk, and this without any extra premium. More recently, however, the leading marine insurance companies bound themselves by agreement only to delete the capture clause on condition that they had the option of reinstating it on giving fifteen days' notice to the parties insured of their intention to do so.

During the Spanish-American war enormous sums were insured by merchants and shipowners against war risk. It may be said that the risk of any of our vessels being interfered with during that war was not great, yet owners and merchants freely paid the small premium demanded to get the risk covered, especially those whose property was in the Atlantic at the time. But it was at the time of the 'Fashoda' incident that this matter of war risk became a burning question between underwriters and shipowners. The marine insurance companies in a body gave prompt notice to all whom it might concern that in future the 'warranted free of capture' clause would be inserted in all policies. This they were entitled to do in virtue of the agreement above referred to. In this action they were followed by 'Lloyd's' underwriters, and thus the war risk is at

present uncovered by policies issued either by Lloyd's or the companies.

This position will probably be maintained permanently by underwriters, on account of the growing jealousy of other nations at our colonial expansion and naval supremacy. The risk of our being entangled in a war sooner or later is regarded by them as so appreciable that they will no longer accept it, as formerly, without being paid for. To give an idea of how they looked on the situation during the recent scare about the chance of war with France, shipowners were asked to pay from two-and-sixpence per cent. up to fifteen shillings per cent. to cover this risk, according as the length of voyage was from a week up to twelve months. These rates, though apparently not exorbitant, really represent an enormous aggregate sum when the value of the whole shipping interest of this country is considered. If such rates have to be paid for this risk when war is still uncertain and may never occur, shipowners are asking themselves what rates may be required to cover the risk when war with this country has actually broken out.

The present situation has led to the idea of a 'War Risks Association' being formed on a national scale to indemnify its members should they at any time suffer loss through the actual event of war. Such an association would have the double merit of keeping its members covered against war risk should that event actually occur, and also save for their own pockets the large amounts paid to cover this risk during war scares, which seem likely to become more and not less frequent in time to come.

WINTER EVENING AT STEWART ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

THE winter sun drops low, the winter night
Comes softly down upon the wooded hills,
Which all the year are green; above, the light
Of sunset glows, and sky and water fills
With pink and crimson, save where sea meets shore,
And all the glory fades—in shadow dies.
Like great white birds the fishing-boats creep o'er
The sleeping bay, that as a mirror lies
So calm, so still; and as they onward creep
A light shines, sudden, from the little shed
Where each boat lands what harvest she can reap
In the rough straits; the steady light glows red,
And trembles on the waters dark below.
The dusk grows deeper, and the fisher turns
His little craft to anchor; one cloth go
Out towards the point; on board a red fire burns
Like a red star, until the screening land
Hides it from sight; and as the crimson hue
Fades from the frosty sky and from the bay,
And all grows dim, there flashes into view
The warning lighthouse signal far away,
Speaking of dangers on that rocky strand.
And winter stars shine coldly o'er the deep
As night draws close with silence, and with sleep.

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

LIMITATIONS.

Youth is chiefly conscious of life's possibilities; Age, of its limitations.

THE enthusiasm of youth—how soon we learn to marvel at it; to smile at the memory of that golden hour when all the world lay sparkling before us; when cloudy skies opened bright windows into infinitude; when all the air was full of pleasant stir and murmur, of hands that beckoned, of voices that called! Life was long, the cup of immortality already at the lips; all things seemed possible to the brave young heart. When the ideal was so glorious, who could doubt the splendour of the reality? Who could guess that the triumph of achievement should pale before the glow of the conflict?—that of all the fair faces we were destined to meet none should ever seem as fair as that of our early hope? Yet so it is, though the knowledge comes but slowly; to some, indeed, beloved of gods and men, it comes not at all.

Not carelessly nor lightly do we part with our illusions. One by one they fade, they falter, they fail; and we pass on our way with clearer vision and colder heart. One by one the roses wither in our fingers, the golden apples turn to ashes, the siren voices grow tremulous and mute. We see our limitations. Recognising for the first time our own inherent weakness, we estimate—more justly, as we think—the strength of the barriers which use and wont have set up against us, and shake our heads sadly over youthful optimism and Utopian schemes. Once, blindfold, we rushed at a monster, to prove him, perchance, but a stuffed figure after all. Now we look, we balance, we hesitate, we yield.

Yet life without illusions—how bare it is, how cold! An earth without an atmosphere, stripped of all the cloudy pageant that daily feasts our eyes! Only those, indeed, who have gazed for weeks into the molten depths of a hot and cloudless sky; when the heavens seemed as brass seven times heated, and all life drooped beneath the pitiless

glare of day, can realise the longing then awakened for the golden mists of morning, the red bars of sunset, or for the fair white flocks of fleecy vapour 'shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.' And the knowledge that we owe these splendours to a little water or a few grains of dust—does it affect our appreciation of them? Nay, our teachers talk to deaf ears. The cloud-land above us is still a fairy realm of infinite resource; and where they only perceive a 'foul and pestilent congregation of vapours,' we watch for white processions, hear Olympian thunders, or see 'aerial navies grappling in the blue.'

It is true that life grows more complex as we grow older. The world, once so sharply divided into good and evil, light and darkness, becomes the theatre where a thousand inconsistencies play their parts; where the wise man wears motley, while the fool has a reverend air; where the loudest laugher is he who is most used to the buffets of Fortune, and the heaviest sighs are oftentimes breathed by those whom Plenty has well-nigh surfeited with her favours. We change in much, but in nothing more than in the nature and magnitude of the claims we make upon the future. If we are worldly-wise, we moderate our expectations with each succeeding year, and look back with a tinge of wonder, not unmixed with amusement, at the boundless expectations of earlier days. What a wealthy aspect life must then have worn to justify the careless assurance with which we reckoned on the generosity of the untried years! Strangest perhaps of all, we looked upon happiness as our rightful inheritance, into whose certain possession we should come at no very distant date. To live, love, and be happy seemed the natural sequence of human events; and though each fresh experience brought forward a more unmistakable contradiction of this agreeable theory, we did not cease to flatter ourselves that, whatever the fate of a few unlucky individuals here and there, we at least must some day realise our expectations. Knowing not that happiness is but

an accessory to life, and one rarely attainable, we found our chief delight in the creations of our fancy and of our desire; and now, looking back on those youthful dreams with the juster perceptions of maturer years, we understand only too clearly that, when youth and hope were with us, we held the chief elements of joy within our hearts. The real delight was in the foretaste of anticipation, or, at the most, in the first brief, sweet moment of realisation. Our fairy visions have proved merely such stuff as dreams are made of, yet we wake with reluctance to face the cold reality; and, like Mr Zangwill's hero, echo with wistful approval Lessing's words: 'Dreams are our life.' It is a hard saying of Mr Morley's that 'experience often changes the idealist and the reformer first to doubter, then to indifferent, then to pure egotist, and last to hard cynic;' but there is only too much truth in the stern dictum. For the higher a man's hope is placed, the greater will be the reaction should it fail of realisation. The idealist and reformer is of all men the most sanguine in his youth. He resists to the last the attack made by Time and Experience on the citadel of his dreams; and, when forced to surrender to the inevitable, hides his rage and mortification beneath a cloak of indifference, or sears his secret wounds with thoughts of scorn.

'A cheap cynicism' is said to be the prevailing note of our time; and the remark only proves how hard it is to carry practical wisdom into the sphere of the emotions—in other words, how difficult it is to be reasonable where our feelings are concerned. Like scholars whose first high ambitions have failed, we are apt to pursue life's studies with listless eyes and indifferent interest. We have relinquished our cherished aims, but we have not allowed their place to be occupied by simpler ideals. Yet in every other department of life we

have long since recognised the fact of our limitations. Those 'spacious days' when philosophers and men of learning were wont to 'take all knowledge for their province' are of the past, and men realise that life is brief, that knowledge is infinite, and that he who would win power or fame must concentrate his attention on some particular branch of learning or of science. He is a wise man who has thus learned to limit his ambitions; he is a wiser who learns to moderate his desires. But though the rosy tints of sunrise have yielded to the more sober light of experience, there is no reason why 'the freshness of that early time' should not still revive our jaded energies. We may smile at the memory of its flushed fervours; but in our secret hearts we cannot but acknowledge that the old visions had a dewy purity and sweetness which shame our travel-worn ambitions; and happy indeed is he who preserves, to some extent at least, his faith—call it credulity if you will—in life's fairer possibilities. Like that 'true romance' of which our modern poet sings, his ideal may change its form, it may manifest itself in new and unfamiliar ways; but the 'shaping spirit' is still the same. He has exchanged, it may be, the dream of an earthly paradise for the daily routine of persistent effort, of high endeavour. He has learned to judge the conditions of life more accurately, to estimate the value of its rewards more justly—

To see a good in evil, and a hope in ill-success.

Exacting less from others, and more from himself, he elings to the belief that, within the narrow circle of his opportunities, he may yet realise some part at least of his boyish aspirations; may use the silent influence which he exerts in his day and generation.

To speed the coming of the Golden Year.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IX.

NOW, Monsieur Browne,' said Madame Bernstein as she seated herself with her back to the window, 'we can talk in comfort, and, what is better still, without fear of being disturbed. It is indeed kind of you to come and see me, for I expect you were considerably surprised at receiving my poor little note yesterday. What you must have thought of it I dare not think; but I must console myself with the reflection that it was written in the interests of another person, whose happiness is dearer to me than I can make you understand. To tell you the truth, it is a most delicate matter. I think you will admit as much when you have heard what I have to say.'

Browne accordingly reserved his judgment.

His distrust of the woman, however, was rapidly coming back upon him, and he could not help feeling that, plausible as her words were, and desirous as she appeared to be of helping a third person, she was in some way attempting to deceive himself.

'I beg that you will not consider me at all in the matter,' he said, seeing that he was expected to say something. 'I am, as you know, only too glad to do anything I can to help you. Perhaps it is regarding Mademoiselle Petrovitch that you desire to speak to me?'

'You have guessed correctly,' said Madame. 'It is about Katherine. The poor child, as I have reason to know, is in terrible trouble just now.'

'I am indeed sorry to hear that,' said Browne,

a fear of he knew not what taking possession of him. 'But I hope the trouble is one that can be easily set right.'

'It is possible it may,' madame replied. 'But I think it depends, if you will permit me to say so, in a very great measure upon yourself.'

'Upon me?' cried the young man, this time with real surprise. 'How can that be? I should never forgive myself if I thought I had made Miss Petrovitch unhappy.'

'Not perhaps exactly in the sense you mean,' said madame, moving a little nearer him, and speaking in a tone that was low and confidential; 'but still you have done so in another way, Monsieur Browne. Before I go any further, however, it is necessary that I should remind you that I am an old woman.' Here she smiled a little coquettishly, as if to remind him that her words, in this particular instance, must not be taken too literally. 'I am an old woman,' she continued—'old enough to be your mother, perhaps; at any rate old enough to be able to say what I am going to say without fear of giving offence, or of having my motives misconstrued. Monsieur Browne, as you are well aware, Katherine is only a young girl, and, like other young girls, she has her dreams. Into those dreams you have come, and what is the result? I will leave it to your common-sense, and perhaps a little to your vanity, to read between the lines. Had you been differently situated it would not have mattered. But at the time that you rendered her that great service on the mountains above Merok she had no idea who you were. But later on, when you were so kind to us in London, though you did your best to prevent it, we discovered all about you. Immediately, as is often the way with young girls, a change came. She is simplicity itself. She is also the soul of honour. She feared to let her true soul be seen lest you might think that we were cultivating your acquaintance for the sake of your wealth.'

'I never dreamt of such a thing,' Browne replied indignantly. 'That is the worst part of being a rich man, Madame Bernstein. One-half of the world preys upon you for your money, while a large number will not be friendly to you lest they may be supposed to be doing the same. I should be a cal of the first water if I had ever thought for a moment that Miss Petrovitch was capable of such a thing.'

From the way he spoke Madame Bernstein saw that she had overshot her mark, and she was quick to make up for her mistake.

'I do not think I said that we thought so, Monsieur Browne,' she said. 'I only remarked that I feared my ward was afraid lest you might do so.'

'She might have known me better than that,' said Browne a little reproachfully. 'But perhaps

you will tell me what it is you wish me to do?'

'Ah! In asking that question you bring me to the most difficult point in our interview,' she replied. 'I will show you why. Before I do so, however, I want you to give me your promise that you will not be offended at what I am about to say to you.'

'I will certainly promise that,' Browne answered.

'I am going to put your friendship to a severe test,' madame continued. She paused for a moment as if to collect her thoughts. When she spoke again it was with an abruptness that was most disconcerting. 'You must be blind indeed,' she said, 'if you cannot see, Monsieur Browne, that Katherine loves you.'

The revulsion of feeling caused by her announcement of this fact was so strong that, though Browne tried to speak, he found he was incapable of uttering a word. And yet, though she seemed so certain of what she said, there was something in the way she said it that did not ring quite true.

'Monsieur Browne,' she went on, leaning a little forward and speaking with still greater earnestness, 'I feel sure you will understand how much all this means not only to her but to me. Since my poor husband's death she has been all I have had to live for, and it cuts my heart in pieces to see her so unhappy.'

'But what would you have me do?' inquired Browne.

'That is the very subject I wished to speak to you about,' madame replied. Then, shaking her head sadly, she continued: 'Ah, Monsieur Browne, you do not know what it is to love, and to love in vain. The favour I am going to ask of you is that you should go away; that you should not let Katherine see you again.'

'But, madame,' said Browne, 'why should I go away? What if I love her as you say she loves me?'

The lady uttered a little cry as if of astonishment.

'If you loved her all would be different,' she cried, clasping her hands together—'so very, very different.'

'Then let it be as different as you please,' cried Browne, springing to his feet. 'For I do love her, and with my whole heart and soul, as I should have told her had she not left London so suddenly the other day.'

Looking back on it now, Browne is obliged to confess that the whole scene was theatrical in the extreme. Madame Bernstein, on hearing the news, behaved with the most amiable eccentricity; she sprang from her chair, and, taking his hand in hers, pressed it to her heart. If her behaviour counted for anything, this would seem to have been the happiest moment of her life. In the middle of it all the sound of a

light footstep reached them from the corridor outside.

'Hush!' said Madame Bernstein, holding up her finger in warning. 'It is Katherine! I implore you not to tell her that I have said this to you.'

'You may depend upon my not doing so,' Browne answered.

An instant later the girl, whose happiness they appeared to be so anxious to promote, entered the room. Her surprise and confusion at finding Browne there may be better imagined than described. But if the position were embarrassing for her, how much more so was it for Browne! He stood before her like a schoolboy detected in a fault, and who waits to be told what his punishment will be.

'Monsieur Browne was kind enough to take pity on my loneliness,' said Madame Bernstein, by way of explanation, but with a slight falter in her voice which told the young man that, although she wished him to think otherwise, she really stood in some awe of her companion. 'We have had a most interesting discussion on modern French art. I had no idea that Monsieur Browne was so well acquainted with the subject.'

'It is the one thing of all others in which I take the greatest possible interest,' replied Browne, with corresponding gravity. But he dared not look at Katherine's face, for he knew she was regarding him with a perplexed and somewhat disappointed look, as if she were not quite certain whether he was telling the truth. She did not know how to account for his presence there, and in some vague way it frightened her. It was plain, at any rate, that she placed no sort of reliance in her guardian's somewhat far-fetched explanation.

Seeing that she was likely to be *de trop*, that lady made an excuse and left the room. After she had gone, and the door had closed behind her, things passed from bad to worse with the couple she had left behind. Browne knew exactly what he wanted to say, but he did not know how to say it. Katherine said nothing at all; she was waiting for him to make the first move.

At last Browne could bear the silence no longer. Advancing towards the girl, he managed to obtain possession of her hands before she became aware of his intention.

Holding them in his, he looked into her face and spoke.

'Katherine,' he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion, 'cannot you guess why I am here?'

'I understood that you came to see Madame Bernstein,' she faltered, not daring to look up into his face.

'You know as well as I do that, while I made that excuse, it was not my real reason,' he answered. 'Katherine, I came to see you because I have something to say to you which must be said at once, which cannot be delayed any longer.'

I would have spoken to you in London had you vouchsafed me an opportunity, but you left so suddenly that I never had the chance of opening my lips. What I want to tell you, Katherine, is that I love you with my whole heart and soul; God knows I love you better than my life, and I shall love you to the day of my death.'

She uttered a little cry, and endeavoured to withdraw her hands from his grasp, but he would not let them go.

'Surely you must have known all this long since,' he continued with relentless persistence. 'You believe, don't you, that I mean what I say?'

'I must not hear you,' she answered. 'I cannot bear it. You do not know what you are saying.'

'I know all I want to know,' said Browne; 'and I think, Katherine, you on your part know how deeply in earnest I am. Try to remember, before you speak, that the whole happiness of my life is at stake.'

'That is exactly why I say that I cannot listen to you,' she answered, still looking away.

'Is my love so distasteful to you, then, that you cannot bear to hear me speak of it?' he said, a little reproachfully.

'No, no,' she answered; 'it is not that at all. It is that— But there, I cannot, I must not hear you any further. Please do not say any more about it; I beg of you to forget that you have ever told me of it.'

'But I *must* say more,' cried Browne. 'I love you, and I cannot and will not live without you. I believe that you love me, Katherine; upon my honour I do. If so, why should you be so cruel to me? Will you answer me one question, honestly and straightforwardly?'

'What is it?'

'Will you be my wife?'

'I cannot. It is impossible,' she cried, this time as if her heart were breaking. 'It is useless to say more. Such a thing could never be.'

'But if you love me, it both can and shall be,' replied Browne. 'If you love me, there is nothing that can separate us.'

'There is everything. You do not know how impossible it is.'

'If there is a difficulty I will remove it. It shall cease to exist. Come, Katherine, tell me that you love me.'

She did not reply.

'Will you not confess it?' he repeated. 'You know what your answer means to me. Say that you do, and nothing shall part us; I swear it. If you do not, then I give you my word I will go away and never let you see my face again.'

This time she looked up at him with her beautiful eyes full of tears.

'I do love you,' she whispered; and then added, in a louder voice, 'but what is the use of my saying so, when it can make no difference?'

'It makes all the difference in the world, darling,' cried Browne, with a triumph in his voice that had not been there a moment before. 'Now that I know you love me, I can act. I am not afraid of anything.' Before she could protest he had taken her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She struggled to escape, but he was too strong for her. At last he let her go.

'Oh! you do not know what you are doing,' she cried. 'Why will you not listen to me and go away before it is too late? I tell you again and again that you are deluding yourself with false hopes. Come what may, I can never be your wife. It is impossible.'

'Since you have confessed that you love me, we will see about that,' said Browne quietly but determinedly. 'In the meantime, remember that I am your affianced lover. Nothing can alter that. But, hark! if I am not mistaken, I hear Madame Bernstein.'

A moment later the lady in question entered the room. She glanced from one to the other as if to find out whether they had arrived at an understanding. Then Browne advanced and took her hand.

'Madame,' he said, 'I have the honour to inform you that mademoiselle has decided to be my wife.'

'No, no,' cried Katherine, as if in a last entreaty. 'You must not say that. I cannot let you say it.'

Madame Bernstein took in the situation, and adapted herself to it immediately. In her usual manner, she expressed her delight at the arrangement they had come to. There was nothing like love, she averred, in the world.

'I always hoped and prayed that it would be so,' she went on to say. 'It has been my wish for years to see you happily married, Katherine. Now I can feel that my work in life is done, and that I can go down to my grave in peace, knowing that, whatever happens, you will be well protected.'

Could one have looked into her brain, I am inclined to believe it would have been found that, while she gave expression to these beautiful ideas, they were far from being a true record of her feelings. Such sentiments, however, were the proper ones to use at that particular moment, and, having given utterance to them, she felt that she had done all that could reasonably be expected of her.

'With your permission, madame,' said Browne, to whom the idea had only that moment occurred, 'Katherine and I will spend the whole of to-morrow in the country together. I should like to take her to Fontainebleau. As you are aware, there are a

number of pictures there which, according to your own argument, it is only fit and proper I should study in order to perfect myself on the subject of modern French art.'

After this Parthian shot, madame, although she knew that such a proposal was far from being in accordance with the notions of propriety entertained by the parents and guardians of the country in which they were at present domiciled, had no objection to raise. On the contrary, she had her own reasons for not desiring to thwart Browne at the commencement of his engagement, and just when he was likely to prove most useful to her. Accordingly she expressed great delight at the arrangement, and hoped that they would spend a happy day together. Having said this, she wiped away an imaginary tear and heaved a sigh, which, taken in conjunction, were doubtless intended to convey to the young people the impression that she was dwelling on the recollection of similar excursions in which she and the late lamented Bernstein had indulged at a similar period.

'To-night we must all dine together to celebrate the event,' said Browne enthusiastically, taking no notice whatsoever of the good lady's expression of woe. 'Where shall it be?'

Katherine was about to protest, but she caught madame's eye in time, and desisted.

'I am sure we shall be charmed,' returned madame. 'If you will make the arrangements, we will meet you wherever you please.'

'Shall we say the Maison Dorée, then, at eight? Or would you prefer the Café Anglais, or An Lion d'Or?'

'The Maison Dorée by all means,' said madame, 'and at eight. We will make a point of being there in good time.'

Seeing that it was impossible for him to stay any longer, Browne bade madame good-bye, and went across the room to where Katherine was standing by the window.

'Good-bye,' he said, and as he did so he took her hand.

Looking into her eyes, which were filled with as much love as even he could desire, he put the following question to her, so softly that madame, standing at the other end of the room, could not hear: 'Are you happy, Katherine?'

'Very happy,' she answered in a similar tone. 'But I cannot help feeling that I am doing very wrong.'

'You are doing nothing of the sort,' the young man answered dogmatically. 'You are doing just the very best and wisest thing a woman could do. You must never say such a thing again. Now, *au revoir*, until we meet at eight. I shall count the minutes till then.'

(To be continued.)



THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

By EUGENE DE TERRASSON.

THE remedies which doctors have suggested for the malady of consumption are, like the charms of Cleopatra, infinite in their variety; but, unlike those charms, time has proved their ephemeral value, for

it was not until the discovery of the microbe whose presence is the immediate cause of consumption that scientific and successful treatment of the disease was really initiated. And at the present time this tiny microscopic 'animalcule' forms the cynosure of the physician's eye; he searches for its presence, he strives to render its life a burden, and he uses every means to drive it from the patient's body with inhospitable insistence. It was experimentally discovered that fresh air was regarded by the microbe with the greatest distaste, and that sunlight caused its death; therefore the conclusion was arrived at that the consumptive patient should obtain as much open air as possible, and be exposed to the rays of the sun. What is known of the 'open-air treatment of consumption' has hitherto given the best results both in curing the disease and in prolonging life where complete recovery was impossible; and this method may be summed up in the words, 'rest, abundant food, and a life in the open air.'

The leading principle of this treatment of phthisis is that the patient should spend the whole day in the open air, protected from the weather, and that at night he should sleep with his window open. In recommending this method of cure it is necessary to overcome a prejudice, to subvert the axiom that the consumptive patient is to be rigidly protected from the least cold or draught; that the lungs are to be fed with impure or 're-breathed' air poor in oxygen (the food of these organs), and rich in carbonic acid (which nature has already thrown off), rather than with cold (fresh) air. What a domestic earthquake would entomb the doctor who had the temerity to suggest to the relatives that the consumptive, suffering from high fever and inflammation of the lungs, should be wrapped up and taken into the open air! Could any greater collision with traditional treatment, with the *obiter dicta* of family physicians from time immemorial, be imagined? Could any more homieidal advice be conceived? And yet this plan is followed in the 'open-air treatment' with conspicuous success.

It is difficult to persuade the patient that, as his disease has not been caused by cold, therefore warmth will not cure it. That cherished abomination the 'chest-protector' is a fetich which it is almost impossible to destroy, especially among the

lower working-classes. We have known many cases where the flannel shield has been the constant and intimate companion of the sufferer for years, where its divorce from the patient's person is a matter of tearing and pulling and ripping and undoing that occupies several minutes, so securely is it fastened. Its destruction is followed by much regret and great hygienic advantage to the quondam possessor. It is obvious that the correction of these and other prejudices founded on a wrong notion of the origin of consumption would, in the majority of cases, be carried out with difficulty in private residences, and the method of treatment is therefore generally practised in sanatoria, where there is done for the invalid that which he has not the means, the opportunity, or the strength of mind to do for himself. We know from incontrovertible medical evidence that consumption in the earlier stages is eminently curable, and it is for this class of patient that the 'open-air treatment' is specially valuable.

The doctrine that consumption has been and can be cured by a residence in the open air is by no means new. Indeed, many diseases which owe their origin to discovered microbes have proved, frequently by accidental experiment, to have been markedly benefited by treatment carried out exposed to the four winds of heaven. Sometimes a consumptive has left his couch in the African veldt; hunting by day and sleeping in the ox-wagons by night, he has almost imperceptibly thrown off his fearful incubus. At other times, in crossing the Pacific, the patient has given his disease such intoxicating draughts of ocean-air that, like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, it has relaxed its grip, and left him to proceed to the antipodes in peace, and with a renovated constitution. In connection with other diseases it may be mentioned that in 1854 a portion of the patients in the Austrian camp were treated in tents instead of in permanent hospitals. The results were very satisfactory. 'The most severe maladies ran their course much more mildly in the fresh air.' Tholozan reports of the Crimean war that, 'at Sebastopol, in spite of bad nourishment, and living in tents in rain and snow, out of 1200 sick scarcely any were phthisical' (consumptive).

The question naturally arises, To what peculiar properties are these beneficial results of fresh air to be attributed? According to Dr Ransome, there are several factors in operation. In the first place, it should be remembered that 're-breathed' or impure air, which, like tainted food, is bad for healthy individuals, is specially deleterious to consumptive people, whose lungs require the best

nourishment they can obtain—that is, the purest air. Further, the consumptive's lungs contain innumerable poisonous germs which indirectly set up serious constitutional mischief—such as fever—and which should therefore be got rid of at the earliest opportunity. Health demands that a minimum of 3000 cubic feet of fresh air should flow over a person in one hour; but in the open air, on an average, 324,000 cubic feet flow over an individual per hour. The scavenging power of this current must be enormous. Poisonous germs are continuously exhaled by the patient; but they are swept away, and fresh air is inspired; there is a constant ventilation of the lungs proceeding, with the best possible results. And the speedy diminution of the hectic fever which consumptives suffer from, and which is due to these poisonous germs, is thus largely accounted for. The fresh air, in conjunction with sunshine, acts antiseptically upon the bodies and clothing of the patients, still further purifying the air which enters the respiratory organs. Further, there is more active oxygen, or ozone, in the open atmosphere than in the air of dwelling-rooms, and this, while exercising a health-giving action on the structures of the body, destroys many poisonous germs. Lastly, sunlight itself is the sworn enemy of the microbe, especially that of consumption; and, exposed to the solar rays, this little germ, which inhabits the lungs of the consumptive in millions, and under the microscope presents the appearance of a 'rod'—for its structure, as it were, typifies its mission of chastening mankind—shrivels up, loses its lethal power, and ceases to exist.

Recognising these facts, a Continental physician, Dr Brehmer, proposed some years ago the 'open-air treatment' of consumption; but he believed that, for its effective engineering, patients would have to be content to resign their liberty into the hands of the doctor, and to submit to such rules of life as might be prescribed. At his own expense he established an institution at Goebersdorf, in Silesia, and the success he has met with has given rise to similar enterprises in different parts of the Continent and America, and, comparatively recently, to efforts on a smaller scale in the United Kingdom.

There are minute differences in detail at the various sanatoria, more particularly in the matters of food, exercise, and amusement; but the ensuing description of the method in which the system is carried out—although approximately characteristic of all—most nearly resembles that in vogue at Nordach in the Black Forest.

The pilgrim, arrived at the particular shrine of Hygeia which has been selected, may realise at once that the goddess has indeed enticed her worshippers from the world, for her temple is perhaps situated at the end of a remote valley densely clothed with pine-trees—ten miles from a station, and fifteen miles from the nearest town.

Streams probably descend the hillside in all directions, and the moist, aromatic, dust-free atmosphere acts like a sedative balm on the irritable lungs of the sufferer, soothing his cough, allaying the pains in his chest, and inducing a health-giving sleep. In withdrawing him from his surroundings one of the primary objects of treatment is effected—mental rest; and, as if he were in a second Land of Baulah, 'where the sun shineth night and day,' he is able from sunrise to sunrise to breathe the pure open air of heaven uncontaminated by dust, by respiration, or by other impurities. The visits of friends, although not forbidden, are distinctly discouraged, and it is an easy matter to imagine that well-meaning relatives might by their presence produce a state of mind the reverse of calm in an already irritable patient, and at the same time handicap the director who is enforcing a treatment at first sight somewhat drastic.

The houses of which the Nordach Sanatorium is composed are built of wood, or of stone which has an inner lining of wood in all the rooms. Wall-papers and carpet are repudiated as possible harbingers of those enemies of the consumptive—dust, dirt, and microbes. In the almost monastic simplicity of the rooms, cornices, projections, recesses, 'cosy corners' (much affected by microbes), ornamental dados, and other reminiscences of Vanity Fair are conspicuously absent, wherever possible to avoid them. The corners of the apartments are, in some sanatoria, completely filled in, lest dust and germs, like Puck in a gossip's bowl, should lurk there. The prevailing idea is not to provide resting-places for organisms which would vitiate the atmosphere of the chamber. There are many more microbes of consumption and other diseases in the sleeping-room of a house in Edinburgh or London than in one of these homes for the victims of phthisis. The floors and walls are not swept, but daily wiped down (to prevent raising dust) with a damp cloth impregnated with some disinfectant. The expectoration of patients—which is the principal source of diffusion of the microbes—is disposed of with elaborate and quite justifiable precautions, and the personal rules are very stringent on this point. Electric light is employed, thus preserving the air from the impurities of gas, and the heating is done as a rule by hot-water pipes. The dining-hall is closed by the end walls only, and the long sides are open to the air. During the winter a partial glazing-in of these sides is effected. The window space in each bedroom is very large, and *the windows are never shut*. The patient spends his day, winter and summer, in the open air, and if he is too ill to walk about he is carried out on a couch, and deposited in one of the specially constructed verandas (*liegenhalle*), where he finds other patients reclining in various stages of convalescence. These structures, raised two or three feet from the level of the ground and closed at

each end, are placed facing the south or south-west; they are from seven to ten feet wide or even more, to allow of the needful space for reclining-chairs. The drifting rain, the snow, and high winds are kept out by curtains, and the too intense heat of the sun by blinds. When the weather is suitable and the invalids are in a fit condition, they are allowed to sit out in the open. In the *liegenhalle* the patients lie from seven to eleven hours a day, only moving away for meals and exercise.

The invalids are under the direct supervision of a resident doctor, who doles out open air, exercise, and food in accurate doses, which are correlated to the exact constitutional condition of each individual. The treatment of the patient is largely determined by the amount of fever present—in other words, by his temperature; and he therefore takes his own temperature four times daily, and marks its progress on a chart. The physician gradually acclimatizes the most delicate and fragile until they can stand frost and wet, reclining in the verandas. At first there may be complaints of cold and discomfort, especially in inclement weather. The director is summoned, and the complainant—usually an Englishman or an American—runs through a gamut of woes, of which 'confoundedly cold' is the fundamental note. The director politely sends for more wraps; but the windows remain inexorably open. Also, it is occasionally found that a patient resents the quasi-military discipline of the institution. One medical director remarks of these disaffected subjects: 'I leave them to their own devices for a few days, and they very soon come to me, and promise to be good, and to follow the example of the other patients.' If the weather is cold the invalids are encouraged to lie prone, as in that position the low temperature of the air is more easily endured. A visitor to Dr Turban's sanatorium at Davos, when there was thick snow on the ground—the temperature being four degrees below zero—was surprised to find patients clothed in furs lying out in the *liegenhalle* after sunset, reading by electric light or playing chess and draughts; their hands and feet were found to be perfectly warm in spite of the frigidity of the atmosphere. The life of reclining in the open air hardens the invalid against fresh cold, excites the appetite, reduces 'night-sweat'—so distressing an accompaniment of consumption—procures sleep, and reduces fever.

The feeding is another item in the treatment, which is graduated by a system of dosage or, in certain cases, as will be seen, overdosage.

At some sanatoria the patient is merely encouraged to eat as much as he can manage; at others it is one of the rules of the institution that he eat double what he feels inclined to! The excellent results of overfeeding appear the more extraordinary when we consider the feeble digestion of the majority of cases of phthisis. At

Nordach the maximum amount of food is not administered until after the lapse of the first few days. Then the doctor takes up a convenient position at each meal, and watches that the following liberal menus are partaken of:—*Breakfast*: Half-litre of milk, coffee and rolls, eggs and meat, as the patient likes. This is the only meal at which one can suit one's inclinations. *Dinner* at 1.15: Half-litre of milk. First course, about half-pound of beef or fish; second course, about half-pound of veal, mutton, or poultry; as much vegetables as can be crowded into two platefuls; half-pound bread, half-pound pudding, rice, batter, custard, or ice-cream. *Supper* at 7: Same quantity as dinner, without pudding, and the courses are as varied as possible.

These two meals have to be taken under the eye of the doctor, and no servant is allowed to remove a plate until quite empty. Alcohol is allowed (as beer or wine). A half-litre of milk is nearly a pint.

The results of these feasts, which, it will be observed, are the reverse of Barmecide, are various; the ultimate effects are highly favourable, but the immediate consequences are, on occasion, disagreeable. In order to point out the great importance which is attached to heroic overfeeding, it is necessary to state that, in the exceptional event of vomiting occurring, the patient, in certain sanatoria, is made to come back to the table and begin the meal all over again. In the more lenient institutions he is graciously allowed to resume the meal at the point where it was punctuated by his retirement. This procedure is not so incomprehensible when we recollect that in the sickness, which so frequently adds another burden to the already grievously afflicted victim of advanced consumption, the administration of nourishment immediately after the nausea has ceased is not followed by its rejection. But the patient speedily becomes reconciled to the process of 'stuffing' when he finds that his weight is going up by leaps and bounds, and when he discovers that he has gained three, four, even five pounds the first week, and after one month two pounds every week.

When the temperature and weight are satisfactory to the medical autocrat, exercise is entered upon, and, like everything else in these semi-Utopian establishments, in a system of doses. While the patient lies in bed in the morning he is told how far he may walk, which for the first week is not more than four hundred or five hundred yards. To perform this pedestrian feat he is allowed three hours—two hours out and one hour to return; the invalid progresses at a snail's pace, one foot being slowly swung in front of the other, so that the least possible strain is thrown upon heart and lungs. Great benefit is speedily felt, and the walk, which is taken in all weathers, is gradually increased in length until miles are accomplished. Forced breathing or 'lung gymnastics' are carried on in some establishments as

follows: During steady walking, five or six deep breaths are taken through the nose every hundred or one hundred and fifty paces; or, when lying in the open air, ten or twelve deep breaths every five or ten minutes (Dettweiler). There is in certain cases a walk constructed for the weaker ones, and especially those with heart disease, in which a slight ascent is first encountered, then a portion of level ground, and lastly a descent home. The patients are invariably encouraged to go slowly, to avoid talking, to breathe through the nose, and to stop short of actual fatigue. By the foregoing process the weak and diseased lungs are treated like the muscles of a sick man venturing into the air after a debilitating illness; the tone of the pulmonary organs is improved by the exercise, and every portion of the lungs is, like the patient's apartments, swept and garnished by the scavenging air, so that no holes and corners may remain where the microbes may form fresh centres of infection and mischief.

Even the unruly cough of the consumptive is subject to a species of disciplinary repression. A visitor at one of the German sanatoria, who happened to be present in the dining-hall when the principal meal was in progress, noticed that scarcely a single cough was heard from beginning to end of a protracted sitting, although the room was filled with people in various stages of consumption. On interrogating the director of the institution as to what measures were undertaken to bring about this happy state of things, the physician replied that he was obliged to appeal individually to the patient's æsthetic sense, to his appreciation of *les convenances*. It was his custom to explain that nature provided the cough for the purpose of clearing the bronchial tubes of material that had collected there. This effected, the cough was no longer a justifiable act; further, it was an offence against society—an impoliteness; for it proclaimed to all and sundry that your throat was tickling and itching, and that you were engaged in scratching it. 'Do you not,' he asks, 'restrain a desire to scratch your skin in public, even if it itch ever so?' The patient, as a result of these admonitions, when he feels the impulse to cough coming on, concentrates his will on the inhibition of this feeling; the sensation then usually passes away, and the less he coughs the less he feels inclined to cough, and hence the edifying absence of the symptom.

In all the establishments the patient is under the personal supervision of the doctor, who orders every detail of his life, enforces his rules, visits him two or three times a day, and induces the invalid to make of the sanatorium, in Dettweiler's words, 'his religion, his politics, his despair, and his delight.'

It has been proved that climate is by no means an all-important factor in the 'open-air treatment,' and therefore, although our variable English weather is not an ideal one for the purpose, there is no

reason why sanatoria might not be erected in certain suitable parts of the United Kingdom. As far as we are aware, there is as yet only one institution of this description for the gratuitous treatment of consumption, and that is in Edinburgh.

The results of the 'open-air treatment' are the most favourable of any special method of dealing with consumption. We have not heard of an untoward accident as a result of the methods adopted, in spite of the bold and apparently reckless manner in which individuals who, according to all preconceived ideas, should be considered the exotics of the community are exposed to all varieties of cold and damp. It is true they are suitably shod and mantled, that the lambs shorn of resistive power are not exposed at once to the untamed winds in the same manner as the bell-wethers of the flock who have almost recovered their health, and that they are all continually under the close supervision of mature medical experience.

Very quickly remarkable changes occur in the patient as a result of treatment. A more healthy appearance is substituted for the wax-like and unhealthy complexion of the invalid; appetite returns; 'night-sweats' lessen and finally vanish; the cough lessens; the fever diminishes; body-weight and general condition improve with marvellous rapidity. The course of treatment is, on the whole, decidedly pleasant, and those in a position to judge say that the termination of the patient's sojourn is to him a black-letter day indeed.

Before dismissing a patient it is ascertained beyond doubt, by certain scientific tests, that he has for the time, at any rate, cast off the slough of disease.

Certain objections have been raised to the method of treatment. It is stated that the segregation of a number of consumptive individuals may form 'centres of infection' by means of which the germs of the disease may be conveyed to the neighbouring healthy; but inasmuch as our town hospitals for consumption have not been shown to spread the malady, it is still less likely that sanatoria situated in the breezy open country would have this undesirable effect; for here the microbes, under the influence of chemical disinfectants, of sunlight, of fresh air, and of ventilation, are speedily destroyed and swept away. Another objection, of more importance, is that the sufferers are exposed to the depressing influence of the presence of many invalids crowded together. It is certainly a matter of astonishment and congratulation that the directors of the sanatoria are able to infuse a spirit of cheerfulness into their patients. But the rapid amelioration which usually occurs, the returning vigour, the consciousness of the gradual ability to fend off the lashes of a cruel scourge, amply suffice to nullify any elements of gloom in the surroundings of the consumptive

who is fighting his way back to health armed with that intangible Excalibur—fresh, pure air.

Every intelligent reader will wish the newly formed National Association for the Prevention of Consumption success, as it aims at carrying into every dwelling in the land an elementary

knowledge of the modes in which consumption is propagated, and of the means by which its spread may be prevented. For, from what we have already seen, we have been hitherto behind the Continent in our efforts to extirpate the fell disease.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A TALE OF SIBERIA.



TTACHED to my watch-chain there is a common brass stud, which, like the deep scar on my left cheek, has naturally more than once aroused the curiosity of my friends; and to satisfy them I have oftentimes related the eventful history of this little piece of brass. This indented, defaced stud is precious to me, as it is the relic of a dear and trusty friend. On many a quiet evening, while enjoying the ease of the arm-chair, with my pipe as sole companion, I watch dreamily the fragrant smoke as it curls to the roof, and muse over that eventful night. Strange and eerie thoughts arise in my mind—thoughts which recall that awful experience in which this little nail of brass came to merit the honourable position which it now holds.

It was once in the collar of a brave and faithful dog, a large boursound—'Cæsar'—as fine a specimen of that noble breed of dogs as one could find. Built like a young lion, he possessed, like all dogs of the same race, the agility of the greyhound, combined with the determination and pluck of the bull-dog; yet he was as gentle as a lamb when no danger was ahead. Once, when in the wilds of Norway, near the peak of Snæghatten, in the Dovrefield Highlands, prospecting for copper ore, he was the means of saving my life. We were belated on the mountains, having wandered too far off the beaten track; and had I not been protected from the bitter night-frost by sleeping close to his warm shaggy coat, I would certainly have perished.

But this other experience which I now give my readers cost the dear fellow his life, and very nearly my own. It was in the winter of 1891, and I happened to be in Russia at the time, away far up at Yenitsk, a small village about five hundred and fifty miles north of Tomsk, in Western Siberia. I was commissioned to this outlandish place in order to make the necessary arrangements for sinking a mine where the valuable minerals silver and platinum were to be found in considerable quantity. Yenitsk is but a village of some three hundred inhabitants, consisting mostly of timber-workers, trappers, and peasants, or *Moujiks*.

As there was every prospect of my stay being prolonged for a considerable period, I took with

me my faithful companion 'Cæsar.' Later on I got sent out, among a few other things, my bicycle, a rather old-fashioned solid, cushioned machine. Except around the larger cities, the roads in Russia are merely great cart-ruts, over which the vehicle lurches and jolts in an indescribable manner, sometimes taking as many as three or four horses to draw a light load. As soon as the winter sets in and the ground gets covered with snow to a depth of two or two and a half feet, all irregularities are obliterated, and the landscape to the north of Yenitsk presents a great white undulating plain, with here and there rising grounds crowned with clumps of dark pine-trees. If after a slight thaw there follows a keen, severe frost, as often happens in Russia, the surface of the snow becomes as hard as a crust of metal, and able to sustain a good amount of traffic. This snow-surface sometimes possesses a peculiar roughness or 'bite' which enables the cyclist to ride as smoothly as on a cement pavement. One can easily understand what delicious riding means under such favourable circumstances. Such was the pleasant state of affairs one evening as I sat before the blazing log-fire in my comfortable little rooms in Yenitsk, reading some magazines from home, which, though sadly clipped and ink-obliterated by the government officials, had, in their tattered guise, been allowed to reach me. Looking out into the clear moonlight, the landscape, in its cold whiteness, stretched away as far as the eye could travel. In the heavens above the stars seintillated with unusual brilliancy. What a glorious night!—so silent; not a sound to be heard except the occasional baying of some of the village dogs. 'What a splendid night for a ride!' I exclaimed, half-aloud. Cæsar, who had been lying stretched to his fullest below the heavy rough wooden table, lifted his massive head and looked towards me, as if to say, 'Well, master, if you like, I am ready.' I had often been out before, but never on such a night; so I prepared for a moonlight spin. My long cravat I wound round and round my throat, then over my mouth and nose, to protect them from the bitter cold. My hands were protected in a pair of warm fur gloves. Thus equipped, I stood thinking for an instant what else was required. My revolver! Should I take it or not? I had always carried

it before, and never needed it. I had often heard from my landlady's husband—a trapper—how, about a year ago, a pack of wolves had attacked a bear a few miles from Yenitsk; the bear coming off victorious after leaving four dead wolves and a good deal of its own fur behind. 'Well, I'll be safer with it,' I murmured to myself; 'I may have a flying shot at the small game—the squirrels, weasels, ermine, and others that inhabit the place.' After filling all the chambers, the revolver was pushed carelessly into the waist-belt. Summoning my landlady, I informed her, in German, as she understood that language and I knew no Russian, that I would be home before very late, and to add a few pine-logs to my fire. After a pleasant '*Guten-Abend*,' I was gliding noiselessly through the silent moonlit village, with Caesar trotting ahead of me at a good swinging pace. How glorious was the night! How delicious the ride! The snow was in perfect condition, and the stars twinkled merrily overhead. Flying through the keen air soon froze the moisture from my breath, so that the scarf across my mouth and nostrils became frozen and covered with ice-particles. I will never forget the delightful feeling of freedom as we sped mile after mile across the white snow in the still moonlight. It brought back to my mind the lines in Keats's '*Eve of St Agnes*,' learned when a youth at school:

St Agnes' Eve. Ah! bitter chill it was.

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;

The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass;

And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

We now began to enter a kind of avenue, or narrow pass between two rising knolls. The banks on either side were overgrown with thick brushwood, while crowning the knolls were dense patches of fir-trees. Slowing up I peered into the pitchy darkness of the wood, but the eye could discern nothing; the stillness was oppressive. Only now and then the rustling of a rabbit or squirrel among the dry, crisp brushwood could be heard, as it nibbled its scanty supper from the bark of the twigs. With a joyous heart I sang aloud, making the silent woods echo, and once more I shot away as on the wings of the wind. My ears tingled with the cold. On emerging from this gloomy avenue what a glorious view lay before me! We were now on a rising ground, and there below us, stretching away far in the distance, seemed a limitless plain; while a little to the left, like the fringes of a vast pall, lay the silent forest, looking so black and gloomy in the pale moonlight. Caesar was far on in advance, running with his nose on the ground, evidently on the trail of some animal.

We were now fully thirty miles from Yenitsk and drifting farther and farther into the wilderness. After having the delightful experience of flying down a long decline, with my feet on the rests, I decided to take a wide curve and turn my face homewards. In doing so the bicycle

gave a bump as if dropping into a cart-rut. Having experienced the same sensation once or twice during the evening, my curiosity was aroused; and, after dismounting, I examined the spot. It was a bear's track. Stretching away across the snow, like the dots on a great map, lay the foot-prints of the heavy beast. From the direction of the paw, it was evident he had made his way to the forest. Before remounting I stood overawed with the deep solemnity of the scene. The stars twinkled; a death-stillness reigned. Only those who have experienced being alone at midnight on the wide sea or in the desert can understand the solemnising effect it had on my spirit. But hark! what strange sound was that? I turned my ear to listen. Ah! there it is again. In an instant I could distinctly hear a jangling, discordant sound of short yelps and howls—a sound which, when once heard, can never be forgotten. A pain darted across my heart, my breath came in gasps, as the thought flashed upon me: 'Wolves! Can it be possible?' While standing for the moment petrified with horror, I could plainly see, issuing from the skirts of the great forest to the left, a number of black objects, one after another. Their fiendish chorus of howls now came clear and distinct; they were after us. Caesar watched, with startled look, the pack of moving objects, and, with cocked ears and bristling mane, gave a few deep, ominous growls. Wolves, and thirty miles from human help! O God! I knew it must be a race for life. But I was young and strong. My limbs were hardened with exercise; I determined to give the brutes a hard race. With a trembling hand I patted Caesar's rough neck in an encouraging manner; though, to tell the truth, it was I who received encouragement on finding the bristles of his neck stiff and his whole frame rigid as iron.

'Never fear, Caesar, my lad,' I muttered in tones thick from fear; 'let me see you do your best.' He was my only friend; my life depended upon his; and nobly, poor fellow, he stuck by me to the very last.

Mounting in an instant, I rode with such feelings as I never before experienced. Fear lends us wings, and we soon found ourselves ahead of our enemies. The long, delightful decline of half-an-hour ago was now a steep hill, and a terror to me. I determined to keep up the distance between our enemies, but I could plainly see that the brutes were gaining on us. Strange thoughts kept running through my brain—thoughts of a dear old home in Scotland, where dear faces were waiting for me; every one I loved passed before me, and such visions nerved me to the utmost. Glancing occasionally round my shoulder, I could distinguish in the moonlight a string of black animals following us tirelessly, while their fiendish yelps and howls chilled my very blood. Would my flesh be torn by these cruel fangs? Would I ever feel their horrid breath against my face, or look

into those horrid, cruel, green eyes? 'O God! help me,' I muttered between my tightened lips. It was so hard to die away from human help, and in such a manner. My path now lay round a knoll of pine-trees on the rising ground. I strained every nerve to get the advantage of those cunning brutes; but, alas! with a sinking heart, I could plainly see the wolves were making to cross the knoll and cut off my escape at the other side. I could see them distinctly, fully half-a-dozen lean, hungry-looking brutes, like ill-fed collie dogs, all making towards the slope and entering into the dark wood. I felt my life now hung in the balance. Faithful Caesar was running alongside of me, panting heavily, poor brute. I could feel the beads of sweat trickle down my cheeks. Would we round the knoll before the wolves got through it? If so, then we had a fair chance; if not, what then? A few pistol-shots, a savage snarl and snap, a hungry wolf upon my breast, a tumble, and a dozen foaming fangs tearing me at once. All would soon be ended. I felt as in a horrible dream. Never before had I breathed so fervent a prayer for Heaven's help. But, ah! how silent were the heavens! The moon shone as quietly as before; the stars twinkled as before. I strained every muscle, and already felt the thick cravat like to choke me. My life depended upon a few minutes—the suspense was terrible. I rounded the knoll breathless, but felt an inexpressible thrill of thankfulness and joy as I saw all was clear before us. We were first. Caesar, poor fellow, was beginning to lag behind. I was sorry for him, and cried some words of encouragement, which he answered with a whining yelp; but he kept on bravely. Scarcely had we got clear of the knoll when the brushwood crashed, and the horrid howls of the wolves, as they issued from the wood, reached my ears. They had been cheated of their prey, and were now more savage than ever.

How long was this terrible nightmare going to last? We made the best of our advantage. Having now reached the top of the rising ground, we widened the distance between our pursuers. We were now ten miles from the village of Yenitsk. How I yearned to reach the first hut on the outskirts, after which the wolves would probably slink off. But our escape had disappointed them, and they would no doubt pursue us to the very last, as they had done about two years ago to a horse-sleigh. There was yet one more grand effort to be made, and all would be either lost or won. About five miles from the outskirts of the village my path lay for about half a mile between two knolls of trees, with banks sloping steeply upwards on either side. Would we be successful this time and be before them, or would the wolves learn from their last failure and cut through the patch of trees at a better angle and thus entrap us? As we approached the dark avenue between the steep banks, through which, but a short time

ago, I had sung so lustily in the jollity of my heart, I felt a cold dread creep over me, as if I were riding to my tomb. I must prepare myself for the worst. Freeing my right hand, I felt nervously for my revolver, and fired one shot before me to frighten the beasts. How loud the crack reverberated through that solemn stillness!—a stillness which seemed only broken by the thumping of my heart and my own panting. I, too, could hear Caesar pant heavily behind me; but somehow the loud crack of the revolver broke the oppressive and death-like suspense. I gained fresh courage and confidence in myself, and seemed to gain a firmer hold of life. I strained every nerve; the bicycle, old machine as it was, behaved splendidly. Crash! crash! went the brushwood up the bank a little in front of me. A fierce, savage yelp told me that we were hemmed in at last. In an instant three large wolves shot down the bank a few yards in front of me. I fired—the foremost turned a somersault in the snow. I fired again, but missed.

I glanced behind me, and saw a deadly battle waging between Caesar and a large wolf. I seemed to slip my right foot all of a sudden, and, to my dismay, I found the pedal had worked loose and dropped off. My last hope was now gone. The sinews of my legs seemed already like to crack. I saw the final scene was drawing near. A gaunt brute, with eyeballs gleaming with a horrid greenish fire, sprang at me from the bank. As I rode past I heard his jaws snap together like a steel trap. In a few moments he was again in front of me. He made another spring. I fired, but too late. His skull came into collision with my hand, and directed the bullet skywards. I felt his horrid breath in my face; his gleaming, fiendish eyes stared into mine, and in an instant we rolled over together in the snow. A cold shiver still runs through me as I think of that awful moment. We were both somewhat stunned. I staggered to my feet; the heavens seemed ablaze with fireworks. Moon and stars wheeled round and round, while a loud noise as of a cataract sounded in my ears. Luckily I happened to be uppermost in the fall; otherwise I could not tell my tale. The wolf was below the bicycle; and my weight, combined with the shock of the fall, stunned him for a few seconds. My revolver—it was gone! The next instant the brute was up and at me with snarling jaws, his white fangs gleaming in the pale moonlight. Caesar, poor fellow, had done valiant service, but he was sadly maimed. The blood-marks followed him on the snow. It was a stand-up fight with death. I found this could not last, and my end was drawing near. As the wolf made another attack my boot caught him heavily on the under jaw, which helped to keep him at bay a little longer. My heart sank within me as I heard a horrid exulting howl, and saw another wolf rush down the bank towards me. Caesar flew at the one, while the

other sprang upon my breast and tried to reach my throat. Luckily my thick cravat protected me, and we fell together in the snow. Desperation gave me almost superhuman strength. I clutched his shaggy breast and tried to hold him at arm's-length, but his claws tore me frightfully. It was then I received that deep scar upon my cheek which I will carry to my grave. How long this battle lasted I cannot tell. It seemed years. I felt a strange dreamy sensation stealing over me, and gradually I must have swooned away.

When I came to my senses I found myself wrapped up in bed in my little room in Yenitsk, with the landlady—kind soul that she was—bending over me and bathing my face. I lay in bed with fever for many days, and the memory of that awful night haunted my mind. For some five weeks I was confined to bed 'in daily doubt whether to die or live;' but with careful nursing

I managed to pull through. A few scars remain behind, reminding me that my moonlight experience was no nightmare, but a stern and terrible reality. The villagers heard the pistol-shots and the howling of the wolves, and turned out with lanterns and weapons to my assistance. They had arrived not a moment too soon. I was found lying bleeding and insensible in the snow, with the body of a dead wolf beside me. Caesar had evidently come to my rescue, and finished my last antagonist. The villagers carried Caesar home; but he died, poor fellow, the next day from his wounds. How I would have liked just to have patted him for the last time, or held his head during his last moments! No doubt, poor dog, he missed me. The only relic we could find of him was a remnant of his leather collar, in which there still remained one small brass stud. This was found on the very spot where the two of us had fought so bravely for our lives.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW USE FOR SAWDUST.

THERE are few waste products now, for human ingenuity finds a use for most things. Sawdust, the accumulation of which in certain trades was at one time regarded as a nuisance, is now turned to many useful purposes; but certainly few would have anticipated that it would ever be employed for the production of alcohol. Yet it is a fact that works are now in progress for the manufacture of the potent spirit from sawdust. The process has been worked out by E. Simonsen, a Dane; and the method consists in treating the sawdust with dilute acid under pressure, by which the lignin is converted into sugar; fermentation with yeast follows, and alcohol is the result. Fuller particulars may be found in the *Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry* for 1898, pp. 365-481.

NEW TYPE OF ORGAN.

The organ has long been known as the king of musical instruments; and although many improvements have naturally been introduced into its manufacture since the time of Father Smith, in general structural arrangements it remains much as it did in the day of that grand old builder. A new system has, however, been recently introduced in America, which represents a wide departure from the old method in vogue in Europe. Messrs Austin Brothers of Detroit are the patentees of this novel system, which is said to possess many advantages. In the old method of building, separate bellows furnish wind by means of wind-trunks to a wind-chest, upon which the pipes are arranged, the air finding access to them through

channels closed with pallets which are controlled by the keys beneath the organist's fingers. In the new organ, bellows and wind-chest form one huge reservoir, and at the same time part of the framework of the instrument. The wind-supply to all the pipes is direct from this chest, without the intervention of channels or wind-trunks. A large organ built on this principle, and erected at Hartford, Connecticut, was opened at the close of the past year. A similar instrument, built specially for inspection in this country, has been erected at Knuston Lodge, Ilchester, Wellingborough.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

According to the *Washington Post*, we are some of us still destined to see the Panama Isthmus cut through, and a great canal established between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Although little is said about it, the work now in progress is on such a scale of magnitude that the enterprise is bound to come to a successful issue. Four thousand men are employed in a business-like and scientific manner, which, if it had been pursued in the early days of the operations, would long ago have opened the isthmus to the traffic of the world. The Canal Company owns the railway which traverses the little neck of land—forty-seven miles in breadth—that ties together the two Americas, and this railway naturally is of great service in the prosecution of the work.

MISCHIEVOUS ELECTRIC CURRENTS.

Electrical action is sometimes set up in quarters where it is not only not desired but is prejudicial. A curious case of this kind recently occurred at the port of Leghorn, and was fought out in the Italian law courts. It seems that certain wooden

yachts with coppered bottoms were anchored in the Darsena harbour of Leghorn, not far from various new warships and other iron and steel vessels. It was found that the copper vessels, aided by the steel ropes which found a common centre in the buoys to which they were attached, set up galvanic action, which had a most serious and corrosive effect upon the steel and iron ships; and the captain of the port, therefore, became nominal plaintiff in an action at law to compel the owners of the copper-bottomed vessels to remove their craft from the harbour. The fact of material damage was proved to the satisfaction of the court, and the owner of the smaller vessels had to remove his property elsewhere.

A TRAVELLING EXHIBITION.

A novel commercial experiment is about to be tried by certain Austria-Hungarian manufacturers, backed by the support of their government. A large steamship is to be fitted out as an exhibition, and is to call at different foreign ports, the stay at each being in duration regulated by the importance of the place. The ship will carry a number of experts, each one of whom will represent so many manufacturers of one class of goods, and to these men will fall the duty of explaining to visitors the merits of the manufactures, and they will also be prepared to take orders for them. To obtain good linguists versed in the intricacies of the different industries would seem to us to be the most difficult part of the enterprise; but no doubt its promoters see their way to solve this problem. The arrival of the floating exhibition at each port will be extensively advertised, and the scheme will doubtless receive the attention of many buyers, if only on account of its novelty, or the desire to see whether the idea is worthy of imitation.

JOVE'S THUNDERBOLTS.

Many aerial observers attached to the U.S.A. Weather Bureau have recently been unwittingly repeating Franklin's historic kite experiment of 1752, with very startling effects; but, whereas the original experiment was conducted with a mere toy kite, the modern workers are employing for their researches huge machines, held by ten or twelve thousand feet of steel wire; for the primary use of these kites is to carry to high altitudes meteorological instruments whose duty it is to make records of the state of the upper regions of the atmosphere. On the finest days sparks can be drawn from the sky by means of these kite-wires; but it is when a storm approaches that things become serious for the operator engaged. One of these gentlemen reports that when he had seven thousand five hundred feet of wire reeled out he heard distant thunder, and immediately began to turn the winch which hauled in the wire. Suddenly came a flash which fused the wire; he saw a rope of smoke stretching away in its place, and he was for a moment

stunned. Another observer had a similar experience when he had only five thousand feet of line out; in this case, too, the wire was suddenly fused and the kite set free, the phenomenon being accompanied by an explosion which caused people to think that guns had been let off. These are by no means singular experiences, and the Weather Bureau authorities see no way to get over the difficulty except by the avoidance of observations on uncertain days.

A NEW FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

The great value of an efficient means of coping with an outbreak of fire at its initial stage is acknowledged by all; and any contrivance which is serviceable in securing this end is worthy of attention. The extinguisher recently invented by Dr A. M. Ring, of Arlington Heights, Massachusetts, provides a means of generating a quantity of carbonic acid gas (carbon dioxide), which is known to be a foe to combustion; and this gas, dissolved in water, is squirted upon the incipient conflagration by its own pressure. The apparatus consists of a tank holding several gallons of a solution of soda bicarbonate. On a kind of shelf above the liquid stands a bottle of sulphuric acid, which can be easily broken by the action of a lever outside the receptacle. A tube and nozzle for discharging the liquid in any required direction completes the arrangement.

PAPYRISTITE.

This is a new artificial stone-like substance, which is highly spoken of in one of the U.S. Consular Reports, and which is being manufactured at Zurich. The principal constituent of this substance is purified pulp obtained from waste-paper; hence its name. The material is supplied in powdered form, and is packed like cement in barrels or sacks; mixed with water, it can be spread like cement, will harden in twenty-four hours, and is then susceptible of receiving a high polish, if such treatment should be required. Papyristite can be cut, sawn, or bored; it is as hard as marble; it can be given any tint desired; it is adapted to all temperatures; and it is light, elastic, and inexpensive. It is non-absorbent of moisture or any filthy or obnoxious matter, and is not liable to the attacks of insects, mice, or rats. Samples of the material in a finished state, or of the raw ingredients, will be furnished by the inventor, provided that applicants will pay cost of carriage. For these and other particulars application should be made to the Papyristic Company, Post Fach 10,469, Zurich, Switzerland.

DUMMY BULLETS.

Many are the stories which are told of dishonest contractors who in the past have supplied our troops with food and articles of clothing which have turned out to be worthless at a time when the soldiers stood most in need of creature

comforts. But times have changed with us, and under present conditions such pitiful cheating would be impossible. It appears that the unfortunate Spaniards had in the late war this kind of insidious foe to deal with, as well as their more generous American enemies; at least, so it would appear from the report of a United States naval officer who visited the *Maria Teresa* after the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet. Here he found a number of cartridges arranged in groups of five ready to charge the magazines of the Mauser rifles; and if the bulk of the Spanish cartridges were of this particular make, it is not a matter for wonder that so little execution was done among the American troops. These so-called cartridges consisted of a metal shell filled with hair, with a sprinkling of gunpowder, and a bullet made, not of lead, but of wood! We doubt whether the rascally contractor who supplied his country's soldiers with such rubbish will ever be run to earth; but surely a few patriotic Spaniards may be found who will institute an inquiry into the matter.

DEPOSITING METALS ON WOOD.

According to the *Electrical World*, a new industry is springing up in Germany in the electrical deposition of different metals upon wood, in the same manner that such metals are commonly deposited upon other materials, as in electroplating and electrotyping. There is little doubt that there is a demand for such an industry, for suitable designs in wood which could be coated with copper, brass, or nickel would supersede to a great extent the far more expensive work in the solid metals themselves, just as electroplating serves so widely for solid silver. There are many ways in which wood may be given a conducting surface, so that metal will adhere to it in the plating-bath; but some of these cause the material to expand by the absorption of moisture. The plan recommended is to first immerse the wood in melted paraffin-wax; then to place it in a bath of gasoline, which dissolves the paraffin near the surface without touching that which has soaked into the pores; after which the wood receives a coating of some metallic salt which gives it a conducting surface. It is now immersed in the plating-bath, and quickly acquires a metallic surface of any required thickness.

PHOTOGRAPHY THE HANDMAID OF ASTRONOMY.

Sir Norman Lockyer, the first authority on spectroscopic work in this country, recently gave at the Camera Club, London, a most interesting account of his twenty-eight years of labour in this difficult field of scientific research, and explained in a popular manner the way in which it was possible, by means of the spectroscope, to ascertain the actual composition of the distant stars. He said that the advance in methods of observation had been so rapid that it was now

possible to get spectra of the stars to the third magnitude as good in quality as those obtained of the sun itself twenty years ago. This advance had been mainly due to photography. 'Stop photography,' said he, 'and you stop astronomy as we now understand it.' The lecturer also said, in speaking of the enormous importance of photographic records, that it was a waste of time for the astronomical student to use his eyes, save to see that the apparatus was all right. By means of photography, millions of facts are accumulated automatically which can be studied subsequently, and such facts are reliable in that they are not biased by the personality of the observer. It seems curious that a great authority should gravely state that in making observations during a total eclipse 'it is ridiculous to waste one moment in looking at anything.' Truly photography may be called the astronomer's handmaid.

COMMERCIAL ELECTRICITY.

An important electrical enterprise is being talked about, and a bill will probably be introduced into parliament next session to give it life. The scheme, which is being backed by several influential manufacturers and capitalists, is to establish a large system of generating and distributing electric stations in the midland counties, so that the chief manufacturing districts can be supplied with currents for all purposes, including the working of railways and tramways. The various towns comprised in the scheme will be connected by electric mains laid along the highways, so that any manufacturer or resident can be supplied with electricity to be paid for by meter. This will be an enormous boon, especially to the small manufacturer, for it has long ago been proved by many that the working of small machines by the electric current is very economical. In most cases current can be supplied for such a purpose during the daylight hours at a much cheaper rate than at night, when the demand for lighting is likely to tax the full capacity of the supply station.

THE X-RAYS IN WARFARE.

It was long ago anticipated that Professor Röntgen's marvellous discovery of those invisible rays—which will easily penetrate certain substances, while they are obstructed by others—would prove of signal value in the hands of army surgeons. For the exact situation of bullets or fragments of metal in the flesh can be easily detected; indeed, such metallic bodies can be seen by interposing between the eye and the wounded part a fluorescent screen. In this case anticipation has been justified, and now every body of troops on active service carries the X-ray apparatus as part of its necessary equipment. Surgeon-major Beevor recently gave at a lecture a most interesting account of his work with the apparatus during the Afridi campaign on the north-western frontier

of India, and spoke most highly of its merits. The Afridis are a brave and warlike race, but they are not very particular as to the missiles which they fire against opponents, provided those missiles are hard and heavy. When bullets run short they use bits of telegraph-wire, nails, stones, or anything that may be at hand; and, in consequence of this custom, the wounds received by our troops were of the most varied kind, and of great interest from a surgical point of view. Small fragments of metal which set up grievous inflammation, and in some cases blood-poisoning, with every prospect of a fatal termination, were detected by the useful X-rays, and removed. In many a case life was thus saved which must have been sacrificed in the absence of such a detector. Many of the Surgeon-major's patients were treated at the front and under fire.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND.

A most interesting account of this lonely island of the Indian Ocean was recently given before the Royal Geographical Society by Mr C. W. Andrews, who spent twelve months in its exploration. Many previous attempts have been made to explore the island, but this is the first time that the work has been thoroughly accomplished. The island is about the same size as Jersey; but, instead of being thickly populated, the total number of inhabitants when Mr Andrews left the island in May last was forty. Several coolies have since been imported from Java to work the valuable deposits of phosphate of lime which are found on the island. There are only five species of mammals in the place: two kinds of rats, a shrew-mouse, and two bats. The rats swarm everywhere, for there is abundance of food, and no enemies to check their increase. One of the bats, a large fruit-bat, is described as a great nuisance, not only because of the amount of fruit it destroys, but also because of its harsh scream. A peculiarity is that this creature has abandoned nocturnal habits, and can be seen circling about high in the air in sunlight—sometimes in the middle of the day. The climate of Christmas Island is a delightful one; and it is thoroughly healthy, for there are no marshes or stagnant pools, and plenty of fresh water.

A NEW ILLUMINANT.

M. Denayrouze has invented a new form of spirit-lamp by which it is claimed that the maximum amount of light, with the minimum of cost, is to be obtained; and by so doing has solved the long-contested question whether alcohol, properly treated, has or has not magnificent lighting qualities. M. Denayrouze recently gave an exhibition and explanation of the different models of his new spirit-lamp before the French Minister of Finance, with perfectly satisfactory results. The competence of M. Denayrouze is beyond dispute. Twenty years ago he was one of the original pro-

moters of the electric light; some years later he was among the first to experiment in gas-lighting with that great reform—incandescence; and but a few months since Paris, after many trials of the best methods for illuminating her principal thoroughfares, adopted his magnificent form of gas-lighting, which has also had great success in other countries. It will therefore be easily understood that when this *doyen* of engineers in the lighting world announced and demonstrated before the French Agricultural Society that, in his practised and capable hands, alcohol had become an element without parallel in the production of light, the news naturally produced a veritable sensation, which has spread far and wide. In the laboratory where his experiments have been made, M. Denayrouze has exhibited various models of lamps intended for the burning of alcohol, of which the smallest burning-point is not larger than a glow-worm, though it nevertheless gives the light of a good gas-jet. There are, of course, lamps of all sizes. The largest is mounted on a tripod, after the fashion of a drawing-room lamp for petroleum burning. From this sphere emerge many luminous points, the flame from which gives the effect of a ball of fire as large as two fists; while the light emanating from this novel arrangement gives an illumination double that of the electric candelabra of the Boulevards. It is all so perfect and so simple as to leave the examiner both puzzled and doubtful. For reasons which are easily to be understood, since the lamp is not yet before the public, the exact explanation of M. Denayrouze's valuable invention cannot be given here; but he asserts that, with a can of alcohol and half-a-dozen copper pipes, finger size, the poorest village can be most brilliantly illuminated.

A SONNET.

'To be and not to do!' To idly lie
With feeble, nerveless hands that try in vain
To use the winged hours that hurry by—
The golden hours that ne'er can come again.
Oh, great and unsolved mystery of pain,
Which dulls the music of Time's busy loom,
And twists Life's threads into a complex skein,
And fills the sunny world with sunless gloom!

Hush, hush! in patience still possess thy soul,
Till the clear shining comes which follows rain;
When all Life's broken threads shall be made whole,
And what was counted loss prove truest gain.
Then let the lips that murmured smile and say:
'The path of suffering was the perfect way!'

E. MATHESON.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE UNIQUE MRS SPINK.

By Mrs A. S. BOYD.

I.

FOR many years Albert Edward Spink had been a contented bachelor craving from Fortune no blessings other than he held. Throughout his boyhood, and during a portion of his riper years, he and his parents had resided in placid amity at Fairweather Villa, a desirable family residence situated in a quiet road of respectable Balham.

On the death of his wife the senior Mr Spink had retired from business, relinquishing his connection with the importation of indigo in favour of his son; and thereafter divided his time almost equally between pottering in his sunny garden and, with the aid of a vivacious press, studying matters of national importance.

The household necessities of the two were attended to by the joint service of Elizabeth and Emma, maidens who, although young and attractive-looking, were quiet and discreet.

Albert Edward Spink's years numbered thirty-five when the death of his father ruptured their tranquil companionship. Thenceforward the deserted arbour and the empty arm-chair served but to remind Albert of his loneliness. Speedily reorganising his household, he dismissed Emma, and retained Elizabeth to keep Fairweather Villa in order and render what little service he required—a function well within her powers, her master having resolved in future to spend most of his leisure at his club, and, except on Sundays, only to sleep and breakfast at home.

Mr Spink must have been nearing forty when one morning Elizabeth, her sweet face hot with blushes, interviewed him, and falteringly tendered the information that, 'if quite convenient to him,' she contemplated matrimony.

Though he could not with any show of reason withhold his consent, the idea troubled Mr Spink vastly. He felt secure with the trustworthy Elizabeth to guide his home affairs, and to see

that that portion of his heritage which lay in solid mahogany furniture, fine linen, and good, old-fashioned silver and crystal was maintained in proper condition. So for several days he felt decidedly unhappy, and was proportionately annoyed to find how greatly this threatened domestic upheaval disturbed his peace of mind. The prospect of being forced to look for and engage a new housekeeper lay like a load on his heart by day and banished sleep at night.

It was Elizabeth who wrought the solution of his difficulty.

'If you haven't got suited yet, Mr Albert, I was thinking, perhaps—if you've no objection, that is—that perhaps I might manage to stay on.'

'Is your marriage broken off, then?' Mr Spink inquired eagerly.

'Oh no, Mr Albert! But Jonathian and me were saying, what was to hinder me from living on here as usual, and him only come at nights? He's very quiet, sir, and wouldn't give any trouble. Why, you'd never hear him in the house; and he'd do a bit of gardening for his rent.'

Needless to say, Mr Spink, experiencing an incredible sense of inward relief at the prospect of avoiding a domestic rupture, promptly agreed to her proposal. As a matter of precaution, he demanded an audience with the intending bridegroom, whom he was gratified to find a modest, unassuming man, considerably older than his future spouse. Mr Lopham was naturally of quiet manner, and the pursuit of his professional duties—he was assistant to a local undertaker—had added a *souçon* of solemnity to his demeanour.

Their brief converse having assured Mr Spink that the suggested inmate of his establishment would be low-voiced and soft-footed, he had no further hesitation about admitting him.

So matters progressed, and save that Elizabeth wore a brand-new wedding ring on the third

finger of her left hand, and that her master was a ten-pound note the poorer—the value of the cheque wherewith he had sweetened the marriage festivities—there was no outward sign of change.

It is true that, just before their union, a sudden misgiving with regard to future generations flashed across Albert's mind.

'What if?'—

But no. The memory of the sedate elderly man whose affianced bride Elizabeth was made him confident that his fears were groundless.

Months sped peacefully by. Then the unconscionable bachelor began living on a volcano.

Well-nigh a year and a half had passed since the wedding, when, on returning to Fairweather Villa one blustering November evening, Mr Spink found himself admitted by Jonathan instead of Elizabeth. He would have passed over the incident without notice but for the fact that a frilled apron of his wife's encircled Mr Lopham's manly figure, while a half-bashful and wholly delighted smile embellished his lank countenance.

At the sight of these unwonted attributes Mr Spink could not refrain from casting an inquiring glance. Which look Jonathan answered:

'It's Elizabeth, sir'—

'Oh!'

'A—fine boy, sir.'

'Oh!'

'Yes, sir. This afternoon at 3 p.m., sir.'

'Oh!'

Overwhelmed by a surprise which was not unmingled with disgust, Mr Spink entered his snugery and sat down to digest the news.

As he pondered, a persistent creaking in the hall just outside his door vaguely disturbed him. He endured it until the door-handle half turned, as though some one outside were striving to summon up courage to enter.

'Come in!' Mr Spink said sharply.

The door opened several inches, and the complacent face of Mr Lopham, his figure still girt with the ridiculous apron, filled the aperture.

'Which the doctor, sir?'—The proud father hesitated timidly, as though awaiting encouragement to proceed.

'Well?'

'The doctor said, sir, as how he'd never seen a finer boy, sir!'

II.

FOR a space Mr Spink felt inclined to harden his heart against the infant intruder. When at intervals a faint echo of its penetrating plaint reached his alert ears, he would ruthlessly decide that the days of its stay under the roof-tree of Fairweather Villa were numbered.

But when, at the close of a fortnight, Elizabeth herself, looking pale and fragile, but divinely happy in the possession of the atom of manhood she carried so tenderly in her arms, appeared

downstairs, he could not find it in his heart to reprimand her.

On the contrary, he received the child graciously, poking its cheek with a hesitating forefinger, and making with his tongue and teeth those weird noises which ignorant celibate gentlemen are wont to deem acceptable to new-born babes.

Indeed, the kindness of his heart further induced him to purchase in town so handsome a set of coral and bells that Elizabeth could never allow the child to play with them.

Thus time passed, the presence of the uninvited guest at first making but little stir. So long as he continued a babe who, placed in his cradle, had perforce to remain there until removed, there was little friction. But when he began 'to find his legs,' to borrow his fond mother's phrase, and would insist on crawling after her, appearing at odd times and seasons on all-fours, like some young quadruped, matters were different. Then Albert was perforce obliged to accustom himself to a somewhat desultory answering of his bell, and to a delay in the bringing in of letters, if, on the arrival of the post, Mrs Lopham chanced to be hushing her tyrant to sleep.

The climax came one night, however, when Mr Spink took a couple of men, with whom he had been golfing, into Fairweather Villa to have some whisky and soda. After ringing in vain and receiving no reply, he explored the servants' quarters, to find that little Jonathan had been seized with a sudden attack of croup, and that, while Lopham was out fetching a doctor, Elizabeth had put the child in a hot bath, and dared not leave him.

It was soon after this juncture, too, that Mr Spink began to be assailed by doubts and misgivings. Unless he were mistaken, there was a not very remote prospect that little Jonathan might cease to be the only babe in the establishment. Knowing, however, that this was a subject on which he, as a bachelor, was scarcely qualified to judge, he bided his time in silence.

A morning did come whereon his most gloomy prognostications were verified.

A strange female brought in his breakfast, and with the toast and bacon served up the news that Mrs Lopham had had a little girl in the night, and that they were both 'doin' beautiful.'

Mr Spink possessed his soul in patience until Elizabeth had once more assumed the reins of management. Then, seizing the opportunity one evening when she tendered the weekly bills, he invited her to take a chair, and spoke seriously on the subject which for so long had perturbed his mind.

'You are a sensible woman, Elizabeth, and must understand that this—a—a—increase of family must not go further. When I agreed to Lopham coming to live here, and to there being no change of arrangement on your marriage, I certainly did not—a—anticipate the—a—contingencies which have arisen.'

'No more did I, Mr Albert, I can assure you,' murmured Elizabeth regretfully. 'And it's been very good of you to put up with us all as you have.'

Mr Spink was warm-hearted. Elizabeth had been a faithful and trustworthy servant for years, and at the sight of her repentance all his resentment melted away.

'Well, well, now the thing is past, we need not say any more about it. Matters can go on as usual.'

'Oh, thank you, sir!' cried Elizabeth, rising relieved.

'But I must say one thing. I hope—er—er—I hope it won't happen again, because—you must see for yourself, Elizabeth, I cannot have my house turned into a nursery.'

'No, indeed, sir.'

'Then you understand that, in the event of there being a prospect of this—he indicated the round-eyed boy who was improving the occasion by rummaging in the wastepaper-basket, and the tail of his glance included the infant on her bosom—'occurring again, you must give me due warning, and I shall make a change.'

'Yes, Mr Albert. I do hope, I'm sure, that you won't have any cause to complain again, and I'll do all I can to keep the children from worrying you.'

She had taken the cheque and pass-books, and was moving towards the door, and Albert was congratulating himself that the interview, which was distinctly embarrassing to his kindly nature, had ended, when she turned round, and said hesitatingly:

'If you please, Mr Albert, Jonathan is in the garden now, sir.'

'Eh—what? Very well, I shall see him.'

It was a pleasant evening in early summer. Even in suburban London the foliage was fresh and green, and the air cool and sweet. The hardy ferns on the rockery, which erstwhile had been the pride of Mr Spink, senior, showed a pro-

fusion of graceful fronds. There was a goodly show of Canterbury-bells and pinks in the borders, and in the round bed in the centre of the lawn Lopham was planting out the last of the bedding geraniums. But the tranquil nature of the picture was marred for Albert by the presence of a dilapidated woolly monkey, pet plaything of little Jonathan, which, like a snake in the grass, gave a sinister touch to an otherwise Arcadian scene.

By reason of his proximity, Lopham inherited Mr Spink's cast-off clothes, which, when his professional duties for the day were over, he was wont to don for garden work. On this occasion his form was encased in a suit of summer tweed, rather short at the ankle, and slightly redundant elsewhere. A soft gray felt hat, predecessor of the one worn at that moment by Mr Spink, shaded his serious face.

As the shadow of his master fell athwart him Lopham looked up, and respectfully touched his hat. Irritably kicking aside the woolly monkey, Albert approached, and plunged at once into his subject.

'I have been speaking to your wife, Lopham, and telling her that I trust there will be no further additions to your family. When I agreed to let you both live here, I did not bargain for a lot of children. Now, while I will tolerate the two who are already here, I must warn you that the matter rests there, and that, should the likelihood of a further increase of family ever occur, I shall be forced to look out for a new house-keeper.'

Jonathan was slow of speech. During Mr Spink's admonition he listened silently, wearing the while the expression of a reprimanded school-boy; and when his master paused for a reply, reply had he none.

'Well—sir,' he managed to stammer after a pause—'well, sir, what you says is right, and Elizabeth and me, sir, we abides by your decision.'

THE COLLAPSE OF SOUTH AMERICA.



GENERATION ago there was a considerable air of respectability about South America. *Pronunciamientos* in the usual Spanish fashion were certainly never far away from some of the states; but there was a leaven of stability that reacted upon them, and enabled them to trade to an extent upon the good name of their neighbours. A glance at the map showed then an empire and a republic, the one of enormous extent and vast natural wealth, the other full of energy and enterprise, and both with a record about as good and as solid as the majority of the then Powers of Europe. Under

Dom Pedro, Brazil enjoyed steady and continuing prosperity, and British enterprise and capital flowed thither. The mixed population of Portuguese and blacks remained in comparative quiet, and industry of a kind was general. Such a population can only be wisely controlled by the higher educated classes; and these the empire provided, and protected in their administrative functions.

On the Pacific coast, the Republic of Chili, which from the first owed so much to Scottish initiative, and whose merchants to this day are of Scottish extraction when they are not directly from home, showed from the commencement self-

control and wise guidance. The population, while almost equally mixed with that of Brazil, was distinctly of a better type. The native Indian was undoubtedly far above the imported negroes of Brazil. The population continued to be controlled by the educated classes, with the Church organisation as a go-between; and the temperate climate and comparative poverty of the country induced habits of industry and laborious effort such as are never natural to a country with the tropical luxuriance of Brazil. In spite of a few petty disturbances, the progress of the republic was continuous, business was on a sound basis, her finances were well managed, her honesty accepted, and her future looked upon as assured. Quite a number of presidents of high character gave a good tone to the administration, economy was a necessity, and facilities for the development of the country were not difficult to obtain by responsible men. Chili was honestly prosperous and progressive. But, whereas the weight of Brazil was great and her influence paramount, her frontiers were not a source of serious anxiety. On the north and west her confines were rudely drawn, and not of sufficient practical importance, in her then condition, to cause serious friction. Uruguay, on the south, always turbulent in itself since its independence of Brazil, was aware of the superiority of its northern neighbour in all that constitutes a great power. The difficulties of Brazil then were never vital to the greater power, that could scarcely be said to have a vital point open to attack. The heroic struggle of Paraguay weakened all its neighbours except Brazil—a struggle in which Paraguay lost not only all its male population able to bear arms, but many of its women, who fought by their sides. Bolivia, amongst its almost impenetrable mountain fastnesses, was only vulnerable and troublesome when issuing forth to seek a seaport as a controllable exit for its products. Until Rosas ruthlessly settled the Indian difficulty, that and the long-continued quarrels with Uruguay and Paraguay occupied Argentina; while Peru waxed rich and restless and unreliable over her guano deposits, her nitrate-fields, and her wealth of minerals that seem almost inexhaustible.

Dom Pedro of Brazil, a man of great learning and great desire for knowledge, was an unwise emperor and did not read the signs of the times. Spending a large proportion of his maturity in European travel, he left his subjects to themselves, and thus taught them that they could exist quite well without their noble figurehead. Surrounded everywhere by republics, this empire was naturally not slow to learn the lesson of self-government; and, with such a heterogeneous population, self-government meant only too certainly misgovernment and misrule. The hereditary administrators had to give way to the most energetic, but hitherto untrained, upstarts. The strong central hand was weakened, and Brazil entered upon a period of

costly disturbance that unsettled industry, created a body of adventurers to whom turmoil was a necessity, and shook the confidence of the financial world. The boundless natural wealth of this, one of the richest regions of the habitable globe; the great interest of Europe in its continued prosperity; and the number of resolute, enterprising capitalists from the Old World who exploit its vegetable and mineral resources, and influence its administrators, give it a false financial standing in face of its delinquencies. It has fallen from its high estate, despite its capital of gilded palaces amid a beautifully lavish nature, and on the finest harbour of the world. Its friends look more with hope than with confidence to the future of a land that needs little labour and less capital to make it a veritable Paradise. Will the negro admixture, that enables the Portuguese to endure the climate, give backbone and stamina to this decaying Latin race?

If the 'Portuguese' empire has left Brazil in a questionable state of health, the 'Spanish' republic of Peru, on the Pacific, does not seem to have fared much better. Her fall, however, has been from a very different cause. It is unnecessary to go into details of her quarrel with Bolivia over an exit to the Pacific, of her jealousy of Argentina advancing southward, of her friction with Peru over guano. International difficulties are never far to seek, and republics are no more free from mutual jealousies than the aristocratic Powers themselves. If Chili were the aggressor, certain it is she was unprepared for the war with Peru and Bolivia, out of which Buenos Ayres was bribed and Bolivia eventually bought. The hardy Southerners were the conquerors—the ruthless and brutal conquerors; and Chili became suddenly rich and powerful through the guano, and especially the nitrate, of Peru. At the end of the war she found herself the Germany of South America, confident in her own valour, secure in her added wealth, and looking askance at Argentina, which had meantime absorbed a country that had recently been a desert, and was being gradually transformed through foreign energy and enterprise into a cattle-ranch and a great sheep-run. Patagonia seemed to Chili her natural heritage, which would have brought her better into touch with Europe—at present too far away round the Straits of Magellan. The railway from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso has never been greatly in favour with Chili, and the holders of the concession cannot appreciate her great unwillingness to complete the gap across the mountains. She would greatly prefer one in her own territory, to cross by the pass of Villa Rica, and come down upon her finest seaport of Talcahuano.

Thus it is that the two powers that ought to be most solid and reliable, that ought to pay their way most readily, that have attracted most capital from this country for their development, and have most enterprising Europeans leavening

their populations, are dragging each other down. The same mutual jealousy, mixed with fear, that has filled Europe with armed men and emptied her coffers is at work in the South American states. Both go on building new ironclads, drilling and arming their adult population, laying in war munitions, and preparing to support their pretensions with the sword. Both have borrowed from Europe all that she is at present prepared to lend. We have not yet recovered confidence in Argentina since the last serious collapse that deeply involved London, although its financiers are again seeking to place a loan in the European markets. The splendid palaces of Buenos Ayres, the finest city in South America, have been built by English money that has not returned home. Chili has robbed Peter to pay Paul—raising money in the English market to hand over to Armstrong and Co. Poverty at the moment is the main cause of peace. If the English market was open to a war-loan, the two peoples now divided by the Andes would be at each other's throats. Chili has been seeking allies all around. Is it for self-protection, or to free her sword-arm for attack? She has sent a Minister Extraordinary to gain over Brazil, to keep her at least neutral. She has been specially liberal in her interpretation of the treaty with Peru. Her envoy to Bolivia has been particularly gracious, and apparently successful. But no one trusts either of the two possible combatants.

The story of all these powers is a parody upon republicanism. The differences between all of them is fostered by the governing families, determined to secure the fruits of administration at any cost to the multitude. What should it matter to a true republican whether he lived under one or other republic, were it not that the one was frequently more unjustly administered than the other? It would be difficult to say that the other was more justly administered than the one! The cause of the collapse of South America is not far to seek. It lies in the virtual enslavement and brutal treatment of the native races, which has reacted, as usual, upon the conquerors. Add to this the incapacity to submit to the control of their fellows of the Latin races, and the absence of wise control to which to submit. The original rule of the conquerors was based on spoliation, disregard for the rights of their fellow-men, and the greed of gold and love of display that was universal in the days of conquest. The republics which followed emancipation from Spain were only nominal. The power remained in the governing families, who rebelled periodically if their neighbours kept them out of their share too long. Extravagance, display, and the necessity for gold to maintain them led also to regardless methods. The overflowing purse of Europe, seeking new outlets, was tapped successfully. The ease with which this was obtained proved too tempting; and, when interest could

not be paid, repudiation came as easily. New projects, new propositions kept the interest from flagging; and the excessive capital of the industrial centres of civilisation returned again and again to the ocean that engulfed it.

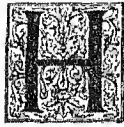
If only peace were maintained it is probable that the goose would still go on laying its golden eggs, even to purchase the war-vessels and the war-material that were supposed to be needful to maintain it. But to supply two belligerents with the sinews of war to destroy our own investments does not appeal even to the multitude of blind investors; and at this moment the whole of South America, from Venezuela to the Straits of Magellan, is a very unstable area. Large proportions of the populations throughout the various states are of so-called inferior races. Those of Spanish, or Portuguese, or mixed descent are insufficiently educated for the most part, and are not yet permeated with the true republican idea, which, indeed, is not fostered by a Church aristocratic—when not autocratic—in its methods and administration.

What is to become of this great continent, with its marvellous natural wealth, which is yet only in its infancy? After four centuries of Spanish and Portuguese rule, the population of the whole continent—well on to twice the area of Europe—is probably not greater than that of the British Islands. Of the supposed forty millions not more than a fourth, and probably not really more than six millions, are of pure European descent. In Peru more than half the population is Indian, and a large percentage of the remaining republican populations is either Indian, Mestizo, or, as in Brazil, negro. The equatorial regions will probably be left to the present inhabitants with little important alteration; but if the other regions do not show more capacity for progress and natural increase of population, the Anglo-Saxon race, so called, will in all likelihood enter into possession, following their capital, their industries, and enterprise that have preceded them. Their pioneers already form an important element in all the states. Their civilisation is the dominant note throughout even the most purely Spanish republics. Their best citizens, anxious for honest administration and security of tenure, would welcome a strong dominating race, that could and would see justice done, and secure safety of person and of property. The collapse financially of South America may therefore presage a far more important and vital collapse in the near future, when the overflow of the United States and Great Britain, with probably the addition of the valuable elements of Germany and Scandinavia, enter in. South America, with its handful of whites, may soon be considered another Africa—if not another Australia. But for immigration, its population would advance backwards. But for Europe, it would rapidly sink into barbarism!

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

CHAPTER X.



HOW Browne got back to his hotel is a matter of mystery to this day. He had an insane desire to tell every one he met of his good fortune. He wanted to do something to make other people as happy as himself, and, for the reason that he could find no one else at the moment, had to be content with overtipping his cabman and emptying all his spare change into the hands of a beggar in the Place Vendôme. The afternoon was gray and cold; but never had the world seemed so fair to him, or so full of sunshine. He told himself over and over again that he was the luckiest man on earth. He had already built himself several castles in the air, from the battlements of which the banner of Love was waving gaily. What a difference he would make in Katherine's life! She had been poor hitherto; now his wealth, the proper use of which he had never before realised, should be devoted to giving her everything that a woman could dream of or desire. In his satisfaction with himself and the world in general, he even forgot his usual dislike for Madame Bernstein. Was it not due to her action, he asked himself, that the present happy state of affairs had been brought about? In return he would show her that he was grateful. As for the morrow, and the excursion to Fontainebleau, he would send his man at once to arrange for a special train in order that they might run no risk of being disturbed or inconvenienced by other tourists. On second thoughts, however, he changed his mind. He would not do anything so absurd. He might be a *parvenu*, in a certain sense, but he did not want to prove himself one to her. No; they would go down quietly, sensibly, and unostentatiously like other people. They would enjoy the outing all the more if they did not attract unnecessary attention. Then another idea struck him, and he acted upon it immediately. Putting on his hat once more, he left the hotel, and proceeded in the direction of a certain jeweller's shop. Having entered it, he approached the counter, and asked for a plain gold ring of heavy pattern. He had at first been tempted to buy her one set with diamonds and a bracelet to correspond—two articles that should be so perfect that even millionaires' wives should envy. That time however, would come later on. At present all that was wanted was something good, plain, and in perfect taste. He felt sure she would understand his action and think the better of him for it.

Anticipating a large order from the wealthy young Englishman, whom he recognised immedi-

ately, the shopkeeper was a little disappointed. But he tried not to show it. With his precious purchase in his pocket, the happy young man returned to his hotel to dress for the evening's entertainment. Needless to say, he was the first to arrive at the rendezvous, but it was not very long before Madame Bernstein and Katherine put in an appearance. Browne met them at the door and conducted them upstairs to the room he had reserved. If the dinner he had given them in London had proved a success, this one was destined to prove much more so. Madame and Browne were in the highest spirits, while Katherine, though a little shy and reserved, had improved considerably since the afternoon. Before they separated arrangements were completed for the morning's excursion. Browne, it was settled, was to call for Katherine in time to catch the early train, and, in return for the trust reposed in him, he pledged himself to return her safely to her guardian before nine in the evening. Before he retired to rest that night he opened the window of his bedroom and studied the heavens with an anxious face. A few clouds were to be seen away to the north-west, but elsewhere the stars were shining brightly. Taken altogether, there seemed to be every reasonable chance of their having a fine day for the excursion.

But, alas! how futile are human hopes, for when he woke next morning a grievous disappointment was in store for him. Clouds covered the sky, and a thick drizzle was falling. A more miserable and dispiriting prelude to the day could scarcely be imagined. His disappointment was intense; and yet, in a life that seemed as dead to him now as the Neolithic Period, he remembered that he had gone eub-hunting in England, had fished in Norway, and shot over his deer-forest in the Highlands in equally bad weather, and without a grumble or a protest. On the present occasion, however, everything was different; it seemed to him as if he had a personal grievance to settle with Dame Nature; and in this spirit he dressed, ate his breakfast, and finally set off in a cab for the Rue Jacquarie. Whether Katherine would go out or not he could not say; but he half-expected she would decline. Having passed the *concerge*, he made his way upstairs to Madame Bernstein's sitting-room. Neither of the ladies was there, but after he had waited for a few minutes Katherine put in an appearance, dressed in a tight-fitting costume of some dark material which displayed her slender figure to perfection.

'What a terrible day!' she said, as she glanced out of the window. 'Do you think we can go?'

'I will leave it for you to decide,' he answered.

'If you consider it too wet we can easily put it off for another day.'

Something in his face must have told her how disappointed he would be if she refused. She accordingly took pity on him.

'Let us go,' she said. 'I have no doubt it will clear up later on. Must we start at once?'

'If we wish to catch the train we should leave here in about ten minutes at latest,' he answered.

She thereupon left the room, to presently return with a cup of steaming chocolate.

'I made this for you myself,' she said. 'It will keep you warm. While you are drinking it, if you will excuse me, I will go and get ready.'

When she returned they made their way to the cab, and in it set off for the railway station. Rain was still falling as the train made its way along the beautiful valley of the Yards, and it had not ceased when they had reached Melun. After that Dame Nature changed her mind, and before they reached their destination the clouds were drawing off, and long streaks of blue sky were to be plainly observed all round the horizon. They left the station in a flood of sunshine; and by the time they had crossed the gravelled courtyard and approached the main entrance to the palace, the sun was as warm and pleasant as a spring day.

It would be difficult to overestimate the pleasure Browne derived from that simple excursion. He had visited Fontainebleau many times before, but never had he thought it so beautiful or half so interesting as he did on the present occasion. When she had overcome the first novelty of her position, Katherine adapted herself to it with marvellous celerity. Side by side they wandered through those rooms of many memories in the wake of the custodian, whom they could not persuade to allow them to pass through alone even under the stimulus of a large gratuity. Passing through the apartments of Napoleon, of Marie Antoinette, of Francis the First, they speculated and mused over the cradle of the infant king of Rome, and the equally historic table upon which Napoleon signed his abdication.

The wonders of the palace exhausted, they proceeded into the gardens, visited and fed the famous carp, tested the merits of the labyrinth, and marvelled at the vineries. Finally they returned to the village in search of luncheon. The afternoon was devoted to exploring the forest, and when dusk had descended they dined at the 'Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre,' and afterwards returned to Paris. It was during the homeward journey that Browne found occasion to carry out a little scheme of which he had been thinking all day. Taking from his pocket

the ring he had purchased on the previous evening, he seened Katherine's hand and slipped it on her slender finger.

'The symbol of my love, darling,' he said softly. 'As this little circlet of gold surrounds your finger, so my love will encompass you on every side throughout your life. Wear it in remembrance of my words.'

Her heart being too full to answer him, she could only press his hand, and leave it to him to understand.

Faithful to his promise, he delivered Katherine into the keeping of her guardian before nine o'clock. Both declared that they had had a delightful day, and Madame Bernstein expressed her joy at hearing it. It seemed to Browne, however, that there was an air of suppressed excitement about her on this particular evening which he could not understand. When he bade them good-bye he returned to his hotel, feeling that he had come to the end of the happiest day of all his life.

Next morning he was standing in the hall preparatory to going out, when his servant approached him and handed him a note. One glance at the address was sufficient to tell him from whom it came. He had only seen the handwriting once before, but every letter had been engraved upon his heart. He tore it open, delighted at receiving it, yet wondering at her reason for communicating with him. 'Dear love,' it began, 'when you asked me the other day to be your wife, I tried so hard to make you see that what you wished was quite impossible. Yesterday we were so happy together; and now I have had some news which makes me see, even more clearly than I did then, that I have no right to let you link your life with mine. Hard as it is for me to have to say it, I have no choice left but to do so. You must forget me; and, if you can, forgive me. But remember always this promise that I give you: if I cannot marry you, no other man shall ever call me wife.—KATHERINE PETROVITCH.'

Browne stood for some moments, like a man dazed, in the hall among the crowd of happy tourists, holding the letter in his hand, and staring straight before him. His whole being seemed numbed and dead. He could not understand it; he could not even realise that she was attempting to put herself out of his life for ever.

'There must be some mistake,' he whispered to himself; and then added: 'She admits that she loves me, and yet she wants to give me up. I will not believe that it can be true. I must go to her at once, and see her, and hear it from her own lips before I will believe.'

He thereupon went out into the street, called a cab, and set off for the Rue Jacquarie.



COTTON BAGS.



THE neat cotton bag, filled with flour, oatmeal, yeast, salt, or other requisite of the storeroom, is now so familiar in the shop and the household that it is strange to be reminded that such a thing was practically unknown twenty-five years ago, and that its inventor is yet some years off the attainment of his own half-century. In the year 1874 barely a million of these bags were manufactured in England, and there was no factory for making them in any other country. At the present time the annual output in England alone is about fifty millions, while forty millions at least are added to these by the American manufacturers; and the total for the world—Great Britain and our colonies, the European Continent, and America—is somewhere about one hundred and thirty millions. In these one hundred and thirty millions it is calculated that nearly five thousand million pounds of produce is annually packed, of which amount Britain contributes seven hundred millions, representing goods to the value of some six millions sterling. Out of this huge quantity, nearly thirty million bags, employing seven million yards of cotton cloth, are turned out, at the rate of three hundred thousand a day, at the factories of the inventor, Mr T. Judge, in Kennington Lane, London, and travel thence to all parts of the world.

Mr Judge began early the business of an inventor. An idea that fortune awaited the man who should successfully utilise some strong and cheap fabric for packing dry goods—the disadvantages of paper being manifest—appears to have possessed his mind when he was not more than seventeen years of age; and after spending his leisure hours for three or four years in thinking the matter well over, and in planning the methods by which theory could be carried into practice, he set up in business as the first cotton bag manufacturer at the age of twenty-one, in partnership with a brother of nineteen. The machinery was his own invention; the workpeople had all to be taught; opposition and prejudice in the first place, and competition in later years, had to be faced; and the young firm's capital consisted at the start of the lad's savings only, a wholesome dislike of borrowing being one of its characteristics. It says much for the prudence and zeal of the head of the firm (who was soon the whole firm, for the younger brother died) that for ten years after setting up in business he remained in the office of a Lombard Street firm, attending to business there in office hours and to the running of his own factory in the earlier and later hours of each day; for, while he made the praiseworthy effort to place his own employes on the 'eight hours for work' footing, and has con-

sistently kept to the nine hours' working day, he more than doubled that time in his own case.

Needless to say the cotton bag had its infantile ailments and troubles before developing into the important article of commerce it has become to-day. Millers and other traders, whose appreciation of the improvement was necessary to success, looked askance on the novelty; town firms in particular being highly conservative in their opinions, and leaving it to provincial men to exploit the dubious new-comer. It was dearer than paper, and their affections clung to the old jute bag, which had come down from time immemorial. There were practical difficulties by the score to be overcome in the manufacture. It was hard to produce the cotton article cheap enough to bear a proper proportion to the worth of the goods to be packed in it; machinery had constantly to be contrived and improved so as to reduce the amount of hand-labour in all the processes; ink which yielded results satisfactory on paper was not adapted for producing good effects on a woven fabric, while its greasiness and smell, familiar to all who have knowledge of a printing-office and to a good many who are simply readers of the daily papers, were serious objections to its employment on bags intended to hold food-stuffs. Levers of wood and rope, with a man or boy 'thrown in' as extra weight, had to be improvised to give sufficient pressure for stamping the imprint on larger bags; and the respective cost and demand for the various sizes had to be considered. In the early days it was barely possible to turn out five-pound bags at sixty shillings the thousand; the fall in the price of cotton and the use of new machinery afterwards reduced this sum by one-half. At first the actual stitching-up of the bags was entrusted to the workpeople at their own homes; but this soon proved unsatisfactory, and a workshop was opened. Not only the idealist's short hours but ideally large wages were the dream of the philanthropic inventor; and the women working for him were paid thirty shillings to fifty shillings a week, a wage necessarily brought down by competition, and equitably curtailed by the gradual introduction and training of younger hands. Printing-inks had to be experimented with for two years before a wholly suitable composition was concocted; this is made on the premises, and nowadays the firm is the largest printer in the district, as well as the largest employer of labour in the extensive parish of Kennington.

An amusing passage in the volume which narrates in full the history of the bag and its inventor (*A New Industry of the Victorian Era*) records an odd little incident in the early history of the concern. In 1876 there was a falling off in the demand as compared with expectations. Only

fifty hands were employed at that time; but of these it appeared as though half must be discharged. Mr Judge, however, always reluctant to dismiss his workpeople, and anxious to maintain regular hours and regular wages, bethought himself of a way out of the difficulty. If they might not make cotton bags, they could make something else. So the machines were kept going, and fifteen thousand cotton shirts were put into the market. 'These goods found their way into many parts of the country, some thousands having been sold to Wood Street firms. A portion, however, were not considered quite of an up-to-date shape, nor in accordance with the enlightened taste of the British public. These were collected and shipped abroad, where they sold well, especially among the negroes.' It is also to be noted that many of the larger bags themselves, after serving their original purpose, are utilised as clothing in hot countries, while smaller goods go to feed the paper-mills. The shirt achievement entailed a loss of £50, but it fulfilled the intention by tiding firm and hands over a slack time.

At other periods events of the day have given an impetus to the new industry. The first Food Exhibition, for example, brought into prominence smart-looking stacks and pyramids of cotton bags, with coloured and even gold and silver designs and trade-marks upon them, which naturally attracted the eye of visitors and made dealers reflect upon the elegant appearance which some such trophies would present in their own windows. In 1875 the Explosives Act—seemingly far enough removed from the peaceful associations of food-industries—afforded a whet to the national appetite for cotton bags of another sort. The act required that all bags and barrels for the conveyance of explosives should be either very substantially constructed or possess an inner lining. The Kennington firm rose to the occasion by placing their cotton bag material on the market as a suitable substance for these inner linings; and large orders from gunpowder manufacturers followed. Ten years later, when telegraphic addresses were first registered, Mr Judge, naturally enough, selected the word or words 'Cotton-bag,' contending that it was practically a new and distinct material, entirely different from the drapers' calico, and that the word was entitled to pass as a compound word equally with 'cotton-wool' or 'hansom-cab.' The Post Office took another view of the matter, and declined to allow the choice. Some of Mr Judge's friends accordingly brought the question before the House of Commons, the newspapers reported the discussion, and Mr Judge quite unexpectedly found himself the gainer of a splendid advertisement, which had a practical effect upon his sales. Moreover, his selected address was registered, though as two words.

Cotton bags are now made in all sizes from one pound to one hundred and forty pounds; but at first the best-selling sizes were the smaller bags, holding from two and a half pounds to fourteen pounds weight of goods; and these probably remain the most in demand. They are made of fine white 'cloth,' adulterated as little as possible (in spite of the peculiarities of public taste in this unwholesome direction) by 'dressing.' Larger ones are manufactured of stouter material, bleached or unbleached, for half-sacks for millers, superseding the old and unwieldy sacks. The cloth is measured and cut into suitable lengths on a mammoth machine, which runs on tram-lines, and is furnished with a twenty-foot knife capable of striking through several hundred thicknesses at one swoop, or eight hundred in less than two minutes. Finishing and calendering follow, to fit the cloth to receive the impression of the printing-machine, and in the printing-room the special devices and imprints for every class of goods and every manufacturer or trader are impressed by special rollers and special ink. The sewing operations are the women's department; but the actual stitching is accomplished by large overhead sewing-machines, driven by steam, with horseshoe-shaped needles, only requiring guidance from the workers. In all, the bag goes through from forty to fifty pairs of hands before it is turned out complete, although labour-saving machinery, most of it made on the premises, is fully utilised.

No patent was applied for by the inventor of the article, so that rival manufacturers have, of course, started the business in England, Scotland, Ireland, on the Continent, in the Colonies, and in America; but the general effect of competition has been stimulating to the trade; and the Kennington firm is worthy of record, not only as the pioneer of a novelty that has now become a requisite, but as one which has consistently made a fair day's wage for a short day's work, steady employment to old servants, a regular system of profit-sharing all round, and the hearty encouragement of friendly-clubs paying features of an extensive and extending business.

It is worth noting, also, that throughout the existence of the Kennington factories, beginning as they did with untried workers in untried work, and with newly-designed and untried machinery, no serious accident has ever happened to an employé; while it is almost needless to add that no strike or rumour of strike has interrupted the pleasant relations between employer and employed. When the Factory Inspector paid his first visit to the premises the young workwomen sent a deputation to inform him that he need not come again, as any interference with their work and pay was not likely to be to their advantage.



AN INCIDENT OF THE NIGER TRADE.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS, Author of *In the Niger Country; Rising of the Brassmen, &c.*

TWO white men were hard at work in the galvanised iron oil-shed of the little trading factory of Gwelo, which lies far away among the Niger swamps, one sweltering July day. Young Charles Carson, clad in cotton singlet and thin duck trousers, stood with the perspiration dripping from him beside a big tub 'cooler,' into which a swarm of naked river-men cast basket after basket of greasy black kernels until the measure was full. Then he handed the native trader a brass 'tally' as a voucher for the goods brought down. Meantime a middle-aged man, Agent Crosby, carefully probed the calabashes of sticky yellow oil thrust upon him one after another, lest the wily bushman had inserted a chunk of wood therein—timber being cheaper than oil. Every now and then he squeezed a coil of viscous green rubber together, in case a heavy stone lay in the centre, for it is by no means so easy for an unprincipled white trader to victimise the unsophisticated savage as some missionaries aver. It was fiercely hot, and the sickly smell of palm-oil mingled with the fetid odour of raw rubber, which is considerably worse than that of rotten eggs, and savours even more disagreeably; while every negro endeavoured to thrust his comrades aside, and shouted at the top of his voice. The din and the awful atmosphere would have driven a stranger gasping outside in five minutes; and yet these two white men had toiled there from early dawn to noon, and their day's work was but half-done. Presently four pompous Krooboyes cleared the shed with staves, and, followed by an unruly mob, the traders crossed the scorching compound and entered the 'store-shed' or 'shop.' The room was at once filled with a shouting, struggling crowd, and a scene of wild confusion ensued. Each negro hurled down his tally, and proceeded to grab at whatever took his fancy, regardless of value. Cases of gin, pieces of cloth, flintlock guns, and powder were most in demand; but bottles of pomade (used as a condiment), scarlet jackets, battered silk hats, and brass-framed looking-glasses were also fought over; and amidst a babel of contentious cries the white men did what they could to protect their property from wholesale looting. As usual, the weakest went to the wall, and in the confusion the savage with the strongest hands secured as much as he could of his neighbour's goods in addition to his own; and this is how trade with the natives is carried on among the Niger creeks. Once or twice Carson noticed a naked bushman calmly appropriating double the value of his tally right under the agent's eyes, and wondered thereat, for Crosby was not a man to trifle with. That afternoon, however, there was a weary

look in the shrewd face which he had never seen before, and the agent seemed to have lost his usual keenness over a bargain. At last, when the scorching day drew near its close and the shadows of the palms lengthened across the dusty compound, the babel of voices ceased suddenly, and the surging crowd grew still. Agent Crosby laid a hand upon his revolver and swore savagely beneath his breath. Then a tall negro, only distinguishable from the rest by the intricacy and beauty of his tattoo and the curious device standing out in relief upon his naked breast, passed through the shrinking negroes, and, gazing for a moment at the white man, turned suddenly away.

'One of those condemned Ju-Ju men, only a half-fledged poisoner this time. I'd have shot the brute, for there's always trouble when they're about, only this unhallowed crowd would have burned the factory about our heads. Anyway, it's time to close,' said the agent harshly, and his face twitched as he spoke. Then he raised his voice. 'No more trade live, palaver set. Hyah, Krooboy, clear them store. Get out, all of you.'

Two hours later, after finishing their scanty meal, the white men sat out upon the wide veranda, tormented by buzzing mosquitoes, and gazing across the moonlit river. Behind them lay the reeking swamps, and in front a sheet of shimmering water, streaked with trails of fever-mist, beyond which a great cottonwood forest rose like a wall against the starry heavens. The inevitable whisky and a syphon of lukewarm mineral water stood upon a carved Accra stool by the agent's side; and Crosby's speech was slow as he said, 'No one could be cheerful in this weather; but I've been unusually unfit all day, and there's a curious weight upon my mind to-night.' The young assistant made no reply. He knew that alcohol and fever had spoiled his comrade's nerve, and he was used to talk of the kind. Then the agent continued: 'I suppose it was that Ju-Ju man. Every time one of the brutes has set his foot in the place something has happened; and I wish to goodness we had left their condemned fetich-house alone.' Carson only nodded. He had heard that when the factory was established the spot most available for a canoe landing was occupied by a little basket-work hut, erected in honour of the river-devils and wandering ghosts. This Crosby had promptly destroyed, and had regretted it ever since.

Presently the thick voice went on: 'Two oil-sheds burnt, no one knew how, and three assistants dead in eighteen months—though that was fever; and I hardly expected you would have lasted so long. Pah! it's a sickening, soul-destroying business, and I was not always a gin-trader. The old life, when I walked among my

equals at home, with clean hands, comes back very plainly to-night. That's all gone, long ago; the rest are dead, and I'm stewing here in this pestilential hole, expiating my sins, I suppose.'

Charlie groaned inwardly. There were times when the awful isolation and the deadly monotony of the life appalled him too; and, with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling, he answered, 'Take a tabloid, and sleep over it; you'll feel better in the morning. Good-night.'

When the young assistant entered his room he lighted a kerosene lamp, and smiled bitterly as the glow fell upon a scrap of printed paper, which, with grim irony, he had nailed to the mouldy wainscot above the medicine-chest. It was an advertisement from a provincial paper: 'Wanted, a young man of good physique for West African factory. Interesting life, easy work, sport and adventure. Salary, £70 first year, with prospect of rapid advance.' Then, shaking his fist at the delusive cutting, as he had done many times before, with the words, 'You cruel lie,' he flung himself down on his canvas couch, and, in spite of the heat and mosquitoes, was soon asleep. Twice he awakened from a restless doze, and walked out upon the rickety veranda, feeling a strange uneasiness, for the agent's words weighed upon his mind; but forest and swamp were sleeping silently in the tropic moonlight. Fireflies flashed and sparkled among the half-closed purple cups of the flowering creeper about the balustrade, and he heard the drowsy chatter of the Krooboys below, who apparently never sleep at all. Reassured, he flung himself down again, and passed far away from the dreary factory into the fairyland of dreams. Suddenly a strange, choking cry awoke him; and, while he wondered drowsily what it could be, the veranda stairway creaked. Then the ringing bark of a Snider awakened all the echoes of the forest, and he heard the whirling flight of a heavy ball, followed by a dull thud as the projectile buried itself in a palm-trunk. There was a babel of many voices, and a rush of feet into the veranda; and Carson, wide awake at last, entered the adjoining room with a smoky lamp in his hand, while a crowd of trembling negroes clustered about the door. Agent Crosby lay gasping and fighting for breath upon his couch, with blue lips and ashy face, a reed spear buried in his breast. As the shuddering lad bent over him he choked out, 'Remember the big lot of oil. A hard life. Ah! it's over,' and, with a groan, turned away his head. There was a sudden silence; and while Carson gripped a post with quivering fingers a big Yoruba, who had once served the Niger Coast Protectorate as corporal, approached the couch.

'Trader live for dead, sah,' he said, holding up the spear, and proceeded to relate how he had fired at a shadowy figure fitting through the gloom of the palms. Charlie took the weapon mechanically, and, like one in a dream, noted

the tuft of red rags which adorned the haft—a symbol of the Ju-Ju mystery. Then he drove the wondering negroes away, and, this done, locked the door, and seated himself upon the veranda to wait for dawn, shivering in spite of the heat.

Shortly before noon next day he stood beneath the dusty palms, the burning sun-rays beating down upon his uncovered head as the curving fronds swayed to and fro in the sultry breeze. A shallow trench yawned at his feet, dust and sand upon its edge, and two feet of ooze and water below. Four Krooboys leaned upon their kernel-shovels beside him, and in the sloppy mud lay one of the rough deal cases the long Danc-guns are shipped in, and this held all that remained of Agent Crosby, while his successor with dry lips and shaking voice repeated such portions of the burial service as he could remember. Presently he raised his hand, and two naked Krooboys stood upon the case to hold it down until their companion shovelled over the sand. Twice the thing tilted sideways, and floated to the surface; but at last the work was done, and Charlie Carson turned away with faltering steps towards the lonely factory. And this is a characteristic funeral in the Niger swamps.

A Protectorate official came up a few days later with an armed launch to investigate the affair. A native village was mulcted in palm-oil for the supposed offence of concealing the murderer; but the latter could not be found, and the officer went back uttering vain threats about closing that river to trade. This the natives knew he could not do without ruining the white factories at its mouth; therefore they laughed in their sleeves, and, as the weeks went by, sent down dribblets of adulterated oil in payment of the fine. Meantime the young agent hardened his heart to face the months of solitude that must elapse before assistance could arrive from home. To make things worse, it was the wet season, and his Krooboy labourers sickened one by one, while the intermittent fever came upon him too. Still, the chance of being duly appointed agent, at a salary of £300 per annum, was not likely to happen often; and, staking health and reason upon the uncertainty of surviving, he held grimly to his post, working twelve hours a day in the steamy heat of 'the rains.' Then, when darkness came, he dragged himself towards the quarters of the stricken Krooboys, whom he treated with draughts prepared according to the Government Manual, which sometimes proved efficacious and sometimes the reverse. But no European may overwork himself with impunity in Africa, especially if reduced by fever; so week by week the health of the lonely man gave way, and strange fancies filled his mind. There were times when the wakeful Krooboys shuddered and told strange tales of Ju-Ju magic and the power of the wood-devils, as they heard him pacing to and fro upon the veranda all night long. Also, when trade was

slack, he would sit for hours gazing vacantly at the forest with stern, set face, and there was no negro among them dare approach him.

Then it came about that Captain Hinton Clifford was sent up the river with a dozen Yoruba soldiers to inquire why certain instalments of the fine had not been paid, and to ascertain by whose authority a stiff-necked headman levied a heavy toll upon all the oil-carriers passing his stockade. Hinton Clifford was lately out from India, and brought with him a high opinion of himself and a very low one of the Niger country, which latter was perhaps justifiable. He was five feet ten in height, with shoulders to match, and had a way of looking at one out of half-shut eyes and speaking in a languid drawl, as though there was nothing in Africa worthy of his interest, which was trying to those who did not know the man. This, together with the spotless neatness of his dress, which is a thing rarely seen on the Niger, gained him the sobriquet of 'Dainty Jim,' though the observant Consul had an idea that his languid subordinate could be very much awake when occasion demanded.

The fever-mist was rolling in woolly wreaths across the tumble-down factory when his panting launch shot alongside Gwelo landing. The roar of the rains was in the air, and every palm-frond vibrated and quivered with the rush of falling water. A few sickly Krooboy's dragged themselves about the entrance to the oil-shed, for trade was very slack; and there was an indefinite something which spoke of sickness and death about the whole place as the officer, accompanied by a big boardhound, splashed through the compound towards the factory. When he stood dripping upon the veranda there was no one to meet him, and, thrusting open the door, he entered the trader's room. A young man, with deep lines upon his hollow face, knelt beside an open medicine-chest, measuring out drugs with a shaking hand.

'Glad to see you. I haven't heard a European voice for two months,' he said; and Captain Clifford answered slowly, 'A mutual pleasure; but you don't seem particularly cheerful. Alone here for two months! How any white men can live in the place at all is beyond me.'

'As a rule they don't live very long. You can see four crosses, there, beneath the palms,' was the quiet reply. 'But you must be hungry.—Hyah, Kalloto, hurry that chop.'

Captain Clifford did not delight in half-boiled yams, rancid palm-oil chop, and two-year-old Chicago beef; but there was nothing else, and he ate with the best grace he could. Afterwards he explained that the factory would be honoured with his presence for a fortnight, and handed Carson a letter announcing the fact that two new assistants were on the way, and that he might return when they arrived. Then the young agent commenced a rambling narrative, in the course of which he said various things which nearly shook the imperturbable officer out of his usual

calm. When he concluded, 'Crosby's dead; he died two months ago—I buried him myself; and yet—do you know?—he walks about the house all night and calls me,' the officer's eyes were open wide.

Presently Carson went out to resume his work, and Hinton Clifford became suddenly intent. 'I've heard that kind of talk in the Indian jungle stations, and he's too young for the life—he knows it now,' said the officer as he proceeded to overhaul the medicine-chest, for this man knew a little of many things. 'As I expected—all the opiates gone; that accounts for part of the story, but no one can live for weeks without sleep. I'll take a few precautions,' he continued, coolly appropriating various rough phials with red labels. Afterwards he visited the quarters of the sick Krooboy's, and the sights he saw there haunted him at nights, though it would have been hard to recognise in that eager, thoughtful face and those skilful hands the indifferent dilettante of the Consular headquarters. Hinton Clifford did not enjoy that visit. The little tumble-down factory seemed full of whispers. The dog whined mournfully all night long, and it was disconcerting, to say the least, to be awakened at midnight by a creaking of the veranda, and to hear the hoarse voice of his host conversing with an unseen something in the mist below. More than once he had doubts of Carson's sanity, and wondered whether he would be justified in sending him down to the coast by force; but, after a glance at the carefully-kept books, he dismissed the idea. At last, as the officer afterwards said, the whole place so got upon his nerves that he fancied he saw two shadowy figures, and not one, peering the dark veranda, and caught his breath when the rotten flooring creaked behind him for no apparent reason. At this he dosed himself with quinine, and compared the climates of Hindustan and Africa, to the disadvantage of the latter.

Then one evening he returned, covered with ashes and soot and glory, having burnt the water-gate of the offending chief, and after a scanty meal flung himself down to sleep. The trader lay in the adjoining room, which was that of the murdered agent, and a Yoruba sergeant slept upon the veranda. This was contrary to all ideas of discipline; but discipline is relaxed upon the frontier—and it was comforting to have him there. Tired as he was, the officer could not rest. It was intensely hot, with that damp and clammy heat which checks the perspiration and puts the fear of death into the hearts of Europeans dwelling in the African swamps. The mosquitoes, too, were unusually thirsty, and their triumphant trumpeting over a new victim nearly drove the officer mad. At times the boardhound also crept about its master's couch, whining as though in pain or fear; and Clifford abused the animal, then stretched out a hot hand and patted the rough head, for he remembered that dogs suffer from the malaria as much as men. At last he

sank into a restless doze, and awakening some hours later, saw the hound standing in a stream of misty moonlight, with every bristle of his neck erect. This had happened before, and, with a malediction on all things African, Clifford turned over on the other side. Then the dog crept softly out, and he heard the patter of its footsteps across the veranda; after which from the other side of the wood-work there rose a low, angry howl. 'A most distressful brute; and I'm as nervous as a frightened child,' he muttered, sitting up and rubbing his drowsy eyes. For a space there was no sound save the growling of the dog, the dry rustle of the palms, and the monotonous 'crick-crack' of a boring-spider eating its way through the wainscot. Then the floorings creaked mysteriously; but they often did that. This time, however, there was something unusual in the sound; and, with the big revolver which always lay beneath his pillow in his hand, Clifford sprang to the floor.

As he did so he heard a short, half-breathless cry, and something struck the partition a blow that made it shiver. In an instant the officer was out upon the veranda, keen-eyed and resolute, now the need of definite action had come. The door of Carson's room was shut, but a thrust of the powerful shoulder tore it from its rusty hinges, and, preceded by a crash of falling wood, Clifford leapt across the threshold. Two indistinct figures were swaying backwards and forwards in the gloom of the further end; then, as he stood breathing hard and wondering what it could mean, they reeled into the stream of moonlight that entered the doorway. The pale rays fell upon the naked limbs of a huge negro and the thin form of the white trader, who, with one hand upon his assailant's throat, and one upon the sinewy black arm that raised a short reed-spear above him, made desperate efforts to withhold the thrust. Even as Clifford gazed, waiting a chance to intervene, the trader's head was forced backwards, and with a choking gasp he loosed his hold, while the negro raised his arm to drive home the glinting blade. But the broad black breast was now uncovered, and the foresight of the officer's revolver trembled across the tattoo-device on its centre; then there was a flash of red flame, followed by a sharp detonation, and the room was filled with smoke. Through the smoke a wild object leapt towards the white man. Twice more the revolver flashed, but the assassin came on unchecked, and Clifford flung back his arm as the spear-head glittered before his eyes. But before it fell the steel butt of the heavy revolver came down upon the ebony face like the head of a battering-ram. In went teeth and jawbone; the negro lurched forward and struck the creaking boards beside the officer's feet with the crash of a falling tree. Then there was a glimmer of lamps upon the veranda, and a rush of feet to the door as the Yorubas and Kroobos crowded round the entrance.

Wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, Hinton Clifford said languidly, 'Carried a lot of lead and died hard; but that fellow will fight no more.' The factory Yoruba bent over the limp, black form, with a lamp in his hand, and pointing to the tattoo-work upon the naked breast and the curious carving on the spear-baft, rose suddenly and cried in the vernacular, 'It is blood for blood; truly this is the justice of Allah.'

'What does he say?' asked Clifford sharply; and when a soldier translated, added thoughtfully, 'Perhaps he's right—these things are beyond me; but I should say that the man who killed Agent Crosby has met his deserts at last.'

Charlie Carson came feebly forward, and, holding out a shaking hand, said hoarsely, 'How can I thank you? You were only just in time; another moment there would have been an end. Puh! I can feel the choking fingers about my throat now.'

'Very glad I did it. There, that will do. No use making a fuss,' was the quiet answer. 'Some of the Consul's tales about the power these brutes possess must be true, or the dog would have torn him to bits. See, he's afraid still, and the beast never showed the white feather before.' Then Clifford stooped to pat the trembling hound, which crept whining to his knee, and afterwards raised his voice: 'Take him away, you, Krooboy, and bring plenty lights. I don't want to sleep any more to-night,' he said.

On the following morning the new staff, consisting of an alcohol-soaked agent, with more energy than character, from Lekki lagoon, and two young assistants fresh from home and evidently little pleased with what they had seen of the Oil Rivers, arrived in a broken-down launch. Thereupon Charlie Carson shook off the dust of that factory from his feet, and departed with Captain Clifford in the Consular despatch-boat. He was invalided home, and when he reached England found a letter from the Government officer had preceded him; and six months later he returned as full agent to a healthier station.

It was, of course, coincidence; but, owing to disputes between a certain bush headman and the oil-carriers over the right-of-way, which were argued out with the aid of poison and ambush, the Gwelo factory did little good. Therefore the owners abandoned that particular creek, and the forest closed about the rickety buildings and swallowed them up. Festoons of rope-like creepers are steadily pulling down the tottering oil-shed; the house has crumbled into a mass of mouldering timber before the grasp of the ti-ti trailers; and the compound is covered feet deep with brushwood, though it is barely two years since the last white man left it. Nevertheless the native traders, who are above all things superstitious, will not enter that creek in the darkness, and at all times give the ruins a wide berth. They say there is a curse upon the place; and perhaps they are right.

'OUR STAIR.'

By MARGARETTA BYRDE.

FATE brought me, a stranger, to an Edinburgh flat, or, to use the more picturesque Scottish expression, to 'bide in a stair.' One would have liked to be established in what is called 'a self-contained' house. It sounds disciplinary, and might have a beneficial effect on a frivolous and erratic temperament; but no one can resist Fate, and mine came in the shape of an introduction to a landlady so kindly-faced, so honest-eyed, and so winsome altogether that I called her 'Jeanie Deans' to myself, and succumbed instantly to her charms. Yet the grave exterior of houses in 'residential quarters' still has its fascination. The sun rises morning after morning on a scene unique in its charm and beauty; the air, to an enthusiast, is charged with the electric current of romance; at every turn the mind responds to the touch of association; and yet these old houses look on as 'self-contained' as the advertisements promise. Did any of them really resound to roars of laughter over the *Noctes*? Is it possible that in the decorous street—which one keeps wrongly calling 'Saint' Ann's, it has such a sanctified retirement, like that of a Cathedral Close—supper-parties were protracted until the guests dispersing beheld Arthur's Seat in morning mist, and the 'Opium Eater,' his brilliancy evaporated, curled up again for a day's delirium? Ghosts of livelier times haunt these 'self-contained' dwellings; and one wonders whether if at night they occasionally have 'high jinks,' get hysterical with memory, and let off some of their suppressed warmth and good-fellowship, as their inhabitants are said to do at Burns dinners.

However, we live on a stair, and in a house so old that it may presumably be haunted by ghosts, though we are too many for them. And though nothing is more ordinary and commonplace than a stair, once you are inside, there is an element of meanness in the fact that it has a Main-Door. A first visit to a stair is decidedly eerie. One arrives at the given number, and is confronted by a row of bells; and when one has selected and rung the correct one, strange things happen. First, after a moment, the Door shakes, as if with irritation at its afternoon nap being disturbed, and gives a premonitory rumble, like a yawn. Then begins a weird creaking and straining, that continues fitfully, and comes from somewhere above and within, giving one a sense of mysterious forces being set in motion. At last the Door condescends to be moved, and, to your awe and amazement, slowly opens by invisible agency, and stands solemnly, showing an empty passage and a flight of stone steps that may lead you—oh, where? I protest, the first time that mute, mysterious summons is obeyed one feels

positively adventurous! One turns and looks at the Door; and well one may, for it is an awful and potent thing. It is to exercise an influence on your future life. It will depend henceforth on its benevolent or malevolent intentions towards you whether life seems worth living under its guardianship; whether you will work or sleep, be gladsoe or miserable. Hitherto you have innocently supposed doors mere conveniences of exit or entrance. Shortly you will know that the Main-Door of our stair is a sentient thing, with a strong theological bias towards depression of animal spirits by means of its own, hereafter to be described. It makes Sunday the most dreaded day of the week, and the Sunday nap it sternly prohibits. You learn to associate it with oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism, so hardy and so stern is its moral influence.

You never forget the Main-Door, whatever else you forget on our stair. You may forget that you left your bicycle below, and that the bairns come from school early to-day; you may forget, as the wind blows you delightfully up Leith Walk, that it will have business in your chimney; you may even forget that the young lady in the parlour below, who plays 'The Campbells are coming' with one finger and an unreasonable prejudice against sharps and flats, returns this evening from her week-end trip; but the Door is as constantly on your mind as were the greens on Mrs Bucket's. In the daytime, by dint of imploring messages, and even personal visits to the various families who share in it, you may secure its being kept 'on the chain;' and you have long since ceased to see any humour in the suggestive phrase: 'The Door is a wild beast, whose ferocity is rightly curbed.' But then come the equally wild winds of Edinburgh, whistling and roaring up the narrow passages, and banging so many other doors about you that you almost think the great gun preferable to small artillery. You discover what a vacillating creature you are when you have lived through a winter on our stair. 'Jeanie Deans' looks at you sadly as, for the third time in one day, she sets the complicated machinery in motion that lets the Door loose, and says, 'I wadna pit mysel' name aboot wi' sma' things.' Ah, 'Jeanie,' I wish I had your cheerful serenity. But I must dree my ain weird—which means the Door.

But at night one has the worst of it. The latest comer is sure never to sneek it. His very foot has menace in it as he comes up the stair—should you chance to hear it. Probably, however, you are wakened out of a sound sleep by a reverberation like thunder; and then the torture begins. The Door knows well enough when you are lying listening, and keeps quiet to catch you

(dozing presently) with three distinct and terrific bangs. You sit up gasping, and wonder whether you *could* manage to creep down in the cold and shut it; and while you are wondering, sleep again steals over you with a comforting sense that nothing more will happen. It does happen, however, of course; and now, although you hear somebody from the first floor making it secure, you cannot sleep again until morning dawns and the usual slamming begins for the day. During that vigil you think evilly of stairs, and marvel at your infatuation for a city where strangers are so ill-lodged, and think you will leave it. But next morning, when the Newhaven fishwives cry 'Caller herrin' under your window, and you look over to the hills of Fife or across to Arthur's Seat, or walk in Princes Street, you know you can never tear yourself away from Edinburgh and 'Jeanie Deans.'

Everybody on 'our stair' is kind to the stranger. One wonders who first started the slander that Scottish folk are unapproachable. I can witness to a year's record of genuine kindness, of quiet, unobtrusive, yet ever-ready friendliness, from people of every class, that could not be beaten, if equalled, in any other country; and our neighbours are not behind in the record. One suspects that one is regarded as a 'bit feckless body,' with peculiarities unknown to strong-nerved folks; but the kindly, good-humoured pity does not hurt. Great harmony prevails on 'our stair.' I believe the only source of discord in the little world is the drying-ground; and that is out of it, as Mrs O'Connor—top flat to the right—truly observes. The other ladies say that but for her there would be no troubles over the laundry bounds, as there never were until she came. Like all territorial disputes, it is a complicated question; and I, as an outsider, am not qualified to judge of it. Mrs O'Connor possesses the agreeable but capricious manners of her countrywomen; and, meeting her frequently on the stair, I prefer to be neutral in the international matter, which is, I believe, under arbitration. It is Mr O'Connor who forgets to sneek the door; but he told me yesterday that the very next time this happens he will remind his wife to send him down!

The young ladies on the first floor give parties, and in the night cries of 'Hoeh!' and faint perturbations of the floor, like slight earthquake shocks, together with tunes of a monotonous nature, tell one when national dances are in progress. I wonder whether they invite the artist opposite, into whose studio I once strayed contemporaneously with the man who shouts up the stair thrice a day 'Co-o-o-o-als,' and put the genius into a momentary flutter, because every chair had a picture on it, except one that contained a very dilapidated hat and a big pipe; and he was divided between fears of my sitting on the pipe and the man depositing the bag of coals in the middle of the floor. It takes a great deal to disconcert a Scot; but the circumstances

were trying to an artistic temperament. I felt for him, and when he returned from the coal-closet (which was hidden behind a *portière*) I laughingly said that it was good of him to be so anxious about my dress. 'I'd sooner ye'd sat down in yon canvas,' he answered fervently, 'than to have smashed my briar-wood pipe!' I believe that Scot will be heard of. He lives on oatmeal, I suspect; and he is big and red and rough-looking, and, as you see, not particularly gallant; but his pictures are tender with colour and atmosphere drawn straight from Nature's heart, which with a Scotsman means the heart of his own hills and dales and lakes. That is the source of every Scotsman's success, as it was of that greatest of all, or most typical of all, if you will have it so—that he draws his strength and weakness alike from his nationality. It is the secret of the Burns dinners to those who have an open heart and eye.

We are very 'common Burnsites' on 'our stair,' yet not altogether uncritical. My own flat has resounded with disputations on the exact shade of meaning conveyed in some old Doric word—disputations that have filled my soul with amazement, for the debaters are both young working-men—brothers—not at all 'educated,' yet they can argue a point excellently well. They do not *lore* Burns. That is a poor word to express the Scottish feeling that he is Scotland's expression of herself, her sturdy independence, her patriotism; her coarseness, if you will, covering tenderness the most tremulous and yet the most profound; her humour, dry, whimsical, but never levelled at suffering or poverty; her ideality and common-sense, her grim facing of odds, her deeply-rooted piety and surface scepticism, her love of Nature, her spirit of comradeship, her proud reticence in general, and her self-abandonment at times. Rob is a Scot of the dry, slow type; Alick is one of the quick, emotional kind; and both are devoted to Scottish minstrelsy, and ready to act as tutor to the stranger who essays to sing the national songs. But, alas! they can never agree; so their tuition is less valuable than can be desired. Such a point as whether, when the piper met Maggie Lauder 'gaun to Fife,' that nimble lady or the bagpipes were turned towards Austruther, can break into a musical recital, and divert it into a debate as serious as if a matter of heresy were before the Assembly. At last they agree to a truce, Alick being the first to give way. 'Ah, weel, Rob,' he admits compromisingly, 'I'll no' say but ye may be richt. Fine I ken thae tunes, but I'm no' muckle authority aboot the words.' 'Ay, I'm no' sae wrang,' says Rob with caution but decision. 'I dinna ken muckle aboot singing, but fine I ken thae words.' They both speak English when not excited, as I joy to see them. But the Doric is dying out, though it dies hard. I am glad to be in a stair where there are still signs of life.

We had one fine old Scotswoman on the top flat, opposite the O'Connors; but the other day I was told she was dead, and they buried her while I was wondering when the funeral would be. I had seen her once; she was eighty-seven, and her old eyes fixed me with that strange intentness that the aged give, just as babies do, to any one new in their experience—an intentness wholly without interest. 'Yours has been a very long life,' I said, naturally enough. 'Ay, I'm gay auld,' she answered; and then she seemed to find offence in my look or words, for she added quickly, 'I'm no' sae auld as mony. I'm no' thinkin' o' deein' the noo.' 'You still find it good to live,' I replied cheerfully; but the old lady was not to be got to agree with me on any terms. 'It's mebbe no' sae guid, an' mebbe no' sae bad, but I dinna care to dee. Guid an' bad, I can tak' it a'. I'll bide a wee whilie.' And she gave me a look expressive of her belief that I wished to rob her of her small remnant of life,

and also of her disinclination to further cultivate my acquaintance. But I would have got some flowers had I but known! She had outlived her kith and kin, and all the family she had served, and from whom she had had a small annuity. That had decreased, for some reason, of late, and a year ago, when her grocer called for orders, he was told that he need not come again, as she had no money. 'Hoots! Hoo are ye to live?' asked the grocer. 'Ye'll just have what ye've been having these years from me, and we'll say nae mair about it.' 'Weel,' said the old lady, 'gin ye'll promise no' to tell any one after I'm gane, John Campbell, ye may bring me them. But I'll no tak' onything frae ye wi'out a promise—ye mind that?' 'I'll no' tell a soul on earth,' answered the grocer solemnly. And he did not. The landlady overheard the conversation, and retailed it after the funeral for the benefit of our stair. She was not a Scotswoman, or she would not have done it; but I am glad she did.

AMPHIBRACHS.*

BY A FIFTH ENGINEER.

Now farewell to Lulow,
Its kirk and red steeple;
Its sandy square full o'
Tall yellow-haired people;
Its ruddy-faced seamen,
With oaths in their talk;
Its corsetless women,
That swing as they walk;
To ship-chandling Forsman,
And Asplund the Maire,
And Oberg the Norseman
So vain of his hair!

We leave thee, Norbotten;
But can we forget?
Thy scenes, unforgotten,
Shall stay with us yet.
We hear to our birthland
No vision that fades:
This flood of the northland
Shall show from the Braids;
And far on farms inland
Of Pentlands shall fall
The deeper peace Finland
Is mantled withal.

Farewell to Norbotten!
To Lulow farewell!
These scenes unforgotten
The future shall tell.
The calm pinewood shadows,
The sledge and the goard,
The huts in the meadows
With meadow-bay stored,
The well-sweeps, not going,
The snow-ploughs and skees,
The rafts and the rowing—
We'll not forget these.

On board leaps the pilot;
We float and are free;
And down past the islet
We glide to the sea.
The tower and the narrows
We hail and pass through;
And, smoking of clares,
Look round on the view.
The broomstieks at Quarken,
They keep us all right;
But fogs make us hearken
And peep through the night.

By Gothland and Olan'
We pant down the Battie,
Where waves that are rollin'
Begin to grow saltie.
And, when we are oppos-
ite old Elsinore,
The billows o'ertop us,
And break and fall o'er,
And drench us, and drive us
On three courses tearin',
And hammer and rive us,
And keep the chief swearin'.

And when from the Skagger
We come to the Sea,
And into it stagger
As drunk as can be;
Then, up and down lifting,
We send to Old Harry
The freight that keeps shifting—
Thy gift, Gellivaré;
Till, signalled, aboard
Comes Tom from the Tees;
And night finds us moored
At Whitelaw's in peace.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

* For the prose narrative of this voyage, see article 'To Lulea in Norbotten,' *Chambers's Journal* for 1897, page 39.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

REMINISCENCES.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, K.C.M.G.

III.—AFFAIRS IN SOMALI-LAND.

THE first serious difficulties we had with the Somali coast resulted from the unprovoked outrage on Captain Burton's expedition in 1854. The story has often been published; I will only mention that in consequence of the outrage certain demands were made on the Somalis, and enforced by a blockade of Berbera during an entire year. When at length the blockade was raised I was sent over to conclude a treaty, in which our demands were embodied. One of these was: 'The traffic in slaves shall cease for ever; and any slaves who, contrary to this engagement, shall be introduced into the said territories shall be delivered up to the British; and the commander of any vessel of Her Majesty's or of the H.E.I.C.'s navy shall have the power of demanding the surrender of such slaves, and of supporting the demand by force of arms if necessary.'

For several years this engagement was successfully evaded. At last it reached our ears that not only was the slave-trade being carried on as briskly as ever, but that it had assumed a new and most revolting character. The masters of vessels from the south-east coast of Arabia, who congregated there for the annual fair, not satisfied with the purchase of Abyssinian and Galla slaves, were in the habit of kidnapping Somali girls, on the plea of pretended marriage. In March 1860 I was sent over to the Somali coast, in the *Lady Canning*, to inquire into this matter. I had absolute proof of three girls having been thus kidnapped; and I learnt that, to guard against the possibility of their capture by our vessels, they had been sent overland to Kurrem, where their purchasers intended to call for them on their way home. Thither I went. I sent for the chief elder of the place, and pointed out the disgrace they were bringing on themselves by consenting to the sale of their own people—free girls—a crime particu-

larly heinous in the eyes of good Mohammedans. Of course they denied all knowledge of the facts, and avowed that, as far as they knew, the girls had been legally married, and had been sent by their husbands to await their arrival. I knew they lied, and insisted on the girls being delivered up to me. They refused; and it was not till I had threatened that the vessel would open fire upon their fort that they came to their senses and the captives were brought on board.

Just as we were on the point of leaving, I received information that a large number of girls in like evil case were at the neighbouring port of Siyarrah, and I determined, if it were possible, to effect their liberation also. We steamed into the harbour, and anchored close to the fort. All the arguments of the previous day had to be gone over again; and it was not till a similar threat had been made that the elders promised to surrender the girls that had been sent to them for safe custody. They swore by the solemn 'oath of divorce' that there were only sixteen, and these were sent on board. The girls on arrival informed me that there were eight more, and these also I demanded. To ensure my demand being complied with I requested the commander to send a boat on shore, to seize the first six men they could lay hands on, and to detain them till the girls were sent on board. At the same time a shot from the *Lady Canning*, fired wide of the fort, but near enough to be unpleasant, lent strength to my demand; and in all twenty-four girls were delivered up to me at this place. They were all pretty young creatures of from twelve to sixteen years of age, and all told the same tale: that they had been inveigled by their relatives into the possession of the Arab slave-dealers by a simulated marriage, and then sent off to Siyarrah to await shipment. The joy they experienced was unmis- takable, and hardly more than my own at having been the means of restoring them to freedom. Once

more, as we were about to leave, a messenger, who had been formerly a Sepoy in the Aden police, arrived at Siyarrab, where he had heard I was; he informed me that a large Arab slave-vessel was then making its way to Kurrem. We went there at once, and found her anchored about twenty miles east of Siyarrab. All the slaves had been landed under charge of the *nacoda* or master and part of the crew. I had eight Somali attendants with me, and these men were armed and sent on shore to track the fugitives. They found them, and brought them back before 10 P.M. The vessel belonged to a son of the chief of Amulgavine, in the Persian Gulf, who had purchased or kidnapped at Berbera a number of slave boys and girls, all of whom we captured. The boat and her crew were sent to Aden for adjudication.

We then went to Berbera. There the *Lady Canning* captured the sister boat, belonging to the same owner. I learnt that a caravan had arrived from Harrar, with a vast number of slaves. I could not ignore their presence, yet we felt powerless to take them from the shore, with the small crew of the *Lady Canning*, in presence of twenty thousand armed Somalis. I demanded their surrender, however, and I was strongly supported by one Hadji Jamāa, a man of great repute for learning and sanctity, who went about from tribe to tribe in the capacity of teacher and peacemaker. He openly declared that though the traffic in slaves was lawful in accordance with Mohammedan law, yet to them it was unlawful, as they had made a solemn pledge not to engage in it; but that nothing else save a breach of treaty could be expected from people who so far forgot their religion as to sell their own daughters into slavery. Of course they refused to surrender the slaves, and nothing remained for me but to take precautions that they should not be embarked. I therefore warned every boat to leave Berbera within twenty-four hours; and, as I had to replace Brigadier Coghlan at Aden, I returned there. The *Lady Canning*, however, returned to the Somali coast, and captured twenty-two more slaves. The total number thus rescued was one hundred and forty. This was all plain sailing in comparison with the task that devolved on me afterwards: What was to be done with one hundred and forty slaves, most of them young and attractive girls? One or two of the youngest were sent to missionary orphanages at Bombay, and a few more were taken as servants by English ladies at Aden. There appeared nothing for it but to marry off the remainder as best we could. But a very unexpected difficulty occurred. The Kadi, an exceedingly devout and learned theologian, declared that, according to Mohammedan law, the institution of slavery was perfectly legal. We, who had brute force on our side, had declared it to be the contrary, and had rescued these girls from their lawful owners; therefore he

could not conscientiously marry them; he was quite willing to do so if he could find a text of the Koran to justify him. I told him that I thoroughly appreciated his scruples, but if he failed in his search he would certainly cease to be Kadi of Aden. The text was found!

In October 1858 I was sent on a punitive expedition to the African coast in H.M.S. *Chesapeake*. The circumstances requiring an example to be made were, as far as we knew, the following: In January the British barque *Telegraph*, of Bristol, from Aden bound for the Kooria Moorla Islands, when coasting along the African shore had been piratically seized by the Somalis of Ourbeh. The master and crew, driven from the brig, and forced to leave her in an open boat, without water or provisions, were picked up by the H.E.I.C.'s ship *Elphinstone*, and brought to Aden. The officer commanding that ship was sent by General Coghlan to exact satisfaction for the outrage, and, if possible, to recover the brig. He went, bombarded the town, and, finding the ship hopelessly stranded, set her on fire and returned to Aden. The punishment inflicted by the *Elphinstone* appeared scarcely commensurate with the offence; but no more was possible by means of a small sailing-vessel on that dangerous coast. I was therefore sent in H.M.S. *Chesapeake* to inquire more fully into the circumstances of the case, and to act as might appear necessary. On the 7th October we sighted a town which we took to be Ourbeh, and the *Chesapeake* began to prepare for action. Fortunately, as it turned out, we had passed Ourbeh, and the town we had mistaken for it was Bander Murayeh, eight or ten miles farther east. Seeing a boat put off to the steamer, we lay to, and were not a little surprised to observe two English sailors in her. As soon as they came on board they informed us that they were part of the crew of the barque *Henry Tanner*, which had been wrecked at Ras Hafoon; and that seven of their companions remained on shore. No sooner had the vessel struck than she began to break up; the boats were stove in, but eight men managed to get on shore on spars. The master and four others were drowned. The survivors found about one hundred Somalis on shore, who treated them with the greatest kindness. The natives themselves had little to offer except a few fish; but they made them a hut of brushwood, and there the whole party remained for about six weeks in a very miserable condition. The Somalis had a small boat, and, when the weather permitted, they loaded it with gum and mats and some of the copper from the wreck, and took the seamen with them to Allooda, a small port west of Cape Guardafui. There they were treated most hospitably, and distributed amongst the inhabitants, who fed them as well as they could. They were then passed on from place to place, on foot, till they arrived at Murayeh, where we received them

on board the *Chesapeake*. At Murayeh they were especially well cared for, and fed with the best that the village afforded.

It was manifestly impossible for us to take on board a party of distressed seamen who had been so well treated by the very poor natives of this coast and proceed to destroy one of their towns. I went on shore to inquire into the matter, and had an interview with the chief men of the place. The account they gave of the so-called piratical seizure of the *Telegraph* was quite different to that which had reached us. They stated that when the vessel grounded, a number of Somalis went alongside to proffer assistance; the two parties could not, of course, make themselves understood; and the crew, alarmed for their safety, took to their boat and escaped. The Somalis then collected all the movable property they could find on board and stored it on shore, thinking that we should send for it from Aden. On the arrival of the *Elphinstone* they were eager to deliver it up, but that vessel, without making any inquiries, at once proceeded to fire upon the town. The natives at first thought that she was saluting them; but on seeing the shot strike the town they dispersed, and the property was eventually carried away by the natives and Arab traders. I was quite disposed to accept this explanation for many reasons. I liberally rewarded the natives who had succoured our countrymen, and bade them repeat to all their tribe that kindness shown to distressed British subjects would always meet with reward.

The last mission on which I went from Aden was to the same part of the Somali coast as that where the *Telegraph* had been wrecked. In October 1862 news reached us from Makulla, on the Arabian coast, that a massacre of English seamen had occurred near Cape Guardafui. I immediately left for Makulla in H.M.S. *Semiramis*, of the Indian navy. Almost immediately after anchoring, a steamer was observed making for the port; she proved to be H.M.S. *Penguin*, commanded by Lieutenant M'Hardy, which had come from Zanzibar in search of two missing boats. It appeared that on the 1st of September, Lieutenant M'Hardy, then at Kianna (lat. $0^{\circ} 44' S.$) had despatched a cutter and whaleboat to search for slavers between Juba River and Port Durnford, with orders to meet at the latter place in fourteen days. The cutter was commanded by Lieutenant Fountaine, with whom were a quartermaster and eight men. The whaler contained the gunner's mate and eight men; in all, the expedition consisted of fifteen souls. Lieutenant M'Hardy, alarmed at the long absence of his men, followed them up the coast, and eventually went to Makulla, where we met him. On the evening of the 23d we left that port with the *Penguin* in tow, and proceeded to Bunder Murayeh, the most important place on the eastern coast of Somaliland. It belongs to the Mejeretyn tribe, the Sultan

of which is the only hereditary prince in north-east Africa; he sometimes resides in Murayeh, but more frequently at a watering-place two days' journey to the south. Both this place and Ourbeli, which have been before mentioned, are situated on a narrow strip of sand, here and there widening out into bays, which intervene between the sea and a lofty, precipitous range of hills producing great quantities of frankincense, gum-arabic, and various other gums and resins; in fact, the *Thurifera Regio* of the ancients. My great desire was to see the Sultan, who was absent in the interior; and I at once despatched a messenger begging him to meet me, at as early a date as possible, somewhere on the coast.

The natives of this place admitted that the crew of one boat, containing fifteen European seamen, had been murdered on their coast; and, as the Sultan could not be expected before nine days, we started in search of the place where the atrocity was committed. One of the principal inhabitants volunteered to guide us. Lieutenant M'Hardy came with us in the *Semiramis*, leaving his own vessel at Bunder Murayeh. We anchored about fifteen miles west of Ras Asseer, or Cape Guardafui, at a place called Baraida, a rather extensive plain enclosed between the sea and a semi-circular chain of hills; and within a very short time after landing we had ample proof that here our unfortunate countrymen had perished. At almost every step some trace of them met our eyes: here a scrap of canvas, there a morsel of clothing, and in the middle of the bay we clearly saw where the boat had been pulled ashore above high-water mark. Close by a fire was lighted with fragments of the *Penguin's* cutter, which showed that the natives had been on the spot just before our arrival. Proceeding about a mile inland, we reached a small village of mat-huts, in every one of which were articles belonging to the ill-fated party, such as oars, ammunition-boxes, a pair of parallel rulers, a paint-brush, and a seaman's hat-ribbon with the inscription *Narcissus*—the Admiral's flagship, to which the *Penguin* was tender—many of them stained with blood. The people of the village had fled at our approach. We burnt every hut and every article of property we could find. After this we went to Allooda, where I found several people having some knowledge of the affair.

As far as could be gathered from such sources of information, it appeared that the two boats, after having left Magadosha, proceeded northwards, no doubt in pursuit of slave-vessels, but certainly to such a distance as to preclude all hope of being able to return, and they were compelled by the violence of the monsoon to run before it. They called at Ras Maaber (lat. $9^{\circ} 28' N.$), and here the cutter anchored at some little distance from the beach, while the whaler went on shore for water. Through some unexplained misunderstanding between the whaler's crew and the

natives, several of the latter were wounded, if not killed. The former were compelled to seek safety by flight. They abandoned their boat on shore, and, jumping into the water, swam off to the cutter. Both crews, in the one remaining boat, continued their course northward, and after rounding Cape Guardafui, anchored off Baraïda. The boat arrived here on the 26th September; and, as it had originally only fourteen days' provisions, it is by no means improbable that the crews were much exhausted by hunger, thirst, and fatigue.

There is no means of knowing what took place here. A misunderstanding of some kind must have occurred, and perhaps the necessary precaution which the seamen adopted of keeping their arms in readiness might have been interpreted as an intention to commence hostilities. But whatever the cause, the Somalis attacked the boat in overpowering numbers; and it is said that when some of them had been killed, and the Somalis were in the act of dragging the boat on to the beach, the rest jumped into the sea. They were prevented by the natives from landing. Some were speared in the water. Only one, a strong swimmer, succeeded in rounding a cape about half a mile distant, where, landing, he fled towards the east. On the way he met two Somalis, who took him to Asseer, where they made him over to a merchant of Allooala for a ransom of ten dollars. This man, by his own account, engaged four Somalis to conduct the seaman overland to Allooala; on his way he was met by a party of the same people who had murdered his shipmates, and he also shared their fate.

I found it impossible to ascertain the motives which prompted this massacre. There was no time to take them into consideration; prompt retribution was necessary while the tragedy was still fresh in men's minds. I felt sure that the Sultan himself was guiltless in the matter. He had on too many occasions proved his fidelity to us, and shown too much hospitality to British sailors wrecked on his coasts, to be lightly suspected; but he and his advisers would have been accomplices after the act if they failed to cause justice to be done. However strong his desire, he had not the power to do so unless he could plead a considerable amount of pressure as a justification to his people; so I resolved to demand the surrender and execution of the culprits, failing which every village on his coasts within range of the ships' guns would be destroyed.

On the 2d November the Sultan arrived, and next morning I had an interview with him. The result of the meeting was quite satisfactory. He showed himself the just ruler and firm friend of the English that we had ever believed him to be. He did not attempt to palliate the atrocity, or to accuse the English sailors of having commenced

the affray; he readily admitted its enormity, his sorrow for it, and his desire to cause justice to be done. He stated his determination to march against the murderers that night, and he specified ten days as the time within which he could ensure their capture. This appeared reasonable enough, as, forewarned of our demands for their surrender, they had, no doubt, attempted to secure safety by dispersion and flight. Punctual to his appointment, the Sultan met me at Allooala on the 13th. Lieutenant M^r Hardy and I landed, and had an interview with him. He had brought all the plundered property he had been able to collect, consisting only of a few arms. The account he gave of the affair was precisely similar to what we had heard from other sources; he assured us that the assailants had only been fifteen in number, without counting women, who are generally as active as the men in an affray. He accounted for their having been able to overpower the sailors by stating that only five of the latter had used firearms, and that some of the rifles and revolvers had been lost in the whaleboat. This was confirmed, to a certain extent, by the rifles which were delivered up; they bore no appearance of having been fired, and the Somalis are too ignorant of the use of firearms to render it probable that they could have cleaned them. The remaining seamen, having only swords, were unable to use them against the Somalis on shore, or to contend against their spears, which they throw with great dexterity. Of the fifteen assailants, three, he assured me, had been killed, four had escaped to places beyond his jurisdiction, and the remaining eight he had brought, and were at my disposition. To estimate how much the Sultan had done in delivering up these culprits we must remember how many murders had been committed on our subjects since we had held possession of Aden, and that in no single instance have we ever succeeded in enforcing the surrender of the murderers. I determined that an immediate example should be made, and that, as the Sultan had tried and condemned the prisoners, only he should execute them. To this he offered no objection; and shortly before sunset the boats of both vessels proceeded to the shore, and the crews did not land. The prisoners were then brought down to the beach and decapitated. Amongst them was the chief elder of the clan to which they all belonged, also one of the two who had killed the last survivor on his way to Allooala. They all confessed their guilt, walked to the beach with steady pace, bent their necks to the sword, and met their death without a murmur.

Thus prompt and signal retribution was exacted, the honour of the British flag was vindicated, and it was made evident to the savage residents on the Somali coast that, while we never failed to reward services rendered to our subjects, we were no less prepared to avenge their wrongs.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XI.



WHEN Browne reached the Rue Jacquarie, after his receipt of the letter which had caused him so much pain and consternation, it was to learn that Katherine was not at home, and to find Madame Bernstein in her sitting-room sniffing vigorously at a bottle of smelling-salts and on the verge of hysterics. Seeing Browne, she sprang to her feet with a cry that was half one of relief and half of fear.

'Oh, Monsieur Browne,' said she, 'Heaven be praised that you have come! I have had such terrible trouble this morning, and have passed through such a scene with Katherine that my nerves are quite mustrung.'

'Where is Katherine?' Browne inquired almost angrily, and quite ignoring the description of her woes; 'and what is the meaning of the letter she wrote me this morning?'

'You must not be angry with her,' said madame, approaching and laying her hand gently upon his arm, while she looked up into his face with what was intended to be a piteous expression. 'The poor child is only doing what she deems to be right. You would not have her act otherwise, I know.'

'You understand my feelings, I think,' Browne replied bluntly. 'At the same time, I know how over-conscientious in such matters she is apt to be. Cannot I see her? Where is she?'

'She has gone out,' said madame, with a sigh. 'She and I, I am sorry to say, had a little disagreement this morning over her treatment of you. I know it was very wrong of me, and that you will hate me for it; but I could not help it. I could not let her spoil her own life and yours without uttering a protest. As a result, she did what she always does—that is to say, she put on her hat and cape, and went for a walk.'

'But have you no notion where I could find her?' asked Browne, who was beginning to feel that everything and everybody were conspiring against him. 'Has she any usual haunts where I should run a moderate chance of coming across her?'

'On that point I am afraid I can say nothing,' answered madame. 'She seldom takes me into her confidence. Yet, stay; I do remember having heard her once say that when she was put out by anything the only thing that could soothe her, and set her right again, was a visit to the picture galleries at the Louvre.'

'You are sure you know of no other place?'

'None whatever,' replied the lady. 'The pic-

tures at the Louvre are the only things in Paris in which she seems to take any interest. She is mad on the subject.'

'In that case I'll try the Louvre at once,' said Browne, picking up his hat.

'But let me first explain to you the reason of all that has happened,' said madame, stretching out her hand as if to detain him.

'Thank you,' Browne returned, with greater coldness than he had ever yet spoken to her; 'but, if you do not mind, I would rather hear that from her own lips.'

With that he bade madame good-bye, and made his way down to the street once more. From the Rue Jacquarie to the Louvre is not more than a ten minutes' drive at most—that is to say, if you proceed by the Avenue de l'Opéra—and yet to Browne it seemed as if he were hours in the cab. On entering the museum he made his way direct to the picture galleries. The building had not been long open, and for this reason only a few people were to be seen in the corridors, a circumstance for which Browne was devoutly thankful. It was not until he reached Room IV. that he knew he was not to have his journey in vain. Standing before Titian's 'Entombment of Christ,' her hands clasped before her, was Katherine. Her whole being seemed absorbed in enjoyment of the picture, and it was not until he was close to her that she turned and saw him. When she did he noticed that her face was very white and haggard, and that she looked as if she had not slept for many nights.

'Oh, why have you followed me?' she asked piteously.

'I have come to acknowledge in person the letter you sent me this morning,' he answered. 'Surely, Katherine, you did not think I should do as you asked me, and go away without even bidding you good-bye?'

'I hoped you would,' she answered, and her lips trembled as she uttered the words.

'Then you do not know me,' he replied, 'nor do you know yourself. No, darling; you are my affianced wife, and I refuse to go. What is more, I will not give you up, come what may. Surely you do not think that mine is such a fair-weather love that it must be destroyed by the first adverse wind? Try it and see.'

'But I cannot and must not try it,' she answered; and then she added, with such a weight of sorrow in her voice that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from taking her in his arms and comforting her, 'Oh, you can have no idea how unhappy I am!'

'The more reason that I should be with you to comfort you, darling,' he declared. 'What am

I here for, if not to help you? You do not seem to have realised my proper position in the world. If you are not very careful, I shall pick you up and carry you off to the nearest parson, and marry you, willy-nilly; and after that you'll be obliged to put the management of your affairs in my hands, whether you want to or not.'

She looked at him a little reproachfully.

'Please don't joke about it,' she said. 'I assure you it is by no means a laughing matter to me.'

'Nor is it to me,' answered Browne. 'I should have liked you to have seen my face when I read your letter. I firmly believe I was the most miserable man in Europe.'

She offered no reply to this speech, and perhaps that was why a little old gentleman, the same old man in the threadbare black cloak and old-fashioned hat who haunts the galleries, and who entered at that moment, imagined that they were quarrelling.

'Come,' said the young man at last, 'let us find a place where we can sit down and talk unobserved. Then we'll thrash the matter out properly.'

'But it will be no use,' replied Katherine. 'Believe me, I have thought it out most carefully, and have quite made up my mind what I must do. Please do not ask me to break the resolutions I have made.'

'I will not ask you to do anything but love me, dear,' returned Browne. 'The unfortunate part of it is, you see, I also have made resolutions that you on your side must not ask me to break. In that case it seems that we have come to a deadlock, and the only way out of it is for us to start afresh, to discuss the matter thoroughly, and so arrive at an understanding. Come along; I know an excellent corner where we can talk without fear of being disturbed. Let us find it.'

Seeing that to protest would be useless, and deriving a feeling of safety from his masterfulness, she allowed him to lead her along the galleries until they reached the corner to which he had referred. No one was in sight, not even the little old man in the cloak, who was probably

gloating, according to custom, over the 'Venus del Pardo' in Room VI.

'Now let us sit down,' said Browne, pointing to the seat, 'and you must tell me everything. Remember, I have a right to know; and reflect also that, if there is any person in this wide world who can help you, it is I, your husband in the sight of God, if not by the law of man.'

He took her hand, and found that it was trembling. He pressed it within his own as if to give her courage.

'Tell me everything, darling,' he said—'everything from the very beginning to the end. Then I shall know how to help you. I can see that you have been worrying yourself about it more than is good for your health. Let me share the responsibility with you.'

She had to admit to herself that, after all, it was good to have a man to lean upon, to feel that such a pillar of strength was behind her. For this reason she unconsciously drew a little closer to him, as though she would seek shelter in his arms and defy the world from that place of security.

'Now let me have your story,' said Browne. 'Hide nothing from me; for only when I know all shall I be in a position to say how I am in a position to help you.'

He felt a shudder sweep over her as he said this, and a considerable interval elapsed before she replied. When she did her voice was harsh and strained, as if she were nerving herself to make an admission which she would rather not have allowed to pass her lips.

'You cannot imagine,' she said, 'how it pains me to have to tell you my pitiful tale. And yet I feel that I should be doing you a far greater wrong if I were to keep silence. It is not for myself that I feel this, but for you. Whatever may be my fate, whatever may come later, I want you always to remember that.'

'I will remember,' her lover replied softly. 'But you must not think of me at all, dear. I am content to serve you. Now tell me everything.'

Once more she was silent for a few moments, as though she was collecting her thoughts; then she commenced her tale.

THE ELIMINATION OF THE DRUNKARD.



HERE are perhaps as many proposals for the solution of the drink problem as there are sides to the question. Inasmuch as the evil is one of the people's own choosing, it is suggested that a popularly elected body for the control of the drink traffic would have the effect of doing away with as much of it as, in their later experience of

it, they found to be desirable. Some say that the evils of the traffic are almost entirely due to the bad quality of alcoholic liquors on sale in the public-houses, and would have us believe that by the prevention of adulteration and by the enforced maturing of spirits we would be rid of drunkards. Others again say that no more need be done than simply to enforce the law as it at present exists, and drunkenness—at least in public—will soon be

a thing of the past. A certain number of persons, probably in a very small minority, would impose total prohibition upon the drunken community, whether the public wish it or not; and these and the Local Option party are not averse to a sacrifice of the opportunities of the many in order to save the drunken few. Lastly, there have always been some who have insisted that the only way to deal with drunkenness is to remove the drunkard. All attempts to deal with the question may be classified under one of three proposals: those which put restrictions upon the kind of liquor to be offered to the public, those which would put more restrictions upon the opportunities of the public to obtain liquor, and those which would put greater restrictions upon the drunkard. One is inclined to one or other of those methods according as one regards a moderate use of alcohol as desirable or not, and according as one interprets the principle of the liberty of the individual subject.

Perhaps it is true that the scientific men of the country and the medical profession have on the whole most strongly advocated the restriction of the drunkard. They have been telling us for many years now that there is a stage in drunkenness when the vice becomes a disease, when the drunkard should be called a patient, and when he can no more be held capable of choice or of self-restraint in the matter of drinking than an epileptic can be supposed capable of staying off a fit by an effort of will. Accordingly, it has been the constant recommendation of science and of medicine that the drunkard should be taken prisoner and segregated for a season in spite of himself. The value to the community of the removal of the drunkard from its midst is not to be measured only by the happy release which is bound to be felt when a most undesirable class of persons disappears. Nor is the gain to be regarded only as a relief to the ratepayer by the removal of an incubus on the parish. Even if all drunkards were summarily removed by death the gain to society would not only be here and now. Posterity might perhaps be considered to have gained even more than the generation from which the drunkards have been taken; for one of the worst features of the habit of excessive drinking is that it is in some sense hereditary.

In a recent work, *The Present Evolution of Man*, Dr Archdall Reid takes the view that the human being, regarded as an organism, is evolving chiefly in relation to infectious diseases and in relation to alcohol and other drugs. We can have no sort of surety that a person or a stock is able to survive any disease, or that immunity to it has been acquired, except by the slow process of experience and of survival of the fit. Similarly, we can have no surety that a family or a race will be strong to resist alcohol except the probability that immunity will follow upon an experience of it which eliminates the most weak. Now, though the effects of

alcohol are more slow and lingering than the effects of a disease such as that of smallpox, the immediate results are much more miserable. If drunkenness killed quickly there would be a speedy end to the trouble. But it does not; and in the process of drunkenness much misery comes to the drunkard, to society, and particularly to his family. The best we can hope is that, by some slow process of elimination of those who are weak in relation to alcohol, the race will be spared all those miseries which precede the death of the drunkard. The revised version of the inheritance of drunkenness is that the offspring of drunkards inherit a predisposition to fall victims to the habit to which the parents were predisposed before them. If drunkards, then, were removed from social life, if they did not marry and did not beget children, posterity would at least be spared that proportion of drunkenness which is due to inheritance. But a much more important consideration is that which refers to the effect upon the children of drunkards of growing up in a domestic environment which is drunken. These things are all a matter of opinion; but we are probably within the mark in saying that for one man who is born to drunkenness there are two or three who are educated to it by drunken parents. Fortunately this educational influence is one which a process of elimination of drunkards from social life will prevent even more than it will prevent the procreation of children born to drunkenness.

These considerations would be irrelevant and purely academic were it not that on the 1st of January 1899 there came technically, though not practically into operation until a little later, an act which, for the first time in the history of our constitution, explicitly aims at the elimination of the drunkard. The Inebriates Act, 1898, as it is to be called, is an act which provides for the detention in a reformatory, for a period not exceeding three years, of persons who have come into court because of crimes committed under the influence of drink, or to which drunkenness has contributed, and for a similar detention of offenders who have been convicted four times within a twelvemonth of acts of drunkenness which the law already regards as offences. The general effect upon society of the compulsory detention of these drunken criminals does not now concern us, nor need we now inquire into its effect upon the drunkard. We are dealing now with the effect upon posterity of the elimination of drunkards; and we may confidently hope that if this act is well administered it will lead to a great improvement in the chances of posterity in relation to alcohol in the two directions which we have indicated. The detention of habitual drunkards for the periods indicated may be expected to have but a slight effect upon their procreative capacity, and the effect in withdrawing the baneful influence of drunken parents from

the rising generation may not be of much greater importance; but we may be assured that this act, which was admitted by the Government at the time of its passing to be more or less tentative, opens the gate at which the scientists and doctors have been clamouring for years. If pains be taken to make this act successful, it will have paved the way for an act which will provide for the detention of all habitual drunkards, whether

criminal or not. Without doubt time will prove the necessity of extending the period of detention of those for whom a few years' segregation are found insufficient. Then posterity will have to bear all the blame of its drunkenness, because this generation will have taken the necessary precautions to eliminate from social life those who would otherwise come to be looked back upon as a drunken ancestry.

THE UNIQUE MRS SPINK.

III.



O matters drifted on for a space, Albert congratulating himself on the effect of his timely word, and becoming more and more settled in his old bachelor habits. His days were passed in regular routine. He rose at eight, breakfasted at eight-thirty, had a stroll round the garden, and took the nine-twenty-five train to town; lunched at one o'clock; and, leaving business for the day at five, dined at his club, and thereafter joined in a game of billiards, or, if the weather permitted, adjourned to play golf at Tooting Common. Occasionally he dined with some old friend, or went to the theatre. So that his daily occupation of Fairweather Villa began and ended between the hours of 9 P.M. and 9 A.M.

It was a placid, unemotional existence; and, knowing no other, he was contented. But, all unknown to Albert, a little cloud had arisen which threatened to overshadow him.

One glorious summer night he reached home in splendid spirits. His side had just won a hardly-contested foursome, and he owned the proud consciousness that never had he played better golf. There was no premonition of the thunder-bolt which, modestly encased in an ordinary envelope, lay on the hall table awaiting him.

The enclosure was in Elizabeth's handwriting. Holding it under the hall lamp, Mr Spink succeeded in deciphering the careful penmanship:

DEAR MR ALBERT,—We are going to have another. Will you kindly let us know when you are suited and we shall leave.—Yours respectfully,

MR AND MRS LOPHAM.

Here was indeed a calamity!

Folks accustomed to change their maids monthly, and their dwellings every third year, can form no conception of what this threatened innovation meant to Albert Edward Spink, who had been born in Fairweather Villa, Balham, S.W., and to whose requirements the same servant had attended for many years.

That, under the circumstances, the Lopham family should remain was, of course, impossible.

Already they numbered four; and despite Elizabeth's vigilance and anxiety to keep her husband and family in the background, Mr Spink could not fail to be at times painfully conscious of their presence.

Little awkwardnesses darted across his memory. He had not forgotten that Sunday afternoon when Hackstraw, a City acquaintance, being in the neighbourhood, chanced to call, bringing with him his wife and sister. They were cosily chatting in the drawing-room, when young Jonathan, who was of an adventurous turn, took it upon himself to fall downstairs, landing, with a tremendous crash and a series of piercing yells, in the hall just outside the drawing-room door; Mrs Lopham had swiftly appeared and spirited her offspring away to the back premises, whence his howls, although softened by distance and intervening doors, still reached their ears.

He had found it distinctly annoying when Mrs Hackstraw prefixed her murmurs of sympathy with the remark that she had been under the impression that he was unmarried. It was disconcerting to be obliged to reply that it was the child of his housekeeper, who, with her husband, resided with him. He intercepted a glance Mrs Hackstraw exchanged with her husband, and felt that they pitied him for the foolish lenience which led to the possibility of such awkward occurrences.

Yes, the fiat had gone forth. The Lophams must go.

Albert smoked three pipes without coming to any definite decision regarding the best method of procedure towards the engaging of a new housekeeper, and finally resolved to take Mrs Thornycroft's advice. She was an old friend, and a bright, sensible woman. She would be sure to counsel him aright.

IV.



HERE is nothing else for it. You must marry.

Such was Mrs Thornycroft's ultimatum, and it startled Mr Spink vastly. 'Marry!' he echoed, appalled.

'Yes, Albert. Why not? You should have married years ago. Do you never consider that, when men are so scarce, you are doing a positive injustice to womankind by remaining a bachelor?'

'Well, no. I must confess I never thought of it in that way.'

'You have been too comfortable, that's all. I am inclined to believe that this episode of the Lophams will turn out an admirable thing for you, after all, if it lures you on to matrimony.'

'But couldn't I get another housekeeper? I hoped that you might be good enough to engage one for me.'

'I shall, of course, if you wish it, Albert. But supposing I do, who is to teach her her duties, and see that she keeps the house as it should be?'

'It shouldn't be difficult for a capable woman. Half the rooms are locked up. I only use three, and, except on Sundays, merely breakfast at home.'

'Well, I'll do what you ask. But I am certain you would be happier with a nice wife.'

And somehow, after thinking the matter over, Mr Spink found himself veering round to Mrs Thorneycroft's point of view. It would certainly be pleasant to have a sympathetic wife. It was dismal coming home in the evenings and finding no one with whom he could discuss his affairs. If he did marry he would dine at home, too: the reiteration peculiar to the club menus wearied him.

There was a strong strain of romance in Albert's nature, albeit his prosaic mode of life had allowed it to lie untuned; and, as the idea grew upon him, he began unconsciously to build castles in the air.

His wife would sit opposite him as they breakfasted in his cosy dining-room, and be at hand to give him a cup of tea when he reached home in the afternoon. Then they would have a game of tennis or golf, and a dainty little dinner, followed by some music.

He opened the old cottage piano whereon his chubby infant fingers had learned to play 'Listen to the Mocking-bird' and 'Life let us Cherish.' It had been silent since his mother died, and some of the yellow keys struck dumb.

The sweet, feeble music of the notes thrilling his nerves brought a little rush of emotion, and for the first time he realised how lonely and self-centred his life had been.

With a wife to share his interests all would be changed. They would not stagnate as he had been content to do. Together they would gather up the threads of some dropped friendships, and make new ones, and a pleasant exchange of hospitality would follow. He would not devote himself so exclusively to business as hitherto. His circumstances permitted him to take a holiday when he listed. They would often escape the London fogs by spending a day or two at

Hastings or Bournemouth, and each autumn they would do a little Continental travelling.

Hastily writing a line to Mrs Thorneycroft requesting her to take no steps about engaging a housekeeper for him until he had seen her, he ran out and posted the missive, then retired to rest, feeling happier in the prospect of the future change than a few hours earlier he would have deemed possible.

It was with a new spirit of adventure that Mr Spink awoke next morning, and he was conscious of making a more than usually careful toilet. Though even to himself he would not acknowledge it, he had the feeling that now any moment might bring him into the presence of the woman who was fated to share the remainder of his life; so that it belied him to appear at his best.

In response to Elizabeth's questioning look, he replied that he had received their note, and that other arrangements were in progress. He would let her know when they were completed.

At the station he found himself viewing with a new interest the few young ladies who were on the platform while he waited for his train.

His morning's work was despatched with unusual alacrity, and, after a hurried lunch, he took a hansom and sped westwards to Mrs Thorneycroft's mansion in Kensington.

Fortune favoured him, for his mentor was at home, and alone.

Albert did not waste a moment in beating about the bush.

'My dear friend,' he made frank avowal, 'I am going to take your advice. I have resolved to marry.'

'Now that's *delightful*. Albert, I am rejoiced. Who is the happy woman?'

'Well, really,' Mr Spink laughed a trifle sheepishly, 'that is for you to say. I must confess I haven't the most remote idea!'

Mrs Thorneycroft fairly sparkled with delight. Here, then, was a task after her own heart.

'I know lots of awfully nice women, and I'm certain you could find a perfectly suitable wife among them. Tell me what qualifications your ideal woman must have.'

'Well, she must be nice-looking.'

'Of course.'

'And good-tempered.'

'Surely.'

'And I would like an intellectual woman. Not a frivolous one.'

'Yes.'

'If she were musical, that would be an attraction.'

'Yes.'

'And her relatives must be desirable; I would not like her to have too many or disreputable ones.'

'An orphan preferred. Go on.'

'I always admire tall women, and slender.'

Mrs Thorneycroft's figure being tall and slender, not to say attenuated, she answered cheerfully, 'Very good. Proceed. You would like one of a suitable age, of course?'

'Yes, of course, about'—

'Well, about?'—

'Oh, perhaps twenty-three or so.'

'Oh!' said Mrs Thorneycroft, but her emphasis escaped Albert's notice. He was too much engrossed in building up his ideal goddess to remark the slight touch of sarcasm which leavened her 'Oh!'

'And I am to find the lady. Now let us sum up. She must be young—as matters go nowadays twenty-three is as young as eighteen was in my girlhood; she must be pretty, and tall and slender, good-tempered and clever, musical and intellectual, and have no objectionable relatives. The unique Mrs Spink! My dear Albert, I sincerely wish you may get her!'

'Why? Don't you know of any girls who have these requirements?' he asked anxiously, a little disturbed by her badinage. 'I'm sure you must know lots.'

'Oh yes! I am only jesting. I know plenty of charming girls.' Mrs Thorneycroft was of a sympathetic disposition, and hated giving pain, so she did not add, as a more candid and less tactful friend might have done, 'but perhaps they won't wish to marry you.' She decided to see that Albert had a fair selection, and the result would be his concern, not hers.

'We go up the river to our little bungalow on Friday. Suppose you visit us there from Saturday till Monday. I won't promise anything, but'—

And Mr Spink left Cromwell Gardens with the conviction that the romance of his life was dated to begin on the following Saturday.

NOVELISTS I HAVE KNOWN.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT, Author of *Personal Forces of the Period*, &c.



NOTICEABLY handsome clerical couple—the clergyman himself slight, tall, with fine features, clear voice, an abundance of light silken hair, reminding, as it used to be said, the Somersetshire villagers of

Absalom; the lady glorying in a wavy profusion of golden locks. Here is the first dim memory belonging to the present writer of a once popular novelist. The clergyman himself was curate of a little village outside Bridgwater some time during the first fifty years of this century. He was a striking preacher, and much thought of by the connoisseurs of sermons from the neighbouring town. In those far-off years Mr and Mrs Gordon Smythies were undoubtedly chief notabilities in that part of the western county. There was close logic as well as flow of words in the sermons of the gentleman. There were brightness, briskness, and study of the lighter aspects of life in the novels of the lady. These were the fictions that, rivalling the popularity of Mrs Gore, prefigured as well as perhaps inspired a more pretentious school of later novelists of society. *The Marrying Man*, *The Flirt*, and so forth were the titles of these unsophisticated, rather flimsy, but morally harmless romances. Mrs Gordon Smythies was enough of a contemporary with Mrs Gore to be able to repudiate the charge of being her imitator or even disciple. Her husband, the Rev. Yorick Smythies, had seen the world both at college and in society, and had lived with well-known people; he was thus more likely than any literary teacher of that period to have eked out the knowledge of his wife from his own reminiscences. The mother of

the golden-haired Mrs Smythies was also a bright, well-informed, experienced old lady; her son, too, a pupil of the clergyman in his Oxford reading, had known what was then not called society, but the *beau monde*. The appetite for Ouida's more finished romances in the early sixties had doubtless been in part created between one and two decades before by Mrs Gordon Smythies. The earlier writer, too, was like the later, poet as well as novelist. In some verses wanting neither in power nor grace, and for a short while much the vogue, Mrs Smythies described those marshy, unhealthy flats of 'Tuscany' which gave Miss de la Ramée a title for one of her novels. Probably when Ouida christened her book *Maremma* she had never heard of, still less read, the poem of the old-world society novelist. She will probably learn for the first time of the coincidence in title as a very trifling curiosity of literature. The Quantock district of Somerset—that now spoken of—has always been proud of, perhaps even still lives on, the literary traditions that have descended to it from the sojourn there of Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Another name, immortalised at least by Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, has more lately associated itself with the fiction-writers of the western county. The Capell Loft who was the literary founder of his family had been the patron of poets, especially of Bloomfield, the bard of the *Farmer's Boy*, not less than the friend of members of what was called the Lake School. His descendant, vividly recalled as she is by the present writer, was, as Mrs Irwin, the wife of the rector of Charlynych, a village some few miles from the home of Mrs Gordon

Smythies. This daughter of the house of Loft, a cultivated person, excelled as a conversationalist, and essayed fiction with far more than local success. Hers were not society novels; they showed close observation of life by an original mind. Without the inner knowledge of smart life in Violet Fane's *Sophy*, their social satire gave a foretaste of the bitter-sweet flavour which, perfected by Violet Fane, leaves a taste as of olives on the literary palate.

On the road between Bridgwater and Petherton is, or was, a square, roomy building known as Ham House. Periodical and always unfulfilled rumour attributed to Thackeray an intention of renting this residence. Even without him the county in the days now mentioned was proud of its reputation for novelists.

The last election at Bath in the fifties brought into juxtaposition a fairly well-known novel-writer, and the supposed original of a far better known novel character. The architect of the Royal Exchange, Sir William Tite (knighted in 1869), is always said to have given Dickens some hints for the character of Pecksniff in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mr Tite had already represented the Somerset capital in 1855. When, in 1857, he sought re-election, there was standing together with him the urbane, dignified, and universally accomplished possessor of Clevedon Court. About this time Sir Arthur Hallam Elton had written a novel which had set every one talking between the Avon and the Tamar. The book was called *Below the Surface*; its subject was the Ritualistic section in the Church of England; its motto, I think, was a line of Juvenal,* tellingly adapted to the domestic danger of the confession-hearing Anglican priest in the family. Of benevolence at least equal to his wealth, of the most perfect breeding, of the most unruffled amiability, Sir Arthur Elton was not the man, as every one knew, to use his talents or his commanding position to attack, save on public grounds, any interest or individual. The exposure of Puseyism, as it was then called, in its domestic aspects, was undertaken as a public duty, though pointed perhaps by private experiences. Neither the Oxford secessions nor Lord John Russell's Durham letter incriminating the High Anglicans were then ancient history. The fiction was a telling commentary on the historic facts. Such was the stir it made that two three-volume editions were sold off in a couple of weeks. Sir Arthur Elton's hospitalities had in the south the same sort of fame as those of Sir William Stirling Maxwell in the north. Tennyson, Gladstone, and indeed all persons of promise or distinction visiting the west were guests at Clevedon Court. Bath had then a number of small, very select literary clubs and societies, dating at least from the days of Beau Nash. At these Sir Arthur Elton's genial dignified presence, ready knowledge,

and rare conversational power made him a central figure—reflected, indeed, distinction on the place. But the memorable enthusiasm of some of his public receptions during 1857 were chiefly due to the fact of his having hit the taste of the county, in some degree of the country too, between the wind and water. Religious feeling in Bath was then, as it has often been, largely Evangelical. Sir Arthur Elton's *Below the Surface* was welcomed as the social gospel of a new Evangelical crusade, in a place whose traditions generally have been Low Church.

Intellectually not less than physically the most notable Bath novelist was a very interesting, original, and well-informed man, who recently died at Brighton, the Rev. James Pycroft. The Hatchard's of Bath was then the shop of a bookseller in Bridge Street, named Peach. Overtopping the little crowd of gentlemen and ladies on these well-known premises, Mr Pycroft's tall, thin, but well-knit and upright figure, clerically clad though not clerically occupied, seemed that of the intellectual oracle of Bath between thirty and forty years ago. As the author of *The Cricket Field*, he was also a classical authority on the national game; in the field of the Lansdowne Club, by the side of the Avon, he passed many summer afternoons. Here he predicted the national fame of the brothers Grace, of whom in those days the most famous, I think, was E. M. But Mr Pycroft foretold that it was W. G. Grace who would furnish the most formidable batsman ever yet sent forth from the west of England. In his earlier days Mr Pycroft had been a master at Cheltenham College, as well as a beneficed clergyman in North Devon. For many years he filled at Bath the place already described, that of a sort of universal referee in educational or literary matters. Suddenly he astonished many, interested others, and delighted some, himself especially, by appearing as a novelist. His story of *Agony Point*, a genially didactic satire on modern extravagance, was certain to have been full of good things, for Mr Pycroft was quite as well read as was the author of that volume of encyclopædic gossip and ana called *Lacon*, which is none the less useful although probably to-day almost forgotten. But Mr Pycroft's friends were not prepared for such clear delineation of character and such fresh domestic satire as the novel contained. The author's name seems to have been withheld from the earlier copies, when, greatly to his delight, some rumours attributed it to Anthony Trollope, and Mr Pycroft gracefully acknowledged the work, much to the satisfaction of the reading public of Bath and Cheltenham. After a short sojourn in London this novelist settled in Brighton.

That town then had a little literary society of its own, not unlike that of Bath, chiefly organised by the Misses Horace Smith, sisters of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*. Sometime during the seventies these kind ladies gave a dinner-party in Mr Pycroft's honour, Anthony Trollope and

* *Scire domus secreta volunt atque inde timeri.*

Robert Browning, then on a visit to Brighton, being among the guests. The talk was less literary than the good hostesses might have liked. Trollope blustered out a paradox denying the educational value of Greek. Browning, who had just translated the *Æschylean* trilogy, asked Pycroft, as a classical scholar, his opinion on the version, which some thought to be rather more obscure than the original; the divine diplomatically parried the question by leading back the conversation to Trollope's original statement. In deference to a meek young divine who, fresh from Oxford, kept a school in Regency Square, the rest of the talk centred entirely round the merits or the reverse of the public school *Latin Grammar*, which (1871) had not then long appeared.

Universal dissent was a common feature of kind-hearted, grumbling Anthony Trollope's talk. 'I utterly disagree with you; what was it you were saying?' Such was the comment and inquiry that followed each other after a pause in a late evening's talk, during which Trollope seemed to have been dozing. No man doing with such zeal all he engaged in took himself less seriously than Trollope; even his falls in the hunting-field elicited many more laughs from himself than from any who witnessed them. His kindness was unbounded; but he never let the left hand know what the right hand did. When a literary friend died in difficulties and his books were going to the hammer, Trollope literally intercepted them on their way to the auctioneer's, insisted on paying for them on his own lavish valuation, provided that the widow never knew who was the purchaser. Of all comparatively recent novelists, Trollope admired Whyte-Melville most. Of that finished man of the world as well as literary artist, one characteristic remark made at dinner in a Warwickshire country house can never be forgotten by those who heard it. 'If,' he said, half-soliloquising over the day's incidents in the hunting-field, 'I was asked to give a piece of advice to a young man just starting in life, it would be: "Ride straight to hounds, and never talk!"' Trollope loved Ireland, where he had first learned to ride and write, and almost adored her great novelist, Charles Lever. Once, and once only, I met these two men together, at the house in County Galway of a very popular, clever, and agreeable Irishman who then sat for the county, who afterwards served his country in responsible offices abroad, and who in his later years was one of the most welcome figures in London society. As host to Lever and Trollope in those days, he made no secret of his ancestral fortunes having declined. There were rumours—a very old story—of the half-liveried servants waiting at dinner being sheriff's officers in disguise. 'In your father's day,' observed Trollope to the host, 'his people would have taught an unwelcome visitor, on whatever plea, it was as much as his life was worth to push past the lodge gate.' 'I very much fear,' rejoined Lever across the

walnuts and the wine, holding up as he spoke his nut-crackers pistol-wise, 'all that sort of thing has gone long out of date.' Anthony Trollope often told this story, imitating the gesture with the nut-crackers, in later years; but by that time, I think, the phrase which struck him—'all that sort of thing'—and its inner meaning, had been put by Lever into one of his stories or gossipy *Blackwood* papers. It has been said of Trollope that he could work equally well at any time. The truth is, as J. A. Froude once remarked, there was never an hour in his 'banging-about life' when he was not at work; whether he were pounding on his stout old cob for his morning ride in Rotten Row, or playing his afternoon rubber at the Garrick, his thoughts seldom wandered far from the situation or the phrase which was to be the keynote of his next chapter. Only late in life did he lighten his unending labour by the help of an amanuensis, and then only because of an accident physical and domestic. He had sprained his hand. A niece of his wife was staying in his house in Manchester Square. When, according to his habit, he descended to his study just as the housemaid was about to light the fire, he found he could only use his pen with some pain. The housemaid was sent up to ask the young lady to come down as soon as might be. Trollope found the work of dictation unexpectedly easy; his niece soon took up her abode beneath his roof, and to the day of his death he never employed any other amanuensis, nor ever wrote another novel with his own hand.

He knew, of course, at his clubs and in general society every one worth knowing. His two great friends at the Garrick and elsewhere were Millais, whose pencil had so happily portrayed his best heroines, and Sir Henry James, to-day Lord James of Hereford, who perpetually appears in many of the political sketches of his later novels, and whom he had expected to see Lord Chancellor before he died. Among literary workers he saw most of Edward Pigott, the late dramatic censor, and Mr Edward Dicey, who in the later sixties had acted with him in the editorship of *St Paul's Magazine*. In general company his brightness and temper were apt both to be uncertain. As his frequent guest in Manchester Square, the present writer is but one of several who found him invariably the pleasantest of hosts and the staunchest of friends.

The recent death of Mrs Lynn Linton may be compared to that of Trollope in 1882, in that it has been followed by the break-up of one of the most interesting of little literary societies. The dinner-parties of Sir — and Lady — were often the most representative of intellectual gatherings. Mr Henry James and other cultivated Americans first made their *début* there, while the author of *Joshua Davidson* seldom was absent. Neither for those nor the Manchester Square hospitalities have there yet been found in the whirl and

multitude of London entertainments any exact successors. Anthony Trollope and Mrs Lynn Linton both had the gift of penetrating with their very different personalities the company in which they were. Mrs Linton was a real intellectual centre in those friendly gatherings at which was

found the best professional and absolutely the most intellectual society in London. Now she is removed those parties are no more; while, whether in club, in country house, or family party, Anthony Trollope's place still shows no sign of being filled.

THE LABOUR CONDITIONS OF A BRITISH COLONY.

THE 'Labour Problem' is assuming year by year a graver aspect. The continual recurrence of strikes and the wide publicity given to the arguments of the strikers in the press are creating in the minds of those

who are watching the signs of our modern progress a feeling that a time is not far distant when the whole question of labour relations will have to be reconsidered from an entirely new standpoint.

On the one hand, the employer feels that a continual effort is being made to limit his authority, to dictate to him the conditions under which his capital can be employed; and an increased feeling of uneasiness is abroad amongst this class as to the probability of strikes seriously interfering with its plans at a time when large contracts are in course of fulfilment, involving, in the case of non-performance, heavy penalties and serious loss.

On the other hand, the labourer sees that under present conditions he has in his hands a very effective weapon with which to insist on what he believes to be his rights; and as the limit of these rights is extending, the use of this weapon of organised strikes is becoming more frequent. I will not attempt in this article to determine in how far right lies with one side or the other, but will give a brief history of the labour struggle in one of the British colonies.

The Emancipation Act was published in British Guiana on October 19, 1833, and on August 1, 1834, all the slaves became apprenticed labourers. It was confidently predicted by the abolitionist party in England that when the slaves were freed they would work on as before, only with a redoubled energy bred of the proud consciousness that they were no longer slaves.

During the period of apprenticeship signs were not wanting which indicated to all except those who wilfully refused to recognise the facts that a very different state of things would prevail after August 1, 1838 (Emancipation Day), than had been hoped for. Notwithstanding the fact that the working-hours of the labourers were reduced during the time of apprenticeship, several riots occurred, and great difficulty was found in getting the work of the plantations satisfactorily done.

As time passed this difficulty became greater

and greater; and at length, in 1836, the planters began to import labour. That this should have been necessary when the number of labourers in the colony was amply sufficient to perform the work of the estates is a striking proof of the change which had already begun to make itself felt.

In 1836 and 1837 labourers were imported from the British Isles, the United States, and Germany; but it was found that the climatic conditions were such as to render white labour, except such as came from Southern Europe, useless. In 1838 Lord Glenelg, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies, proposed to send out to British Guiana a batch of youthful offenders who were imprisoned on their first conviction; but the proposal met with no encouragement.

So pressing did the need for labourers become that as Emancipation Day drew near labourers were brought from Madeira, Barbadoes, St Lucia, Anguilla, St Kitts, Nevis, St Barts, St Helena, Sierra Leone, and Rio de Janeiro. These labourers were imported at the expense of the planters, and were bound by contract to work on the estates for a fixed period, at a fixed rate of pay. In addition to the labour derived from the above sources, 406 coolies from Calcutta arrived in the colony in 1838, under the following terms: Sirdars to receive seven rupees a month, and ordinary labourers five rupees (fourteen and ten shillings respectively, the rupee not having depreciated at that time). Daily rations were to be provided free to all—one pound and a half of rice, with salt, ghee, dhall, or peas. Clothing was to be furnished on landing, and afterwards annually. In return for these considerations, the coolies were to work every day from sunrise to sunset, with an interval of three hours in the heat of the day, and on Sundays until nine in the morning.

It is a striking fact that these terms were almost exactly the same as those under which the slaves themselves were working before the passing of the Emancipation Act. An Order in Council dated November 2, 1831, containing one hundred and thirty-one sections, regulated the treatment of the slaves in the most minute manner, providing that a regular supply of food according to a fixed tariff should be given weekly to each slave, that certain articles of clothing should be furnished yearly, and that parents and children or husband and wife were not to be separated except with

their own consent. Every owner of more than forty slaves was compelled to engage the services of a medical practitioner, whose duty it was to inspect the slaves at least once a fortnight, and enter the result of his inspection in a book provided for the purpose.

In order that the law should be carried out, a Protector of Slaves was appointed by the government, and this official and his subordinates were empowered to visit any estate without warning, and inspect the slaves. No slave could be punished in any way without an entry being made in the Record Book, which was open at all times to the Protector. In order to render any abuse of the law impossible, each slave had the legal right of leaving an estate without permission from his owner in order to lay any complaint before the Protector.

It cannot for a moment be doubted that the interests of the slaves were far more carefully guarded than those of the early immigrants. At length emancipation came, and with it a period of the utmost depression in all branches of industry. Cotton and coffee had been articles of export on a large scale. Of the former the annual export reached seven million pounds; of the latter, eight million pounds. After emancipation these two industries perished for want of reliable labour, the last bale of cotton leaving the colony in 1843, and the last bag of coffee in 1846.

In order that the colony might not be absolutely ruined, it was determined to organise a regular system of immigration, and arrangements were concluded with the Indian government which led, in 1845, to the commencement of a yearly importation of East Indian labourers, which, with the exception of two years—1849 and 1850—has continued down to the present time.

This system of immigration is under government control; and as four-fifths of all work done in the colony to-day is done by imported labour, I propose to describe the system in detail.

Everything in connection with immigration passes through the Immigration Department. At the head of this is the Immigration Agent-General, and under him are the sub-agents and interpreters, as well as a large staff of clerks. Every one in this office above the rank of an ordinary clerk must be proficient in at least one Indian dialect, those generally used being Hindi, Urdu, and Tamil. In Calcutta resides the Immigration Agent for India, an official of the British Guiana government. His duty is to recruit immigrants and attend to their shipment. The recruiting agents travel about the country and collect a number of men and women who are willing to accept the terms offered them. These are then despatched to Calcutta, where they are received at the Immigration Depot. Here they are fed and clothed for some weeks, during which time they are under medical inspection. At length, when the time comes for embarkation, a final inspection takes

place, and those who are found unfit are sent back to their homes.

Any immigrant who may have young children is allowed to take them out to the colony at the colony's expense, and they are not placed on the register as indentured immigrants. On the day of sailing there is a muster of the immigrants at the dépôt, and the terms of the agreement are read over to the people in batches of twenty at a time, and if any one wishes to draw back he can do so. The indenture sheet is then signed, and each immigrant is given a copy of his agreement signed by the agent, whose signature binds the employer in the colony to fulfil the conditions. The conditions are printed on the back of each agreement in three dialects. The immigrants are then marched to the ship in batches—first the married people, then the single women, and then the single men. (I use the term immigrant throughout, as I am writing from the standpoint of a resident in British Guiana.) Here they are received by the doctor of the ship, who calls a muster and checks each name on his list.

The doctor has full authority and responsibility during the voyage, and no order of any kind affecting the immigrants can be given without his consent. The vessels used for transporting the immigrants are fast-sailing ships, chartered for the purpose by the colonial government. Minute regulations are in force which govern every detail of the voyage to Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. The 'tween-decks are divided into three spaces, the single men occupying the forward division, the married people the next, and the single women the after-division. The whole ship is free to the immigrants, the poop, however, being reserved for the women. The passage over is always made as comfortable as possible for every one; and as the captain and officers each receive a bonus for every immigrant landed, the greatest care is taken to keep the ship thoroughly clean and the ventilation in good order.

The food to be supplied during the passage is fixed by law and on a scale of the utmost liberality. Fresh meat and vegetables, soup and rice and curry, form the principal items on the menu. Every day the doctor makes his rounds of inspection, in the morning and again in the evening; and any complaints are heard and investigated.

When the ship arrives in Georgetown the Immigration Agent-General comes on board and inspects the immigrants, and also receives the report of the voyage from the doctor. In this report are entered the births and deaths, and the particulars of any cases treated in the ship's hospital. As soon as convenient the immigrants are landed and marched up to the Immigration Depot, where they are given quarters until they are despatched to the various estates.

The system of allotment is as follows: Each estate which requires immigrants sends in a re-

quisition to the Agent-General stating the number of immigrants wanted. As the number asked for is always greater than the number available for allotment, the Agent-General determines how many are to be sent to each estate, and the managers are notified accordingly.

The terms of contract between the immigrant and the employer are fixed by law, and the Agent-General has the power to refuse immigrants to any estate on which he believes the immigrants are not being treated satisfactorily.

The employer has to furnish house-room to the immigrants free of cost, and no immigrants are allotted to any estate until the medical inspector has visited the dwelling-houses, and made an entry in a book kept for the purpose to the effect that the houses are built in a manner which fulfils the sanitary requirements laid down in the regulations.

Each estate has to provide a hospital capable of accommodating a certain percentage of all the immigrants on the estate. The hospital is to be in charge of a certified dispenser, who must live on the spot. Three times a week the government medical officer visits the hospital and examines each patient. Every case must be entered by him in the hospital book, with such particulars as to treatment as will serve to guide the dispenser. Every prescription is entered by the doctor in this book. At the termination of each visit the doctor signs the hospital book, and is held responsible by the government for the accuracy of the entries made.

Every indentured immigrant has the right of consulting the doctor, remaining in the hospital whilst sick, and receiving food, clothing, and medicine as long as he is there; and for this he pays nothing. In addition to this, the women can go to the hospital to be confined, and the doctor is compelled to perform any operations that may be necessary.

In order to give some idea of the extent to which the hospitals are used, I may mention that in the year ending 31st March 1896 the number of cases treated in the estates-hospitals was 124,326. Each estate must provide a school for the young children of the immigrants, and this privilege is also enjoyed free of charge.

The law fixes a minimum rate of wages—twenty-four cents for men and sixteen cents for women. Although this rate of pay seems very low, yet in reality it is not so, as it leaves a very considerable margin for saving, the expense of living being very small. In support of this statement I may refer to the official report of the Immigration Department for the year ending 31st March 1896, which shows that the 2089 immigrants who returned to India in the year under review carried with them \$119,289. The amount of money taken out of the colony by returning immigrants reaches in all the considerable sum of \$3,240,000.

After serving five years under indenture, and remaining five years longer in the colony, each immigrant can claim a passage back to India on payment of one-fourth of the actual expense in the case of men, and one-sixth in the case of women. In return for these considerations the immigrant agrees to work five days a week, for seven hours in the fields or ten hours in the factory.

The whole of the relation between the immigrant and his employer is covered by the Immigration Ordinance (No. 25, of 1891), and in all cases where difficulties arise the magistrate's court must be visited. The employer has no legal right to inflict a punishment of any kind whatever. If an immigrant refuses to work, a summons must be taken out against him. The case is tried by the magistrate as a civil matter, and the ordinary rules of procedure are observed. The offence must be proved by witnesses, and the defendant can, if he chooses, employ a lawyer to conduct his case. This is frequently done when the charge is a serious one.

If any immigrant has a cause of complaint against his employer or his employer's agents, he can go directly either to the nearest magistrate or to the Immigration Agent-General and state his case; and he has the legal right of leaving the estate without permission in order to do this. If the magistrate or the Agent-General thinks that the man has a just cause, either of them can issue a free summons against the person complained of.

The above facts present the conditions which prevail in regard to labour on the sugar estates of British Guiana. The report of the West India Royal Commission, published in October 1897, shows that of the total exports from British Guiana sugar formed 94 per cent., after deducting the value of the gold export. It will thus be seen that the labour question is practically confined to the sugar estates.

The way in which the expenses of the immigration system are met has been much criticised in recent years, many people holding the view that the whole population of the colony is being taxed for the benefit of the planters. To take the figures for the colony's financial year 1895-96, the total cost of immigration was \$461,284, of which \$300,444 represented expenses of introduction and establishments, and \$160,840 the cost of the medical service. Of the total sum the planters paid directly into the Treasury in cash and promissory notes \$153,761, and the balance was paid out of the general funds of the colony. Thus the planters bore one-third and the colony two-thirds of the immigration expenses.

The question naturally suggests itself whether it is fair to make the general public pay for the maintenance of a system of immigration which apparently benefits only one section of the community. At first sight one might be inclined to say

that such an arrangement was far from just, but a closer examination of the position puts the matter in a very different light. The total export trade of the colony for the year 1895-96, excluding gold, was valued at \$5,846,400, and of this sum sugar represented \$5,630,400. It will be seen from these figures that the sugar industry is the backbone of the colony, and that any circumstance affecting the industry would affect in a corresponding degree the welfare of the entire population. As the sugar estates are entirely dependent for their labour on the continuance of East Indian immigration, and as it would be absolutely impossible for the planters to bear the total cost of the system, the charging to general revenue of a portion of the cost of immigration was the only alternative to an entire collapse of the colony.

Apart from this, it is to be noted that, as the revenue of the colony is raised almost entirely from duties on imports, excise duty on rum, and retail spirit licences, the East Indians themselves, who form nearly half the population, pay as consumers a large proportion of the sum devoted to defraying immigration expenses.

The continued importation of East Indians has had a very marked effect on the census returns. In 1841 the population of the colony was composed of 90,900 black and coloured; 2219 Portuguese from Madeira; 2162 Scotch, English, and Irish; 403 French, Dutch, and Germans; 343 East Indians; and 159 North Americans; with about 1300 unclassified. It is not clear whether the aboriginal Indians are included in the above returns. In 1891 the population was made up as follows: Black and mixed races, 141,184; Africans, 3433; East Indians, 105,463; Portuguese, 12,166; Chinese, 3714; Europeans other than Portuguese, 4558; aborigines, 7463; not stated, 347. Thus in the fifty years 1841-91 the ratio of the East Indians to the rest of the population changed from one in every three hundred to three in every eight.

The black and coloured races are very much averse to manual labour, and this feature of their character becomes more marked year by year. It is attributed to various causes. Some observers set it down to the natural laziness of the people; others maintain that it is the result of the wide spread of education, with the accompanying desire for social elevation, which, acting together, tend to make field-work unpopular; another class of apologists ask, 'Why should a man work if he can live on the bountiful supplies of nature?'

Whatever be the cause, the fact remains that the colony has to send thousands of miles for labourers, whilst the majority of the natives are sitting idle. What the final result will be is not difficult to foresee. The East Indian, frugal and saving in his habits, careful of his children, setting great store by family ties, will eventually stamp out the native population, who, although

possessing many virtues and of hardier physique, are idle and improvident, and are so careless of their children that infant mortality forms one-fifth of the death-rate of the colony.

SUNSET.

ALL alone I pass to-day
'Neath the pinewood's rugged arches,
While the sunset's level ray,
Piercing through the slender larches,
Flecks with gold the mossy way.

Once, on such a day, you know,
Through such pines we climbed together—
She and I: how long ago!—
While across the purpling heather
Stole the sunset's deep'ning glow.

Towards the solemn verge of day
Mountains rose in stateliest order;
At our feet the brimming Spey
Flashed between each grassy border
Loitering on its dreamy way.

There we talked till day was gone
From the knoll among the heather;
And the wild bees' murmured drone
Still recalls that hour together,
Now I walk at eve alone.

How her gracious presence filled
All the pauses of my dreaming
With a glad content, that thrilled
Half my life to fairer seeming,
And my restless spirit stilled.

What although a silence fell
On our lips; our thoughts were meeting,
For we loved, I think, too well
To require much speech, repeating
What our hearts could better tell.

At her side the world looked bright,
In her eyes all hope shone clearer;
And for that sweet evening's light
Now I hold all sunsets dearer,
Though I walk alone to-night.

M. GRAHAM.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



RECRUITS.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces,
Author of How to be Happy though Married; Manners maketh Men, &c.

IT is to be hoped that giving the full shilling to our soldiers will bring in the quantity and quality of recruits desired; but we fear that it will make little or no difference.

In none of my frequent conversations with Tommy Atkins have I heard any gratitude expressed for the new order; and, whether rightly or wrongly, he discounts the supposed increase of pay as follows: One-half of the additional threepence he deducts for abolished deferred pay, and the other half he thinks Government will save by some dodge too artful to be easily discovered. He enlisted, he says, for a shilling and deferred pay, and if tardy Justice has at last made good the first part of the bargain, why should she pay herself for doing so by putting aside the second part—that is, deferred pay? No! if we want to tap a higher grade of society and get recruits of the artisan class, we must give pay that would be considered ruinous—that is to say, about half-a-crown a day. Boys and hobledehoys may be had for less, but hardly, when trade is good, those who have passed the threshold of manhood and settled down in some steady civilian employment. And indeed, considering the cost of crime and sickness in the army, it might perhaps be as cheap, in the end, to give even as much as two shillings and sixpence a day if by doing so we could close all the military prisons and half the hospitals. I say all the prisons; for if men were paid like this, almost the only, and certainly the most dreaded, punishment would be, as it is in the case of the Royal Irish Constabulary, dismissal from the service. Half the hospital accommodation, too, would do; for half the diseases and accidents that are treated in these places are the direct or indirect result of vices from which men better brought-up would be more exempt. Another and a cheaper way of getting recruits from a better class would be to

allow a soldier after he is dismissed recruits' drill, or even after he has been in the army for a month, to live anywhere he likes and can afford, so long as he turns up for his duties—he might pay a substitute for coal-carrying fatigue—well fed and properly dressed. The one-year volunteer student-soldier in the German army has this privilege, and it seems to work well there. What respectable parents who have tried to bring their sons up well dread, and the sons themselves, is the barrack-room. Perhaps the bad reputation which this place of residence has acquired is not altogether deserved; but if a young man knew that he could live in lodgings by himself or with one or more like-minded chums, and had not to face barrack-room customs, language, and glare of publicity, he would not be afraid, whatever were his antecedents, to indulge his tastes for soldiering. A regulation like this would, as it seems to me, be far better than a regiment of gentlemen privates, with its invidious distinction, and would give us thousands of recruits whom snobs of tradesmen would not warn off their premises for fear of missing the opportunity of entertaining a moneyed angel unawares.

For some years back England has been doing all she can think of to improve the condition of her soldiers; but she gets little or no credit for it. The fact is that the advantages of the army, in spite of the official statement, which may be read at any post-office, and the coloured posters on barrack gates, are not known or are not realised. If only batches of young civilian men were personally conducted through some of our new barracks, or even through the old ones when occupied by regiments with enlightened commanding officers, what an advertisement it would be for the army! Those who think of enlisting are ready enough to find out the drawbacks of military life, but not so quick at discovering what a really good time soldiers have. When, lately, the writer was

stationed at Plymouth none of the country lads would enlist at the Royal Artillery depôt, which was a little more than two miles from the town, because they used to see the gunners pulling about the guns, and they thought that the work might be fatiguing. Recruits for the artillery are more easily got where the work to be done is not known.

No one takes such a cynical view of recruits and of their motives for enlisting as soldiers themselves. A few of them the other day were enjoying that which is almost the greatest pleasure a soldier has—looking at an awkward squad of recruits; I began talking to them, and said something about the reasons that influence men to enlist. 'Believe me, sir,' said one of those addressed, 'few men enlist except from hunger'—that is, want of employment—or drunkenness.' This was an extreme opinion in one direction on a subject that is frequently discussed in the newspapers—the quantity and quality of recruits. 'Now then, gentlemen privates, take up your coal,' I lately heard a soldier say to his companions in a coal-carrying fatigue-party. This was a little bit of gentle satire in reference to the men of superior character, education, and social position who are supposed to be now enlisting by those who take a somewhat too rose-coloured view of our recruits. The truth lies between these extremes. It is not true that all men who enlist do so as a last resource, nor is it true that there is a startling change for the better in the quality of our recruits. The matter is regulated by the labour market. When trade is bad we get good recruits, and when good, bad ones. The army is still recruited mainly from the class of manual labourer. Of shop-assistants and clerks the year before last there were only seventy-three per thousand. Eleven others were of professional standing—students mainly. But, indeed, all sorts and conditions of men enlist, and this is why I have always liked talking to recruits. Hodge tells you about the last crop of 'mangle-wuzzel,' Jim Clerk talks of his office in the City, John Barleycorn of his days behind the bar, Mr Barnett Smith of his university days, and Mr Snag of his apprenticeship to a solicitor. Very curious experiences, too, are given by those who have travelled with a circus or show of some kind.

As to the reasons why men enlist, they are very mixed, and as many as the men. After a smart cavalry regiment or a battery of horse artillery passes through a town, young fellows think that they would like to look 'so handsome, brave, and grand,' and enlist simply and solely for the sake of the 'clothes.' Others join the army in order to see the 'foreign parts' about which they have heard chums speaking, who had returned to their native villages upon furlough. Then, of course, there is often a she in this, as in all other matters. There has been a lovers' quarrel, and the young fellow

enlists to spite the young woman; or his father has put a stepmother over him, and he thinks that a barrack-room will be less disagreeable than his home. Some become soldiers because they cannot get work; others because they do not like work, and think that a soldier has nothing to do but dress well and knock about with a cane. Others believe that the red coat, like charity, will hide a multitude of sins: they have not given satisfaction to their employers, or they have broken the laws of their country, and enter its service in order to hide themselves. Men enlist for the queerest reasons. Once a patient in a military hospital told me that he did so in order to have a military funeral, an honour that the poor fellow soon obtained. He was in consumption when he joined, but by some trick or another managed to sham the doctor. Another man gave to me as his reason for enlisting that he wanted to learn to read. He had escaped so successfully the School Board inspectors, and had been such a truant when a boy, that he grew up quite illiterate. Being ashamed of his ignorance, he thought he would learn something quietly in a military school. I would not for a moment suggest that men never enlist because they are soldiers at heart and like the profession. Many do, and this is proved by the number who try to get into a regiment that is likely to go to one of the little wars which we have always on hand. Indeed, there are a great many young Englishmen who like nothing so well as the chance of getting themselves killed.

Enlisting is very infectious. Recruits come in two or three at a time. If one youth in a village is seized with military ambition, some of those who work or idle with him, or who have been at school with him, will also wish to become Alexanders or Napoleons. I once had an interview with a man in a military prison who was there for fraudulent enlistment. He had deserted and become a soldier again; and yet the moment I saw him I noticed that his right or shooting eye was blind. Asking him about it, he said that the eye had always been blind. How did the man get through the medical examination each time he enlisted? This, however, was several years ago, and the doctor is more difficult to pass now. During the last six years twenty per cent. have failed to do so. Would-be soldiers, of course, try to make light of their defects; and one, an Irishman, when asked if he had ever had an accident, replied, 'Yes; I once took a cold.' The chest-measurement is the most frequent cause of rejection; but if a youth wants an inch or an inch and a half of girth, he can sometimes 'pull it up' by going through a militia training. So it is that the militia is a door to the army for private soldiers who are physically deficient, as it is for officers who, if not intellectually deficient, are not replete with book-lore. A candidato for the army is forcibly reminded of Herbert Spencer's teaching, that the foundation of all success in life is to be

a good animal. Divested of all his clothes, he is weighed, measured, tested in eyes and ears, and put through as many motions as a valuable horse when being bought. His first step to glory is not the goose-step on the parade-ground, as is generally supposed, but the one he takes when, in obedience to the doctor, he hops on one leg across the medical-inspection room. It is a pity that his teeth do not indicate his age, as they would in the case of a horse, for this would save him telling as many lies as some women do on this subject. But though the teeth do not show whether a growing lad is eighteen or less, or a young man over or under twenty-five, the medical officer, especially if he have carefully studied the new science of anthropometry, can generally detect a falsehood. Horne Tooke said that he had been christened and vaccinated, but neither of them took. If those who desire to join the army had to produce certificates of moral character, as is often suggested, we might have some indication as to whether their christening took. Whether their vaccination of civilian life took or not, or whatever may be their views on the subject, all recruits are immediately vaccinated. The number of men who come up to enlist varies much with the season. Fewest come in the summer, when work is plenty and it is not too cold to sleep out at night. Men who are very hard up may join at Christmas in order to share the good cheer and festivities which they hear of as provided in barracks; but those who have a table to put their legs under on Christmas Day postpone their fresh start in life until the new year.

One of the last reports of the Inspector-General of Recruiting refers favourably to the results of 'the new system of gymnastic training, which was specially drawn up with a view to the gradual development of the young soldier.' Would that some system could be provided which would save the young soldier from the demoralising influences of garrison towns and of older soldiers who undertake to show him life! Might not two or three depôts be established, in the country if possible, to one of which every man who enlists should be sent to do his recruits' drill? If recruits were


in this way all kept together moral supervision could be exercised, and special rules made which would be unpractical in reference to older soldiers. The officers and drill-sergeants at these depôts would acquire a special aptitude for managing young soldiers, and would prevent fraudulent enlistment by being able to recognise old hands.

One drawback there would be in having recruits by themselves at a depôt—there would be no older soldiers from whom they could learn how to clean their accoutrements, and other parts of a soldier's work. Still, this would be more than compensated for by an absence of instruction in vice and of petty persecutions which recruits not seldom get when they join a few at a time. It may be admitted, however, that the practical jokes of the barrack-room never did much to make military life unpopular, and that they are not now carried nearly so far as once they were. If Tommy Raw is sent by his room-mates to the carpenter's shop to get measured for a sentry-box, or persuaded to take his mess-tin on parade on muster days to get his allowance of mustard, this sort of thing happens at public schools and does not do much harm. Nor does it break rookey's (the recruit's) bones, nor inflict any permanent injury, if his bed is 'made' for him so that when he steps in he finds his feet stopped half-way, or 'set' so that it comes down during the night. In connection with the recruits' depôts suggested, there should, we think, be established schools for boys engaged, like boys for the navy, to become soldiers. They might get boys' pay, which would be better than giving to the mere boys in our regiments who are supposed to be men the wages of men.

We are glad to see from a late return that the popular impression that there is a great difficulty in getting recruits, and that, owing to a decline in the national physique, the standard had to be lowered, is without foundation. The cavalry standard was, it is true, reduced an inch; but this had nothing to do with an 'effete civilisation.' The fact was that the recruits were found to develop and increase in weight too rapidly for the comfort of the horses that had to carry them.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XII.

O begin with, I must tell you that my name is not Petrovitch at all: it is Polowski; Petrovitch was my mother's maiden name. Why I adopted it, instead of bearing my father's, you will understand directly. I was born in Warsaw, where my parents at the time had a temporary home. Though she died when I was only seven years old, I can distinctly remember my mother as

a tall, beautiful Hungarian woman, who used to sing me the sweetest songs I have ever heard in my life every evening when I went to bed. Oh, how well I can recall those songs!' Her eyes filled with tears at the recollection. 'Then there came a time when she did not put me to bed, and when I was not allowed to see her. Night after night I cried for her, I remember, until one evening an old woman, in whose charge I had often been left when my father and mother were

absent from the city, told me that I should never see her again, for she was dead. I did not know the meaning of death then; but I have learnt since that there are things which are worse, infinitely worse, than merely ceasing to live. My recollections of that period are not very distinct; but I can recall the fact that my poor mother lay in a room at the back of the house, and that old Maritza wept for her continually. There was much mystery also; and once an old gray-haired man said to some one in my presence, "*Do you think he will be fool enough to come when they are watching for him at every turn?*" To which the other replied, "*I am sure he will come, for he loved her.*" Then came the funeral, a dark and dreary day, which, when I look back upon it all now, seems like the beginning of a new life to me. I was only a little child, and when they brought me home from the cemetery I fell asleep almost before my head touched the pillow. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a loud cry, a trampling on the stairs, and a moment later the noise of men fighting in the corridor outside my room. Terrified almost out of my senses, I crouched in my little bed and listened. Then an order was given by some one, followed by the sound of more trampling on the stairs, and after that all was silence. Though, of course, I did not know it then, my father had been arrested by the police as a dangerous Nihilist, and a month later was on his way to Siberia. It was not until I was old enough to understand that I heard that he had been concerned in an attempt upon the life of the Czar. From what was told me then, and from what I have since learnt, there seems to have been little or no doubt but that he was connected with a dangerous band of Nihilists, and that he was not only mixed up in the affair for which he was condemned to penal servitude for life, but that he was one of the originators of the plot itself. And yet the only recollection I have of him is of a kind and loving father who, when he was at home, used to tell me fairy stories, and who declared his wife to be the sweetest woman in the world."

"Poor little girl," said Browne, pressing the hand he held, "you had indeed an unhappy childhood; but you have not yet told me how you came to be placed under the guardianship of Madame Bernstein."

"She was an old friend of my father's," Katherine replied; "and when my mother died, and he was sent to Siberia, she adopted me. I owe her a debt of gratitude that I can never repay; for, though she is perhaps a little peculiar in some things, she has been a very good and kind friend to me."

"And have you always been—well, shall we say—dependent on her?" asked Browne, with a little diffidence, for it was a delicate matter for a young man to touch upon with a proud and high-spirited girl.

"Oh no," Katherine replied, "You see, soon

after my mother's death it was discovered by some one—I cannot remember who—that one of her brothers was dead, and that by his will I, as his sole heiress, inherited his money. From your point of view it would be nothing, but to me it meant a great deal. It was carefully invested, and it brings me in, in English money, just three hundred pounds a year. Of course we cannot do much with such a sum; but, as we have no expensive tastes, Madame Bernstein and I find that with it, and the sum I make by my painting, we are just able to make both ends meet."

On hearing this Browne pricked up his ears. This was putting a new complexion on the affair.

"Do you mean to say that Madame Bernstein has no income of her own, and that all these years she has been living upon you?"

"Yes. And why not? You cannot realise what a wonderful manager she is. I should not be able to do half as much with it if I had the sole control of my money."

"This is a matter which will have to be attended to in the near future," said Browne to himself. Then, aloud, he added, "Never mind, little woman; when you are my wife madame shall retire in luxury. She shall not find us ungrateful, believe me. But continue your story. Or, I fancy, you had better let me finish it for you. You have told me that you have lived with Madame Bernstein, or rather, to be correct, that she has lived with you, for many years. You have travelled from place to place about Europe; for some reason or another you have had no fixed home; then you began to paint, and during the whole time you have denied yourself all sorts of things in order that madame should live in the lap of luxury. Oh, don't dispute it, for I knew what has happened as well as if I had been there to see. In the course of your peregrinations you went to Norway. There we met. Six months later you came to London, during which time I had been wondering whether I should ever see you again. Fate arranged that we should meet. I found you even more adorable than before, followed you to Paris, proposed and was accepted, and, like all pretty stories, ours must, and shall, end with the music of wedding bells."

"Impossible," she answered. "From what I have already shown you, you must see that it could not be. Had my life been differently situated I should have been proud—you do not know how proud—to be your wife; but, as it is, it is quite out of the question. Some day you will see that yourself, and will thank me for having prevented you from spoiling your life by a foolish marriage."

Browne saw that she was in deadly earnest. He was about to argue the question with her, but the look upon her face stopped him. For the moment he was frightened in spite of him-

self, and could only stammer out, 'I shall never see it.'

'You *must* see it,' she answered. 'There is a task I have set for myself, which I must finish, come what may.'

'Then, whatever it may be, I will share it with you,' said Browne. 'You must doubt my love, Katherine, if you refuse to let me help you.'

'I do not doubt your love,' she answered, 'but it is quite out of the question that I could avail myself of your assistance in this matter.'

'I will not believe it,' he continued. 'You are only saying it because you do not wish to inculcate me. But I *will* be inculcated, come what may. Tell me what it is you have to do, and I will help you to carry it through to the best of my ability; helping you where help is needed, and counselling you where you stand in need of advice. In other words, I place myself and all I have in the world at your disposal, darling, to do with as you will.'

'You are too noble,' she answered; 'too good and true. What other man would do as much?'

'Any man,' he answered, 'who loves a woman as I love you.'

'There can be but few who love so well,' she replied softly, for her heart was touched more than she could say; 'and yet, good as you are, I cannot accept your help. You do not know what I am about to attempt.'

'I do not care what it is,' he answered; 'it makes no sort of difference to my promise.'

'But it would afterwards,' she said. 'Why, do you not remember that I am the daughter of a convict; that my father was sent to Siberia to live in chains to the end of his days? He remained there for many years. Afterwards he was despatched to the island of Saghalien, where he now is. News has reached us within the last few days that he is ill, and that unless he leaves the island he will not live another year.'

'How did you hear that?' Browne inquired.

'Through Madame Bernstein,' Katherine replied. 'Ever since my father was first arrested she has managed somehow or other to obtain news of him.'

'And what is it you intend to do?'

'To help him to escape,' the girl replied.

'But it would be impossible,' said Browne, horrified at her declaration. 'You must not dream of such a thing.'

'But I do more than dream of it,' she replied. 'Remember, he is my father, my own flesh and blood, who is ill and suffering. You say you love me?'

'I think you know by this time that I do,' said Browne.

'Then what would you do if I were seized and carried away to a terrible island, where my life would be one long torture? Would you not do your best to rescue me?'

'Of course I would,' said Browne indignantly. 'You need not ask that.'

'Very well, then, you can see now how I feel. I do not say that he was right in his beliefs or in what he did; on the contrary, I think that he was distinctly wrong. The fact, however, remains that he is my father; and, however great his faults may have been, he has at least been punished for them. Can you picture what his existence must have been these many years? But of course you cannot. You do not know anything of Russian prisons. They have been described to me, however, by one who has seen them, and the account has filled me with such terror as I have never known in my life before.'

'But it would be sheer madness for you to attempt to rescue him,' said Browne. 'You could not possibly succeed. Your attempt would be foredoomed to failure.'

'It is very probable,' she answered; 'but would you have me for that reason draw back? It is my duty to make the attempt, even if I fail. You would have done the same for your own father, I know, had he been in the same position. Why should I not therefore do it for mine?'

'Because—why, because it is too preposterous,' said Browne, at loss for a better reason. 'I never heard of such a thing. You have not the least idea of the magnitude of the danger of what you are attempting.'

'Perhaps not,' she said. 'But if all those who make an attempt could foresee the result, I fancy a very small percentage would continue to strive. No; if you love me you will not try to make a coward of me just at the time when I am trying to do what I consider right.'

Browne took counsel with himself. The position was the most extraordinary he had ever faced. In his life he had met with many peculiar people, but never had he been brought in contact with a young girl who was willing to give up love, wealth, comfort, every prospect of happiness, even life itself, in order to attempt what was neither more nor less than a hopeless and impossible undertaking. And yet, short as his acquaintance with Katherine had been, he felt that he knew her well enough to be convinced that she would not abandon her purpose without a struggle. 'Loyalty before all' was his motto where she was concerned. He loved her, and if it was her desire to assist a by no means respectable father to escape from the prison in which he was very rightly confined, he must help her to the best of his abilities without considering the cost to himself. It would be a terrible business; but, at any rate, he would then be able to assure himself that she did not come to any harm.

'And you are determined to carry out this foolish scheme?' he asked. 'Is there nothing I can say or do that will be at all likely to dissuade you from your purpose?'

'Nothing at all,' she answered slowly, looking him steadily in the face. 'My mind is quite made up.'

'Very good, then,' he continued; 'in that case I will not oppose you further. Tell me how you propose to set about it.'

She shook her head. 'I do not know yet,' she answered. 'But you may be sure I will do it somehow. There must be a way, if I can only find it. At any rate, I am not afraid to look for it.'

Browne glanced at the pale yet determined face before him, and noted the strength of the mouth and chin. There was sufficient strength of mind there to carry the matter through, provided the needful opportunities were supplied. But would they be forthcoming? One thing was quite certain, she could not possibly manage with the limited means at her disposal. There at least she would be compelled to apply to him.

'Katherine,' he said at last, 'I have told you repeatedly that I love you, and now I am going to try to prove it to you. You say you are desirous of rescuing your father. Very good; then I am going to help you to do so. It will at least demonstrate the sincerity of my love for you, and will show you that all the assertions I have made are not merely so much idle chatter, but what I really feel.'

'You would help me?' she gasped, staggered for the moment at the magnitude of his proposal. 'Surely you do not know what you are saying?'

'I mean what I say,' he answered. 'If you are bent on rescuing your father I will help you. But I only offer my services on one condition.'

'And what is that?'

'That as soon as this business is finished you become my wife.'

'But I cannot let you do it,' she answered. 'Why should I draw you into it?'

'I do it because I love you, and because you love me,' he answered. 'Surely that is sufficient reason.'

'But'—

'We'll have no more *but's*, if you please,' said Browne. 'If it is a bargain, say so. This is going to be a genuine business contract, of which the terms are that I am to do my best to assist your father to escape, and in return you are to be my wife as soon as the work is completed.'

She looked at him almost tearfully. Though she felt it was her duty as a daughter to help her father, she nevertheless could not reconcile it to her conscience to draw the man she loved into danger. By this time they had risen from the seat, and were standing facing each other.

'Is it to be a bargain, Katherine?'

She did not answer, but, drawing his face down to hers, she kissed him on the lips.

'I understand,' he said; 'then we'll count it settled. I'll commence work to-day, and let you know what arrangements I am able to make. You trust me, Katherine, do you not?'

'With my whole heart and soul,' she answered. 'Who has ever been so good to me as you have been?'

'That has nothing at all to do with it,' he said. 'Now I'll take you down to the street, put you in a cab, and send you home to madame to tell, or not to tell, her, as you think best, the arrangement we have come to.'

'She will thank you as I have done,' said Katherine.

'I hope not,' said Browne, and, as he said it, he laughed.

She saw his playful meaning, and followed his example. Then Browne conducted her to the street, and, having placed her in a cab, sent her home, promising to call later on in the day to report progress. When she was safely on her way he glanced at his watch, and, finding it was not yet twelve o'clock, turned into the Amphitryon Club. He found Maas in the hall putting on his fur coat preparatory to leaving.

'My dear Browne,' he said, 'where on earth have you hidden yourself since your arrival in Paris? We have seen nothing of you here.'

'I have been too busy,' Browne replied, with an air of great responsibility. 'If you only knew all that I have gone through this morning you would be very much surprised.'

'My dear fellow,' said Maas, 'I believe I should be nothing of the kind. Vellencourt was married yesterday, and since I heard that news I am past being surprised at anything. I leave for London to-night. When do you return?'

'I scarcely know,' Browne replied. 'It may be to-day, and it may not be for a week. I am sick of Europe, and am half-thinking of arranging a yachting trip to the Farther East.'

'The deuce you are!' said Maas. 'What on earth has put that notion into your head?'

'What puts notions into anybody's head?' Browne inquired. 'I have often wanted to have a look at the Japanese Sea and the islands to the north of it. How do you know that I don't aspire to the honour of reading a paper on the subject before the Geographical Society—eh?'

'Geographical fiddlesticks!' replied the other; and, when he had shaken Browne by the hand, he bade him 'good-bye,' and went down the steps, saying to himself as he did so, 'Madame Bernstein, her adopted daughter, and the islands to the north of Japan. It seems to me, my dear Browne, that when you start upon this wonderful cruise your old friend Maas will have to accompany you.'

SOME MINOR RURAL INDUSTRIES.

I.—POULTRY-REARING FOR PROFIT.

IT has again and again been stated in the public press that we import from various countries eggs and poultry which could be produced at home with vast benefit to ourselves. Few realise to what dimensions the foreign trade in eggs alone has expanded; but, without going into details, we may state that during 1897 Great Britain received from various countries eggs valued at the enormous sum of four millions three hundred and fifty seven thousand pounds sterling. And let it be observed that the quality of these goods is not above suspicion. From the near ports of France the eggs can be received in a comparatively fresh state; but from more distant countries they must be several weeks old, and thus the common term 'shop-egg' is in our great towns meant to indicate something very different to one that is new-laid. It may be truthfully said that there are thousands of town dwellers who have never had the opportunity of tasting a really fresh egg; for, even if they can afford to pay the best price and obtain one labelled 'new-laid,' the presumption is that a certain tell-tale air space at its top will hint that it was taken from the nest—possibly in Denmark or Russia—some weeks previously.

It is much the same with the imported fowls. The best foreign birds are no doubt as good as our own, but they find a ready market in the country of their origin. We get the inferior ones; and one has only to cast his eye along the counters of our big poultry markets to see what miserable bony objects pass for fowls, and how badly they compare with the plump birds from our own farms.

We see, therefore, that a strange state of things exists. There is an abundant demand in Britain for certain products that can be furnished of first-rate quality on British soil; but, owing to some defect in knowledge or organisation, we prefer to purchase from foreigners an inferior article.

This important matter has been dwelt upon at some length in the report on trade and agriculture of Cherbourg and district for 1897, prepared by our energetic consul there, Mr Gurney; and, as it is a subject of much interest to many, we propose in this article to give a résumé of his practical remarks.

Let it be understood that Consul Gurney deals not with the poultry-fancier, or with the amateur who keeps a few fowls for amusement and is glad enough if he can provide his household with the necessary eggs for breakfast. His subject is poultry-rearing as an industry that can be made to pay, and be made a distinct source of profit to an agricultural community.

It is a common thing to hear a man say that

poultry-rearing on a large scale can never be profitable in this country because the climate is too variable. 'This,' says Mr Gurney, 'is quite a fallacy. Chickens should not be pampered to the extent of making them feel a change of temperature. If rationally treated they will be sufficiently hardy to stand any degree of heat or cold.' We are glad to note that this point is thus insisted upon, for many persons have an idea that all living creatures, chickens included, should be coddled and treated generally like hot-house plants. Fowls do not succumb to climatic changes, but to improper feeding, dirt, damp, and overcrowding. Exactly the same causes which increase the death-rate of the human population in our large towns will affect a family of fowls in a back-yard. In a word, they must lead a healthy existence. 'Rear them in the open air,' says our authority, 'with dry shelter, wholesome food, without overcrowding and boxing-up at night, and the chickens will grow up as hardy as any wild-fowl. The branches of a tree in a wire-enclosed run would be a paradise to fowls compared to an expensive, overheated, draughty house.'

With regard to food, there is much to be said. Fowls that have the run of plenty of land will to a great extent be their own caterers, picking up many insects, grubs, &c., and thus doing a vast amount of good in a small way. But for all this they require regular feeding, and the general fault is to give them too much. Food left untouched about the poultry-yard is a sure sign of improper treatment: the birds should have no more than they will greedily pick up at each meal. Here is the menu as recommended by Consul Gurney: 'Breakfast—vegetable-tops, peelings, and scraps, all put to simmer together on the kitchen fire overnight, chopped up in the morning, and mixed, almost dry, with bran; dinner (midday)—green food, cabbage-leaves, or anything available, hung up in a string bag, or between two pieces of wire netting, if the fowls have no grass-land to run over; supper (before nightfall)—a good handful of corn to each fowl, or buckwheat, or Indian corn in winter; lastly, an abundant supply of fresh water. For fattening fowls for table use a soft diet is the thing. Barley meal, maize meal, and bran mixed with skimmed milk is recommended, with an occasional feed of boiled rice tailings.'

Young chickens must, of course, be more tenderly cared for, and the practice in France seems to be very different to that commonly followed in our own country; but it answers so well that Mr Gurney ventures to recommend it to all rearers of poultry. The young chicks are compelled to abstain from both food and drink for twelve hours after leaving the shell. 'Then millet and chopped

salad strewn on the sand, in the coop or run, where the hot-water rearer replaces the mother's wing. Every poultry-man should make his own rearers with a two-shilling zinc tank, a piece of flannel, an old case, and some sawdust.' Water at will during the day, but not until after the first morning meal. On the third and following days add to the salad and millet seed a meal of boiled rice tailings and a small feed of meat. At the end of a week the chickens will be ready for table-scraps and barley meal and maize meal mixed with warm skimmed milk. Let them also have once a day a feed of rice boiled in skimmed milk. At the end of a fortnight, wheat, buckwheat, or crushed maize for a last meal. 'With dry sand underfoot, cleanliness, sufficient warmth to run to when required during the day, as well as at night, added to pure air in plentiful supply, mortality will be unknown in the chicken-yard, barring accidents!'

As to breeds of poultry, it is pointed out in this report that no particular breed of fowls can be recommended for egg-laying and table qualities combined. It is therefore suggested that two distinct breeds should be reared. The Italian fowl known as the Leghorn is recommended as a prolific layer, but in this country the Leghorns have so deteriorated through injudicious crossing that it is best to get some direct from Lombardy or Tuscany, as the Belgian farmers are in the habit of doing. For table fowls nothing can beat our own native dorking, the old English game fowl, and the Langshan—the last named being the most profitable, for it is a good layer as well. As the result of experiments with brown Leghorns at an experiment station in Utah, it has been proved that the number of eggs laid in the course of a year was higher when the fowls were allowed exercise.

The whole of Mr Gurney's remarks might be gathered under the one word *simplicity*, as a text. He advises beginners to have nothing to do with expensive and elaborate appliances; to avoid patent foods and advertised nostrums of all kinds. He appeals to all poultry-rearers who value the teachings of nature not to mongrelise and ruin the qualities of their poultry by constant crossing, but to keep the breeds pure, improve them by proper selection, feeding, and care, and to steer clear of the dangers and temptations of the fancy poultry shows.

Lastly, artificial incubation is recommended as an important factor in rearing fowls for market. And although there are many excellent incubators to be purchased, Consul Gurney advises every rearer to build his own, and, what is more, most kindly offers to put correspondents in the way of doing so 'on the plan of a poultry-rearer near Cherbourg.' He then cites the cases of two poultry-keepers, one of whom started with a large number of high-priced fowls, expensive incubators, &c., and ignominiously failed; while the other, with home-made appliances, has gradually built up a successful business which has now assumed large proportions.

We fancy that we can read between the lines here; at any rate we imagine that in the one case the necessary work devolved upon servants, while the more successful rearer did the work himself. As in most other things, individual attention to details at the outset lays the foundation of future success.

According to Mr Gurney, poultry farming as an industrial undertaking cannot be profitable save under very exceptional circumstances which would tend to reduce the heavy expenditure entailed by rent, wages, and cost of food. But on the farm or on the cottager's plot or labourer's allotment it ought to be made to pay well if certain conditions be observed. First, the rearer must aim at the production of early spring and late autumn chickens and a supply of eggs in winter. In other words, he must do his best to send to market when the best prices for his wares can be obtained. Secondly, there must be dealers for the collection of eggs and poultry in the most convenient centres within easy reach of railway communication. Thirdly, the fattening of poultry should be a separate industry. These are the main recommendations of one who has for years lived in a district which makes poultry and egg production a most prosperous business.

It remains to be seen how far our own agriculturists will be able to take advantage of these hints. The main difficulty seems to be facilities for access to markets where the products will find a ready sale. The various light railway schemes which are in progress will do much in this direction, and possibly in the near future we shall see motor-cars helping in the work. Such methods of feeding our trunk lines of railway should lead to the rapid diffusion of farm produce all over the land, and give us all that almost unknown delicacy—at least unknown to dwellers in towns—a really new-laid egg. Such eggs, each bearing a reliable 'hall mark' and the date of laying, would be purchased in preference to those of foreign extraction and uncertain age. Small farmers who are complaining that they cannot under present conditions make two ends meet would do well to turn their serious attention to poultry-rearing. As a rule fowls on a farm in this country are not cared for at all. They are left to pick up their living anyhow, they are of the most mongrel kind with regard to breed, and are regarded as being hardly worthy of attention, much less of study. Such uncared-for waifs cannot be expected to yield any contribution towards the rent, for they are good neither for laying eggs nor for the table. But by judicious selection of birds, by strict attention to food and cleanliness, by a share, in fact, of the care which is bestowed as a matter of course upon other descriptions of live-stock, domestic fowls can, in farmers', cottagers', or labourers' hands, be made to yield a substantial addition to the annual income.

THE UNIQUE MRS SPINK.

v.



THE two-twenty-seven train from Waterloo (Saturdays only) deposited Mr Spink, who was looking very smart in a light-gray suit, a white waistcoat, and a straw hat, on the platform of Teddington Station, in company with a portmanteau and an attractive-looking parcel from Fuller's, the latter article designed as a propitiatory gift to his hostess.

It was a hot June day; and, knowing that the Thorneycrofts' Bungalow was some distance from the station, Albert had confidently expected to find some one awaiting his arrival.

No one was in evidence, however; so, followed by a porter bearing his traps, he proceeded to the station yard, with the intention of hiring a carriage to convey himself and his belongings to their destination. There, seated in an old-fashioned pony-phacton, was the prettiest girl, as he instantly decided, he had ever seen. She wore a natty drab driving-coat with large pearl buttons, and a smart scarlet Tam-o'-Shanter was perched on her dark curls.

On catching sight of Mr Spink her piquant face lighted up, and, waving her whip, she nodded and smiled as though welcoming an old acquaintance.

'Mr Spink, isn't it? I am Lola Thorneycroft, Mrs Thorneycroft's niece. Her groom is ill, and she could not come to meet you herself, but she thought you would not object to me.'

Object? Albert never felt so boyishly delighted in his life as, when seated by the side of this coquettish maiden, he bowed—a little slowly perhaps, for Mrs Thorneycroft's basket-carriage was a trifle rickety, and her old pony more than a shade rheumatic—along the leafy lanes.

Assuredly Mrs Thorneycroft was cunning, he thought. This girl was exactly the antithesis of the damsel he had so minutely pictured to her. Yet he could imagine no one more bewitching. Her conversation certainly revealed more of frivolity than depth; but that, too, was charming. How absurd of him to say tall, fair, intellectual, when ten minutes of this tiny dark girl's society had conclusively proved that he appreciated the direct opposite!

Long before they arrived at the Bungalow, Albert had surrendered his mature but still virgin heart. And when their hostess, on hearing the carriage drive up, ran round to the side gate to welcome her guest, he greeted her with a grateful smile and a warm pressure of the hand, wherewith he endeavoured to express his heartfelt thanks.

'Well,' said Mrs Thorneycroft as, Lola having left them to take the trap round to the stables,

they walked together down the long narrow path leading to where the river bordered the lawn, 'you are going to be very pleased with me, Albert. I have managed to secure precisely the girl you wish, and you are to have no rival till Monday.' 'I can never repay your goodness,' Albert responded, his voice husky with emotion. 'I only hope'—

'Hush!'

A turn in the path had brought them to an arbour cunningly placed at the water's edge. Inside it a slender young lady sat reading. Her abundant flaxen hair was brushed smoothly back from a sweet, thoughtful face, and *pince-nez* shaded her large, short-sighted gray eyes.

'Let me make two of my chosen friends known to each other,' Mrs Thorneycroft said, introducing them with all *empressement*. 'Amy dear, may I introduce Mr Albert Spink? You have heard me speak of him. And, Albert, this is Amy Tyrell.'

Mr Spink made the polite observations necessary, but his attention was elsewhere. And while, in company with his hostess and Miss Tyrell, he chatted and looked at the river, which was in its Saturday afternoon state of gaiety, he could not help casting stray glances round the end of the rustic summer-house in quest of his charioteer.

'Why, where has Lola got to?' Mrs Thorneycroft at length exclaimed. 'And we will have some tea at once. You must be dreadfully thirsty, Albert, travelling from town in this heat.'

Even as she spoke a maid appeared with the tea-things; and at her heels came Lola.

'It was so hot, I waited to put on a cooler frock,' she explained as she joined them.

At the beginning of that week, had any one told Mr Spink that its close would witness him gazing with fervent admiration at a coquettish maiden with dark curly hair and a yellow muslin frock, he would without hesitation have given him the lie direct. Yet, truth to tell, when, with a swirl of lace petticoats, Lola had subsided into a chair, leaving her slender ankles and feet, encased in black silk open-work stockings and dainty slippers with scarlet heels, greatly in evidence, for the life of him Albert could not detach his attention from her charms.

Miss Tyrell was disposed to be modestly reticent, but Mrs Thorneycroft, taking the conversational reins in hand, had cleverly guided them to congenial subjects, and she was conversing of German literature to Albert's deaf ears.

The package from Fuller's had followed the tea service; and Lola, with many exclamations of joy at the number and variety of its contents, was unpacking it hap-hazard on the grass.

'Mr Spink, you are a *dear*,' she interrupted Miss Tyrell's measured eulogy on Goethe to remark. 'If I'd had any idea what lovely things you had concealed in that parcel I would have made love to you—yes, I would, Aunt Gertrude—nothing flabby either, but regular hot, impassioned love—when we were driving up together.'

'Oh, you naughty child!' expostulated Mrs Thorneycroft. 'Mr Spink will be horrified if you are so silly.'

'Put me out of my misery, Mr Spink,' implored Lola, sinking on her knees before his white canvas shoes, and raising her hands in mock appeal. 'Is it really too late? Will a lifetime of repentance not suffice to wipe away the bad opinion wrought by my foolish words, and induce you to reinstate me in your good graces and to buy me also sweets?'

Day had waned. Dinner was a meal of the past; and after listening to a little Wagner music, interpreted with both skill and expression by Miss Tyrell, the little party had strolled out on the starlit lawn. By dint of some subtle manœuvring, Mrs Thorneycroft succeeded in drawing Albert aside.

'Well?'

He answered the question her tone conveyed.

'My dear friend, I can never thank you enough. She is *perfect*—simply and absolutely perfect.'

'I knew you would say so. I was passing all the girls I knew in mental review, when she flashed upon me like a revelation. I felt certain that whenever you saw her you would recognise your ideal woman.'

'She is so lovely, so piquant'—

'Do you think so?' There was a note of surprise in Mrs Thorneycroft's voice.

'Ah yes! And her ways are so winsome, so unaffectedly gay.'

'There is no doubt about her musical ability, is there?' responded the puzzled lady, anxious to get on safer ground. 'Don't you think she played that Parsifal music perfectly?'

'She—why, who?'

'Albert, whom have you been talking about?'

'Miss Lola, of course.'

'But it was Amy Tyrell I asked you specially to meet!'

'No one could look at another when she is here. She is'—

'But you told me you wished your wife to be fair and tall, and intellectual and musical'—

'Oh, forget all that folly. I had not met Lola then.'

'But, Albert, Lola is *married*.'

'Married!' So great was Mr Spink's stupefaction that he could but echo her word vacantly.

'Yes. She married Charlie Thorneycroft, Henry's nephew—you remember him as a boy—last autumn. You seemed to be such good friends

coming up in the phaeton that I suppose I forgot you were strangers, and did not introduce you.'

Poor Mr Spink! The opening chapter of his romance had ended abruptly.

VI.



EARLY next day Lola Thorneycroft left the Bungalow to fulfil sundry engagements in town; and after the withdrawal of her fascinating presence Mr Spink resolutely set himself to admire Miss Amy.

The task proved easier than he had anticipated. She was gentle and gracious in manner, and though wholly lacking that witchery which in the lively Lola the bachelor had found enchanting, she had a sweet womanliness which speedily influenced the willing wooer.

Mrs Thorneycroft, gratified at the turn things appeared to be taking, gave them ample opportunity of becoming better acquainted, making a slight headache from which her husband was suffering her excuse for leaving them to entertain each other.

So it came about that when, prior to seeking his chaste couch, Mr Spink took the flower from his coat and placed it tenderly in his pocket-book, the blossom he treasured was not the moss-rosebud wherewith in the morning Lola had decorated him, but the cluster of forget-me-nots which Amy Tyrell had at his request bestowed upon him that evening.

On Monday the Bungalow was once more resigned to the temporary occupation of its caretaker, and the little company travelled back to town together. Before the final adieux were said the ladies had accepted Albert's invitation to 'do' a theatre with him on the forthcoming Thursday, and Mrs Thorneycroft had secured the promise of both her guests to accept her hospitality for the following 'week end.'

Probably it resulted from Mr Spink's thoughts constantly straying to the gentle, gray-eyed girl; but when the time arrived for his return to Teddington he had almost succeeded in imagining himself in love.

To his delight, Miss Tyrell, who was looking sweeter than ever in a white frock, accepted his attentions gracefully; and Mr Spink was not experienced enough in affairs of the heart to note the entire absence of that self-consciousness so precious in the eyes of a more adroit lover.

They were sitting close together in the arbour overlooking the river on Sunday evening. Amy had been dreamily quiescent all day, and Albert fondly flattered himself that he was advancing by strides in her affections. The moonlight cast a romantic glamour over the beautiful scene. A skiff was slowly drifting down the river, some one in it singing a sad love-song to the harmony of a guitar. Mr Spink felt his heart throb under his *piqué* waistcoat. The sense that now was an

auspicious time to indicate the state of his feelings overcame his timidity.

'On such a night as this,' he began, unwittingly plagiarising Shakespeare, 'a man is apt to wish for the society of one to whom he can unreservedly speak all that is in his heart.'

'Ah, yes!'

'When the surroundings are so beautiful one is apt to feel lonely, and to realise that if only some one were near to whom one was all in all, the earth would be transformed into Paradise.'

'Yes.'

Amy was listening to him intently, her eyes filled with sympathetic tears.

'But, Miss Tyrell, you are crying!' he exclaimed.

'Am I? I did not know. I think it must be because your words expressed my thoughts.'

Something in the veiled sadness of her tone made Albert feel as though some impenetrable barrier had arisen between them.

Rising from his seat beside her, he leant against the side of the harbour and looked down at her.

The lovely gray eyes, the tears trembling on their long lashes, were gazing wistfully across the

water to where, from the boat moving slowly down-stream, came the tender, hackneyed refrain:

Do you remember the time of the roses?
Where in the old days we two used to meet?

'What grieves you? Won't you tell me?' There was a note of concern in Albert's voice—concern more for himself than her, had she but known it—which touched her.

'I shall tell you, Mr Spink. It will do me good to confide in you. There is somebody I love—have loved for years. He went abroad to try to make money, and riches have not come quickly. And sometimes I weary, and long for him to come back, so that I could tell him how gladly I would share a crust with him.'

'Will you never marry any one else?'

'Never!' Amy answered decisively. 'I never cared for another man, and never shall.'

'Next time we must both be certain of our premises,' said Mrs Thorneycroft when Albert confided in her that this affair also had ended in a *cul-de-sac*. 'Last time you were mistaken; this time it is I. Next time we must make sure! But the unique Mrs Spink is hard to seek!'

THE COCOS ISLANDS.



Far away in the eastern seas, some six hundred miles south-west of Java, and remote from the course of ships, rises 'an island-speckled ring of coral, holding its own against the waves.' The Cocos Islands, though discovered nearly three centuries ago, owe what fame they possess to Darwin's treatise on coral-reef formations; and though they were made known to a wider circle of readers by Mr Forbes in his popular *Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago*, it may safely be said that they were scarcely known to the general public until they emerged quite recently into the half-light of a parliamentary blue-book. From that half-light it is the design of the present article to bring them into a broader day; for their interest is remarkable and uncommon. In their history may be seen the colonising and governing instincts of the greatest colonising and governing race the world has yet known, exercised on a small scale, it is true, but undisturbed by the so-called 'imperial idea' or by the cruder forms of self-seeking and the *auri sacra fames*. And they have, too, that interest for their own sakes which everything that is picturesque possesses—in their flora, the coconuts that shrink and wither in the light of the full moon, and the strange and not even indigenous species of plants wafted to their shores by ocean streams from far Australia; in their animal life, the brilliant fish, the queer land-crabs that plough up the soil with pincers strong enough to break

a man's arm, and the pretty white tern that nests on the bare leaf of the coco-palm and deposits its egg in the angle of the leaf and the trunk, watching times and seasons so carefully that if the leaf fade and drop in the afternoon the young bird is sure to have been hatched in the morning! The configuration of the islands themselves is notable. Mr Spicer, a naturalist who was there some years ago, thus describes it: 'They form a roughly-broken circle nearly approaching the horseshoe shape common to coral atolls. The islands are of varying size, some being from one to seven miles in length, and others a few hundred yards; while the smallest are simply mounds of coral sand crowned by a few coco-nut palms. . . . The appearance of the exterior and of the interior of the islands is strikingly different. Towards the ocean the heavy surf breaks over the jagged rocks and washes large pieces ashore. The interior shores are quietly washed by a clear-green, shallow sea, and the smooth sandy beach forms a pleasant contrast to the green vegetation above it. The circle of the islands bounds a lagoon for the most part of very shallow water, with pits of varying depth. . . . The resemblance of the whole to a giant crater is very striking.' In such surroundings have the family of J. Clunies-Ross, the 'king of the Cocos Islands,' made their home for seventy years.

The Cocos Keeling Islands were discovered in 1609 by the 'right worthy William Keeling, Esquire, Groom of the Chamber to our Sovereign Lord King James, General for the Hon. East India Adventurers,

where he was thrice by them employed ;' so runs his epitaph in Carisbrooke Church :

A merchant fortunate, a captain bould,
A courtier gracious.

Keeling's was one of those adventurous careers in which the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were so rich. It was on his second voyage, and probably on his way home, that he hit upon this little group of coral reefs. He had sailed from England in 1607, calling at Sierra Leone to act (according to a possibly unauthentic document) *Hamlet* on 5th and 31st Sept. (*sic*), and *Richard II.* on 30th Sept., arrived at Bantam in 1608, and was back again in England in 1610. After a third voyage in 1615 (on which he was not allowed to take his wife, but received in her stead two hundred pounds compensation), he was made Captain of Cowes Castle in 1618, and died there in 1619 at the early age of forty-two. 'Faith'—says his loving and sorrowful wife, Anne Keeling—

Faith served for sails, the sacred word for card,
Hopo was his anchor, glorie his reward ;
And thus with gales of grace, by happy venter,
Through straits of death, heaven's harbour he did enter.

The history of the islands for the next two centuries is a blank. In 1825, however, they were rediscovered by J. Clunies-Ross, the grandfather of the present proprietor, who was so pleased with them that he returned to his native Scotland to try to persuade his friends and relations to come and colonise them. He was successful in his efforts ; but when he arrived at Cocos, in 1827, he found that he had been anticipated. One Alexander Hare (so the story was told to the government inspecting officer in 1885 by Neh Basir, the oldest inhabitant, then in his eightieth year), an adventurer of more than doubtful character who had been wandering about the archipelago for many years, was on his way back from a voyage to the Cape in a vessel commanded, oddly enough, by Ross's own brother, when he too hit upon the islands, and determined to stay there with his followers and harem. The two parties lived side by side for some years on the worst of terms ; for Ross and his people were law-abiding, hard-working Scotsmen, and Hare was a semi-orientalised idler, who posed as king and kept a mock royal court. Moreover, the two had opposite political tendencies—the former appealing to Great Britain, the latter to the Netherlands, for annexation. But the struggle for existence was, as usual, finally decided in favour of the fittest : Hare's followers—Neh Basir was the foremost of them—deserted him, and he himself eventually left and went to Singapore, where he died a few years later. Thus Ross, with his wife and six children, and twelve Englishmen, were left in sole possession.

But the first years of the Ross administration were not very happy. Nor is this altogether surprising. To begin with, Cocos in a state of nature was not a very habitable spot. Its flora consisted almost solely of the tree from which it takes its name, and the fauna entirely of fish and sea-birds : everything else had to be imported. To make it habit-

able labour was necessary ; but that was to be had only in the form of Javanese convicts or persons who had made the neighbouring Dutch colonies too hot to hold them. Crime of all kinds was rife—incendiarism especially a constant danger in a place where all the buildings were made of the highly-inflammable material supplied by the coco-palm. Even Mr George Ross, the present proprietor (a man of sixty), says that in his earlier days 'he lived with his life in his hand ; and though disdaining to have watchmen or guards, lest such protection should be ascribed to fear, he was himself ever on the alert, and compelled to sleep in short snatches only.' As it was, an attempt was made to kill him in his bed. It is not, therefore, surprising that the account of the conditions of existence in Cocos which Darwin gives in his *Journal of Researches* (April 1836) is not very cheerful.

Nevertheless the family held their own without the help of police, and gradually succeeded in getting rid of the criminal class and obtaining a better type of Malay coolie. In 1854, on the death of Ross the elder, his son, Mr J. G. Ross, assumed charge, and in 1857 occurred an important event in the external history of the islands. It has been mentioned above that overtures had previously been made to both British and Dutch Governments for annexation ; but neither had responded. Cocos vessels trading with Batavia, however, flew the Dutch flag, and Mr J. G. Ross was a naturalised Netherlands subject. But the Dutch flag is said never to have been hoisted on the islands themselves ; and in 1857 their fate was finally settled by the arrival of H.M.S. *Juno* with Captain Fremantle, who formally took possession of the group in the name of the British Government, Mr Ross being appointed Superintendent. According to Forbes this was a mistake ; Captain Fremantle thought he was annexing one of the Andaman Islands of the same name. However that may be, and the Colonial Office not unnaturally do not throw any light on the point, the British flag was saluted there soon after by a Russian man-of-war, and has continued to fly ever since, except when cyclones have blown the flagstaff down. For in 1862 a cyclone raged over the islands, undoing the work of many years, and making it necessary for Mr George Ross, the superintendent, who was then studying engineering at Glasgow, to return hastily to help his father in the management, to which he himself succeeded at the age of thirty in 1871. He has been in London this year, having made the journey thither in his own private steam-yacht.

Under his superintendence an era of prosperity seemed to be dawning for the settlement. But once more the malignity of nature had to be reckoned with. Between the 25th and 29th January 1876 the islands were again visited by a terrible storm, of which a vivid account is given by Forbes, who saw many traces of it even at the end of 1878. Nearly all the trees were destroyed, and every building above a foot high was levelled to the

ground. But the most curious phenomenon attendant on the storm was the sudden rising of a spring of dark and putrid-smelling water beneath the lagoon on the eastern side, which, within twenty-four hours, poisoned every fish, coral, and mollusc in that part of the water. 'So great,' says Forbes, 'was the number of fish thrown on the beach that it took three weeks of hard work to bury them.' This phenomenon was repeated in similar circumstances—Mr Ross reckons on one cyclone every ten years—in the early part of 1896; and Mr Keyser, who was there in June of that year, says that they could still see patches of white water thick with decaying fish.

With the indomitable perseverance which he has shown in the face of all adversity—whether nature destroyed his produce, or pirates captured his vessels, or his business agents failed—Mr Ross set to work to repair the harm done in 1876, and in the ten following years great progress was made in the material prosperity of the islands.

It was in 1885 that they received the first of the annual visits of inspection by government officers, which have been carried on up to the present date, and the record of which is contained in the above-mentioned blue-book. Things had indeed changed since Darwin's days. Instead of chain-gang men from Java, Mr Birch found a thriving, if not altogether homogeneous, population of five hundred and sixteen souls (not including the nine members of the Ross family), which has increased steadily to five hundred and ninety-four last year. The bulk of it is Cocos-born, but about one-third consists of Bantamese coolies imported under agreement, and anxious to return to Java as soon as they have saved enough money to make it worth their while. Between these two sections there is a cleft, for the Cocos-born Malay looks down upon his Bantamese brother as an inferior animal. Not altogether unnaturally; for, though the coolie is a great improvement on the Malay of the Straits—Mr Ross, for example, has taught him a certain measure of cleanliness, and compels him to ventilate his house—he is still very far below the social level of the Cocos Islander, whose house is scrubbed, and his clothes washed, starched, and ironed every Saturday; who sits on a chair instead of cross-legged on the ground, and eats with a knife and fork instead of with his fingers. Not only is his house clean, but he adorns it with pictures from *Vanity Fair*, and his womankind (who no longer veil their faces) have learnt from Mrs Ross the thousand little domestic daintinesses which go to make up the art of living. The superiority of the women is, indeed, a very marked and peculiar characteristic of a society which, in its religious observances, is still Mohammedan. The letter of the Mohammedan marriage law remains, but Mr Ross's influence has succeeded in destroying its spirit. 'Polygamy,' writes Mr Clifford, 'is unknown on the island, at any rate among the Cocos-born Malays, and public opinion on the subject is sufficiently strong to

induce any Bantamese who has more than one wife to dispense with this superfluity.' Similarly, divorce is scarcely ever heard of, and only permissible in a case of proved adultery. The woman is thus given a status such as she has in very few other Mohammedan countries, and she avails herself of it to the full. If it does not suit her to give her husband a meal, she sends him off to dine with a neighbour, and the neighbour who would refuse to entertain him 'would thereby incur popular displeasure, and be boycotted by all for several days.' As for the husband, he dare not resist, for there is scarcely a man who can be said to be head of his own household. Mr Ross ascribes this to the fact that he has abolished wife-beating, which was the usual practice when he first succeeded to the charge of the island; but it is more probably due to the whole set of circumstances alluded to. And it has its unbeautiful side; for the Cocos mother neglects her children shamefully, with the result that infant mortality is so high and is attended by such remarkable features as to suggest to one inspecting officer that there may be something worse than mere neglect behind it. It is devoutly to be hoped that this suspicion is ungrounded, for one of Mr Ross's most splendid achievements is that, without police and without written law, he has kept the island absolutely free from crime for fifteen years.

It is noteworthy that among the means by which this extraordinary result has been attained education is not included. An admirable practical education, indeed, the islanders have always received. A practical man himself, Mr Ross has insisted on all the boys passing through the workshops, and he and his men build their own ships (a home-made schooner of theirs was classed A1 at Lloyd's for eighteen years), build their own piers, and lay down their own steel tram-lines. 'Every man on the island,' it is said, 'is a good carpenter and blacksmith, and all know how to make use of drawings, plans, and scales. But in literary education the islands, at all events till quite recent times, have been lacking.'

The true explanation of the innocence of our islanders is as curious as it is suggestive. It lies in a subordination of the acquisitive instincts of human nature so abnormal as to seem almost unnatural to those in whom excessive competition and the unconscionable struggle for existence have overstimulated them. This is partly due to the circumstances of the island, partly to Mr Ross's careful calculation. In the first place, every man has practically everything that he wants given to him. When he marries he receives a plot of three acres of land and building material for his house; he may fish where and when he pleases (and fish is the staple food), and pick coco-nuts for himself at any time between noon on Saturday and sunset on Sunday. And, in the second place, there is no metallic currency in the island. It was found necessary to exclude it in 1837—in the old days of

convict labour; and Mr Ross has strongly and successfully resisted the suggestions of some of the inspecting officers who would have reintroduced it. 'I feel certain,' he writes, 'should metallic currency be introduced, the peace and content of the people at present in these islands would be a thing of the past; in its place gambling, stealing, and other crimes would follow.' The monetary system consists of parchment notes, registered with the value and the owner's name in such a way as to make theft almost impossible. These notes are cashed either by Mr Ross or by his agents in Java if any of the inhabitants wish to leave the island.

What will be the future of this little community? The health of the island is good. That mysterious and deadly illness *beriberi*, which was a scourge up to 1888, has disappeared; and now, except when some stray ship brings influenza, or the wind blows fevers across from Java, illness is rare. The very high infant mortality has been mentioned above. It has been suggested that the lack of milk—for there are no cows—and milk-producing diet has something to do with it, while others have hinted at a possible deterioration of the race from too close intermarriage. At all events at present it shows no signs of dying out, and the physique of the people is well spoken of. But in every other respect than that of vitality, the settlement appears to be entirely dependent on Mr Ross. Not only do they respect and love him as the father of his people, who has studiously endeavoured to break down all barriers between himself and them, but with that inertia which is the unfavourable side of the lack of acquisitiveness, they prefer to take what he gives and to have things managed for them rather than do anything for themselves. The question therefore is, How long will the Ross family be able to maintain their present position? So far as that position is based upon difference of race,

not, perhaps, for very long. Most of the brothers and sons have married Cocos-born wives, and of the thirteen female members of the family only four can even speak English. But ultimately the question is one of finances, and the financial situation does not seem to the outsider very promising. The imports of the island are necessarily many—rice, flour, sugar, tea, and tobacco are the chief—and it has only one export, copra, a preparation of coconut, in which a considerable trade is done with this country and the Continent; for the Cocos Island product fetches a higher price than that from any other part of the world, and brings in on an average about £10,000 per annum. Nor have the islands many other resources. Something may be done with *bêche-de-mer*; but the labour is wanting to work it. And the little colony at Christmas Island (see *Journal*, January 28, p. 144—for Cocos is itself a mother-country) may eventually, with coffee plantations and guano, contribute something to the common stock. But there is at all events the possibility that the next generation, or the next but one, may not find it worth while to keep the business going; and, whatever steps the Colonial Office might then take, a relapse into barbarism would be almost inevitable.

These things, however, lie on the knees of the gods; and at present we may be content to echo the personal admiration for Mr Ross expressed by the British Resident at Pahang after his visit to Cocos in 1894: 'The work he is doing is a good work, and it is done in a manner that few could emulate; and to one who, like myself, has himself lived among and attempted to manage Malays for a considerable time, the methods which Mr Ross adopts in the management of his island, and the results thereby attained, were at once the most interesting and the most instructive thing to be witnessed in this interesting and curious place.'

MAJOR MARR'S YARN.

SOLITUDE AND SNAKES.

SO, boys,' said Major Marr, 'you may haver about solitude in big cities, and drivel about being alone in crowds; but that's because you don't know any better. For real, downright, God-forsaken solitude, there's nothing on earth can compare to the prairie. Once, boys, if you'd like to hear this yarn—once I was down on my luck, so low down that I was glad to take the offer of the N.W.Y. Railroad of a situation as telegraphist at the Tombstone Depôt. They only offered it me because they could get nobody else to take it. Along the line it was a hundred miles from the next human dwelling-house, and the only reason for its existence was the Morgan gold-mine, seven miles behind it. I was glad of the offer when I boarded the train;

but when I got to the place—ugh! but I could hardly nerve myself to get off. It was just a little tin matchbox of a hut up against the side of a big hill. Not another house or human being was to be seen.

"Here's your sticks and grub," said the conductor, with a grin, as I stood paralysed on the platform. "You'll not be so lonely after all, mate; so cheer up. There's four trains pass during the day and night; and, if you want anything, just wire to the man at Wignomth, and we'll bring it along. Ta-ta."

'And the train moved off and left me to my misery. I tell you, boys, the first month I spent there nigh drove me mad; and then, curiously enough, I got to like the place.

'The man at Wignomth and I used to tell each

other yarns and jokes along the wire, and generally every day he made up a packet of newspapers and gave it to the conductor to fling out to me; and after I had read them we used to discuss and argue about politics. There was nothing to do at the depot six days out of seven, except once in a while switch one train off to let another train by, for it was a single line. Once a week a box of gold-dust would be brought down from the mine, and I would wire for the train to stop and pick it up. My only other traffic was from a curious sort of cuss called "Snake" Rome. Some learned professor in New York paid him for collecting snakes, and every now and then he used to leave a box with me for despatch.

"Ain't you afraid to tackle them kind of beasts?" I said to him one day, but he just laughed.

"There's no harm in them when you know them," he says.

"Ay; but," I says, "when a man gets to know them he generally dies soon after. It'll be a pesky long time afore I try to make their intimate acquaintance."

'I tell you, boys, you get that sick to talk and hear another man talk in these districts that you'd speak to anybody.

'Well, on the day that I was about to tell you of, I was just cleaning up the place, and had swept out the strong-room. By the way, boys, don't go away with the idea that this strong-room was a safe or anything like that, for it wasn't. The hut was built against the side of a steep hill, and it consisted of one room, which was dining-room, bedroom, and office to me. At the end of this room was a door leading into a little cave that had been dug out into the side of the cliff, and that was the strong-room. How much real strength there was in it you can guess.

'Well, I had just been cleaning up, when "Snake" Rome came in with a box over his shoulder, and he dabbed it down. Then he mopped himself with his handkerchief.

"By James! that was a heavy tott, you bet," he said.

"Snakes?" I asked, with a look of disgust at the box.

"You bet," he said. "The best haul ever I made. I say, Marr, that box is just jammed full of them—fine big rattlers all of them. I bet there'll be nearly a hundred of them there."

"Well, every man to his taste," I said. "But I bet I would see them farther afore I would touch 'em."

'He laughed at me and my fear; then he said, "Say, Marr, have you seen those tough-looking chaps hanging about here?"

"No," I said. "How that?"

"Oh, I don't suppose it matters much," he said. "But I noticed them as I was coming along, and they seemed to be watching this place. Tough-looking chaps they were, too."

"Some tramps that are waiting to board the

train probably," I said. "They'll have to wait a good time, anyhow."

"Well, so long, Marr. You'll get my box off first chance."

"All right, I will. So long." And "Snake" Rome sauntered away. By-and-by up came some men with a box of dust from the mine in an awful hurry.

"Say, Marr, there's to be a dog-fight at the mine. Are you coming up?"

"Wish I could; but I can't now," I said, pointing to the box.

"So long, then," they said as they rushed off again.

I hauled the box into the strong-room, and then somehow what "Snake" Rome had said about the tough-looking chaps came back into my mind, and I got mighty nervous all of a sudden. I felt somebody was near me, and, turning suddenly, I saw a tramp looking in at the door.

"What do you want?" I cried angrily; for he had given me a start.

"Say, mister, when's the first train west?" he says.

"At ten o'clock to-night," I answered; and then I could have bitten my tongue out for telling him, for that was the train the gold was to go by.

"Thank'ee, mister," he said civilly enough, and then he went away.

I cursed myself for a nervous fool; but I could not get rid of the sight of the man's face, and I suddenly made up my mind that I would leave the box of dust lying carelessly about in the office and put the box of snakes in the strong-room. They were both about the same size; but the gold-box was heavier than the other.

By the time I had got dinner past, the day was getting into dusk, and I sat down by the telegraph instrument to have a talk with my partner. I was just getting interested, when the door of my office was flung open and three masked men stood in the entry, pointing their pistols at me. Now, boys, as some of you know, I have a little nerve, so I let on not to see them, but worked away at the telegraph, sending this message along the wire: "Held up. Send help quick!"

"Hands up, there," said one of the men to me; and I meekly obeyed.

"Now, mister, where is the gold?" said one of the men.

"I'm not going to tell," I answered. "You got the draw on me, and I'm not fool enough not to know it; but if you want the gold, you'll just have to find it out yourself."

"None of your cheek," said one of the men. "Here, help me to tie him up."

"Get the key of the room out of his pocket," said one of the others; and, having tied me up, they took the key and unlocked the door. It was dark by this time, and one of the men cried to the others to bring the box out into the office.

"We'll unpack it here," he said, shutting and locking the outer door of the hut. "As for you, mister, you move yourself into the other room."

'By James! I was glad of the chance, and went. Then, as full of glee as schoolboys, they produced a number of small sacks in order to divide up the dust into convenient quantities. With poker and hammer they tore off the lid of the box— And then there was a wild yell, for about fifty ugly snake-heads appeared standing straight out of the box, and about the same number of rattles went off. I tell you, boys, the din was something awful. With one jump the men sprang for the door, but they had locked it, and in their terror could not take time to turn the key. The snakes were flowing out of the box quickly, and they were in a rare temper. Then, with a wild cry, the three men sprang past them into the strong-room, and slammed the door after them.

"Lord help us!" cried one of them. "What a fright I got! Where are you going, Bob?" he added, as one of his companions left his side at the door. The room was dark now, for they had left the lamp in the other room.

"I'm going to wring that chap's neck," said Bob viciously, moving towards me.

"No, I guess you're not," I said. "If you come a step nearer me I'll fire. I've got my hands unloosed now, and I'm ready with my gun." This was a lie, but a pretty needful one for a lie.

"Let him alone, Bob," said his companion. "What do you want with him, anyhow?"

"What did he tell us the gold was there for, then?"

"I didn't tell you the gold was there," I retorted.

"Where is it, then?" he asked angrily.

"In the office," I said. "You can get it there, if you want it."

"Among these rattlesnakes," he cried. "No thank'ee."

"For about an hour they argued among themselves what they should do, and once or twice they opened the door to make a rush for the other one and escape, but the floor of the office seemed to be carpeted with snakes now.

"By heavens! I'll not risk it," said Bob, shutting to the door again.

'At last the longed-for whistle came to my ears, and I knew that I would not be a prisoner much longer. It startled the three tramps into action again, and Bob opened the door and ran with the key in his hand across to the outer one. He was in a deadly funk, and though he tried to nerve himself, he could not keep his hand from shaking. After about half a minute his courage fled, and he jumped back into the room, and again the door was shut.

The roar and rattle of the engine was plainly to be heard now, and by-and-by it drew

up, and we heard the noise of many feet on the platform. They came up to the door of the office and tried it.

"Hey, Marr! let us in, man," they cried.

"Look out," I cried. "The room is full of rattlesnakes."

"What?"

"Rattlesnakes," I repeated.

"And what about the toughs that held you up?"

"They're in here," I cried. "I'm covering them with a pistol."

"Good man," they answered. "But how are we to get to you? Are there many rattlesnakes? How on earth did they get there? You're not trying a game on us, are you?"

"No," I answered. "And there's about a hundred snakes; and the safest plan for you is to dig us out. Get up on the roof and make a hole in at the side."

"All right, Marr," they cried. "We'll be with you in a jiffy." They went back to the train and brought out what tools they could find, and soon had made a hole big enough for us to creep through. I made the three fellows go first, and then I asked one of the train men to come down and unloose me.

"But you said you were covering them with a pistol?" he said in astonishment.

"Have you never told a lie in your life before?" I asked as I got on the roof.

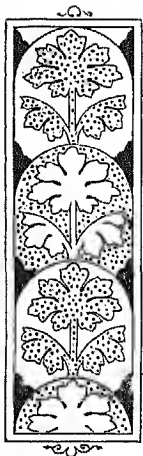
"The three men were carried away to jail in the train, and I slept that night at the mines; nor would I go back to the office till "Snake" Rome had captured every one of these serpents. I disliked but I did not hate them, for they had done me a very good turn. The mine and the railway company came down handsome for what they called my courage, and I soon left Tombstone, for I had had quite enough of solitude to last me my lifetime. No, boys; it may be philosophical to talk of solitude in a crowded city; but if you want to sample the real brand, you just take a situation at a place like Tombstone."

IN FEBRUARY.

To-day I saw a single snowdrop peep
Upon the world—frail, pale, yet venturesome—
As I have seen a little damsel come
Confidingly, despite frowns that would keep
A woman far away. From winter sleep—
While maidens were yet morosely dumb,
And hungry sparrows wrangled o'er a crumb—
This fragile flower arose for faith to reap.

It may be that our land is gaunt and gray,
And still half-friendly toward frost and snow;
It may be that the sun has gone astray
In this veiled town. But now we surely know,
As love knows love, that Spring is on her way,
That Winter soon must break his heart and go.

J. J. BELL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND ITS MEMBERS.

IT was in 1792 that twenty-four New York stockbrokers stood under a buttonwood-tree in front of what is now 60 Wall Street, and there solemnly agreed to organise the New York Stock Exchange. Prior to that date business in public stocks had been transacted at the Tontine Coffee-House, a favourite resort of merchants and down-towners of those times, where Holland schnapps and business went hand-in-hand. When business was brisk a great deal of schnapps was drunk, and it was because so much schnapps had a tendency to fuddle the brain that the twenty-four founders of the present Exchange decided to constitute themselves an organisation, meeting regularly and in rotation in the members' offices. To-day the association numbers eleven hundred full-fledged members, owns the two million dollar building in which it is housed, and pays out yearly two hundred thousand dollars in salaries.

The membership list has long been full. Aspiring candidates must therefore wait for the death or withdrawal of a member to open the gateway to them. Even then all is not plain sailing. Applicants for admittance to membership are first publicly announced on the floor of the Exchange, together with the name of the member nominating and the name of the member seconding the application. The nominators are then asked in committee if they would accept the candidate's uncertified cheque for twenty thousand dollars. This is the crucial test. The applicant is then required to state what his business has been, whether he has ever failed, and if so, the cause of his failure, the amount of indebtedness, and nature of settlement. He must also produce the release from his creditors. He is further asked if his health is uniformly good, whether his life is insured, and if not, why not; these last questions bearing on the insurance which membership in the Exchange carries with it, and which will be referred to again in the course of this article.

Once fairly elected, the new member signs the No. 65.—VOL. II.

constitution and by-laws, pledging himself to abide by them in terms as solemn as 'till death us do part,' and pays an initiation fee of twenty thousand dollars. If admitted by transfer (and all new members are now so admitted) he pays one thousand dollars in addition to the price of his membership. To become a broker on the 'floor' of the Exchange, it will be seen by this, entails a considerable initial expense. It is much greater now than formerly. In 1823 it was only \$25; in 1827, \$100; in 1833, \$150; in 1840, \$350; in 1862, \$3000; and in 1866, \$10,000, at which figure it stood until 1879, when it was raised to \$20,000. On January 13, 1899, a membership seat was sold for \$31,000. Half of this large amount, however, may be said to represent reserve capital, for each membership ticket is an insurance policy for ten thousand dollars, payable at the member's death to his heirs, from whom it cannot by any process be diverted.

Strangers are never admitted to the floor of the Exchange, except by courtesy. There is, however, what is known as the subscribers' room—a strip of floor divided from the main floor by a railing—and admission to this, the 'rail,' as it is called, costs one hundred dollars a year. Brokers on the 'floor' are full-fledged professionals; those outside the 'rail' are known as 'rail birds.'

Dotted over the vast area of the main floor there are many pillars, each bearing a sign-board at its top, the first effect of which on the spectator is to suggest the showroom of a finger-post manufacturer in a large way of business. These sign-posts, however, are not intended to indicate direction—unless it be toward fortune or ruin—but rather to blazon the name of the stock dealt in at that particular point. Brokers with orders to buy or sell a certain stock always seek customers in the group gathered round that special pillar; and it is an easy matter for the uninitiated to pick out the ruling stocks of the day by noting the size of the groups collected about the sign-posts.

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FEB. 25, 1899.

Situated at a conspicuous point, in view of every man on the floor, is the great enunciator, a gigantic checker-board, whereon from time to time appear apparently purposeless numbers. Each number, however, has a direct mission. It corresponds to the name of some member of the Exchange, and signifies, 'You are wanted.' For example, you wish to see John Smith. He is somewhere on the floor, but mixed with a crowd of, perhaps, one thousand other brokers, who are all talking and laughing at once. No messenger could find him easily in the swarming throng, nor could his name be called above the deafening uproar; yet John Smith comes to you almost instantly. In the midst of a roaring story, perhaps, he has cast a quick glance at the enunciator, and the tale has stopped dead. For your broker is always alert even in his moments of wildest frivolity, and it is no detraction from his pragmatic sagacity to say that when business is slack he gets into play with a jump.

They are a free-and-easy set, these stockbrokers, with a fondness for knocking off one another's hats and jostling each other. Generally their fun is good-natured enough now, but in the old days, and indeed until recently, differences 'on 'Change' were frequently settled by man's most primitive methods. During the panic of 1884 there was a week when a rough-and-tumble fight occurred on the floor every day. This, however, was due to the strain of intense excitement rather than to an excess of corporate bad temper, for a better-natured, more cheerful, philosophic, fun-loving body of men does not exist than that known as the New York Stock Association.

This being the case, one is somewhat surprised to find superstition rife among them, until one recalls the part luck plays in their lives. Friday, for instance, is a black day. Men hesitate about beginning a big operation on a Friday, and will suffer considerable financial inconvenience and even loss rather than do so. Other men who can lose a fortune without turning a hair will grow pale if, while commencing a big deal, they remember that they forgot to tip the beggar on the Exchange steps that morning. Others, again, would have indigestion for the rest of the day if before sitting down to luncheon they had forgotten to walk around their chair. Then, too, almost every broker has his own pet unlucky number, while not a few carry mascots. One man in particular, so his friends say, carries the tail of a pet bulldog in his pocket whenever he contemplates going in for a big operation; while another wears a lady's hat-pin, stuck inside the breast of his coat, as a phylactery. In no other business is luck, pure and simple, regarded as such a vital

factor; and among no other class of men are its strokes, for good or ill, regarded with such sensible philosophy.

To the lay reader the vocabulary of Wall Street is jargon. Even an acute intelligence cannot easily grasp the essentials of a transaction where a 'put' or a 'call,' a 'straddle' or a 'spread,' is involved. And when it comes to 'ballooning,' and 'gunning,' 'hypothecating' and 'kite-flying,' 'dead ducks' and 'lame ducks,' and a certain pastoral operation known as 'milking the street,' the average man gives up in despair. He can comprehend the significance of 'selling stock in a sick market,' and infers that the process of 'watering stock' is akin to that of watering milk; but most of the agricultural, sporting, and aerial nomenclature of the street is to him as a sealed book.

Here are a few of the most common and obscure terms, with the significance of each:

A 'put' is a contract given to receive and pay for stock at a price below the current market value, for a cash consideration—say one per cent. A 'call' is the reverse of a 'put.' A 'straddle' is a dual privilege, either to receive or deliver stock at a price above or below the market figure; while a 'spread' is a privilege in two separate contracts, one a 'put,' the other a 'call.' The object of these contracts is to ensure speculators against loss in their operations in the market.

'Ballooning' is the act of working up a stock far above its intrinsic value; 'gunning' is trying to force it down when a certain house is known to be a heavy holder and financially unable to resist attack. 'Kite-flying' is expanding one's credit beyond its limits; and 'hypothecating' is generally a supplement to this, meaning 'to put up security,' or, as it is technically called, 'putting up collateral.' A 'lame duck' is a broker who has failed to meet his engagements; a 'dead duck' is one whose failure is absolute. 'Milking the street' means the process of alternately lifting and depressing the price of certain shares, for the purpose of collecting all the floating money in the market. 'Washing stock' is the fictitious engagement of one broker to buy the stock offered by another, that it may be stimulated to a high figure; and 'watering stock,' as every one knows, is increasing the quantity without improving the quality. In this particular department of finance the modern manager of stock companies has, in the expressive parlance of the poker-player, 'seen the milkman and gone him ten better.'

On January 23d of the present year all previous records were broken in the amount of business done on the New York Stock Exchange. The transactions in shares were computed at 1,555,000.



THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT may very safely be taken for granted, I think, that the happiness or unhappiness, success or non-success, of one's life is brought about not so much by deliberate education or design, if I may so express it, as by some small event, the proper importance of which is far from being recognisable at the time. For instance, had Browne not undertaken that yachting cruise to Norway when he did, it is scarcely probable he would ever have met Katherine Petrovitch. In that case he would very possibly have married the daughter of some impecunious peer, have bolstered up a falling house with his wealth, have gone into Parliament, received a title in due course, and would eventually have descended to the family vault, in most respects a mediocre man. But, as Fate willed, he did go to Norway—met Katherine, fell in love with her, and now— But there, with such a long story before me, it will scarcely do for me to risk an anti-climax by anticipating. Let it suffice that, after he had said good-bye to Maas, he lunched at the club, deriving a considerable amount of pleasure meanwhile from the knowledge that he was engaged in a business which, should it become known, would undoubtedly plunge him into a considerable amount of hot water! And when you come to think of it, how strange is the pleasure the human mind finds in the possession of a secret! In our childhood it is a joy second only to the delight of a new toy. Anarchism, Nihilism, Fenianism, and indeed the fundamental principle of every order of secret society, is the same thing, only on a larger and more dangerous scale, carried out by perverted imaginations and in the wrong direction. The fact, however, remains that Browne, as I have said, derived a considerable amount of satisfaction from the feeling that he was, in a certain sense, a conspirator. Plainly as he had expressed himself to Katherine, however, it is extremely doubtful whether he himself realised how difficult and dangerous the task he had taken upon himself was likely to prove. The Russian Government, at the best of times, is like dynamite, a thing to be handled carefully; and one minute's consideration was sufficient to show him that the work he had pledged himself to undertake was not one that, in the event of things going wrong, would entitle him to the sympathy of his own Government. He thought of the Duke of Matlock, and wondered what he would say if it should ever become known that he, John Grantham Browne, had assisted in the escape of a Russian Nihilist from the island of Saghalien. He could very well imagine the pious horror of the Duchess

when the various rumours, which would be certain to go the round of the clubs, should reach her ears. And this suggested a still more unpleasant reflection. What if he should fail in his attempt to rescue the man, and should find himself in the clutches of the Russian Bear? What would his fate be then? His own country could scarcely demand his release, seeing that he would, in all probability, be caught red-handed. He put the thought away from him, however, as having nothing to do with the case. It was Katherine's father who stood in need of assistance, and it was Katherine's happiness which was at stake. That was enough for him. With the remembrance of her gratitude, and of the look he had seen in her face when he had promised to help her, still fresh in his mind, such a thing as counting the cost was not to be thought of. Having finished his lunch, he returned to his hotel, to find a note upon his sitting-room table. It was from Katherine. He opened it, with a feeling that was half eagerness and half fear in his heart, and read as follows:

DEAR LOVE,—How can I make you see how good I think you are, and how little I deserve such treatment at your hands! There is no one else in the world who would do what you have done, and I shall thank God always for sending you to my assistance. Believe me, I know how much you are risking, and how much you are giving up, and are willing to give, for my sake. Oh, if I could only repay you as you deserve! But, come what may, you will always have my love and my lifelong gratitude. To-night an old friend will be with us, who in happier days knew my father. Will you not come and let me introduce you to him?

The letter was signed, 'Your loving Katherine,' and to Browne this seemed to be the pith and essence of its contents. How different was it from the note he had received that morning! They were as different as light and darkness, as black and white, as any simile that could be employed. In one she had declared that it was impossible for her ever to become his wife, and in the other she signed herself, 'Your loving Katherine.' Of course he would go that evening, not because the old man had been acquainted with her father, for he would have gone just as willingly if he had had a bowing acquaintance with her grandmother. All he wanted was the opportunity of seeing Katherine, of being in the same house and room with her, and of watching the woman he loved and who had promised to be his wife.

Accordingly, that evening after dinner, he hailed a cab and drove to the Rue Jacquarie. As he passed along the crowded thoroughfares he could not help contrasting the different occasions on which he had visited that street. The first time had been on the night of his arrival in Paris,

when he had gone there in order to locate the house; the next was that on which he had repaired there in response to the note from Madame Bernstein; then, again, on the morning of that happy day they had spent together at Fontainebleau; while the last was after that miserable letter he had received from Katherine, in which she bade him give up the idea that she could ever become his wife.

On this occasion it was indeed a happy young man who jumped out of the vehicle and nodded to the *conciierge* as he passed her and ran up the stairs. When he knocked at the door of madame's sitting-room, a voice from within told him to enter. He did so, to find Katherine, madame, and an old gentleman whom he had never seen before seated there. Katherine hastened forward to greet him. If he had not already been rewarded for all the anxiety and pain he had experienced during the last few days, and for the promise he had given that morning, the look upon her face now would have fully compensated him.

'I thought you would come,' she said; and then, dropping her voice a little, she added, 'I have been watching the hands of the clock, and waiting for you.'

But, even if Katherine were so kind in her welcome to him, she was not destined to have the whole ceremony in her hands, for by this time Madame Bernstein had risen from her chair and was approaching him. Browne glanced at her, and his instinct told him what was coming. Knowing the lady so well, he felt convinced she would not permit such an opportunity to pass without making the most of it.

'Ah, Monsieur Browne,' she began, her voice trembling with emotion and the ready tear rising in her eye, 'you cannot understand how we feel towards you. Katherine has told me of your act of self-sacrifice. It is noble of you; it is grand! But Heaven will reward you for your goodness to an orphan child.'

'My dear Madame Bernstein,' said Browne, who by this time was covered with confusion, 'you really must not thank me like this. I do not deserve it. I am not doing much after all; and besides, it is for Katherine's sake, and that makes the difference. If we succeed, as I hope and trust we shall, it will be an adventure that we shall remember all our lives long.' He stopped suddenly, remembering that there was a third person present who might not be in the secret. Being an ingenuous youth, the thought of his indiscretion caused him to blush furiously. Katherine, however, was quick to undeceive him.

'You need have no fear,' she said; 'we are all friends here. Let me introduce you to Herr Otto Sauber, who, as I told you in my letter, is an old friend of my father's.'

The old man, sitting at the farther end of the room, rose and hobbled forward to take Browne's hand. He was a strange-looking little fellow.

His face was small and round, his skin was wrinkled into a thousand furrows, while his hair was snow-white, and fell upon his shoulders in wavy curls. His age could scarcely have been less than seventy. Trouble had plainly marked him for her own; and if his threadbare garments could be taken as any criterion, he was on the verge of actual poverty. Whatever his nationality may have been, he spoke French, which was certainly not his mother-tongue, with considerable fluency.

'My dear young friend,' he said as he took Browne's hand, 'allow me, as an old man and a patriot, to thank you for what you are about to do. I sum up my feelings when I say that it is an action I do not think you will ever regret.' Then, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, he continued: 'I am, as I understand Katherine has told you, an old friend of her father's. I remember him first as a strong, high-spirited lad, who had not a base thought in his nature. I remember him later as a man of more mature years, whose whole being was saddened by the afflictions and wrongs his fellow-countrymen were suffering, and still later on I wished him God-speed upon his weary march, with his brother exiles, to Siberia. In God's good time, and through your agency, I look forward to welcoming him among us once more. Madame Bernstein tells me you love the little Katherine here. If so, I can only say that I think you are going the right way to prove it. I pray that you may know long life and happiness together.'

The old gentleman was genuinely affected. Large tears trickled down his weather-beaten cheeks, and his voice became thick and husky. Browne's tender heart was touched by this unexpected display of emotion, and he felt a lump rising in his throat that for a few seconds threatened to choke him. And yet, what was there to account for it? Only a young man, a pretty girl, a stont middle-aged lady in a puce gown, and a seedy old foreigner, who, in days long gone by, had known the young girl's father. After this little episode they quieted down somewhat, and Madame Bernstein proposed that they should discuss the question they had so much at heart. They did so accordingly, with the exception of the old gentleman, who sat almost silent. It was not until he heard her expound the subject that Browne became aware of the extent and thoroughness of madame's knowledge concerning Russia and her criminal administration. She was familiar with every detail, even to the names and family histories of the various governors and officers; she knew who might be considered venal, and whom it would be dangerous to attempt to bribe; who were lenient with their charges, and who lost no opportunity of tyrannising over the unfortunates whom Fate had placed in their power. Listening to her one might very well have supposed that she had herself travelled every verst of that weary road. Plan after plan she propounded, until Browne felt his brain reel

under the strain of it. A little before midnight he rose to leave, and Herr Sauber followed his example.

'If Monsieur Browne is walking in the direction of the Rue de l'Opéra, I should be glad of his company,' he said. 'That is to say, if he has

no objection to being hindered by a poor old cripple who can scarcely draw one foot after the other.'

Browne expressed the pleasure such a walk would afford him; and, when they had bidden the ladies good-night, they set off together.

(To be continued.)

A DIVER'S PECULIAR DANGER.



DIVER lays himself open to many dangers in the carrying out of his peculiar work; although the most serious are probably not those generally regarded as such in popular estimation. The strange adventures one reads of now and again as having been met with under water have the colour, as a rule, so thickly laid on that a very strong measure of doubt is apt to creep in as to whether they are true or not. I will not say that in tropical waters a diver may not occasionally have run across a fierce or strange inhabitant—shark, devil-fish, or what not—and been rescued from determined attack at the last extremity by means as unexpected as the appearance of the enemy itself; but I must confess that I would believe the more readily if I heard the account from the lips of the man who had had the experience. I have worked myself in many parts of the world, occasionally under unusual circumstances, and have been in danger several times; but it has always been of a far more prosaic type than any such as those referred to. In laying courses of masonry, for instance, under water, in connection with the harbour works at P——, I had my foot and leg badly crushed by the fall of a large block of granite through the snapping of a clip holding one end in the process of lowering. Fortunately it was a glancing blow, and the stone, striking against the top of the foundation already laid, fell into deep water alongside. Had it caught my foot squarely and held me fast there would probably have been one diver the less in the country, for I was the only one at work on the job. As it was, I only just managed to send up the signal to be raised before fainting from the pain, and when I came to myself I was on the staging erected over the work with helmet off, and my helpers dashing water over my face. For an accident, decidedly a lucky one, although it meant a subsequent six weeks in bed.

One great diving danger in popular estimation—and naturally enough on the face of it—is that from a breakage of the air-pipe, and the consequent overwhelming and fatal rush of water into the helmet and dress. But nothing of the kind would happen; for the inlet-valve in the headpiece is so constructed that, were the pipe accidentally broken, the valve would immediately

close, and prevent any water getting in. The worker might get smothered from lack of air; but if working 'free'—that is, with open water above—he would have an ample supply to last him until he got above the surface, provided he promptly signalled to be raised, which it is needless to presume he would do. Were he working in a sunken vessel matters would, of course, be complicated, and on the wrong side; but such great care is exercised in turning out first-rate apparatus that the risk of anything breaking is comparatively remote. A far more serious one, more likely to happen, and quite independent of excellence of material and workmanship, is that of the entanglement and choking of the pipe; and the closest shave I ever had was due to this very cause. Something had gone wrong with the big inner doors, or gates, between B—— Dock and the lock opening into it, and I was engaged to see what was amiss, and to right it. The doors are necessarily heavy, massive structures, weighing many tons apiece; for, working in halves from each side, and meeting in the centre of the lock, they have to keep back the weight of the dock-water in the process of letting a vessel in or out—how strong and heavy can be judged from the fact that when closed they are broad enough to form the familiar foot-bridges so commonly used in crossing narrow waterways about all docks. Upon examination I had found that the reason for their not making a sufficiently tight fit of it when closed was that a band of iron at the bottom of one had got torn from its fastenings; and this defective band I had been for some days, or during such portions as my work was practicable, engaged in removing, and replacing with a fresh one.

The work being upon the point of completion, I wished to see—or feel rather, for seeing was decidedly out of the question with over twenty feet of dirty dock-water between one and the light—how it stood the test of the ordinary closing; and I had arranged a signal before descending upon this particular occasion to have the doors closed when I was below. When ready I sent up the agreed-upon signal, and in a few moments felt the gate upon which my hand rested begin to slowly move. I was not long, however, in realising that I had made a serious mistake; for as soon as the huge masses were in motion I

was gently lifted off my feet by the swirl of water produced in the narrow lock—the easiest of matters it is to upset a diver's balance under water, in spite of the heavy weights he carries—and irresistibly sucked towards their meeting-point. I made desperate efforts, by clutching at and pressing against the gate surface, to prevent being carried between; for, caught there, I would certainly be crushed to death. Failing, however, to get a fair grip at anything, I was drawn into the now rapidly narrowing gap, and, luckily, through; but it was so close a matter that I distinctly felt a leg knock against each gate-end as I passed between. Once on the other side, I was immediately pulled up by the life-line or air-pipe tightening against the end of one of the gates, and was just congratulating myself upon my narrow escape, when it suddenly flashed across my mind that the pipe was still between the closing masses at my side. A death hardly less horrible after all, and more long drawn out, than the one I had so barely escaped; for, with the pipe crushed flat when the meeting came, I would be held a prisoner until smothered from lack of air. Had I a knife I might have cut line and pipe, slipped off my weights, and trusted to the chance of a shoot upward. But as the work required no use of a knife, I had not one with me. I had, however, what proved better, in a hammer slung to my wrist by a lanyard tied to the handle, and a lucky inspiration as well as to using it; for, instinctively gripping this, I thrust it between the now almost meeting gate-ends. In the very nick of time, too, for almost immediately I felt them jar upon it; and as at the same time there was no stoppage nor diminution of the inward rush of

air into the helmet, I knew that the hammer-head had taken the strain, and saved my frail connection with the living world above. Before I had made up my mind what to do next—if, indeed, I could do anything—I felt the hammer loosen in its position—I had taken care not to let go the handle—and the gates began to open again. As they opened I was again carried through by the current, now set up in the contrary direction, to the side I was originally on, and the right one for me, when, after being floated back beyond the immediate flow of water, and regaining something of a steadier position, I hurriedly sent up the signal to be hauled up, and was soon thankfully at the surface and in the punt. My men, I learnt a little later, fearing something to be wrong from the movements of the pipe and line, though they failed to guess the immediate danger, had called to stop the gates closing, but, on the lower level of the water, had failed to attract in time the attention of the dockman at the handle, placed well back from the edge of the quay, that set the hydraulic machinery in motion. For greater convenience I had also been working with the gates but a third open, which still further cut into important disposable time. Upon thinking the matter out afterwards, I saw I might possibly have signalled to be hauled up, when I was just lifted off my feet, but I was then exclusively bent upon fending myself off with both hands in the turmoil from the impending crush. Most fortunate of all, perhaps, it was that my attendants had not obeyed a natural impulse to haul me up, for had they done so it would in all probability have meant my being drawn back into the crush I had so narrowly escaped.

THE UNIQUE MRS SPINK.

VII.

TWO or three weeks had passed without bringing any apparent prospect of the fulfilment of Mr Spink's quest. He had gone about with an open mind—had even paid ceremonious calls upon sundry old acquaintances who he knew had marriageable daughters. But all was in vain. No one he met impressed him as being exactly what he sought.

At this juncture the kindly Mrs Thorneycroft, undaunted by her failures, again sent for him. The language of the note wherein she invited him to dinner was discreetly veiled; but by reading between the lines Albert gathered that this time Mrs Thorneycroft believed there could be no possible hitch.

It was with significant agitation that Albert found himself standing on the Thorneycroft door-

step in company with a tall lady and a small gentleman, who had alighted from their brougham just as he sprang out of his hansom.

'That was dreadfully stupid of you, father. You should have told him to return at ten-thirty. If necessary, he could have waited,' the daughter was saying sharply as he joined them.

'Well, well, my dear, well, well, eleven o'clock is not really late, and you know Mr Thorneycroft always likes a game of whist,' the father was saying apologetically, when the door opened and they were admitted.

Two other guests were present, but as they were already wed, no especial astuteness was necessary to enable Mr Spink to guess whom his hostess expressly wished him to meet.

He took Miss Van Horlock in to dinner, and found her eminently sensible. Her views of life

were in no way influenced by sentiment. She balanced the issues frankly.

She did not read many novels. She thought fiction wasted time, and gave one a false idea of things. She did not cycle, esteeming walking healthier and less dangerous. Finding her household duties occupied much of her time, she rarely went to places of amusement.

After dinner she performed on the piano, thumping out a show-piece over the mastery whereof many of her girlhood's hours had been spent. Her execution was perfectly correct, if quite expressionless, and Albert was sorry, later, that he had not been able to put more enthusiasm into his thanks.

'A most sensible girl,' Mrs Thorneycroft whispered as Albert took leave. 'Such a splendid manager. She arranges everything. Mrs Van Horlock says she might be living in a hotel, she has so little trouble about house-keeping.'

Mr Spink tried conscientiously to admire the young lady. There was positively no reason why she should not attract him, yet he did not feel drawn to her. On several subsequent occasions he met her at the Thorneycrofts'; and, later, went to an admirably arranged but exceedingly dull dinner-party at her house.

Finally, after much inward communing, he decided that she would make a perfectly suitable wife for him; that he might search a long time before finding any one so desirable.

It was with an unpleasant sensation of being voluntarily about to take the first step towards relinquishing for ever his freedom that he invited Mrs Thorneycroft and Miss Van Horlock to tea at Fairweather Villa. He had a queer fancy to see his future spouse in his house before committing himself.

The day of their visit came, and Mr Spink, who during several preceding days had been perturbed, became more so. He did not go into town in the morning as usual, but, remaining at home, fussed about and nearly drove poor Elizabeth distracted by issuing contradictory orders.

Everything was looking its best, and Jonathan had secured a half-holiday, that he might be free to take the babes out in their mail-cart while the visitors were there. But, somehow, from the first, Albert saw that Fairweather Villa did not 'fit' Miss Van Horlock.

Mr Spink had a great affection for his house. There was a snug feeling of homeliness, born of old association, about it which appealed to his most sacred feelings. Yet when Miss Van Horlock sat rigidly upright in an arm-chair, with her somewhat large feet, in low-heeled boots, planted before her, and cast an appraising eye over the heavy, old-fashioned furniture and faded carpets, a chill seemed to encompass her host, freezing the warmth of his nature. She had an air of appropriation, too, as though, mentally, she saw herself

rearranging his establishment and mode of life, which jarred upon her host. Without saying anything absolutely disparaging of Balham, she hinted that she deemed the locality undesirable, and marvelled that Mr Spink had resided there so long.

Strumming a moment on the yellow keys of his mother's piano, she suggested the necessity of a new one; adding incidentally that she knew of a firm who allowed quite a good sum for an old instrument if deducted from the price of a new one.

The entrance of the tea-tray led to her mounting her special hobby, whereon she discoursed volubly regarding the iniquitous demands of retail merchants, and the enormous advantages of dealing exclusively with the stores—thereby annoying Mr Spink, who, from matters of principle, was opposed to all great monopolies, and one of whose firmest tenets was that it is only just to patronise local shopkeepers.

When tea was over, the tactful chaperon suggested an adjournment to the garden; and Albert, hailing with relief the notion of a move, led them forth into his little parterre. Somehow the brightness had gone out of the day, and as Miss Van Horlock cast a critical glance around, Albert distinctly felt the lawn shrink from the spacious dimensions he had from childhood believed it to own.

'How dreadfully those trees overshadow your little garden, Mr Spink! You should certainly have them lopped.'

Recollecting how his father used innocently to boast about the height and magnitude of those trees, which, on buying Fairweather Villa, he had planted with his own hands, Albert choked a little, and failed to make his usual polite response. Even Mrs Thorneycroft appeared to feel the withering sense of disappointment under which their host suffered. Miss Van Horlock alone was complacently oblivious of the chilling effect of her dictatorial manner and remarks.

After his guests had gone Mr Spink retired to his snugery and pondered deeply. Matrimony, he concluded, was too elusive a thing to be managed as a matter of convenience. Love was a will-o'-the-wisp, and every attempt to capture it merely led the unwary pursuer into bogs and morasses.

Acting on his resolution, he wrote to Mrs Thorneycroft, and, while thanking her for her great kindness, hinted that he had concluded to relinquish his chase of coy Cupid, and was determined to wait until that fickle boy sought him.

'Well,' remarked Mrs Thorneycroft to her spouse as she read the note next morning at breakfast, 'I am a foolish woman. Worldly wisdom ought to have taught me to save myself all that trouble. I might have remembered that no man ever marries a woman whom his friends think suitable';

no matter how many nice girls he meets, he always ends by choosing some absolutely incongruous person, and Albert Spink is just like the rest of his sex.'

'Umph!' was Mr Thorneycroft's only reply.

VIII.

BY-AND-BY a new housekeeper was engaged, and the Lophams—Elizabeth in tears—burdened with a medley assortment of bag and baggage, left Fairweather Villa.

As he watched the departure of the little *cortège* Mr Spink became conscious of a painful tightening of his heart-strings. The stillness of his deserted house negatively troubled him. The parent Lophams were quiet, refined people, whose presence never jarred upon him. To the tuneless prattle of their children he had grown gradually accustomed; and after the exodus the house felt dull and empty.

According to the manner of her kind, the new housekeeper at first appeared a treasure. But as the months wore on, Albert, who had been accustomed to dealing with a woman on whose veracity and fidelity he could implicitly rely, began to be assailed by doubts respecting Mrs Beebles's honesty. His household expenses seemed weekly to demand a larger cheque. Sounds of strange masculine voices occasionally caught his ear, and the odour of plebeian tobacco pervaded his dwelling. Suspicions once aroused, he speedily exchanged Beebles for a worthy dame whose chief recommendation was her extreme probity.

Regarding economy, the new treasure was scrupulous to a fault. In her desire that nothing should be wasted, the smallest and hardest scraps of bread returned again and again to confront Mr Spink at the breakfast-table, until, in self-defence, he was obliged to parcel them up and furtively drop them in the street. Her cooking was rudimentary, moreover, and under her auspices an unvarying flavour of soot haunted the viands.

Afraid of changing for the worse, Mr Spink bore with this good body for a space, until she providentially developed rheumatism, when her place was filled by a highly efficient person, whose main characteristic was a mania for cleanliness; an enthusiast who enshrouded the furniture in stiffly starched swaddling-bands of holland, and looked askance if sitting-room fires were mentioned between March and October.

She had a squint, too, a defect which annoyed her master, who could discover no valid reason for dispensing with her services. It is difficult to discharge a servitor for over-assiduous attention to her duties; so, through many bleak evenings, Mr Spink smoked his pipe by a cold hearth, remembering regretfully how, on the slightest appearance of cold or damp, Elizabeth was wont to have a cosy fire awaiting his return. He often looked back to the kindly and placid reign of

the Lophams with regret; now that he had experienced a sterner rule, he would gladly have welcomed their return, babes and all!

On a sweet June morning, nearly three years after Mr Spink had abandoned his matrimonial intentions, he awoke with the echo of children's laughter in his ears. The fancied sound brought with it a keen sense of pleasure. In his drowsy brain he congratulated himself that the intervening years had been but a dream, and that matters were still on their old footing. But as he lay contentedly, half-asleep, the strident voice of Markwell as she scolded a recalcitrant milk-boy brought him hurriedly back to reality; and hearing the clock strike, he made haste to rise, for on more than one occasion Markwell, who was a rigorous church-goer, had shown silent displeasure if he tarried in bed of a Sunday morning.

Actuated by the desire to pass as little time as possible in the cramming atmosphere of the frigid dwelling which he could no longer call home, Mr Spink had started cycling. This summer afternoon his ride extended far into a little-known by-way of Surrey, where a tiny village and a quaint church nestled among pleasant green pastures.

The day was warm, Mr Spink's figure was somewhat portly, and the inviting aspect of the cool churchyard suggested rest and a peaceful smoke. Dismounting, he wheeled his cycle within the precincts, and, seating himself on a flat-topped tomb, lit his pipe and enjoyed the tranquil influences of his surroundings.

The afternoon hush lay over all. Save for a woman in widow's dress, who, accompanied by a little girl, was placing flowers—the fragrant blossoms of a rustic garden—upon a modest grave, the place was deserted.

Something in the contour of the black-robed figure seemed familiar, and at the moment when, turning, she saw her old master, Spink recognised Elizabeth.

'I have often wondered how you were, Mr Albert, and hoped you were getting along comfortably,' she said as, preliminary greetings over, they sat side by side chatting.

'Well, just so-so, I'm afraid. But what of yourselves? I inquired after you at Torrybins', but all they could tell me was that Lopham had fallen into bad health, and that you had all gone out of town.'

A shadow fell on Elizabeth's comely face. 'It's nearly a year and a half now since Jonathan died, sir. He had never been strong, as you know, and soon after we left you he took a bad chill through getting wet at a funeral. It went to his lungs, so he came home here; it was his native village. That's his grave over there.' She pointed to where the child sat on the grass picking daisies.

'And you, Elizabeth—how do you manage with the children?'

'There's only two; the last baby died. Little Jonathan—you remember him, sir?—he's at school now, and gettin' on splendidly; and Lucy there. We live with Jonathan's mother; she keeps the shop and the post-office here. And she's so proud of little Jonathan she wouldn't part with him, no, not to the Queen herself!'

Her soft voice recalled much of his dear old life, which lately seemed to have slipped entirely from his grasp. Even the name of her child Lucy—called after his mother, whose last illness Elizabeth, then a young girl, had nursed—touched a chord of memory. She had known his father, also, and for many years her life had been passed under the same roof as his own. Elizabeth was one of the few people to whom he could say, 'Do you remember?'

'And the old cherry-tree over the arbour, does it always have as many cherries? I do hope none of that beautiful china has got broken.'

Her interested words recalled his prison-house, and suggested an easy and agreeable way of breaking the fetters which so long had enchained him.

'I haven't had a day's real comfort since you left, Elizabeth. I sincerely wish you would come back again. You could have a strong maid to help you, and, of course, bring the children. Do come.'

Elizabeth's face clouded. 'I'm afraid I can't, Mr Albert. You see, Jonathan left me quite comfortably off. He had always been a

saving man, and his life was well insured. And when he was dying he made no promise never to go back to service.' She spoke with evident reluctance; her heart had never left Fairweather Villa.

Looking into her wistful gray eyes, Mr Spink noticed that Elizabeth was still a winsome woman. Her country sojourn had brought a softer curve to her form, a richer colour to her cheek. As he saw the prospect of happiness again eluding his grasp, Cupid—who had not really deserted the forlorn bachelor, but had merely been biding his time—from where he lurked behind Jonathan Lopham's tombstone, sped an arrow right through the breast of Mr Spink's tweed cycling suit.


With the birth of a new emotion the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw that Elizabeth was still young, and, while not classically beautiful, her appearance was pleasing and attractive. Her range of intellect, he knew, had not led her far into the prickly paths of learning, but it had approved her an admirable director of a household. Though her musical training was *nil*, her voice, both in speech and song, was tuneful; and, best of all, she had always shown a sympathetic regard for himself and a whole-souled devotion to his interests.

A moment later the vigilant Cupid chuckled, and little Lucy, looking up from her daisy-chain, became wide-eyed with astonishment to see that the strange gentleman's arm tenderly encircled her mother's waist.

The Unique Mrs Spink was found!

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SPLENDID SCHEME.

IR SANDFORD FLEMING has recently advocated a system of State-owned electric cables to connect all parts of our vast Empire, so that London shall be in ready communication with every place on the globe where Britannia holds sway. The idea is a grand one, and, what is more, it is feasible at a comparatively low cost—namely, five or six millions, the price of half-a-dozen battleships. It is true that most of our possessions are in touch with the mother-country already; but the cables are not owned by the State, and many of them run through foreign territory. In the new proposal every cable would find its shore-end on British ground, and each point touched would be in connection with every other point by two routes, extending in opposite directions. The importance of such a means of communication in time of war cannot be overestimated, and would put us in a position which would be quite unattainable by any other nation of the

earth. More than this, the realisation of the project would do more than anything else to add to the unity and solidarity of the Empire. There is every likelihood, too, that the enterprise, vast as it is, would represent a paying concern from its start; for, if communication between the various parts of our immense Empire could be made at a cheap rate, thousands would exchange telegrams with distant friends and relations who never think of sending a 'wire' now, except in cases of emergency. As an additional and most important aid to national defence, the new cable-scheme should act as the harbinger of peace.

MOTOR VEHICLES.

As much ignorance about, and not a little prejudice against, motor vehicles still exists in this country, we are glad to note that the Automobile Club—which was established to develop the use of this kind of vehicle, and to promote improvements in its construction—has decided to hold an exhibition at Richmond (London) in June next. The principal object is

to ascertain the best kind of motor-carriage suitable to English requirements and tastes; and there will be trials of various kinds, not as to speed as in France, but with regard to hill-climbing, and other competitions. The proposed exhibition is supported by many well-known names, and a guarantee fund has been started, to which there are already many subscribers. The club does not aim at making money by the enterprise, but hopes to clear all expenses by small charges for space and admission to the exhibition.

A FOREST OF PIGMIES.

Mr Albert B. Lloyd, a young explorer, who has recently reached England after a remarkable journey in the western province of Uganda, has related some interesting experiences which he met with while traversing the great forest inhabited by pigmies, which was described by Stanley some years ago. The journey may be quoted as an instance of British pluck, for it was mainly through a country inhabited by cannibals. Mr Lloyd was the only white man of the party, and that party merely consisted of two Baganda boys, who acted as his personal servants, and a few native carriers. He coolly speaks of the performance as being 'somewhat risky,' and proudly says that he never had to resort to the use of arms. He was twenty days walking through the great forest inhabited by the pigmies, a forest so dark that in many places it was impossible to read even at noonday. The pigmies were fairly intelligent, and peacefully disposed, although their arrows were tipped with deadly poison. They had a frightened appearance, and covered their faces, like shy children, when spoken to. The forest was alive with elephants, leopards, wild pigs, buffaloes, and antelopes. After leaving the forest Mr Lloyd came to one place where he took the opportunity of screwing together the bicycle which he had brought with him. A spin on the machine brought out thousands of men, women, and children from their villages; and they danced and yelled with delight at seeing, as they expressed it, a European riding a snake.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES FOR BRITAIN.

The recent disastrous strike in the engineering trade has caused such arrears of work in our different locomotive workshops that when the Midland Railway Company wanted thirty engines built they could not get them made in this country. They have, therefore, placed the order with two American firms, and for the first time in the history of railway enterprise we shall presently see foreign engines running on British rails. The excellence of American engines, and indeed of all that pertains to railway work, is well known, and the Midland Company will have no reason to regret that circumstances have forced

them away from the English market. We have already taken useful lessons from our American cousins in the matter of Pullman-cars and the Westinghouse brake; and it will now be a very interesting thing to compare the behaviour of American locomotives with those of our own workshops. It is said that the cost of the new engines will be about a quarter less than if they had been built on this side of the Atlantic.

FILBERT-CULTURE IN ITALY.

It will surprise many to hear that in certain districts of Italy the filbert crop rivals the produce of the vine in commercial importance. These delicious nuts are grown on bushes or shrubs, which are arranged in groups that are from fifteen to twenty-five feet apart, so as to ensure the access of plenty of light and air. They thrive best in a deep clayey soil, and the planting takes place during November and December, of slips from the mother-plant. Seeds could be used, but the growth would be too slow to be profitable. As it is, the shrubs do not bear fruit until the third year, any blossoms appearing before that time being removed, so that the plant shall not be impoverished. The plants are periodically pruned, when any slips which have failed to sprout are removed and replaced by others; so that there are plantations which remain in full growth although nearly a hundred years old. The filbert is not subject to the diseases common to other crops, but it suffers severely from hailstones and from cold winds. Other particulars concerning the filbert-culture may be found in the *Society of Arts Journal*.

SEAGULLS IN LONDON.

A very curious and beautiful thing is to be seen on any wintry day upon the ornamental water of St James's Park, London. Every year an increasing number of seagulls take up their quarters here, among the ducks and swans who may be described as the freeholders of this piece of water; and it may be surmised that they are not altogether welcome guests, for, with their superior powers of flight, they catch in the air the food thrown by passers-by, and annex many a dainty morsel which would otherwise fall to the permanent residents. These gulls, which thus find their way to a feeding-ground in the very heart of a big city, fifty miles from the sea, are of great interest to naturalists, one of whom has recently pointed out that, in the absence of a sandbank for a quiet nap, the birds have taken to perching upon the trees. Another, while calling attention to the circumstance that the seagulls at Scoulton Mere, Norfolk, a celebrated inland breeding-place, twenty-eight miles from the sea, also use the trees as perches, suggests that the gulls at St James's Park might be induced to

make the lake there a permanent abode. He believes that if the authorities were to make an artificial swamp, about twenty yards square, on the south of the island, where the birds now take refuge, and were to plant the ground with sedges and rushes, and provide it with a wire fence to keep out intruders, the gulls might be induced to nest there, and so form a permanent attraction to the Park.

CAST-STEEL ORDNANCE.

Dr Gatling, of machine-gun fame, has constructed a cast-steel weapon which, it is hoped, will possess all the good qualities of a gun made on the present built-up principle, at about half its cost. This is not the first attempt to simplify the art of heavy-gun making by doing away with the hooped construction, which is responsible for the expenditure of so much time and money. Only three years ago Maxim made a gun in one forging, cooling it from the interior by blowing through the tube a stream of coal-oil, which was so efficient that it withstood a pressure of 50,400 lb. without injury. Another gun made in one forging was designed by Captain Hobbs of the Ordnance Department, United States army; and this also stood a pressure of almost equal amount. Dr Gatling aims at doing away with the forging operation entirely. The metal used is a special steel alloy, and is run direct from the cupola to the mould, the latter being in a vertical position, with the muzzle end downward. The casting is cooled from within, and devices are adopted to give the metal a fibrous character. It remains to be seen whether the gun will withstand the pressure-test demanded from modern ordnance, and whether it will survive the three hundred rounds to which it is to be subjected under Government (U.S.A.) auspices.

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

Deaths and injuries from the explosion of boilers have happily been greatly reduced of late years, owing to wise legislation; but occasionally a disaster occurs with fatal and terribly destructive results. Such accidents would be rendered impossible, and will probably become so in the near future, by the substitution of the common cylindrical form of boiler of the water-tube type, such as is now in use on modern warships; for when the old-fashioned boiler explodes it behaves like a huge bomb, portions of its iron walls being blown in every direction. But in the case of a water-tube boiler, should the pressure become too great, the weakest tube among the number of pipes of which the apparatus is composed bursts, and the mischief can be quickly remedied by screwing in a new tube. A correspondent of the *Times*, in drawing attention to the superiority of the water-tube boiler for factory use, in view of the terrible explosion which recently occurred at

Barking, Essex, says that the new form of boiler is yet in its infancy. Many manufacturers are quite unaware of its features, and the press will be doing a great service to humanity by making it better known.

MILITARY SURGERY.

The great benefits arising from the employment of the Röntgen ray apparatus on the field of battle is again borne witness to by Major J. Battersby, who recently lectured on the subject before the Röntgen Society. The lecturer had charge of this latest contribution by science to the surgeon's instrument-case during the trouble in the Soudan, and was therefore well qualified to speak as to its merits. After the battle of Omdurman, he tells us, there were one hundred and twenty-one British wounded in hospital, and among these there were twenty-one cases in which the bullet that had caused the wound could not be traced by any of the ordinary methods at the disposal of the surgeon. In every case but one the position of the bullet was infallibly detected by the Röntgen rays, and this without the pain of probing or other instrumental interference. The amount of suffering thus saved to the patient was immense; and no doubt remains of the splendid assistance afforded by the X-rays in the military hospital, where bullet wounds and fractured bones are common. The only difficulty which presents itself is in the generation of the necessary electric current. Primary batteries are most inconvenient, and in the Soudan a small dynamo driven by a tandem bicycle action was tried with success; but the apparatus was difficult of transport. The lecturer believes that a Wimshurst machine will ultimately be found to be the best generator to employ, its use tending to considerably simplify the arrangements.

PEAT-SEWAGE MANURE.

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* is loud in his praises of a system of using fresh sewage sludge as a manure, which has been tried for some years at Killin, Perthshire, and at Congleton, with the most gratifying results. The fresh sewage is mixed with peat which has been chopped fine and dried, by which treatment it is not only deodorised, but it retains all the ammonia and phosphates which are of such precious value to the soil. It is far better than any artificial manure, probably as good as guano, at one-third the cost; and its application to the land adds bulk, porosity, and consequently promotes aeration of the soil. At Congleton, it is said, one ton of this form of manure has proved equal to six tons of farm-yard refuse; and when two tons per acre have been put on the land the crops have been doubled in quantity. Peat is cheap—it can be procured in unlimited quantities both in Scotland and Ireland—and the manure formed

by its aid is of a dry nature. It is pointed out that this dryness is a valuable property of manure in a wet climate, the irrigation system being only suitable for countries where there is little rainfall.

A RAILWAY CYCLE.

A new departure in the matter of railway appliances is found in the 'Hartly and Teeter Inspection Car,' which is made by the Railway Cycle Manufacturing Company of Indiana. This car is a cycle-built vehicle which has four flanged wheels to adapt it to an ordinary railway, and it has for some time been in satisfactory use both in America and on the Continent. It can be easily lifted on and off the rails by one person, and supersedes the use of a locomotive for inspection purposes, and saves the cost of one, which amounts to about five pounds a day. The cost of the new vehicle does not exceed the average price of the ordinary road-cycle; it can be driven at a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and will easily run up a gradient of 1 in 20. The agent for this country is Mr J. Milliken, 2 Bank Chambers, Belfast.

CATCHING COLD.

A recent writer in the *Spectator* has drawn attention to the fact that there are places in the world where it is impossible to catch a cold, simply because there are no colds to catch! Nansen and his men during the three years they spent in the Arctic regions never caught a cold, although often enough wet and fatigued, and at times saturated with perspiration which caused their clothes to freeze into a mass of ice. Nansen's own statement is: 'There is, of course, no doubt that cold is an infectious disease. We had none during our journey, and we all got it (very badly, too) at the very moment we reached Norway.' Neither did the members of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition catch cold; nor Sir Martin Conway while exploring Spitzbergen, though frequently wet through; nor while among the Himalayas. As soon, however, as Conway and his men came down from the mountains to a European settlement they all took colds. A St Kilda cold comes with the steamers from the mainland apparently; at least, whenever a ship arrives all the inhabitants have a seizure. This is said to apply to boats from Harris particularly. From the way that cats and horses are affected, the writer further concludes that 'cold is a specific infectious disease, and that without the possibility of infection it is impossible to catch it. That is to say, that it is due to a micro-organism, and that without the presence of this micro-organism the disease cannot be contracted, be the exposure what it may.' That is one side of the question, and these facts may prevent some people from coddling too much. This was fully brought out in the article on 'Open-air Treatment of Consumption' (*Journal*, January 28, 1899).

Many a one, however, feels that he has caught cold on being exposed to a draught which has played on one part of the body, although the same individual may be able to wander with impunity in a night-dress about the house at nightfall and expose the whole body to the atmosphere. Benjamin Franklin was aware of this, and sometimes took an air-bath, sitting in his chamber perfectly nude, and in this way would court sleep which would not otherwise come.

'THE NEW TELEGRAPHY.'

In the article on this subject in our December number, the writer pointed out that even if the application of so-called 'wireless telegraphy' be limited to communication between the shore and the lightships, and between ship and ship, something of practical value will have been attained. We have not had long to wait for an attempted realisation of this idea, it having been announced that Signor Marconi is about to experiment with his apparatus between the South Foreland Light-house and the Goodwin Lightship, a distance of several miles. The dangers of 'the Goodwins' are well known, and although they are amply provided with the means of raising an alarm and conveying a general idea that something is wrong, it will be a great advantage to be able to state exactly what is wrong and what assistance is needed. The distance is not great for the experiment, which is to be conducted under Signor Marconi's personal superintendence; and, if a sufficient 'base area' can be constructed on the lightship, there seems no reason to doubt an equal amount of success with that obtained elsewhere under somewhat similar conditions. But it is always useful to bear in mind that prearranged experiment is one thing and practical everyday working is another; and a good deal of patience will have to be exercised before 'spacial' telegraphy has become a thing of practical commercial value. No doubt, as Mr Preece puts it, there is one universal conductor, the all-pervading ether; but that is so general that the difficulty is to attract the particular message to the particular instrument for which it is intended. Scientists are nothing if not sanguine, and Mr Preece does not despair of the day when we shall hear on this earth of ours a thunderstorm in the sun! Whether we shall be the happier for such a 'dispensation' is doubtful, just as it is doubtful whether we should be the wiser for the ability to communicate by telephone with the planet Mars.

A ONE-RAIL RAILWAY.

Single lines of railway are common enough, but a line with a single rail will be something of a novelty, in this country at least. Such a line is destined before long to be in operation between Liverpool and Manchester, the distance of thirty miles being covered, so it is anticipated,

in 'twenty minutes at the outside,' or at the rate of ninety miles an hour! The 'mono-rail system,' as it is called, consists of a single rail elevated about four feet from the ground, and supported on 'A'-shaped steel trestles fixed about three feet three inches apart. At each side there are fixed laterally two rails, one about thirteen inches above the other, designed to increase the stability of the system and to engage the thirty-two horizontal guide-wheels with which the car is fitted. The car will have wheels along the centre, and will 'ride' on the single rail, so to speak, depending on either side, and presenting an appearance not unlike that of the saddle-packs borne by the camel, the backbone of the animal being the rail, as it were. Electricity will be the motive-power, and the cars, each of which contains four electric motors, will pick up current from an electrical conductor alongside. The inventor, Mr F. B. Behr, built a 'mono' line at

the Brussels Exhibition in 1897, and it is said that a car capable of holding a hundred persons was propelled over it by electric traction at a speed of ninety miles an hour, which could have easily been increased had more current been available. Mr Behr is of opinion that, when once he has built the Liverpool and Manchester line, the railway companies will come to see the advantages of the system for express passenger traffic; and he proposes that single-rail lines should be built alongside the great trunk lines, and that these should be kept exclusively for express trains at a speed of one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles an hour, the existing lines being used for slow trains and goods service. If this comes about we shall have a 'Flying Scotsman' in fact, as well as in name; and the poor things that dawdle along at the rate of sixty miles an hour will be as the 'crawlers' of London to the nimble hansom!

MY FRIEND JACK.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.



AH! Gahn, yer parley-voping idjit! Don't talk to me.

'Hah!' said Jack, giving his head a side-wag in the direction from whence the above words had come; 'we are still within the

wide circle of civilisation, my son.'

'Hang such civilisation!' I growled. 'That's that howling cad, in the blue-and-yellow blazer, who came to the hotel the night before last. Why, in the name of thunder! couldn't he stop in Whitechapel and spend his money at music halls, instead of coming here?'

'Can't say, my son,' replied Jack, frowning over his work, as he devoted his six-feet of brawny strength to the task of carefully filling his meerschaum pipe. Then, striking a match, he leant forward, enclosing pipe-bowl and light between his great hands, as he puffed away and surrounded himself with smoke.

'Jack,' I said, in allusion to his raised hands, 'the foreign element will think you are saying your prayers.'

'Yes,' he growled, 'worshipping my idol. Hah! it draws better now. Bit of a row on in the hotel,' he continued as excited voices reached our seat, down by the rushing waters of the exit of the lake. 'Yes; seems rum for a fellow like that to take it into his head to come to Switzerland.'

'And degrade us as a nation,' I said indignantly. 'I felt as if I could have kicked the brute yesterday.'

'Did you?' said Jack, in his big, slow, bull-like—John-Bull-like—way. 'That's rum. Now,

do ~~you~~ know, my big-toe of the right foot itched horribly, and that other means chilblains or kicking.'

'Well,' I said, with a laugh, 'it has been ninety in the shade to-day, so it could not have been chilblains.'

'No,' he said, exhaling a thick cloud of smoke, and twitching his ear as the disturbance went on; 'kicking.'

'There, never mind 'Arry,' I replied impatiently. 'Go on with what you were telling me about *La Belle Americaine*. You said you met her at Geneva last year, were desperately taken with her, and at last proposed.'

'I didn't say at last,' grumbled Jack slowly; 'couldn't have been, because she was only at the hotel one day.'

'That's the regular length of an American tourist's stay anywhere,' I said. 'Well, go on. You told me you proposed to her.'

'Yes.'

'Well, what did she say?'

'Nothing; only smiled. A heavenly smile, old man. Ah! I was regularly gone there.'

'Hereules and Omphale!'

'Yes, if you like, old chaffwax. I've fallen in love a good many times, but never like then. If she had only kept silence it would have been all over with me, old man.'

'Then she did say something?'

'Yes; when I tried to take her hand. Then I was disillusioned. It was like the touch of a discharging-rod upon a Leyden jar. Yes, I shall never forget that night. The moon was silvering the lovely lake, and—Hallo! off?'

'I am if you are going to Wegg. You know I can't stand poetry.'

'Sit still,' he cried, seizing me in his powerful grip and dragging me back. 'I've done.'

'Not till you have told me what the lady said to disillusionise you. What was it—married already?'

'No.'

'That she was engaged?'

'No.'

'A widow?'

'No.'

'Then what did she say?'

"Paws off, Pompey!" Hah! The angel fled at those words, old man, and there was only a commonplace Yankee gal sitting there.—Seems getting warm in yonder. Wonder what's the row?'

'Bah! never mind that,' I cried as the voice of my fellow-countryman reached our ears, his speech containing more adjective than noun. 'I say,' I continued—alluding to a member of a North British family who had been staying at the hotel ever since we came, a whole week, during which I could not get Jack to stir from the lake—'what do you think of Miss Macpherson—the fair Flora?'

'Won't do,' said Jack slowly. 'Too old: a cold, stony sort of woman. I like maidenhood in the bud—fresh and flowery. Not fossil Flora.'

'Then the lady from the Land of the Leek?'

'Tempt me not by parading the beauties of the hotel, old man. "Paws off, Pompey!" she said. Hah! I shall never marry now.'

'Bosh! The Welsh maiden is attractive, and I heard it whispered that she has coin.'

'Toss for either, yourself, old man. I am wedded to my pipe. Look at the colouring coming—the creamy brunette of its complexion.'

'Look at the warm brown on Miss Price's,' I said. 'Why, she is a lustrous pearl,' I cried warmly.

'A pearl beyond price, eh?' he said slowly. 'No, she may suit you; I call her odd-looking—bizarre.'

'A fancy fair, Jack?'

'I said *bizarre*, not bazaar, my son.'

'So-ho, old boy; don't be cross,' I said; and he sat up and scowled at me.

'Don't,' he growled. 'We are old friends and schoolfellows, and we have done Switzerland together for a month without a quarrel; but if you try to be funny, old man, we must part at once, to save me from committing homicide. If you only knew what an intense desire I felt just now to chuck you into the lake, you— Why, hallo! they're chucking 'Arry.'

We both started up together, for the disturbance at the entrance of the hotel had culminated. There was a crowd gathering; a couple of the Swiss police were beneath the portico, and on the highest step stood the hero of the blazer,

gesticulating in a way that eclipsed the movements of the excited officials of the hotel; while his voice, florid with East-end argot, was heard above all.

'A true-born Briton in trouble,' said Jack, in his heavy, deliberate fashion. "'My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.'" Come on, my son. One moment,' he continued, deliberately taking out a morocco case, in which he carefully placed his pipe. 'Lie there, in thy satin bed, my fair one. It would be madness to expose thee to the tender mercies of a mob. Now then, come on.'

'Nonsense. Stop here. The blackguard has been misbehaving himself, and they are turning him out. Good job, too.'

'Well, my son, let us see how they turn out blackguards in the Land of Tell. Come on.'

The next minute we were at the edge of the crowd, which made way for my stalwart companion, and we reached the hotel steps in time to hear:

'Why, you set o' blooming cuckoo-clock makers, if yer lay a 'and on me I'll have the British hambassador about your ears. Touch me if you dare!'

'Mais, messieurs,' cried the hotel manager, with his shoulders to his ears and his hands extended palms upwards, as he addressed the British visitors staying in the place in a mixture of French, German, and English; 'de mann ist von schwindlair—a cheat.'

'Call me a swindler, yer wretched little penny ieer, and I'll make it 'ot for yer!'

'What's the row?' said Jack gruffly; and as he towered above the little crowd he seemed naturally to occupy the position of a judge among them; and in quite a chorus all turned to him at once, but with the most unsatisfactory results, the blending of English, French, German-German, and Swiss-German forming a polyglot combination that no man could understand.

Then, in a momentary pause, the hotel manager dashed at Jack.

'A tousan' pardons, m'sieu,' he cried, while 'Arry shook himself free from those who had seized him, and stood in a defiant attitude, picking his teeth with one of the hotel splints. 'You will see, milor' Anglais, that it is pénible.'

'I dare say it is,' growled Jack; 'but what's the matter?'

'Ah, sare! C'est une affaire terrible, m'sieu. Cet homme—dis mann—come to my hotel; he eat himself and drink himself grandly, sare—table d'hôte, vins de pays, ze champagne, ze Angleesh port-an-sherry vine, ze sodaire brandec—all ze day long, and cigarre de cinquante, soixante, many time.'

'Arry uttered a sneering laugh, and looked round at his audience, as if saying, 'Do you hear the contemptible foreigner?'

'Den, saire, ze head-waiter—ze chef des

garçons—come to me at ze bureau. He speak me, "I like not ze apparence of ze visiteur in ze habit bleu et jaune"—ze blue-an'-yellow, m'sieu."

'Oh yes, I understand,' growled Jack.

'Cut it short, old garsong,' cried 'Arry.

'Yais, saire,' cried the hotel manager indignantly; 'I appeal to milor' Anglais, ici, and I go to eut your stay here vairy shorts, and your libairtay and your hair in ze prisonne, saire.'

'Look here,' growled Jack, 'you mustn't threaten English visitors because your head-waiter does not like them and their coats.'

'No, saire—milor'—it ees not zat; but my waiter of head present ze leetle accompte because he make himself to go, and he tell him to aller to ze diable. My waiter head—ze chef garçon—he come to me instead, and I say, "Arrest his baggage."

'What! has he got a womau with him?' cried Jack.

'Pardon, m'sieu—his what you call luggage; but ze waiter head say he have one petit satchel, behold all; and, my faith! at the moment come ze advice from ze pollice—take yourself care of one who go and stop at hotel and nevaire pay. He is Angleesh.'

'Pay? No!' shouted the hero of the trouble. 'I ain't going to pay their blooming charges. Hotel's a regular swindle, and I'm jolly well off.'

'You stop where you are,' growled Jack fiercely as 'Arry made a step or two forward; police, hotel manager, and all standing supine and as if the matter were now in my companion's hands for settlement.

'Stop?' cried 'Arry. 'Not me! Don't ketch me putting up with none of their swindling games.'

'Stay where you are, sir!' thundered Jack, with a frown which cowed 'Arry for the moment; and the hotel manager cried 'Aha!' and rubbed his hands, while a low murmur of satisfaction ran round the crowd gathered beneath the light of the electric lamps in the linden-shaded portico.

'So he would not pay?' said Jack, turning to the hotel manager.

'No, saire; and with the most profound regret I send for ze police.'

He waved his hand toward the two officials as he spoke, and they took a couple of steps forward with military precision.

'Humph! I see.'

'Vis ze most profound regret, milor,' continued the hotel manager, 'for we hafe ze most grand respect for ze English nationne; but ze man is hotel robbaire, scoundrailes, sheat.'

'D'yer want me to knock yer ngly 'ead off?' cried 'Arry viciously.

'No, saire; it is enuff you knog ze nose off my waiter head; you knog me in ze middle; you tear ze habit noir of two of ze garçon.'

'Yes; and I'll do it again. I'll show some of you what it is to insult an English gentleman.'

'Aha! If you are gentilhomme anglais, saire, you pay ze bill.'

'Didn't I tell you I'd run short of cash, and was waiting for a remittance?'

'No, saire; no, saire.'

'Why, I'—

'Hold your tongue!' growled Jack.

'If you are gentlemans anglais, saire, and messieurs around say it is that, I make ze profound apology. You give me your carte, saire; that will suffice.'

'Oh, I'll soon give you a blooming bit o' paste-board,' cried 'Arry, with a sniggering laugh; and as he foraged his pockets the manager went on, addressing the visitors gathered around:

'Ze m'sieus anglais come and stay at ze hotel, and zey pay ze accompte with ze anglais billet de bank, or ze sovereign anglais, and we are glad. Zey are good. Anozter time a monsieur say he spend all ze monnais. "You will take my sheck?" I say, "Avec ze plus grand plaisir, m'sieu," for it is ze sheck of ze grand nation anglaise, and I know it ees all right as ninepence or ze trivette. Anozter time a milor' anglaise say, "I am clear out at ze green table; you will lend me ze coin to take myself home?" I say, "Oni, oni, m'sieu," and I lend him—prêter—ze louis, and des écus of silvaire. Et pourquoi, messieurs? It ees because he ees Anglais, an Angleeshman of ze great nation who pay toujours his debts like ze tromp. I ayve lend monnais dwenty, dirty time to ze visiteur, and take ze sheck. Do I lose myself? Nevaire, messieurs. I respect ze grand nation anglaise. But ici, monsieur, you tell me he is gentilhomme, and he give me his earte.'

'There you are!' cried 'Arry. 'My cart, old hoss.'

The manager took the card and read aloud, 'Mr Henry Schmid, Upper Street, Kentish Town.'

'Smith, you duffer; 'Ennery Smith. Here, some of yer, tell him it's all right. I want to get out of this.'

But no one spoke, and the manager looked round with the card held between his fingers, and shrugged his shoulders.

'I'll send him his bill when I get home, of course. Been going it a bit. I don't want to cheat him, though he has charged twice as much as I could get the grub for in the Strand. Now then, don't all speak at once.'

'Come on, Jack,' I whispered. 'Let them hand the brute over to their police.'

'No,' growled Jack. 'Hold your tongue, and let me alone.'

'Arry looked round at his compatriots, and to a man they did as I did—averted their gaze.

'And yer call yerselves Englishmen!' he cried.

'Yes, of course,' said Jack quietly; 'it's all right, Mr Smith. Here, Monsieur Alhof, let me have Mr Smith's bill. He's strange to the country, and does not speak the language.'

'Not me,' cried 'Arry; 'and blest if I ever try.—I say: are you going to pay?'

'Yes; hold your tongue!'

'If m'sieu guarantee ze payment'—cried the manager apologetically.

'Yes, I'll pay,' said Jack. 'He will remit me the cash. Come along to the bureau, Mr Smith.'

'Well, you are something like a trump,' cried 'Arry. 'Give us yer cart, as they call it; I'll stand drinks. Hi, garsong!'

'Will you hold your tongue!' growled Jack. 'This way.'

We then entered the bureau, and Jack put a crisp ten-pound note on the desk, receiving a few francs change, tendered in the manager's most deferential manner.

'I say, yer will 'ave a drink?' cried 'Arry.

'Will you keep your confounded tongue within your teeth!' said Jack fiercely.

'Oh, if you're going to ride the 'igh 'orse—Look here, guv'nor,' he cried, turning to me, 'you'll have a drop?'

'Why, you insufferable swind'—

'Shut up!' growled Jack. 'Now, you, sir, you were off to the station, weren't you?'

'Ycs,' said the man surlily.

'Where for?'

'Bairn, as they call it, if you must know.'

'Then you are not going to Berne. I'm coming to the station with you. Have you a return ticket?'

'No! Look here, guv'nor, you've no right to cross-examine me.'

'Eh? That's the hall-mark of your class, man,' cried Jack sharply. 'I thought you were a swindler; now I know it. Then you have been cross-examined before now, and I'll be bound to say have been in the dock.'

'Look here'—

'Hold your tongue!' cried Jack in a tone which suggested that if the fellow did not he would knock him down. 'I shall pay your fare to London.'

'Who wants to go to London?'

'You do,' cried Jack; 'and I shall give such hints at the station as will make them telegraph on and see that you don't leave the train. In other words, I shall tell them to see you on board. They do that sort of thing well on the Continent, my lad; and if you attempt to skip out anywhere they'll arrest you.'

'Oh, I say!'

'Come along.—Here, send for a carriage.'

A Swiss cab was fetched, we were driven to the station, and Jack bought the fellow's ticket.

'Yer might ha' made it first-class,' he grumbled. 'But look here, guv'nor, yer don't mean this about having me seen on board? I ain't a criminal.'

'You are, and of a bad type, sir. I do mean it, as you'll see.'

He did mean it, and after giving the man the change he had received from the ten-pound note,

in response to an appeal about being 'ard up,' we saw him into a compartment. Then the station-inspector was spoken to, and the agent of the S.E.R. taken into consultation; the train steamed out of the place, and the telegraph-men set to work.

'Now,' said Jack, 'I think I deserve a smoke,' and he tenderly took out the brunette.

'Smoke?' I said. 'Why, Jack, you must be mad. How you could be such a fool as to waste hard cash on saving that miserable, swindling hound'—

'My son,' he said as he struck a light, 'I'd have given double sooner than have our grand old English credit dragged in the mud.'

'By a howling cad,' I said, as I looked with fresh respect upon the big typical Briton I had made my friend.

His pipe was by this time well alight, and his face all aglow, as he turned and saw me watching him.

'Scribe, my son,' he said, with a laugh, 'isn't it time we had that drink? Tell you what—we'll make it fizz.'

'We will,' I said; 'but it's my turn now.'

Two minutes later: *Pop! Oiss!*

'Here's Old England, Scribe.'

'Aforesaid.'

SNOWDROPS.

Not from green meadows prodigal of flowers,

Whore merry brooks run singing all the day;

Not through the opal gleams of April showers,

Nor when the leafy woods are white with may;

But under branches bare and tempest-tost

You smile at me, dear nurslings of the frost!

Your delicate bells, with clappers of pure gold,

Make softest music on the wintry air;

In keen east winds your silken leaves unfold—

Oh! not because they are so passing fair—

Nay, but to show what gracious things may bloom

In spite of bitter cold and sunless gloom.

And, stooping 'mid the fierce wind's stress and strife

To touch your stainless blossoms as they blow,

I think—though Death, alas! must shadow Life—

Yet even in the clouded paths of woe

The snow-pure flower of heavenly peace may rise,

Like you, beneath the gray inclement skies.

E. MATHESON.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Postical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ONLY A DOG: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

By HERBERT PRESKIN.

PART I.



YOU see, boys, though Jock is only a little dog, still he is the undoubted cause of my ever having got hold of this yarn, if, indeed, he may not fairly lay claim to being its hero. So you will just have to put up quietly with a few words about him, without which I don't really see how you can ever get the proper hang of the story.

Jock is a stumpy-legged, rough, gray Scotch terrier; his leading characteristics are faithfulness, crabbedness, and cheek (spelt with a big capital C). He has taken complete charge of me for some time past during my rather erratic wanderings, and even old Chieftain, my staunch old gray nag, has long since yielded submission to him.

Under no circumstances will he admit of any advances of a friendly nature from any one but myself and perhaps my wife, whom, considering she reared him by hand, he gravely tolerates, provided she doesn't want to wash him, a proceeding which he indignantly resents. All blandishments, such as calling him a nice wee doggie, with offers of caressing pats, he nips in the bud with such unmistakable flashes of white grinders and snarls as to convince the most sceptical that he is not built that way—in fact, is not a dog of that sort.

I was gradually making my way home by easy stages from nowhere in particular, when I came to the branch roads, and hadn't the least idea of taking the right-hand one through Simpson's Flat. No! I rather fancied the other by the lower crossing of Oakley Creek. There's a big water-hole at the rocks just below the crossing, where, two seasons ago, I caught a thirty-pound cod. I always carry a hook and line in my swag, and if I could get two or three fat grubs, or a frog, for bait, I could spare an hour or so to have a try for another. But Jock settled the matter off-hand by flicking away down the Simpson's Flat

track at a smart trot, and old Chieftain, as usual, followed his lead.

Well, it didn't matter much, for, though I had been about these regions two or three times, I had never gone to the Flat, so I might as well have a look at it. But if I had no idea of going through Simpson's, I had much less of stopping there for the night. The sun was still two hours high, and I meant to go on to the accommodation shanty at the Oakley Creek upper crossing. Mr Jock had other views, and just as we came in sight of the camp on the Flat he began to exhibit most ridiculously overdone symptoms of fatigue, lying down and panting, holding up first one paw and then the other, licking them with a desolated, broken-hearted expression of face to show me how sore they were, then hobbling along on three legs, &c., being all part of a pantomime with which I was quite familiar whenever my gentleman thought he had come across a snug camp for the night.

Something in the look of the place, however, attracted me; it seemed so easy and prosperous. I might just as well stop there after all; it wouldn't make much odds; though I knew well that, as far as my poor suffering dog was concerned, once he saw the saddle off old Chieftain's back all signs of footsoreness, weariness, &c. would disappear as if by magic, and he would be actively promoting a good, free, go-as-you-please, all-round dog ruction—a pig hunt down the creek, or some other light and refreshing kind of entertainment.

Simpson's is as pretty, cheerful-looking a place as ever you saw—quite a model place. The Flat itself, just a little tributary of the Oakley's, is not more than three miles long from its junction to where it branches off in little gullies up into the range, which here comes down in rounded, sheltering ridges, shutting in the Flat on both sides and sending off gentle swelling spurs here and there to

the creek. All this was covered with the most brilliant vegetation. Such grass on the Flat, so green and lush and juicy! Along the creek, with its rippling stream (never dry, they say), the old paddocks on the banks and creek workings, the mounds of headings and tailings, were all covered with rich greenery—pumpkins, melons, vines, and wild cucumbers running riot over them, and here and there flashing up their rich yellow blossoms. Where the creek makes pools in the old workings there were flocks of geese and ducks paddling and quacking away in the water.

Some sleek old milkers standing in the water were lazily picking off here and there a juicy morsel from the banks. Well, it's getting on for milking-time, but they haven't heard the children yet coming home across the ridge from school, who will drive them on their way, and with merry shouts and laughter give them a race home. Even the tinkling of horse-bells down the Flat helps to make as pretty and peaceful a scene as ever I met with in my many wanderings. From where I stopped old Chieftain to have a quiet look at the scene, you can see the whole of what they call the lower camp. Across the creek some little way ahead were a few buildings pretty close together—one the public-house with some out-buildings, the other the store no doubt. Then along the creek were just ten others—four on the store side of the creek and six on this. Then in between were plots of cultivation ground with such rich crops of big green maize rustling its shining leaves and flaunting its silver tassel banners, of green lucerne and potatoes, of pumpkins and melons.

'There's no mistake about it,' I said to myself as I rode up the creek-bank; 'Simpson's knows how to take care of itself.'

But what about population? Once or twice I had caught the flutter of a petticoat round the homesteads, but never a sight of a man or even of a good-sized boy.

I crossed the creek, splashing through the shallow stream, and drew up in front of 'The Simpson's Flat Hotel,' a tiny little bush public-house, but, like all the rest of the Flat, a picture of tidiness and comfort, with such a garden at the back, all glowing with roses and bright homely flowers and fruit. I was received by the landlady, a smart, bright-faced woman. 'Could I stop there for the night?' 'Certainly. Would I come in? There was a neat little parlour, with a couple of tidy bedrooms leading off from it—which would I like? Some supper or dinner? Well, in an hour's time she would have something ready for me.' Then at last in came her boy Tommy, the first male so far on the Flat. 'Tommy had been kept from school; he had hurt his foot. He would give Chieftain a feed of corn, and then put him into the old cultivation paddock—any amount of feed there. Her husband and elder sons were away. Oh

no, not far; only up the Flat fossicking in the gullies.'

True to his old tricks, no sooner was Chieftain unsaddled than Jock discarded all signs of weariness, and gave chase in great form to a couple of young pigs, during which he unfortunately ran against the hotel dog and a black-and-white friend from the store who had just dropped across to hear the news. They made it very lively for poor Jock, and rolled him over in the dust, from which he escaped very dirty, panting, and highly indignant.

After a bit I strolled over to the little store. Mrs Storekeeper, another hearty, jolly little woman, was there to serve me with some tobacco and matches, and ready for a little chat. 'Yes; she had been there nearly all her life.' 'Dull?' 'No; she didn't find the Flat dull.' 'Her children?' 'Oh, the younger ones hadn't come from school yet. The children from the Flat go to the half-time school at the upper crossing, about three miles distant. They should be showing up by this time. Her eldest daughter was over at the head station.' 'Whose station?' 'Why, Mr Drummond's, of course. Mr Storekeeper and her son were just up the Flat fossicking in the gullies.'

Then I found out from her that all the male population of Simpson's were just up the Flat fossicking in the gullies. 'There are sixteen homesteads at Simpson's altogether, besides the hotel and store—ten on the lower and six on the upper camp; all married people with families, except at this camp nearest here—that belongs to Jim Morris. His wife lives with and attends on Mrs Barton, Mr Drummond's favourite niece, a young widow; but Jim is a tenant all the same.'

So I learnt from Mrs Storekeeper that all the land here for miles round was Mr Drummond's freehold property, and all the settlers on the Flat his tenants. He would issue no private mining rights except on terms that involved taking up and cultivating a certain portion of land, building substantial cottages, and a lot of other conditions, on top of which was a nominally enormous fee for the mining right, a fee which he remitted to his settlers. By this means he had kept away a crowd from ever rushing the ground. The settlers must be married men; many of them were shearers, and in the season worked at Mr Drummond's shed and at a neighbouring squatter's. As the young folk grew up and married, other homesteads would go up; there was room for a good few yet at Simpson's. There is generally, even in such a small community as Simpson's, some element of discontent, some discord in the general harmony. I could detect none here. Mr Drummond appeared to be respected—I may say loved—by all hands, and his wise regulations cheerfully observed. It seemed a regular happy valley. The Jim Morris mentioned before was the only man without a

family here; but though he was quite a privileged person with Mr Drummond, he had built and cultivated a garden like the others.

'Talking of Jim,' said Mrs Storekeeper, 'I can see him coming down the Flat now.'

I looked up, and saw some one walking along the creek-bank.

'You may notice,' she added, 'that he is a bit lame. He had one foot badly injured some years ago, and I believe there is a terrible story connected with the accident. He will be here directly, and can tell you more about the Flat than anybody.'

So I sat down under the little veranda, filled my pipe, and pulling out my pocket-book, jotted down a few notes about the day's journey, &c., to which you are indebted for the flourishing account I have just given you of Simpson's Flat.

While thus engaged I heard the sound of voices, and a man passed through the store. He looked at me as if to speak, but seeing I was engaged writing, went to the end of the veranda and sat down. I glanced at him, and saw a smart, active man, say a trifle the wrong side of forty, with a hearty bronzed face, lit up by a pair of good, honest blue eyes.

'So you're Jim Morris, eh?' I said to myself. 'Well, just hold hard till I finish this note, and I'll tackle you, my lad.'

But that note was never finished, for something happened. Now, what happened may seem a very trifling thing to you, but as for me, if an earthquake had swallowed up the half of Simpson's I might have been more frightened but not more astonished. At the first sound of a man's step coming through the store Jock jumped upon the bench beside me with symptoms of the acutest hostility, as usual; but no sooner had Jim passed along the veranda and Jock had caught his wind than he jumped down, stood sniffing for a minute with a kind of puzzled look, then crept cautiously up to the stranger, and after smelling round his feet and legs, drew back, had another good, steady look at him, began to wag his tail, came closer, put his paws up on the man's knees, and licked his hand. Down dropped note-book and pencil.

'Well, I am blessed if'—

I hadn't time to finish the sentence before Jock was upon the chap's lap trying to lick his face—I couldn't stand that.

'Look here, mate,' I cried out; 'I don't know whether you put any particular value on a dog's good opinion, but if you do you ought to feel just the proudest man this day in Australia. Never since Jock's eyes were opened has he ever let a stranger lay a hand on him; and as to licking his face, why, the idea— Well, I'm too demoralised to talk about it.'

Jim's hand was resting gently on Jock's head.

'Is that so, little doggie?' he said. 'Well,

you've got a wise wee face of your own. Is his name really Jock?'

'It is,' I replied, 'and I believe this dashed place is enchanted or that dog is bewitched.'

Jim lifted Jock down, stood up, and came towards me.

'You asked me, boss, just now, if I valued a dog's good opinion. Well, if I didn't, and more particularly when that dog's name is Jock, I should be the most ungrateful man alive in the colony. For if it had not been for the good opinion a dog, and a dog called Jock, too, had of me, I shouldn't be alive here to-day, but have been foully, treacherously murdered years ago. Ay, murdered; not put out of my agony swiftly in one act, like, but left to a slow, awful, lingering death that I shudder even now to think of, and don't care to dream about at nights.'

For the life of me I couldn't help glancing at his left foot, which I could see had been badly injured and was crushed out of shape.

'Had that anything to do with the accident to'— I stopped.

'To my foot, you mean,' he said, with a laugh. 'Who told you about that?'

I just nodded towards the store.

'Oh, I see—Mrs Storekeeper, eh? Well, I hope she hasn't been giving me a bad name.'

'Jim Morris—that's just all the name she gave you.'

He laughed. 'Well, yes, it had all to do with my lame foot. Poor old Jock saved my life, but he wasn't in time to prevent that.'

'Now look here, Jim Morris, I'm not in the least bit inquisitive—in fact, rather— Well, see here, the long and short of it is I want most particularly to hear all about that business; and seeing that my little Jock has brought us together in such a queer fashion, if there's nothing private or likely to hurt your feelings, I really think you might spin me the yarn.'

'And so I will and welcome, boss; but it's close on tea-time now.'

'See here, the landlady promised to get me something for tea or dinner; it should be ready soon now. Come and have a snack with me, and then after tea, with a pipe and a glass of grog, we can deal with the story. I can't vouch for the grub, you know, but such as it is'—

'But I can vouch for it, and beforehand, too,' said Jim, 'and guarantee Mrs Jones won't starve you. All right, I'm agreeable. I'll just take a run over to my camp for a bit of a clean-up, and be down at the hotel in a minute or two.'

I watched the dog carefully as my new acquaintance turned away. Jock never offered to follow him, but jogged along with me back to the hotel the same as usual; but when, a short time after, Jim came in, looking after his clean-up just what he was—a most respectable and superior man—Jock greeted him in the most lavish manner. Jim was

right, too, about the tucker, for a better dinner—a dinner, mind you, not a feed—I never sat down to in the bush. Dinner over, our pipes loaded, and Jock fixed up on a chair between us, Jim cleared for action and started his story somewhat in the following fashion:

‘Well, to begin with, boss, I was reared on the Mudjee side, where father had a bit of a farm near to Mr Oxley’s head station. Every one knows Mr Oxley, the great squatter that was—he’s dead now. He married Mr Drummond’s (our boss here) sister; and my wife—I’ve been married this fourteen year: she was reared on the Oxley estate—is now living with and looking after Mrs Barton, their daughter and a young widow. Poor soul! That’s why, when I come down here to do a bit of fossicking—and very good fossicking it is, too—they call me the grass widower. I was about sixteen when the goldfields broke out in Australia up our way at Summerhill Creek; then came the “Meroo,” the “Ophir,” the “Turon,” &c.—you know the old story—and I took to the diggings from the start. Like many other youngsters, I had great luck at first, which made a confirmed digger of me. Well, I went first to one rush and then to another for the next year or two, never very far from home, giving them a look in now and then, till father met with a bad accident, and I had to come home to look after the old place. It was a good twelve months before I was able to get back to the pick and shovel.

‘It wasn’t time wasted, for it was then I got hold of my old dog Jock, and had to train him. Young Mr Oxley had been back from the old country about twelve months when I got home; he’d been away at college there, and then he had travelled about a lot, for he was a great sportsman. He brought a lot of dogs out with him. One of them was a great, rough, wiry dog, called a wolfhound, pretty smart, and very strong and savage, but not quite fast enough for kangaroo in the open. Father had a fine cattle or sheep slut of some English breed—a long-haired, shaggy kind, much bigger than a collie and wonderfully clever. Old Jess could do almost anything short of talking. These two were Jock’s father and mother. The knowing ones said the cross would

be mongrels, not fit for anything, but the young boss he had more sense.

“I’ve seen cross-bred dogs,” he said, “smarter in all ways than many pure-bred ones.”

‘So he kept two dog pups; he called them Roy and Jock. Father was to have one; so when I got home we drew lots, and Jock fell to me; and a lucky draw it was, too, for me. They were about eight months old, and young Mr Oxley had started already to train them. He had brought home some new way of training to the sound of a loud metal whistle, one of which he gave me. It ought to have been a horn by rights, he said. Some foreign huntsman, in Germany, I think, had taught him. Everything was done to certain calls on the whistle, and we taught those pups all kinds of tricks, for they trained wonderfully easy. By the time I left home again there wasn’t two finer dogs to be found anywhere; they were even then quite as big as the wolfhound, but stronger; savage too, but wiser-like, taking after the old slut. I spent another few months after leaving home round the “Louisa” and the “Turon,” and then made tracks for the Victorian side. I fetched up in the Ovens district; this was, I think, in the beginning of 1857, when I was about twenty-two years old. I had rattling good luck at first all round that quarter. Now, I dare say you will remember, boss, what a terrible lot of talk there was at that time about Gippsland. Not being very well known then, all sorts of yarns sprang up about the Gippsland mountains. There were chaps away there in the ranges said to be making gold by the bucketful. Of others it was said that, after making huge piles, they had perished in the bush; for there is no doubt of it, some of that country is as rough as it’s made anywhere. Then a report was spread that the bodies of three miners had been found in the ranges starved to death, and that by each body was a swag of gold as much as a strong man could carry. Then, a while after the adventure I am going to tell you about, came all the excitement about the Omeo rush and Livingstone Creek—how the prospectors had been tracked for miles through the mountains and found at last, with, it was said, tons of gold.

THE MARBLE QUARRIES OF CARRARA.

By the MARCHESA CERESA VENUTI.

IN travelling along the coast-line of Tuscany, and emerging from the Pisan pine-forests, who is there that does not turn his eyes from the sea, in order to rest them on the masses of stone that lie by the side of the railway, waiting to take artistic or useful form, and to lift them to the overhanging mountains of

Luini, with their sides rent by glistening wounds, like so many heaps of snow? Those mountains are all of marble from base to summit; and twenty centuries of work have scarcely left a trace of the hand of man. They form the chain of the Apuan Alps, which is distinct from the Apennines and the Alps themselves. Its naked sides, its riven crags, its airy, pointed peaks bear too clearly for

mistake the Alpine stamp, entirely different from the lesser chain, which is characterised by soft, round hills, by mud and clay, and by a luxuriant vegetation. The Apuan Alp is bounded by the rivers Aulella and Serchio, and by the Tyrrhenian Sea. It occupies the country formerly called Versilia, and now Garfagnana. Its framework is composed of wonderful chalk-banks, which crop out even at the very highest peaks, and of which there are many different varieties.

The traveller who wishes to visit the quarries ascends one of the streams which form the river Carrione; on its banks is situated the town of Carrara, once the chief place of the duchy ruled by Eliza Baciocchi, the sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. Of the valleys which are scattered confusedly between the ridges of the mountain, some are inhabited and soft in aspect, others deserted and savage. The valley of Arni, which is the queen of all, is still untouched by the hand of man, so that when standing in it one hardly perceives that one is in the world, so rarely is the human voice heard there. It contains, however, enormous wealth, though the road that leads to it is exceedingly rough and impracticable. It is like a vast crater with an inverted brim. The torrents which descend from the surrounding rocks, as long as they are isolated, run roaring and foaming down, but before they arrive at the bottom of the basin they are lost to sight without ever encountering one another. In place of a river or lake there is nothing but a dry bed, with blocks of white marble scattered over it, which, like an enormous sponge, sucks in all these waters by a thousand apertures between dispersed débris, so that the meeting of the waters takes place underground. At some points there are caverns and grottos which rival the most famous on record, and some of which were the dwellings of man in the prehistoric period. Amongst the most remarkable are those of Aronte, Colombara, Bignone, that of the sorceress Ferouia and the hundred chambers, the Buca d'Equi, and that of Tanone, of which Spallanzani said that it is 1300 metres long, and branches out into many minor grottos, sometimes compressing itself into narrow pathways, and sometimes widening out into spacious halls. It contains an immense number of water-stones of every size, form, and kind; and in the live rock, a long way down, it shows the nature and variety of the strata of which the mountain is itself composed. To surmount the dangers that meet one here it is necessary to be tied to a rope, and in this way to be transported over abysses and precipices. If the sight of these threatening crags and sharp-pointed pinnacles raises the mind to the poetic contemplation of Nature on the one hand, on the other the thought of the inexhaustible treasure of which she is here so prodigal awakens calculations of profitable industrial undertakings.

The Apuan marble excels the Parian, Pentelic,

and Hymettian marble for fineness of grain, ease in working, and for the size of its monoliths, and was substituted for the Greek marble at the very time when the Greeks ceased and the Italians began to produce their masterpieces. Providence, who transferred the primacy of the arts from the country of Phidias to that of Michelangelo, had planted near at hand the material for the new artists' use. Authors, backed by the authority of Pliny, who speaks of the marble of Luni as recently discovered, placed the period at which our marble began to be excavated in the later days of the Roman Republic; but the date is now carried much farther back. When the great captains brought back to Italy as trophies the statues by famous Greek chisels the artistic sentiment revived, and a great taste for marbles sprang up. The period in which the trade reached its greatest prosperity was during the reigns of Trajan and of Marcus Aurelius, and these emperors issued several laws relating to the quarries. From the valleys the marble was carried to the port of Luni. There it was shipped for Ostia, and after ascending the Tiber, was deposited at the Marmorata, a place close to where the Basilica of St Paul now stands. Every piece had the consul's name engraved upon it.

After this the devotion to the liberal arts became very much weakened among the Italians, and we look in vain for memorials of the quarries until the eleventh century. Barbarossa ceded Carrara, with its quarries, to his faithful Bishop of Luni in 1183; and in the following centuries Carrara had for its lords many Italian princes.

In 1500 Carrara saw within its walls the sculptors Bandinelli, Ammanati, Giambologna, together with the divine Michelangelo. He suffered here not so much by the labour of climbing the hard mountains as by the dishonesty of his fellow-men, as may be seen from his original letters, preserved in the British Museum. The traveller stops with respect before the house where the author of the 'David' and the 'Moses' dwelt. It seems that in the seventeenth century the marble industry had very much deteriorated; it assumed a new vigour again in the eighteenth century; and in 1769 Maria Teresa founded in Carrara an Academy of Fine Arts, from which so many eminent men have issued; this small town has been the cradle of Maffiolo, Baratta, Finelli, Raggi, and Tenerani. At the breaking out of the Napoleonic wars the industry suffered very considerably, for the great despot laid his tyrannical hand even on the humble quarrymen. It is reviving now, and good is in store for the industrious people of Carrara. The number of quarries is about seven hundred, but more than three hundred have not yet been exploited. At Massa there are about two hundred, of which forty-five alone are worked; and there are one hundred and fifty others abandoned in the Versilia. From this we may conjecture what

enormous wealth lies buried in the heart of this beautiful mountain.

The different kinds of marble are not arranged in layers, but blend with one another, like the colours of the rainbow. A light sandy coating covers the blocks, and divides them from one another. It is noticed that where marble is exposed to the sun it becomes harder; where it is placed in the shade it becomes finer and softer. From an admixture of metallic substances, the marbles are sometimes marked, speckled, veined, and spotted, and these defects make them less valuable to the sculptor. Though the marbles are of great variety, they may all be reduced to threefold classifications of *brecciati*, *bardigli*, and *bianchi*. Although the elegant *brecciato* is much liked for ornaments, and the flowered *bardiglio* is useful, still it is the *bianco* which is of the greatest importance, and the white statuary marble is the noblest of all. It has many varieties. Sometimes it is of dazzling whiteness; sometimes it inclines to blue, sometimes to flesh-colour, as is the case with the *crestola*, which is by far the most beautiful. It rises in value in proportion to its freshness, its tint, its crystallisation, and the size of the piece. Its freedom from impurities is also a matter of much consideration. Woe to the artist if, as he sees the thought he has long been meditating emerging from the precious block, he suddenly espies a knot, a speck, a vein showing itself under the strokes of his chisel! Dupré, in his *Memoirs*, states that while he was sculpturing the 'Giotto' for the Ulizzi Palace he found a hair, which split the marble right through, and he had to make a reproduction of the statue. To Canova, as his friend Antonio d'Este tells us, it was torture to see black or livid spots; and accordingly, by the advice of chemists, and especially of the celebrated Davy, he made use of various preparations for taking them out. One day, while he was making this experiment, the chemicals took fire and went off like a volcanic eruption. He was thrown to the ground, and had a narrow escape of his life.

Our statuary marble, like the Parian of old, may well be called splendid. It is delicate, and shows an antipathy to everything that is not also white. Touch it with quicklime and it will be tinged with blood-coloured spots, with red wine and it becomes violet, with oil and it turns pale, with the moisture that comes from the chestnut and it grows black. By its means the 'Graces,' the 'Hours,' the 'Charity,' the 'Psyche,' the 'Fame,' the 'Abel,' which have immortalised Canova, Finelli, Bartolini, Tenerani, Rauch, and Dupré, assumed their divine forms, so full of comeliness and charm. Nor is it only into statues, veiled in the most exquisite modesty, or expressing the warmth of the affections, the sighs of melancholy, and the mysteries of the human heart, that it is wrought; but it lends itself also, in the hands of Michelangelo, to fashion sweet instruments—spinets,

guitars, and violins—the last so light as to be capable of being slung across the shoulder. Amongst the other statuary marbles, the *crestola* is the choicest of all, either on account of the beauty of its surface-covering, or because, from being less liable to chip, it can receive from an expert hand more finely chiselled and delicate features. A beautiful proof of the excellence of this marble has been given by the sculptor Moli in his 'Pompeian Mother,' now in the possession of Mr Mitchell Henry, Stratheden House, Hyde Park, London. The woman, flying with her child from the disaster, tries to shield herself from the burning rain with some drapery, or a sheet, which she holds high above her head. The air which she displaces in running swells the folds of the drapery, which, owing to the masterly way in which these folds are executed, and the delicacy of the work, is so light that it seems as thin and transparent as if it were of linen.

The most colossal monuments, however, the loftiest columns and the most sumptuous vestibules, are made of *bianco-chiaro*. Vasari assures us that the block of *bianco-chiaro* given by the Grand-duke Cosimo I. to Ammannati for the statue of 'Neptune' which is in the piazza of Signoria, in Florence, was six metres high and three wide. It was so superb that, from its not having been given to him, Benvenuto Cellini, as he himself says, turned so ill that he suddenly fainted.

The struggle of man with Nature is keen on the slopes of the Apuan Alps, and the echo of the labour is given back from the mountain. Here are blocks which appear to have been hurled down from dizzy heights; terrible explosions occur at which the earth seems cleft in two and tottering to its base; gangs of men are occupied in loosening great slabs between the enormous rocks, or in taking off the ragged corners of the marble, or rough-hewing it, or sanding it, or rubbing it with pumice-stone, or carrying it away. Forty-two sawing establishments, provided with two hundred appropriate implements, stand on the banks of the Carrione; and there are one hundred and fifteen sculptors' studios and manufactories of ornaments in the industrious little town of Torano. The quarries belong to one hundred and twenty-five men of business. The transport is made by four hundred and fifty persons, three hundred pair of oxen, and four hundred and twenty-five four-wheel and three hundred two-wheel carts. Three thousand people work at the quarries; about a hundred women are told off to carry water for the use of the quarrymen; five hundred and fifty persons are employed in the workshops and laboratories. These workpeople know, and scent out by instinct, the marble better than any mineralogist; the very lads are clever at carving it in sport, and make very useful articles of it. The export to all the countries of Europe and America amounts to one hundred thousand tons a year. If, however, at the foot of the Apuans there were a

handful of enterprising Englishmen or Americans, numerous lines of rail would soon wind up those delicious valleys, the waters of the Carrione and the Frigido would turn countless machines, and instead of one hundred thousand tons a million would be taken away every year, so that there would be some ground for the fear of Pliny, Ovid, and Juvenal that the mountains would be destroyed.

It cannot be doubted that there is much room for improvement, both in instruments and methods for the transport of the marble, and in the condition of the workers. On account of the imperfection of the machinery, the marble leaves Italy in the rough, and actually comes back dressed from abroad. Surely it would be possible to show a little more activity and skill at home, and to adopt new systems of mechanism, especially in the method of detaching monoliths from the mountain.

The blasting of the mines still makes many victims. It is easy to imagine what prodigious effects are produced, when one knows that two thousand pounds of powder are lodged at the depth of nearly twenty metres. The sound of a horn gives notice when an explosion is going to take place; the men, warned by it, run for shelter to some cave, and a formidable discharge of débris passes over their heads. Sometimes masses of stones come rolling down of themselves on the top of the casual passenger. At one time it was the custom to sound a bell inviting to prayer, according to Catholic usage, every time that there was a dead or dying man at the quarries. Not a day passed without its mournful notes being heard; but, as it spread terror and anguish among hundreds of aged fathers and mothers and children—amongst all the inhabitants of the town, since all had some relation at the quarries—its tolling was forbidden.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

CHAPTER XIV.



NCE in the street the old man slipped his arm through that of his companion and hobbled along beside him. 'My dear young friend,' he said, when they had been walking for some few minutes, 'we are out of the house now, and able to talk sensibly together without fear of making fools of ourselves or of being overheard. First and foremost, tell me this: Have you any notion of what you are doing?'

'Of course I am not very well up in it,' Browne replied modestly; 'but I think I know pretty well.'

'Then, let me tell you this, as one who is probably more conversant with the subject than any man living: you know absolutely nothing at all!'

After this facer Browne did not know quite what to say. Herr Sauber stopped and looked at him.

'Has it struck you yet,' he said, 'that you, a young Englishman, without the least experience in such things, are pitting yourself against all the organisation and cunning of the Great Russian Bear?'

'That point has certainly struck me,' Browne replied.

'And do you mean to say that, knowing the strength of the enemy you are about to fight, you are not afraid to go on? Well, I must admit I admire your bravery; but I fear it is nearer foolhardiness than pluck. However, since you are determined to go on with it, let me give

you a little bit of advice that may be of service to you. I understand you have not long enjoyed the honour of Madame Bernstein's acquaintance?'

Browne stated that this was so, and wondered what was coming next. He was beginning to grow interested in this queer old man, with the sharp eyes, who spoke with such an air of authority.

'Before I go any farther,' continued the old gentleman, 'permit me to remark that I yield to no one in my admiration for the lady's talent. She is an exceedingly clever woman, whose grasp of European politics is, to say the least of it, remarkable. At the same time, were I in your position, I would be as circumspect as possible in my behaviour towards her. Madame is a charming companion; she is philosophic and can adapt herself to the most unpleasant circumstances with the readiness of an old campaigner. In matters like the present, however, I regret to say, her tongue runs riot with her, and for that reason alone I consider her little short of dangerous.'

This may or may not have been the exact thought Browne had in his own mind. But the woman was Katherine's friend; and, however imprudent she might be, that circumstance alone was sufficient, in a certain sense, to make him loyal to her. Herr Sauber probably read what was passing in his mind, for he threw a glance up at him in his queer sparrow-like way, and, when he had eyed him steadfastly for a few seconds, continued what he had to say with even greater emphasis than before.

'I do not want you to mistake my meaning,' he said. 'At the same time, I have no desire to see the mission you have taken in hand turn out a failure. I have been acquainted with Madame Bernstein for more years than either she or I would probably care to remember, and it is far from my intention or desire to prejudice your mind against her. At the same time, I have known Katherine's family for a much longer period, and I must study them and their interests before all.'

'But what is it of which you desire to warn me?' Browne inquired. 'It seems to me that Madame Bernstein is as anxious to assist Katherine's father to escape as any of us.'

'I sincerely believe she is,' the old man replied. 'In spite of the life she has led these twenty years, she still remains a woman, and impetuous. You must see for yourself that in a matter like the present you cannot be too careful. Let one little hint reach the Russian Government, and farewell to any chance you may stand of effecting the man's escape.'

'But what am I to do to prevent her from giving them a hint?' asked Browne. 'She knows as much as I do, and I cannot gag her!'

'But you need not tell her of all your plans,' he answered. 'Tell Katherine what you please; she has the rare gift of being able to hold her tongue, and wild horses would not drag the secret from her.'

'Then, to sum up what you say, I am to take care that, while Katherine and I know everything, Madame Bernstein shall know nothing?'

'I do not say anything of the kind,' said Herr Sauber. 'I simply tell you what I think, and I leave it to your good sense to act as you think best. You English have a proverb to the effect that the least said is the soonest mended. When the object of your expedition is accomplished, and you are back in safety once more, you will, I hope, be able to come to me and say, "Herr Sauber, there was no necessity to act upon the advice you gave me;" then I shall be perfectly satisfied.'

'I must confess that you have made me a little uneasy,' Browne replied. 'I have no doubt you are right, however. At any rate, I will be most careful of what I say and how I act in her presence. Now, perhaps, you can help me still further, since you declare you are better acquainted with the subject than most people. Being so ignorant, I should be very grateful for a few hints as to how I should set to work.' In spite of the old man's boast, Browne thought he had rather got the better of him now. He was soon to be undeceived, however.

'You intend to carry this through yourself, I suppose?' asked his companion. 'If I mistake not, I heard you say this evening that you proposed to set sail at once for the Farther East. Is that so?'

'It is quite true,' Browne replied. 'I leave

for London to-morrow afternoon, and immediately upon my arrival there I shall commence my preparations. You will see for yourself, if the man is so ill, there is no time to waste.'

'In that case I think I can introduce you to a person who will prove of the utmost assistance to you; a man without whom, indeed, it would be quite impossible for you to succeed in your undertaking.'

'That is really very kind of you,' said Browne; 'and, pray, who is this interesting person, and where shall I find him?'

'His name is Johann Schmidt,' said Sauber, 'and for some years past he has taken up his residence in Hong-kong. Since we are alone, I may as well inform you that he makes a speciality of these little affairs, though I am not aware that he has done very much in that particular locality in which you are at present most interested. New Caledonia is more in his line. However, I feel sure that that will make little or no difference to him, and I do not think you can do better than pay him a visit when you reach Eastern waters.'

'But how am I to broach the subject to him? And how am I to know that he will help me? I cannot very well go to him and say straight out that I am anxious to help a Russian convict to escape from Saghalien.'

'I will give you a letter to him,' replied Herr Sauber, 'and after he has read it you will find that you will have no difficulty in the matter whatsoever. For a sum to be agreed upon between you, he will take the whole matter off your hands, and all you will have to do will be to meet the exile at a spot which will be arranged and convey him to a place of safety.'

'I am sure I am exceedingly obliged to you,' said Browne. 'But will you answer me one more question?'

'I will answer a hundred if they will help you,' the other replied. 'But what is this particular one?'

'I want to know why you did not tell us all this when we were discussing the matter at the house just now.'

'Because in these matters the safest course is to speak into one ear only. If you will be guided by me you will follow my example. When no one knows what you are going to do save yourself, it is impossible for any one to forestall or betray you.'

By this time they had reached the corner of the Rue Auber. Here the old gentleman stopped and held out his hand.

'At this point our paths separate, I think,' he said, 'and I have the honour to wish you good-night.'

'But what about that address in Hong-kong?' Browne inquired. 'As I leave for England to-morrow, it is just possible that I may not see you before I go.'

'I will send it to your hotel,' Herr Sauber replied. 'I know where you are staying. Good-night, my friend, and may you be as successful in the work you are undertaking as you deserve to be.'

Browne thanked him for his good wishes, and bade him good-night. Having done so, he resumed his walk alone, with plenty to think about. Why it should have been so he could not tell, but it seemed to him that since his interview with the old man from whom he had just parted, the whole aspect of the affair to which he had pledged himself had changed. It is true that he had had his own suspicions of Madame Bernstein from the beginning, but they had been only the vaguest surmises and nothing more. Now they seemed to have increased not only in number but in weight; yet, when he came to analyse it all, the whole fabric tumbled to pieces like a house of cards. No charge had been definitely brought against her, and all that was insinuated was that she might possibly be somewhat indiscreet. That she was as anxious as they were to arrange the escape of Katherine's father from the island upon which he was imprisoned was a point which admitted of no doubt. Seeing that Katherine was her best friend in the world, it could scarcely have been otherwise. And yet there was a nameless something behind it all that made Browne uneasy and continually distrustful. Try how he would, he could not drive it from his mind; and when he retired to rest, two hours later, it was only to carry it to bed with him and to lie awake hour after hour endeavouring to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

Immediately after breakfast next morning he made his way to the Gardens of the Tuileries. He had arranged on the previous evening to meet Katherine there, and on this occasion she was first at the rendezvous. As soon as she saw him she hastened along the path to meet him. Browne thought he had never seen her more becomingly dressed; her face had a bright colour, and her eyes sparkled like twin diamonds.

'You have good news for me, I can see,' she said when their first greetings were over and they were walking back along the path together. 'What have you done?'

'We have advanced one step,' he answered. 'I have discovered the address of a man who will possibly be of immense assistance to us.'

'That is good news indeed,' she said. 'And where does he live?'

'In Hong-kong,' Browne replied, and as he said it he noticed a look of disappointment upon her face.

'Hong-kong?' she replied. 'That is such a long way off. I had hoped he would prove to be in London.'

'I don't think there is any one in London who would be of much use to us,' said Browne, 'while there are a good many there who could hinder

us. That reminds me, dear, I have something rather important to say to you.'

'What is it?' she inquired.

'I want to warn you to be very careful to whom you speak about the work we have in hand, and to be particularly careful of one person.'

'Who is that?' she inquired; but there was a subtle intonation in her voice that told Browne that, while she could not, of course, know with any degree of certainty whom he meant, she at least could hazard a very good guess. They had seated themselves by this time on the same seat they had occupied a few days before; and a feeling that was almost one of shame came over him when he reflected that in a certain measure he owed his present happiness to the woman he was about to decry.

'You must not be offended at what I am going to say to you,' he began, prodding the turf before him with the point of his umbrella meanwhile. 'The fact of the matter is, I want to warn you to be very careful how much of your plans you reveal to Madame Bernstein. It is just possible you may think I am unjust in saying such a thing. I only hope I am.'

'I really think you are,' she said. 'I don't know why you should have done so; but from the very first you have entertained a dislike for madame. And yet, I think you must admit she has been a very good friend to both of us.'

She seemed so hurt at what he had said that Browne hastened to set himself right with her.

'Believe me, I am not doubting her friendship,' he said, 'only her discretion. I should never forgive myself if I thought I had put any unjust thoughts against her in your mind. But the fact remains that not only for your father's safety, but also for our own, it is most essential that no suspicion as to what we are about to do should get abroad.'

'You surely do not think that Madame Bernstein would talk about the matter to strangers?' said Katherine a little indignantly. 'You have not known her very long; but I think at least you ought to know her well enough to feel sure she would not do that.'

Browne tried to reassure her on this point, but it was some time before she was mollified. To change the subject, he spoke of Herr Sauber and of the interest he was taking in the matter.

'I see it all,' she said; 'it was he who instilled these suspicions into your mind. It was unkind of him to do so; and not only unkind, but unjust. Like yourself, he has never been altogether friendly to her.'

Browne found himself placed in somewhat of a dilemma. It was certainly true that the old man had added fresh fuel to his suspicions; yet he had to remember that his dislike for the lady extended farther back, even as far as his first meeting with her at Merok. Therefore, while in

justice to himself he had the right to incriminate the old man, still he had no desire to confess that he had himself been a doubter from the first. Whether she could read what was passing in his mind or not I cannot say; but she was silent for a few minutes. Then, looking up at him with troubled eyes, she said, 'Forgive me; I would not for all the world have you think that I have the least doubt of you. You have been so good to me that I should be worse than ungrateful if I were to do that. Will you make a bargain with me?'

'Before I promise I must know what that bargain is,' he said, with a smile. 'You have tried to make bargains with me before to which I could not agree.'

'This is a very simple one,' she said. 'I want you to promise me that you will never tell me anything of what you are going to do in this matter that I cannot tell Madame Bernstein. Cannot you see, dear, what I mean when I ask that? She is my friend, and she has taken care of me for so many, many years, that I should be indeed a traitor to her if, while she was so anxious to help me in the work I have undertaken, I were to keep from her even the smallest detail of our plans. If she is to be ignorant let me be ignorant also.' The simple, straightforward nature of the girl was apparent in what she said.

'And yet you wish to know everything of what I do?' he said.

'It is only natural that I should,' she answered. 'I also wish to be honest with madame. You will give that promise, will you not, Jack?'

Browne considered for a moment. Embarrassing as the position had been a few moments before, it seemed even more so now. At last he made up his mind.

'Yes,' he said very slowly; 'since you wish it, I will give you that promise, and I believe I am doing right. You love me, Katherine?'

'Ah, you know that,' she replied. 'I love and trust you as I could never do another man.'

'And you believe that I will do everything that

a man can do to bring about the result you desire?'

'I do believe that,' she said.

'Then let it all remain in my hands. Let me be responsible for the whole matter, and you shall see what the result will be. As I told you yesterday, dear, if any man can get your father out of the terrible place in which he now is, I will do so.'

She tried to answer, but words failed her. Her heart was too full to speak. She could only press his hand in silence.

'When shall I see you again?' Browne inquired, after the short silence which had ensued. 'I leave for London this afternoon.'

'For London?' she repeated, with a startled look upon her face. 'I did not know that you were going so soon.'

'There is no time to lose,' he answered. 'All our arrangements must be made at once. I have as much to do next week as I can possibly manage. I suppose you and madame have set your hearts on going to the East?'

'I could not let you go alone,' she answered; 'and not only that, but if you succeed in getting my father away, I must be there to welcome him to freedom.'

'In that case you and madame had better hold yourselves in readiness to start as soon as I give the word.'

'We will be ready whenever you wish us to set off,' she replied. 'You need have no fear of that.'

Half-an-hour later Browne bade her good-bye, and in less than three hours he was flying across France as fast as the express could carry him. Reaching Calais, he boarded the boat. It was growing dusk, and for that reason the faces of the passengers were barely distinguishable. Suddenly Browne felt a hand upon his shoulder, and a voice greeted him with, 'My dear Browne, this is indeed a pleasurable surprise. I never expected to see you here.'

It was Maas.

WARKWORTH CASTLE AND HERMITAGE.

By SARAH WILSON.

LORD WARKWORTH, M.P., now Earl Percy, the accomplished grandson of the late Duke of Northumberland and of the Duke of Argyll, took his title from the pleasant village of Warkworth, on the Coquet. The beautiful river, when it has arrived from its source among the heather-clad hills to within a mile or so from the sea, makes a large, sweeping, circular curve, and enwrings with its silvery waters about fifty acres of land. As long ago as the days of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers a church was built in the limited district of country thus

encompassed by the river. The walls were made four feet thick, that they might endure; but it was taken down and another built on a larger scale in Norman times. A castle was also erected within the same environment in the period of Norman rule. In Plantagenet days a bridge was thrown across the river and fortified with a tower; a little later a hermitage was hollowed out of a sandstone cliff on the outer bank of the winding stream; and a market-cross was also erected. The wide, sloping road between the castle and the church was gradually lined on both sides with stone houses of different degrees of accommoda-

tion; and thus, as the centuries came and passed, and left their work, Warkworth has become the attraction that we find it at the present day.

A few years ago, in the course of repairs, the floors of the church were taken up to a sufficient extent to uncover part of the foundations of the original Saxon building. Those who were present turned with quick curiosity to the recess in the low corner-stone in which deposits are usually placed by founders; but former explorers had left it void. The lengths of foundations exposed were all within the walls of the building, showing that the Norman masons made their church on a larger scale than that of the earlier builders. The Norman chancel, with its stone-groined roof, and the north and west walls of the Norman nave are still standing with calm continuance. But built up close against the west wall is a strong, stern Plantagenet tower, twenty-three feet square, erected, probably, as a place of safety some time after the terrible massacre of the inhabitants that took place in the course of the invasion of William the Lion, King of Scotland, in 1174. The south wall of the Norman builders was taken down in Tudor times, and a light, wide, spacious aisle of gracious aspect thrown out, which has now become, like the rest, ashen-gray with its years. There are several other items of interest in the church: a fragment of a Saxon cross carved in the characteristic manner that Saxon illuminations in manuscripts have made familiar to us; a porch with a chamber over it, once used as the village schoolroom, and furnished with a turret staircase to give access to it; traces of an anchorite's cell; and an effigy of the knight who gave the common to the inhabitants. The porch, as Mr Tonliunson remarks in his excellent *Guide to Northumberland*, is 'well peppered on the outside with bullet-marks.' Here is laid the opening scene of Sir Walter Besant's story, *Let Nothing you Dismay*.

Though Warkworth is mentioned by the Venerable Bede as having been given by King Ceolwulf to the community he joined at Lindisfarne when he resigned his crown, it is Jordan Fantosme who has painted for us the first word-picture of the castle, the 'worm-eaten hold of rugged stone' that Shakespeare has made so interesting to us all. In *trouvére* fashion, he related metrically how William the Lion set out to ravage Northumberland, and went first to Wark Castle, where the custodian arranged a postponement of hostilities till he could receive instructions from headquarters as to whether he was to defend it or give it up. In the course of the necessary days of waiting, the Scottish king decided to proceed to Alnwick, where he hoped to make similar terms with the son of De Vesci, who was in charge of the castle there; then, he said, he would go on to Warkworth; and though Roger, the son of Richard, was a valiant chevalier, he would not be able to withstand him, as castle, wall, and moat were all 'fiable'—not dreaming that the day was near at hand when he was to be taken

prisoner at Alnwick, and led to Henry the Second at Northampton with his legs bound under his horse's body.

The Norman knight who built the castle in the first instance has been ascertained to be the Roger Fitz-Richard thus mentioned by Jordan Fantosme. He enclosed about two acres of land around his keep, with a curtain-wall in which he built a great gateway-tower, portions of which are still standing. After six generations had enjoyed its ownership, the last representative died without male issue, and left his possessions to his sovereign, Edward the First. The grandson of this monarch conferred Warkworth upon Henry de Percy, in consideration of certain services and payments. After the attainder consequent upon the fate of the fourth Lord Percy of Alnwick, King Henry the Fifth restored the Percy possessions to the son of the celebrated Hotspur, to whom the erection of the present noble and impressive keep is attributed.

Experts aver that it would be difficult, even at the present day, to devise a more convenient and compact residence: 'a very proper howse' it was called in a survey dated 1538. Mr Freeman says that, though of less historic fame than Alnwick, it 'is in itself a more pleasing object of study. It stands as a castle should stand, free from the disfigurement of modern habitation.' It is of a quadrangular form, with a bold projecting bay from base to summit in the centre of each of its four faces. The angles of the bays and of the square are all canted or cut off, which gives the mass the outline of an assemblage of towers; and above all rises a tall, slender turret for observation. All the requisites of a nobleman's house in old times are within: a guardroom with a dungeon below it, a banqueting-room with dais and music-gallery, a chapel and oratory, private chamber, kitchen and buttery, and the necessary staircases. In the centre of all, to get additional light, is a well or lantern, called in the old survey mentioned 'a place voyd.' Here is laid Scene iii. Act 2 of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*.

It is the delight of antiquaries to pick out the works of Roger Fitz-Richard and his descendants from the more important additions of the Percies. They conclude that these chieftains retained the original curtain-wall of Roger, as well as his gatehouse, hall, and kitchen near it; and that they took down his small keep to erect their own more convenient and imposing building. They point out corbels that carried projecting defences over the gateway, and look for recesses in the walls left in other portions of the masonry for the insertion of beams whereon to carry the wooden galleries with which walls were often defended in times of siege; they count the curious oilets, or loopholes, and note that they are unusually elongated; and they mark that the portcullises must have been wider at the top than they were below, because the grooves in which they work do not touch the ground, but finish in a projecting

shoulder. Those who have not the particular kind of learning that lights up these points of interest, that makes a panel carved with heraldic symbols as easy to read as a book, a length of moulding as full of testimony as a tale, or a fragment of tracery as convincing as a document, must nevertheless admire the fine mellow mass of proud masonry three stories in height, pierced with mullioned and traceried windows, and capped with its commanding turret, that stands looking out, high above the frayed curtain-wall and its crumbling towers, upon the aslant and stony village, the winding river fringed with greenery, and the distant sea. When the crannies are jewelled with wallflowers in the spring-time a fairer scene is far to seek. In our own time a few of the chief chambers in the keep have been put into repair for occasional use. These are filled with ancient tapestry and carved oak furniture in keeping with the traditions of the stronghold; but the sky looks down upon the hearthstones of most of the others, and the winds sweep in and out of the gracefully proportioned chapel through its glassless windows.

The mediæval bridge is another archæological treasure. The tower with which it is defended was probably part of the general scheme of defence. This is kept in fair repair, though it may be less than its full height in its best days. It is described in the survey made for the Percy family in 1567 as being then without roof or cover, and in much need of repair. 'Yt shall be therefore very requisite that the towre be with all speed repaired, and the gates hanged up, which shall be a great savyety and comoditye for the towne.' Those who had to draw up and wait in their vehicles whilst others passed through the archway in the centre of it, however, scarcely considered it as a commodity to the town, and were as grateful to the County Council for making a new approach to the bridge recently, so that they need not thread the arch, as antiquaries were for its preservation. We may see the grooves for the portcullis; the two small strong doorways within the gate, one on either side, that give access to the stairs leading to the upper story; the loopholes on the lower story, the larger lights above, the discs of lichens here and there lighting the dove-coloured tint that Time has given it. The bridge consists of two noble ribbed arches, with a sharp angular projection, rising from a pebbly islet between them, that is carried up to the level of the roadway, and forms a recess on both sides for foot-passengers to take refuge in whilst horses and vehicles pass. Many a dainty demoiselle and fair lady have come ambling across it; many a messenger has galloped over it to take important news to the great castellans; many a clump of spears has glittered upon it, and many a trumpet sounded there, we may be sure. It was in Warkworth that the Pretender was first prayed for and avowedly proclaimed king of Great Britain, when

General Forster and his company of Jacobites arrived here, October 7, 1715.

The hermitage is of still more interest. It is hollowed out of a sandstone cliff that is embowered in foliage on the outer bank of the river at no great distance from the castle. On crossing (there is a boat not far off for the purpose in the summer-time), a flight of steps gives access from the pathway by the water to the doorway. On entering you find yourself in a chapel twenty feet long, composed of three bays, with a groined roof. At the end is an altar, and by the side of it a recess with the full-length effigy of a lady in it. In the north wall, opposite the entrance, is another doorway leading into a smaller chapel or cell; and on the same side is a very handsome hagioscope, whereby those in the smaller chapel may see the altar in the larger one; and there is also another opening filled with tracery. There is a third small chamber at the end of the chapel opposite the altar, of which the outer boundary has fallen away, which has four narrow slits or windows in the dividing wall that are precisely similar to those that light the little chamber in the parish church which, it is thought, was once an anchorite's cell. It has also traces of a doorway that must have communicated with a kitchen, now standing roofless, at a lower level. This kitchen is of wrought masonry; the chapels and chamber adjoining them are hewn out of the coarse-grained solid rock; and they are hewn not grudgingly or of necessity, but with lavish care. There is a seat recessed in the sandstone on either side of the doorway; above the door is carved a legend, now difficult to decipher, because of the disintegration of the surface of the rock, but known to have been the Latin wording of 'My tears have been my meat day and night;' over the second doorway is another inscription that has become quite illegible; there is a piscina; and there are carvings representing the Crucifixion and the emblems of the Crucifixion on a shield.

The effigy of the lady whose unfortunate fate has been so fully told by Bishop Percy in the ballad has an angel at its shoulders, a bull's head at its feet, and a demi-figure of a knight guarding it. The surroundings are of the utmost sylvan beauty and enchantment; nevertheless, the hermit must have had his tribulations; for every now and then, though at long intervals, the erstwhile placid river overflows and rises nearly to the full height of the great arched fireplace in his kitchen. For many years at a time, however, it passes serenely on its way, reflecting the trees, shrubs, and water-weeds at its edges and the stately castle on its bosom. It is nearly forty miles long, and, before it passes round Warkworth, winds through a country studded with castles, peel-towers, and battlefields. It is pebble-paved for the most part, and its waters are of exceptional clearness; some authorities assert that there are more trout in it than in any other half-dozen streams in the

north of England. One of the Percy owners of Warkworth Castle allowed the hermit to take a draught of fish from the river every Sunday throughout the year, to be called the 'Trynete draught.'

The keynote of Warkworth sounds like a reverberation from years long past. In the village, among the better houses and inns, are primitive

hostelries where horses to be put up have to be led through their doorways and past their parlours into the cobble-paved stable-yards in their rear. Some of them must have seen the day when Travers brought the news to the Earl of Northumberland that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST'S COAT.

By W. E. CULE, Author of *Lady Stalland's Diamond*, &c.



T frequently gives one a shock of surprise to observe what small and even ridiculous matters serve to influence a man's development and success in life. Peter Sand, Master of Arts and Fellow of St Gaston's, was dim-sighted, and failed on one occasion to distinguish between a black cloth and a dark blue. In this fact lies the secret of his subsequent development and prosperity.

Three years ago Peter's development had apparently ceased. He lived entirely at the university town of Durbridge, was known as a Fellow of St Gaston's, and occasionally lectured on anthropology. His friends had once expected a great deal from him, but had for some time abandoned those expectations. One or two articles in scientific magazines formed the sum total of his contributions to the press, and the first portions of his great work on *The Epoch of the Mastodon* had been written only to be thrown aside. The income from his Fellowship was more than enough for his comfort, and he had never liked society. Gradually he had withdrawn farther and farther into himself, until at the age of thirty-three he looked ten years older, and was a willing and contented recluse. His enemies called him 'The Fossil,' and he was familiarly known among his friends as 'Little Peter.'

His usual course of life received an interruption one day in the form of a letter from Barron, an old schoolfellow who had kept a distant but kindly eye upon Peter for some fifteen years. The Fellow of St Gaston's read the letter several times before he could comprehend it fully. Barron was about to be married, and wished his old friend to attend him as groomsman.

A notification that he would be expected to act as bridegroom could scarcely have caused Peter more distress. He a groomsman—at a wedding! It was ridiculous—impossible! To refuse Barron's request, however, seemed also impossible, for he was the last of that almost forgotten circle of early friends. After long and troubled consideration he sent an urgent note, asking the bridegroom to come up to Durbridge and explain.

Barron came, a big fellow with a large heart, which even his work as a country solicitor had not succeeded in warping. He was one of those

who had respected Peter's learning, and had hoped for great things from him. His disappointment was extreme to find shrinkage instead of expansion, retreat instead of attainment.

'Dear me, Sand!' he cried; 'what's wrong with you? You look so old, and so very gray! Do you go out much?'

'Never,' answered Peter. 'Why should I?'

'Why, because you are becoming a fossil, man,' was the candid answer. 'You must wake up—you ought to marry.'

'What!' exclaimed Peter, astounded; 'and lose my Fellowship?'

Barron sighed, and felt sorry that the Fellowship had ever been gained. Then he set himself to persuade Peter to run down for the wedding, and to undertake the duties of groomsman. It was to be a very quiet affair, he explained, and the responsibility was simply nothing. Peter listened, and gradually gave way. To the bridegroom's amusement, he then began to make exhaustive notes in a pocket-book, so that he might not forget any of his duties.

'Since you don't care for going about much,' said Barron, 'you needn't come down until the day before. That will be time enough, and you won't require so much luggage.'

'Just my things, I suppose?' said the Fellow. 'It's lucky that I've had a first-rate new coat lately. It's a blue one.'

'Blue?'

'Yes, dark blue. I intended to get black, but I am short-sighted, you know, and when the patterns were submitted I chose blue by mistake. But it's a splendid thing, and my landlady tells me that it looks very well. I should like to do you credit at the wedding, old fellow.'

He uttered the last words so kindly, and his confidence in the blue coat was so touching and child-like, that Barron could not speak the protest which rose to his lips. Besides, if Peter had to exert himself to order and fit a new coat he might rebel, and give up the project altogether. So he held his peace, reflecting that there might be no law against blue after all. He did not know how criminal his silence was, for he was but a man, and had never been married before.

When he reached home he found cause to

regret his silence. The bride-to-be was supported by the presence of her sister, who had given up a position of ease as a countess's companion to fill the vacant place in the family circle. She had bright eyes and a quick tongue, and did not show such reverence for her new brother as she might have shown. Barron was continually at war with her.

'What is this Mr Sand?' she asked pertly. 'What is his work?'

'Oh, he's a Fellow,' said Barron.

'Indeed! That is very lucid. Is he a nice fellow?'

'He is a Fellow with a capital F, Miss Pattie,' was the rebuking answer—'a Fellow of St Gaston's College. His work is—is—anthropology.'

'And what is that, pray?'

'Oh, skulls,' said Barron—'skulls and skeletons, and all that sort of thing. He's wonderfully clever—so clever that the St Gaston people give him two hundred a year as long as he remains unmarried. They know that marriage spoils clever men, so they bribe them to remain single!'

His triumph was but a brief one.

'Has anybody ever tried to bribe *you* to remain single, John?' asked Miss Pattie icily; and John was so demoralised by the thrust that in another moment he had betrayed the secret of Peter's coat.

The minutes that followed were decidedly troubled ones. Dismay succeeded to incredulity, and indignation to dismay. It was in vain that poor Barron pleaded that a Master of Arts and a Fellow of St Gaston's might wear any coat he liked at any wedding he liked, and even claim to set the fashion. He was told that the idea was an outrage, and that he should have placed his foot upon that blue coat at its first appearance. Miss Pattie declared that she would never, never walk out of church on a blue coat-sleeve, and that her brother Charles must be asked to act as groomsman instead of that Fellow. Then Barron said that he would prefer to walk into church with Peter in a blue coat than with any other living man in a black one. So the matter was left, in the faint hope that the groomsman might be smuggled into a more suitable garment on the morning of the wedding.

'It will be a bad thing for him,' said Miss Pattie, 'if he brings that coat down here.'

'Oh,' said Barron. 'What will you do?'

'I shall simply look at him,' was the quiet reply. 'That is all.'

Barron thought it might prove to be quite enough, for Miss Pattie's eyes had remarkable powers of expressing the colder emotions. He felt sorry for his friend, but was utterly helpless.

On the eve of the wedding Peter came, and Barron introduced him to the bride's relatives. While the groomsman was nervously congratulating the bride, he was himself forced to admit to Miss Pattie that the dreaded coat had come, and would

certainly make its appearance in church. Her eyes flashed dangerously.

'Very well,' she said; 'you know what I promised;' and she took the earliest opportunity of working out her vengeance.

This was at supper, when Peter sat facing her. When he addressed her she answered coldly and without interest; if he glanced in her direction he met a look of abhorrence and contempt which even a scientist could scarcely have mistaken. Barron watched the play, at first in fear, but afterwards in surprise. It appeared to him that Peter did not suffer as he should have suffered. He certainly became more silent, but the glances he returned to the enemy were entirely free from confusion.

'You don't seem to hurt him,' said Barron at last. 'What is wrong?'

'There's nothing wrong,' was the sharp retort. 'He is unusually stupid, that is all.'

Barron laughed. 'Nothing of the kind,' he said. 'He is looking at you continually, and perhaps you notice that his interest is visibly increasing. Don't flatter yourself, Pattie; please, don't. He is simply studying the formation of your head, for anthropological purposes. Peter has a mania for skulls.'

After that blow Barron retreated with honour, and bore the groomsman with him. They spent an hour before sleep in going over the duties of the morning, Peter making further notes in his book, with a face of unexpected interest and earnestness. When this was done he said:

'That young woman, Miss Pattie, has a fine pair of eyes, John.'

'Yes?' said Barron expectantly.

'Yes. I saw her looking at this old coat of mine. It is certainly faded, though I have never noticed it before, and perhaps she thought I intended to wear it to-morrow. I am glad that I have brought my blue one—I am sure she—I mean you—will like it.'

What was coming to Peter? Barron gazed at his pleased and contented face in growing amazement. Could it be possible that Miss Pattie had worked this sudden change? Here was retribution indeed!

'John,' said the anthropologist a little more hesitatingly, a little nervously, 'I believe there is an old custom—a groomsman's privilege—to—to—hem—to kiss the bridesmaid.'

'Eh?' cried Barron; 'the bride, you mean, not the bridesmaid. You kiss the bride.'

'Oh,' said Peter, 'the bride, is it—not the bridesmaid? I see;' and it seemed to Barron that his face had fallen a little. But his own amazement was so great that he could scarcely take notice. He tried to imagine how Pattie would look if Peter tried to carry out his mistaken idea of the old custom, and he wished with all his heart that he had left the thing alone. Then he said 'Good-night' to Peter, and hastened away to his own room to laugh in peace.

In the morning Peter appeared in the dreaded coat. It was a dark blue, and he was so pleased with the effect that Barron, who had prepared another coat for him, could not find courage to destroy his illusions. 'After all,' he thought, 'Peter looks very neat; it is to be a very quiet wedding, and everything will be over in half-an-hour.' So he actually congratulated him upon his appearance, and nerved himself to meet the consequences.

The carriage took them to the church, where they prepared to wait in the vestry until the bridal party should arrive. There Barron spent a few anxious moments in reminding Peter of his various duties. It was at this point that a sudden and startling thought occurred to him.

'Peter,' he exclaimed, 'have you the ring?'

'What ring?' cried Peter, astounded. 'No—upon my word—I haven't!'

The bridegroom said something under his breath. He had not given the ring into Peter's charge on the previous night, fearing that he might leave it behind him, and up to the present moment that horrid coat had so troubled his mind that the matter had quite escaped him. The ring had been forgotten!

He made a rapid calculation. His house was not far off, and the missing article could yet be obtained. It was true that the bride would arrive directly, but if Peter made an effort he might return with the ring by the time it would be needed.

'Run!' he said—'run! You know where it is—in my writing-desk. Run!'

Peter did not wait for further instructions. He caught up the nearest hat—which happened to be Barron's—and rushed out by a side-door. There was no vehicle within call, and he could not go in search of one. Clapping Barron's hat over his brows, he tore away through the quiet churchyard, the tails of his blue coat flying behind him.

When he reached the house he knocked twice without effect. Then he perceived that every one must have gone to the church, and turned in despair and helplessness. As he turned he saw that one of the drawing-room windows had been left unhasped and slightly open.

There was only one thing to be done. He gave a furtive glance up and down the silent, sunny street, and then pushed the sash higher. There was an awkward scramble, and the hat was crushed against the top of the window. In a moment more he was safely inside.

The desk was found, but it was locked. In his agitation Barron had never thought of giving the keys. Peter looked about him once more, picked up a poker, and with one or two blows destroyed the lock.

There was the ring, all ready in its case. There, also, was Barron's pocket-book, which had been forgotten like the ring. Peter grasped the

articles, and was turning to fly, when he found himself face to face with a policeman!

It was a painful meeting. The officer had observed Peter's furtive entry, and had quietly followed. It looked to him a clear case of daylight burglary, and he was one of those obtuse policemen whose convictions it is impossible to move. Peter tried to explain.

'It's a wedding,' he cried, 'and this is the ring. I came back to get it, and they are all waiting at the church. I am the groomsman.'

Then came the tragedy of the coat. This policeman knew all about weddings, for he had often attended at the church doors in an official capacity. He had observed the costumes worn on such occasions, and he had never seen a groomsman in a blue coat. He shook his head stubbornly.

'That's all very well,' he said; but I can't take it, sir. You must walk to the station with me. It's close by.'

Peter saw that argument was vain. The entry by the window, the broken lock, the pocket-book, and, although he did not know it, the blue coat were all against him. By this time the ceremony must have begun, and perhaps they were waiting for the ring. With an exclamation of rage and despair, he hurled both ring and pocket-book into the farthest corner of the room.

At the church, however, matters had gone perfectly. Barron soon decided that Peter must have got into difficulties, and then discovered the keys of the desk in his own pocket. Making the best of the case, he secured the services of Miss Pattie's 'brother Charles' as groomsman, sent him to borrow a ring from one of the ladies, and then went to meet the bride, fully provided. Everything ran smoothly after that until the whole party proceeded to the bride's home for the breakfast.

From there a messenger was sent to look for Peter, and just as the breakfast had begun the missing groomsman made his appearance. What he had suffered during the course of his adventure no one would ever know, but there was in his face a mingling of unutterable emotions. Hatless, dusty, hot, and dishevelled, he stepped into the room, and stared about him. But his chief emotion was anxiety.

'Good gracious, my dear fellow!' cried Barron, 'where have you been? What is the matter? Come and sit here.'

Peter came. He looked at the faces of bride and bridegroom, and saw that all was well. Then he wiped his brows, with a sigh of relief.

'It is all right, then?' he said huskily. 'I have been in a terrible state—thought you couldn't get on without the ring.'

He spoke so strangely that a smile appeared on several faces. One of those at the head of the table, however, did not smile. She was looking

into Peter's face, and it was her voice that murmured, 'Poor fellow!' Barron heard it, and wondered.

The groomsman took his seat, and told his curious story. It could not have been expected that the poor anthropologist would be a good story-teller; but here was a surprise for all. Peter had been shaken out of himself; he spoke with simple feeling and indignation; his words, his gestures, moved every one to sympathy. The scientist had emotions, in spite of science.

'Imagine the position,' he said. 'The bridegroom waiting for the ring which I had been trusted to get—and the policeman immovable, inflexible! My dear Barron, I was wild—I would have done anything—I would have given a fortune—I would have given up my Fellowship—to get away! . . . I would.'

He paused for breath. Every eye was upon him; every sound was hushed.

'The inspector,' he said, 'was a little more reasonable, and thus I am here. That policeman must have been a little mad, I believe. I could not quite make out his explanation; but it seems that one of his excuses for arresting me was my coat—my coat! It is most extraordinary!'

Then, of course, every one looked at Peter's coat, and saw that it was blue beneath the dust. Barron glanced at Miss Pattie, and she, perceiving his meaning, remembered her threat. She looked at Peter Sand once more, for the third time.

There was no ridicule now, no contempt. Peter's face was flushed; his eyes were bright. Miss Pattie saw in his countenance something that caused her own to soften, to change. She saw, perhaps, an old Peter, the one who had been Barron's friend and had won Barron's faith and loyalty long ago—the plain, unselfish Peter, who, during the whole of this unhappy adventure, had not given one thought to himself. Or perhaps she saw in his face the Peter of a possible future, when some soft hand—a woman's hand—should have brushed away the dust of his studies, and sent him forth, neat and burnished, to face the world again.

Then Peter, in the silence, looked up also, and his eyes met hers. For a moment they gazed at one another, and for the second time that day Peter Sand's Fellowship became a very small thing. Then the incident was over.

'Well, upon my word!' muttered Barron, who had seen it all. 'Upon my word!'

As I have already hinted, everything came about through this blue coat. Had it not been for that, Miss Pattie would have paid no more attention to Peter than to any other fusty scientist, and Peter would never have been led to observe her eyes. Had it not been for this coat, Barron would not have forgotten the ring, Peter would have had no need to break into a house, the policeman would have had no reasonable cause to

doubt his explanation. Further, but for the coat Miss Pattie would never have given Peter that second glance which moved her sympathies for him, or that third glance which laid bare to her quick eyes his simple, unselfish heart and the possibilities that lay beneath the dust.

The remainder of the story is simplicity itself. When the Fellow reached home that night he sat up to a late hour, calculating what amount annually he would be worth if he lost his Fellowship! When he had settled this question he shook his head in a doubtful way, and took down from a shelf those packets of manuscript which were the beginning of his *Epoch of the Mastodon*. They had been neglected for two years; but from that hour he spent a large proportion of his time in adding to and revising them.

He also developed socially, paying frequent visits to Barron under the plea that it was well to keep sight of an old schoolfellow, and that he was greatly benefited by change of scene. It was observed that after each visit he showed signs of further development in the form of increased activity. In six months he looked as many years younger.

His book went to press, and he visited Barron still more regularly. He had found a friend there, he said, who was greatly interested in it, and who desired to see the proofs. It may be remembered, also, that at the time of its publication a chair of Anthropology was founded at the new Hexminster University.

The *Epoch of the Mastodon* made a great mark in scientific circles, where it is still regarded as a standard work. The most prominent candidate for the chair at Hexminster was the author of that book, a neat and scholarly fellow—they write it Fellow—whom few even of his enemies would have called a fossil. He was elected almost unanimously, and on the next day told his admiring landlady that he had resigned his Lectureship and his Fellowship, that he was now Professor Sand of Hexminster, and that he was about to be married.

He also intimated that, in deference to the wishes of his bride, he had visited his tailor, and had ordered a new coat. It was to be a black one!

SONNET.

THE fleeting hours of time flow swiftly on,
 Ev'n as the current of yon running stream,
 Which now goes babbling softly, 'mid the gleam
 Of silver pebbles: soon to rush anon,
 In ever-growing fury, on its way,
 Uprooting trees, and bearing from our sight
 The old landmarks, far out into the night
 Of the dim past. And we the meanwhile stay
 Beside it, gazing with reverted eyes
 On joys departed; or else forward strain,
 Seeking the unknown future to explore,
 Heedless that God, behind us and before,
 Has drawn a screen, through which we gaze in vain.
 Who fills each hour with good alone is wise.

M. C. O.



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THE PROBLEM OF LONDON.

By an EX-VESTRYMAN.

HOW to govern London is one of the problems of the hour. How London is governed is one of the things 'no fellow can understand,' and least of all the Londoner himself. There is a popular notion that the Lord Mayor is the head of the government of London; but he is only the head of a little bit of it—a square mile, with the population of a moderate-sized country town and the wealth of a kingdom. The Lord Mayor is popular because he is the great dinner-giver of London, because he rides about in a gilded coach, and because he makes an annual 'Show' of himself on the 9th of November. The Londoner dearly loves a show, even if it paralyses his business for the day and keeps him waiting at the railway station for hours before he can get home. The Lord Mayor is a fetish to him, even if he is not, as the French imagine, a *real* lord, and a more important personage than the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor. The French understand a good dinner better than the nice distinctions of English municipal and political life! Time was when the head of the City Corporation was the Lord Mayor, and there was no other; but now he is only one of them, there being Lord Mayors of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and several other large cities, and three or four Lord Provosts. But the Lord Mayor of London is still a very great personage, and his is a name to conjure with when any great work of charity or philanthropy has to be carried through. That, rather than his municipal position, is what makes the Lord Mayor really and deservedly great.

For purposes of local government, London may roughly be divided into two parts—the City and the Metropolis. The City is one; but the Metropolis is many. There are, in fact, several Londons: as Parliamentary London, Police London, Poor London, Postal London, School Board London, Water London, Gas London, and so forth. The area in each case is probably different, and the police area extends over a district of nearly seven

hundred square miles, including the whole of the county of Middlesex and parts of the counties of Surrey, Kent, Essex, and Hertfordshire. The governing authorities are legion. In addition to the City Corporation there is the London County Council, the Vestries, District Boards, Local Boards—a chaotic jumble, all aiming at the same thing by widely different methods. There are two bodies of police—one municipal, the other imperial. The poor are looked after by no fewer than four different organisations—namely, the Local Government Board, the Boards of Guardians, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund. Education, also, is administered by four separate authorities—namely, the School Board, the Industrial and Reformatory Schools, the Poor Law Schools, and the Technical Education Board. There are no fewer than forty-two 'District Councils,' known as Vestries or District Boards of Works; while the rating authorities are probably beyond computation. Contrast this with the city of Edinburgh, which has one supreme Town Council and a single rating authority!

Let it be said at once, in order to clear the ground, that the City proper—that is, the only part of London which has real municipal government—is admirably managed. But it is enormously costly, the Corporation expenditure being eight hundred thousand pounds per annum, and that of the City Commissioners of Sewers four hundred thousand pounds—or a total of twelve hundred thousand pounds! This is a vast expenditure for an area of six hundred and fifty-nine acres, and a *resident* population of little more than thirty thousand. A large proportion of the total amount is absorbed by what may be termed the 'Great Officers' of the Corporation—a retinue more befitting a monarch than a municipality. In addition to the Lord Mayor himself, who receives ten thousand a year, or the same as the Lord Chancellor, there is the Recorder, with four thousand; the Town Clerk, with three thousand five hundred; the Common Serjeant, with three

thousand; the Solicitor, with over two thousand; the Comptroller, Remembrancer, and Chamberlain, with two thousand each; the 'Secondary' (whatever that may be), with fifteen hundred; the Commissioner of Police, with a similar amount; and a host of other functionaries, such as the Sword-Bearer, the Common Crier, the Marshal, two High Bailiffs, a 'Prothonotary,' and a High Steward. These appointments are made by the Court of Aldermen; and there is often keen competition for them amongst the 'sprigs of nobility,' a baronet holding the office of Marshal, and a colonel that of Common Crier, who must not be confounded with the 'bellman' in some towns. What the 'Marshal' finds to do, unless on the occasion of that annual barbarism, the Lord Mayor's Show, it is difficult to imagine, seeing that he is not in charge of the stalwart policemen who regulate the traffic in the more important streets and thoroughfares of the City. Some of the items of expenditure in the Corporation accounts are striking, to say the least. Thus, civil government costs over seventy thousand pounds a year, collection and management of rates considerably over forty thousand pounds, the London Central Markets over a hundred thousand pounds, and Magistracy and police not far short of fifty thousand pounds. Donations, pensions, &c. stand for more than twenty thousand pounds; while educational expenses figure for only fifteen thousand five hundred odd. Rates do not count for much in the City apparently, as it was discovered recently that about thirty thousand pounds had been lost to the Corporation in six years on account of friction between the Commissioners of Sewers and the Board of Guardians, the loss for the past year being no less than *ten thousand pounds*. This is but another example of the evil results of over-much government, or at least of too many governors. But the Commission of Sewers, which was a kind of *imperium in imperio*, has now ceased to exist, and the sewers are likely to be all the purer for that circumstance.

The City is noted for its hospitality, especially to foreigners of distinction, and, in fact, it may be said to be the representative of the whole of London in this respect. The Lord Mayor's banquets have a world-wide reputation, not only as mere feasts, but as occasions on which State secrets are sometimes disclosed and State policy expounded or foreshadowed. The Mansion House, indeed, usurps the place of the Ministerial Bench in this respect; and a Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary will sometimes thaw under the 'loving cup,' when he would only freeze harder under the blandishments of the Front Opposition Bench. But there are occasions when lighter topics engage the Lord Mayor's guests, as when recently the members of the London County Council were of the number, and the chairman of that body referred to a newspaper which had congratulated the Lord Mayor

on his courage in inviting 'a pack of wolves' to his table. It must have been the same paper which suggested that the lion had lain down with the lamb, and the lamb was not inside the lion, as it is confidently predicted it will be one day. The point, however, to be determined is, which is to be the lion and which the lamb—whether the County Council is to 'make a meal' of the City, or the City of the County Council. It is the custom of the Lord Mayor to look in at the Law Courts on his way back from his 'Show,' to receive the congratulations of the Judges, and to invite their Lordships to the banquet in the evening. Last year a startling innovation was introduced, when the Lord Chief-Justice, instead of indulging in the pompous platitudes proper to the occasion, urged his Lordship, in effect, to hurry back to the City and look after the company promoters—*à propos*, no doubt, of the Hooley disclosures. It was on an occasion of this kind that the late Frank Lockwood, when quite a junior counsel, receiving a nod from the Lord Mayor of the day, translated it into an invitation to the banquet, and remarked, 'Thank you, my Lord. I think I understood your Lordship to say that the hour was seven.' The hour came, but not the man! There are so many comical stories told about these City banquets that one was not at all surprised, on the occasion of the presentation of the sword of honour to the Sirdar, to find one of the great Corporation officials occupying a considerable time in describing to the victorious general the incidents of the battle of Omdurman! The City, indeed, is the great ceremonial, rather than municipal, centre of London, and the Lord Mayor is the great Master of the Ceremonies.

After the Corporation come the City Companies, twelve of which are described as 'Great,' the remaining sixty-five being of no great consequence apparently. The Mercers come first, with a total income of eighty-three thousand pounds; followed closely by the Drapers, with seventy-eight thousand pounds; the Fishmongers, with fifty-two thousand pounds; the Merchant Taylors, with fifty thousand pounds; and so forth. Some of the minor companies—as the Barbers, the Basketmakers, and the Borderers—have no income at all; while the Glass-sellers have as little as twenty-one pounds, and the Leather-sellers as much as twenty thousand pounds. Of some portion of their property the Companies are merely trustees; but of the 'corporate' property they are the sole owners, are not bound to render any account, and may dispose of the income as they please. Some of the Companies are very liberal in their charities, especially in the way of education, and some understand the art of dinner-giving to perfection. Some invite new members to join, others do their utmost to repel, and all resist to the death any attempts to interfere with or curtail their 'ancient privileges.' They have been the object of anxious solicitude on the part of more than one Royal

Commission; and if they had to choose a common motto, it would probably be: 'Long threatened, long live.' But the time is at hand when something will probably be done. To be a member of a Company you need not necessarily have any connection with the trade or calling indicated by its name or title. Thus, a Royal Duke may be a 'Fishmonger' without having anything to do with fish further than eating it; a Prime Minister may be a 'Skinner' without assuming a knife and a leather apron; and a Chancellor of the Exchequer may be a 'Goldsmith' without enriching the national revenue in any shape or form. Some of the Companies bear the names of decayed or dead industries, as Bowyers, Borderers, Fletchers, Girdlers, Horners, Loriners, and so forth; all of them speak of a time when the primitive rather than the practical predominated in the affairs of life. Although the Companies have no official connection with the Corporation, yet, strange to say, they elect, or at least nominate, the Lord Mayor, whose 'Show' they attend in full regalia. Alas! the gaiety of the 'Show' has been sadly eclipsed since Sir John Bennet ceased to attend in his capacity of 'Citizen and Spectacle-maker'—the 'Show' being a function in which 'Spectacle-makers' had a most appropriate place. The members of the Companies are called Liverymen, and besides the head of the Corporation, they elect also certain of its officers; so that it is difficult to see where the 'choice of the citizens' comes in. The Liverymen have a mysterious influence in City affairs, and on a recent occasion it was said that so long as the Companies and the Corporation hung together there would not be much fear of either. To which the wag of the County Council might have replied that they would certainly *hang together*.

Let us now leave the City for the Metropolis. From St Paul's to St Stephen's it is a short three miles, and yet one must traverse as many territories in order to perform the journey. As far as Temple Bar, or rather the Griffin—'that heraldic beast,' as Mr Labouchere once termed it—we are in City territory; thence to Charing Cross we are in the territory of the Strand District Board; and beyond this, in the territory of the Westminster Board of Works. It would be just the same if we proceeded eastward by way of Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, or northward by way of Clerkenwell and Islington, or southward by way of Southwark and Newington. We should see a different set of dust-carts at work in each district, a different set of scavengers, and a different set of paviors—for they are always tearing the streets up in London. The only thing that would be the same would be the police, and that only outside the City. What happens when a crime is perpetrated on the borderland is not clear. The division, and subdivision, and sub-subdivision of London for municipal purposes is about as reasonable as if the Old Town of Edinburgh, say, were governed

by the Corporation of that city, and the New Town by the Parish of Cramond or the Parish of Corstorphine. While the city police would patrol the High Street and the Canongate, the county police would patrol Princes Street and George Street; and the electric light would illumine one side of the town, while gas lamps would render visible the darkness of the other. This is no exaggeration of what takes place in London; and it was only the other day that a correspondent of the *Standard* wrote to inquire whether the Vestry of St George's, Hanover Square, intended to 'light Piccadilly this winter,' or to leave it in the condition of 'disastrous darkness,' which largely accounts for the horde of disreputable characters infesting the street at night. To think of it—Piccadilly, the proud, the peerless, the patrician, sighing for 'more light' at the end of the nineteenth century!

The County Council, which is a kind of aggravated Metropolitan Board of Works, is only an advisory and supervisory authority, except so far as matters general to the whole of London are concerned, such as main roads, main drainage, bridges, embankments, parks, fire brigade, and so forth. It (the Council) has only been a mixed success, and it has suffered much at the hands of its friends, from the Prime Minister downwards. It is a parliament rather than a practical working machine, and, like its near neighbour at St Stephen's, it yields torrents of talk to mere rivulets of work. It is supposed to have a kind of general authority in the City, which is part of the county of London. But the City keeps it at arm's-length; and it was noticed, not so long ago, when the Council sent to the Corporation some resolution or other which had been adopted as regards the rest of London, and which it was thought might be beneficial to the City, the Common Council simply smiled and passed on to the next business. The Vestries are more amenable, but not very much; and they go muddling along much as they did in the bad old days of the Metropolitan Board of Works. In point of numbers they are formidable, more than three thousand Vestrymen being elected to the municipal Vestries, and by the smaller Vestries to the district boards. This army ought to be enough to govern even London, one would think. But in the multitude of Vestrymen there is *not* wisdom; and much time is lost in mere wrangling, and, in the case of one or two Vestries, in something worse—strong language, to wit. It was only the other day that the police had to be called in to remove a recalcitrant Vestryman at Camberwell, who kept the Vestry sitting till nearly midnight by his insubordinate conduct. Poor, dear old Bumble still exists in vestrydom, and not until he is exorcised will any real progress be made in the municipal government of London. Forty governing authorities to four millions of people, with the City thrown in, only gives them a hundred thousand each, or less than one-seventh

of the population of the great city of Glasgow, which is governed by a single authority, and very well governed, too.

Nowhere is the helplessness of the citizens of London more striking than in regard to the water-supply. Neither the Corporation nor the County Council has any control over this, and in this respect they are as backward as the Corporation of 1606, which, although they obtained an Act of Parliament empowering them to supply water to the City, assigned the duty to a private citizen, Hugh Myddelton, who in 1620 received a charter for his New River Company from James I. In the quaint words of the charter, 'because the Mayor, Cominaltie, and Citizens . . . did thereupon forbear at their comon charge to undertake that worke, soe as the same lay long neglected, and unlike by them to be performed.' About a hundred years later the Chelsea Water-works were established, and since then no fewer than seven other companies have been called into existence by the ever-increasing wants of the Metropolis; so that there are *nine* companies doing for London what most other cities do for themselves. All the companies are wealthy corporations, with one object in view—namely, dividends. One of them is so wealthy that its shares can only be bought by millionaires, and, even then, only in little bits, the one hundred and fourth part of a 'king's share' having been sold recently for one thousand pounds!

All the companies have most arbitrary powers; and as regards household supply they charge on the rating, so that the amount paid has no relation whatever to the quantity of water supplied, or whether any is supplied at all. Some years ago the charge was on the total rental; and it was left to a private citizen, who happened to be a barrister, to fight the question, and obtain a decision that the companies were only entitled to charge on the assessment. But even this is a more or less barbarous arrangement, and leads to gross injustice on the one hand, and gross waste on the other. The companies all work independently of each other; so that, as in the recent East End scandal, one part of London may be suffering from water-famine, while the other parts are deluged with supplies. The companies always adopt the *non possumus* attitude on occasions of failure. They begin by denying that there is any scarcity; then they say, if there is, it is due to frost, or drought, or waste, or evaporation, or, in fact, to any cause but the *lâches* of the company. The ludicrous element in the recent failure was supplied by the spectacle of thousands of people carrying their water from the stand-pipes in the streets, in cans and pots supplied by the Vestries, or receiving it from carts which perambulated the streets. This at the end of the nineteenth century, in a city of four million inhabitants! The tragic element was supplied when the Bishop of Stepney had to go half a

mile to get a glass of water for a dying woman. Nor is the water at any time of the best, being taken for the most part from the Thames and Lea, both of which are more or less polluted, the Lea rather more than less. But one would imagine, from some of the evidence given before Royal Commissions, that bacteria and germs in water were rather beneficial than otherwise. Perhaps that is the reason why, at this time of day, the authorities are still debating whether London should do what most other great cities and some small ones have long ago done—go to the hills and the valleys for water. The companies say they shall not go, nor will they sell themselves to the County Council, whose members the chairman of the East London Company has described as the 'Jack Cades of the nineteenth century.'

Gas is only less important than water, and here, also, the citizens of London are at the mercy of companies whose main object is dividends. At one time there were several companies, so that there was a show, at least, of competition. Now there are practically only two, and an unregulated monopoly, with powers only less arbitrary than those of the water companies, is in full swing all over London. The quality of London gas is well known, but the price is not so easily determined; and it was only in the last session of Parliament that complaint was made that the price on one side of the Thames was higher than that on the other, although the conditions of manufacture, one would think, must be the same on both sides. Surely the manufacture and sale of gas, in which some municipalities earn considerable profits which go in reduction of rates, is a matter more germane to the functions of the County Council than the working of tramways. The city of Glasgow has a gas revenue considerably in excess of six hundred thousand pounds, and an electric light revenue of thirty-six thousand pounds besides. But London cares for none of these things apparently.

The social aspects of London life are equally neglected with other things under the present régime. Overcrowding, the ghastly bane of modern communities, prevails everywhere—overcrowding, not simply of areas, but of houses, of streets, of railways, and, in fact, of every species of locomotion. In an 'overcrowded' map of London, contained in Mr Frederick Whelen's most excellent work on *London Government*, the districts around the City—Holborn, Clerkenwell, St Luke's, Whitechapel, and St George's in the East—are all coloured a deep black, so that the greatest poverty surrounds the greatest wealth. Here, surely, is a field for the surplus energies and the surplus funds of the City Companies, which would yield a more blessed reward than the giving of costly banquets to persons of the highest consideration and of no consideration. The *Daily News*, under the heading of 'No Room to Live,' has recently published a series of articles on overcrowded

London, showing that one-fifth of the population—that is, not far short of a million—is living under conditions disastrous alike to health and to morals. Overcrowding in the streets is also a serious evil, as well as a great commercial loss to the City. Charles Lamb once said, in a moment of ecstasy with London life: 'I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fullness of joy at so much life.' What would he say to-day, when the omnibuses have been interdicted from stopping at certain historical landmarks, and waiting cabs and sandwich-men have been ordered off the streets from the sheer necessities of the ever-increasing traffic? And what would Dr Johnson's opinion be of a 'walk down Fleet Street' in this year of grace 1899, on the afternoon, say, of the Boat Race day? We all admire the efforts of the stalwart policemen who regulate the traffic in the streets. Do we ever consider that it would be better to *prevent* blocks of traffic than to regulate them; better to direct 'through' traffic into one channel *at the start*, and 'pick-up' traffic into another, so that each might pursue its separate course unhindered by the other? Your London wagoner is a very conservative gentleman; and, rather than take a new route, he would stand blocked in the old one for hours. The comparative quiet of the Thames Embankment to this day is the best evidence of that.

Sir John Wolfe Barry, the eminent engineer, and chairman of the Council of the Society of Arts, read a paper recently, in which he advocated the construction of great arterial thoroughfares from east to west and from south to north, on a comprehensive plan, and with due regard to the needs of the future. He claimed no originality for the idea, but pointed out that such a plan was laid down by Sir Christopher Wren, and published in 1724, for the renovation of the City after the Great Fire of London. But it fell aside, no doubt from the fact that then, as now, Metropolitan London was without any authority able or willing to deal with the subject. The block on the suburban railways has become so much a matter of course that one newspaper has a permanent heading, 'The Rush to the City;' while accidents are reported daily from overcrowding both of carriages and platforms. The managers say they cannot run any more trains in the morning and evening with due regard to safety, and it must come to this one day, that the hours of business in the City will have to be lengthened, and the employees work in relays, so as to spread the hours of travelling over a longer time. The postmen cannot get to their work in the early morning (5 A.M.) from want of trains on the underground lines, and the managers say they cannot put on any more, as there would be no time in which to effect repairs to the line. The rails even now never get 'cool;' and as for the tunnels, they are never clear of steam and foul air. The *Spectator*

looks forward to the time when water and electricity will replace steam, and when industries will move into the country, and so relieve the pressure in London. It would even go the length of building schools in the country, and sending children out by train to them. But that is surely a dream, although the transfer of industries to the country would take many children there too, and is not only practicable but highly desirable. The printing and publishing industries have, in fact, already taken an important step in this direction.

What is to be the future of London government? In 1895 what is known as the Unification Commission was appointed, its instructions being to consider 'the proper conditions under which the amalgamation of the City and County of London can be effected, and to make specific and practical proposals for that purpose.' Briefly stated, the Commission recommended that the City Corporation should take the place of the County Council, and should rule over the whole of London—the present 'City' being styled in future the 'Old City' for the purposes of local government. It was seen from the first that this would never do, and even the City authorities themselves did not like it, their representative and witnesses retiring from the commission at a comparatively early stage. So much for 'unification,' which was practically dropped as soon as proposed. Since then a 'tenification' proposal has been put forward, which is understood to be supported by Mr Chamberlain, probably because a tenth of the population of London would about represent the population of Birmingham, of which he has been Mayor and is still a resident. More recently a 'fortification' party has come to the front, which simply means a continuance of the present system, under which London is cut up into little bits for the gratification and glory of vestrydom. To the lay mind, uninfluenced by local interests and unhampered by tradition, the matter seems simple enough. One London is too few; ten Londons are too many; forty Londons are simply the Vestries over again, with the presiding officer designated as Mayor instead of chairman. Forty mayors and—forty beadles. Heaven forefend!

As an alternative to these proposals, let us propose—(1) the City of London as at present constituted, with the addition of all the East End and River-side districts, *where the wealth of the City is earned*, and of Clerkenwell and Holborn, which are contiguous to the City boundary; (2) the City of Westminster, to include the whole of what is known as the 'West End,' and with Battersea added as a counterpoise to the wealth of Belgravia; (3) the Borough of London North (or Islington, if preferred); and (4) the Borough of London South (or Lambeth, if preferred). This would practically take the heart out of London; and as the population of each of the divisions would hardly exceed a million, they could not be considered too large, in view of

the fact that Glasgow, with a population of three quarters of a million, and a total revenue of nearly two and a quarter millions, is managed both with ease and efficiency by a single governing authority. The aldermen of the several divisions might form a County Council for matters common to the whole of London, with the Lord Mayor of the City as chairman. An outer ring of Vestries might deal with the outlying suburbs, under the control of the County Council. If this is considered too simple, the next best plan would probably be to found municipalities on the Parliamentary divisions, although this would be somewhat in excess of the proposal for 'tenification.' Having regard to the fact that the total cost of London local government is represented by the enormous sum of *thirteen millions* annually, and that the total metropolitan debt is upwards of forty millions sterling, or about ten pounds per head of the population, the importance of efficient and economical government is too urgent to be much longer neglected.

Londoners, as has been said, know little of the way in which they are governed, and care less. Only the other day the *Spectator* said that there are times when the indifference of Londoners to the way in which they are governed made it almost despair of improvement. Their business interests lie in one quarter, their home interests in another; and such a thing as combination is practically unknown amongst them, else they had long ago combined against the water tyranny. They may live in the same house for half their lives, and never know the name even of their next-door neighbour. They are a long-suffering, law-abiding class, and put up with indignities and inconveniences which the

dwellers in the smallest of well-regulated communities would not endure for a moment. If their nights are made hideous by the howling of a neighbour's dog, the magistrate tells them to start a dog of their own and howl the other down; or, if their mornings are made miserable by the crowing of a neighbour's cock, they are told by the same unimpeachable authority that they belong to the 'noble army of faddists who are the spoilt darlings of the nation,' and that they are unable to realise the delights of the 'natural sounds of animal life.' What they endure at the hands of the railway companies is beyond all calculation, and a large portion of their day is wasted in getting to and from their business, if it be in the City, as it mostly is. Social conditions are getting worse every day; and the time dreamed of by Mr Frederic Harrison, when the population shall be reduced to two millions, and when the Thames shall 'run as clear as it did in the days of old,' is receding instead of approaching. What London will be fifty, or even twenty-five, years hence who can tell, especially when it is remembered that in 1801 the population was *less than a million*? Old Blucher said of London, a good many years ago, 'What a city to sack!' If he were to come back to-day he would probably say, 'What a city to starve!' For it is one of the problems of London how the city would be fed if our grain ships were blockaded at the mouth of the Thames or harried on the high seas. Another problem is: What would become of the law-abiding population if the bottled-up forces of Anarchy and revolutionary Socialism, at present under the surface, were to discover their strength, and, at the same time, the weakness of a divided and too widely distributed police force?

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN he should have been so surprised at meeting Maas on board the steamer that evening Browne has never been able to understand. The fact, however, remains that he was surprised, and unpleasantly so.

The truth of the matter was, he wanted to be alone, to think of Katherine and of the work he had pledged himself to accomplish. Even when one is head over ears in love, however, the common usages of society may claim some moderate share of attention; and, all things considered, civility to one's friends is perhaps the first of these. For this reason Browne paced the deck with Maas, watching the lights of Calais growing smaller each time they turned their faces towards the stern of the vessel. Every turn of the paddle-wheels seemed to be taking Katherine

farther and farther from him; and yet, was he not travelling to England on her errand, was he not wearing a ring she had given him upon his finger, and was not the memory of her face continually with him? Maas noticed that he was unusually quiet and preoccupied, and attempted to rally him upon the subject. He was the possessor of a peculiarly ingratiating manner; and, much to his own surprise, Browne found himself, before they had been very long on board, telling him the news that was destined to sorely trouble the hearts of mothers with marriageable daughters before the next few weeks were out.

'I am sure I congratulate you most heartily, my dear fellow,' said Maas, with a fine show of enthusiasm. 'I have had my suspicions that something of the kind was in the air for some considerable time past; but I did not know that.

it was quite so near at hand. I trust we shall soon be permitted the honour of making the young lady's acquaintance.'

'I am afraid that will not be for some considerable time to come,' Browne replied.

'How so?' asked Maas. 'What are you going to do?'

'As I told you the other day, I am thinking of leaving England on a rather extended yachting cruise to the Farther East.'

'Ah, I remember you did say something about it,' Maas continued. 'Your *fiancée* will accompany you, of course?'

Browne scarcely knew what reply to offer to this speech. He had no desire to allow Maas to suspect his secret, and at the same time his conscience would not permit him to tell a deliberate untruth. Suddenly he saw a way out of his difficulty.

'We shall meet in Japan, in all probability,' he answered; 'but she will not go out with me.'

'What a pity!' said Maas, who had suddenly become very interested in what his companion was saying to him. 'There is no place like a yacht, I think, at such a time. I do not, of course, speak from experience; I should imagine, however, that the rippling of the water alongside, and the quiet of the deck at night, would be eminently conducive to love-making.'

To this speech Browne offered no reply. The train of thought it conjured up was too pleasant, and at the same time too sacred, to be shared with any one else. He was picturing the yacht making her way across a phosphorescent sea, with the brilliant tropic stars shining overhead, and Katherine by his side, the only sound to be heard being the steady pulsation of the screw and the gentle ripple of the water alongside.

At last the lights of Dover were to be distinctly seen ahead. The passage had not been altogether a smooth one, and for this reason the decks did not contain as many passengers as usual. Now, however, the latter were beginning to appear again, getting their luggage together and preparing for going ashore, with that bustle that usually characterises the last ten minutes on board a Channel steamer. Always an amusing and interesting companion, Maas on this particular occasion exerted himself to the utmost to please. By the time they reached Charing Cross, Browne had to admit to himself that he had never had a more enjoyable journey. The time had slipped by so quickly and so pleasantly that he had been permitted no opportunity of feeling lonely.

'I hope I shall see you again before you go,' said Maas as they stood together in the courtyard of the station on the lookout for Browne's hansom, which was awaiting its turn to pull up at the steps. 'When do you think you will be starting?'

'That is more than I can tell you,' said Browne. 'I have a great many arrangements

to make before I can think about going. However, I am certain to drop across you somewhere. In the meantime, can I give you a lift?'

'No, thank you,' said Maas. 'I shall take a cab and look in at the club before I go home. I could not sleep until I had heard the news of the town; who has married who, and who has run away with somebody else. Now, here is your cab; so let me wish you good-night. Many thanks for your society.'

Before Browne went to bed that night he ascended to his magnificent picture gallery, the same which had been the pride and glory of his father's heart, and, turning up the electric light, examined a picture which had lately been hung at the farther end. It was a Norwegian subject, and represented the mountains overlooking the little landlocked harbour of Merok. How much had happened since he had last looked upon that scene, and what a vital change that chance-meeting had brought about in his life! It seemed scarcely believable, and yet how true it all was! And some day, if all went well, Katherine would stand in the selfsame hall looking upon the same picture, mistress of the beautiful house and all it contained. Before that consummation could be brought about, however, they had a difficult piece of work to do. And what would happen supposing he should never return? What if he should fall into the hands of the Russian Government? That such a fate might befall him was far from being unlikely, and it would behove him to take all precautions in case it should occur. In his own mind he knew exactly what those precautions would be. Waking from the day-dream into which he had fallen, he glanced once more at the picture, and then, with a little sigh for he knew not what, made his way to his bedroom and retired to rest. Next morning he was up betimes, and by nine o'clock had telegraphed to Southampton for the captain of his yacht. At ten o'clock he ordered his hansom and drove to his lawyers' office in Chancery Lane. The senior partner had that moment arrived, so the clerk informed him.

'If you will be kind enough to step this way, sir,' the youth continued, 'I will conduct you to him.'

Browne did as he was requested, and followed him down a passageway to a room at the further end. Browne's visits were red-letter days in the calendar of the firm. When the lad returned to his high stool in the office it was to wonder how he would spend his time if he were the possessor of such enormous wealth. It is questionable whether he would have considered Browne so fortunate had he been made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. He was an irreproachable youth in every way, who during the week wore a respectable black coat and top-hat, and lived at Blackheath; while on Sundays he rode a tandem bicycle with the girl of his heart,

and dreamt of the cottage they were to share together directly the firm could be persuaded to make the salary on which it was to be supported a little more elastic.

'How do you do, my dear Mr Browne?' inquired the lawyer, rising from his chair as Browne entered, and extending his hand. 'I understood you were in Paris.'

'I returned last night,' said Browne. 'I came up early because I want to see you on rather important business.'

'I am always at your service,' replied the lawyer, bringing forward a chair for Browne's use. 'I hope you are not very much worried.'

'As a matter of fact, Bretherton, I have come to see you because at last I am going to follow your advice, and—well, the long and the short of it is, I am going to be married!'

The lawyer almost jumped from his chair in surprise. 'I am delighted to hear it,' he answered. 'As I have so often said, I feel sure you could not do a wiser thing. I have not the pleasure of knowing Miss Verney; nevertheless'—

Browne held up his hand in expostulation. 'My dear fellow,' he said, with a laugh, 'you are on the wrong scent altogether. What on earth makes you think I am going to marry Miss Verney? I never had any such notion.'

The lawyer's face was a study in bewilderment. 'But I certainly understood,' he began, 'that'—

'So have a great many other people,' said Browne. 'But I can assure you it is not the case. The lady I am going to marry is a Russian.'

'Ah, to be sure,' continued the lawyer. 'Now I come to think of it, I remember that my wife pointed out to me in some ladies' paper that the Princess Volgonrouki was one of your yachting party at Cowes last summer.'

'Not the Princess either,' said Browne. 'You seem bent upon getting upon the wrong tack. My fiancée is not a millionairess; her name is Petrovitch. She is an orphan, an artist, and has an income of about three hundred pounds a year.'

The lawyer was unmistakably shocked and disappointed. He had hoped to be able to go home that night and inform his wife that he was the first to hear of the approaching marriage of his great client with some well-known beautiful aristocrat or heiress. Now to find that he was going to espouse a girl who was not only unknown to the great world, but was quite lacking in wealth, was a disappointment almost too great to be borne. It almost seemed as if Browne had offered him a personal affront; for, although his client was, in most respects, an easy-going young man, still the lawyer was very well aware that there were times when he could be as obstinate as any other man. For this reason he held his tongue, and contented himself with bowing and drawing a sheet of notepaper

towards him. Then, taking up a pen, he inquired in what way he could be of service.

'The fact of the matter is, Bretherton,' the other began, 'I have a communication to make to you which I scarcely know how to enter upon. The worst of it is that, for very many reasons, I cannot tell you anything definite. You must fill in the blanks according to your own taste and fancy; and, according to how much you can understand, you can advise me as to the best course for me to pursue.'

He paused for a moment, and during the interval the lawyer withdrew his glasses from his nose, polished them, and replaced them. Having done so, he placed his finger-tips together, and, looking at Browne over them, waited for him to proceed.

'The fact of the matter is,' said the latter, 'before I marry I have pledged myself to the accomplishment of a certain work, the nature of which I cannot explain—I have given my word that I will reveal nothing. However, the fact remains that it will take me into some rather strange quarters for a time; and for this reason it is just possible that I—well, that you may never see me again.'

'My dear Mr Browne,' said the lawyer, aghast with surprise, 'you astonish me more than I can say. Can it be that you are running such risk of your own free-will? I cannot believe that you are serious.'

'But I am,' Browne replied; 'perfectly serious.'

'But have you considered everything? Think what this may mean, not only to the young lady you are about to marry, but to all your friends.'

'I have considered everything,' said Browne.

The lawyer was, however, by no means satisfied. 'But, my dear sir,' he continued, 'is there no way in which you can get out of it?'

'Not one,' said Browne. 'I have given the matter my earnest attention, and have pledged myself to carry it out. No argument will move me. What I want you to do is to make my will to suit the exigencies of the case.'

'Perhaps it would not be troubling you too much to let me know of what they consist,' said the lawyer, whose professional ideas were altogether shocked by such unusual—he almost thought insane—behaviour.

'Well, to put it in a few words,' said Browne, 'I want you to arrange that, in the event of anything happening to me, all of which I am possessed, with the exception of such specific bequests as those of which you are aware, shall pass to the lady whom I would have made my wife had I not died. Do you understand?'

'I understand,' said the lawyer; 'and if you will furnish me with the particulars I will have a fresh will drawn up. But I confess to you I do not approve of the step you are taking.'

'I am sorry for that,' Browne replied. 'But if

you were in my place I fancy you would act as I am doing.' Having said this, he gave the lawyer the particulars he required; and when he left the office a quarter of an hour or so later he had made Katherine Petrovitch the inheritor of the greater part of his enormous wealth. Whatever should happen to him within the next few months she would at least be provided for. From his lawyer's office he drove to his bank to deposit certain papers; then to his tailor; and finally back to his own house in Park Lane, where he hoped and expected to find the captain of his yacht awaiting him. He was not disappointed. Captain Mason had just arrived, and was in the library at that moment. The latter was not of the usual yachting type. He was

short and stout, possessed an unusually red face, which was still further ornamented by a fringe of beard below his chin; he had been at sea, man and boy, all his life, and had no sympathy with his brother-skipper who had picked up their business in the Channel, and whose longest cruise had been to the Mediterranean and back; he had been in old Browne's employ for ten years, and in that of his son after him. What was more, he had earned the trust and esteem of all with whom he was brought in contact; and when Browne opened the door and found that smiling, cheerful face confronting him, he derived a feeling of greater satisfaction from it than he had done from anything for some considerable time past.

WHO ABOLISHED FLOGGING IN THE ARMY?



ALTHOUGH it was not until the Army Act of 1881 became law that flogging in the British army was formally abolished, the death-knell of the barbarous practice was set ringing thirty-four years previously.

An incident then occurred which—chiefly through the medium of the press—was brought to light, and produced not only considerable commotion, but caused a revulsion in public opinion and sentiment on this question. Frederick John White, a private in the Seventh Hussars, one May-day in the year 1846, in a hasty moment, suddenly assaulted his sergeant at Hounslow Barracks. This brought him before the district court-martial, and he was sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty lashes on the bare back. Even in those days, when soldiers were severely flogged for the most trivial breaches of discipline, the punishment was not only cruel, but altogether out of proportion to the offence committed. But, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, the sentence stood irrevocable. So, on the 15th June of the said year, two regimental farriers carried out the sentence with the cat-o'-nine-tails. White was a smart soldier, strong, and well set-up; and, notwithstanding the fact that he had been kept without food for seventeen hours previously, he bore the torture manfully; the colonel and the surgeon of the regiment looking on meanwhile. Swish! swish! swish! fell the blows, until, by the time the full tale was told, the poor victim's back was terribly lacerated and running with blood. When all was over he dragged his weak, bleeding, and pain-stricken body to the station hospital. Here his first request was for a jug of tea to quench his feverish thirst; but—and be it said with shame—this reasonable and natural request was refused by the sergeant. On being examined by the doctor, it was discovered that between the shoulder-blades there was a wound

about six inches long and from four to five inches wide; and the ward-book was noted to the effect that White had been 'severely punished from the neck to the loins.' The usual treatment in such cases was adopted, such as hot fomentations and the application of lead ointment; but in a few days boils began to appear on the patient's back; a little while later he complained of pain in the right side; still later symptoms of pleurisy and pneumonia manifested themselves, and then paralysis of the lower extremities supervened. Hereupon he was moved from the surgical side to the medical side of the hospital, where he died on the morning of the 11th July 1846.

This was an unfortunate and serious sequel; and the regimental authorities thought so too, inasmuch as the colonel and the doctor reported the case to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department. Sir James M'Grigor, the Director, evidently thought that it would be a grave reflection on all concerned if the idea should get wind that a soldier had died in the hospital as the result of a flogging; so he instructed a first-class staff-surgeon to proceed to Hounslow, and, if necessary, to hold a post-mortem examination. An examination was duly made, and the report of the three surgeons engaged was as follows: 'Having made a careful post-mortem examination of Private Frederick White of the Seventh Hussars, we are of opinion that he died from inflammation of the pleura and of the membrane of the heart; and we are further of opinion that the cause of death was in no wise connected with the corporal punishment he received on the 15th June last.'

So far, so good. Arrangements had now to be made for the burial. These were left to the regimental sergeant-major, who, armed with the certificate of death, set off to see the vicar of Heston, in whose parish the barracks were situated. The sergeant happened to say incidentally that the death was the result of liver com-

plaint. 'That's very strange,' said the Rev. H. S. Trimmer, the vicar. 'According to the certificate, the cause of death was inflammation of the heart—a totally different thing.' The sergeant was taken quite aback; and, in answer to the vicar's further inquiries, frankly admitted that Private White had been flogged a few weeks previously. 'Then,' said Mr. Trimmer, 'in the circumstances, I shall refuse to allow the body to be buried without an order from the coroner.' The coroner was communicated with, and on the 15th July the first inquiry was held. The evidence, although of a conflicting nature, was nevertheless very damaging to the military authorities; and the jury did not disguise their abhorrence of the transaction, or their sympathy with the victim. Brushing to one side the post-mortem already held, they desired that a further examination by an independent medical man should be made. An Isleworth doctor was deputed to undertake this, and meanwhile the inquiry was adjourned. On the 20th of the month the jury met to receive the doctor's report. It was discovered, however, that he had only made a partial examination, having neglected to examine the back and spine of the deceased. The coroner and jury were not to be beaten. The latter requested the coroner to appoint a London surgeon of eminence in no way connected with the case, and, if possible, ignorant of the circumstances, to make an exhaustive examination of the body. The coroner's choice fell on Dr Erasmus Wilson (afterwards Sir Erasmus Wilson). Dr Wilson was only thirty-seven years of age at the time; but even then he occupied a high position in the profession. He was consulting surgeon to the St Paneras Infirmary, lecturer on anatomy and physiology at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, and had written standard works on these two subjects and on cutaneous diseases; so that he was eminently qualified to undertake the task. At the third inquiry, held on the 3d of August, the

whole of the evidence was complete, and the report of Dr Erasmus Wilson was submitted. His opinion was that Frederick John White would have been living had not the punishment been inflicted. He had no doubt whatever on this point. In the face of so conclusive a report from such an eminent and reliable authority, the jury had no hesitation in finding a verdict; and although it is somewhat verbose, it is worth recording once more. It ran as follows:

That on July 11, 1846, the deceased, Frederick John White, died from the mortal effects of a severe and cruel flogging of one hundred and fifty lashes, which he received with certain whips, on the 15th day of June 1846, at the Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow Heath, at Heston, and that the said flogging was inflicted upon him under a sentence passed by a district court-martial composed of officers of the Seventh Regiment of Hussars, duly constituted for his trial. That the said court-martial was authorised by law to pass the said severe and cruel sentence, and that the said flogging was inflicted upon the back and neck of the said Frederick John White by two farriers in the presence of John James Whyte, the Lieutenant-Colonel, and James Law Warren, the surgeon, of the said regiment, and that so and by means of the said flogging the death of the said Frederick John White was caused.

Immediately on the promulgation of this verdict, with the added rider calling upon every man in the kingdom to join hand and heart in forwarding petitions to the legislature praying in the most urgent terms for the abolition of the disgraceful practice of flogging, several important modifications in this method of punishment were introduced, until, as we have seen, it was finally abolished.

We shall not be far wrong, therefore, in concluding that if the name of Captain John Brown of Harper's Ferry stands in the popular judgment for the abolition of slavery in America, so ought the name of Private Frederick John White of the Seventh Hussars to stand for the abolition of military flogging in Britain.

ONLY A DOG: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

PART II.

AT the time I am now speaking of I was finishing up a bit of ground on a rush at the back of the Yackandundah, towards what I see they now call on the maps the Kiewa Creek, and I had a touch of the Gippsland fever, like my neighbours. I had got acquainted with a chap of the name of Tom Lawrence; he camped close by me in a little single tent the same as mine; he was regularly stone-broke, clean out of luck. He seemed a very decent sort of chap; a good bit older than I was; he had been to sea and travelled a lot, so he could spin a simple native lad like me all sorts of interesting yarns about foreign countries and things he

had done and seen there. He was mad about Gippsland too, and when we got a bit more intimate he let out that he had a great secret about that part. In some way which was never very clear to me, he said he had got hold of the bearings of a gully right in the heart of the ranges, where some prospectors had got most wonderful prospects—that all their rations were done, and they were nearly starved out when they struck the gold, and couldn't stop. They got bashed on their way back, and had all died except one man, who, I suppose, was kept alive on purpose to tell Lawrence all about the place.

He was only waiting to make a bit of a rise and get a good mate to start off to this new El

Dorado; he was quite sure he could find it; and so on. An old gag, that's stale enough now, and that, I dare say, you have heard many a time, boss. You can imagine all the rest, I dare say, and guess that I was flat enough to offer to find the needful for the trip.

'I had sent the better part of my gold to Melbourne by escort, but kept a great deal too much money by me. You see, I hadn't much sense in those days. I had close on £250 in notes and gold. It took near on £50 to get a horse and saddle, &c., for Tom, and a good stock of rations and other things; everything was very dear in those days. I had two horses of my own—one for saddle and one for pack. When it came to fixing up the swags he was all for leaving his tent behind, and making mine do for the two of us; but I didn't fancy this at all, as it was too small; and besides, I always made Jock come into the tent along with me at night; so it was settled to take both tents, and each of us pitch his own at night. And very thankful I ought to be we did, or else I should not be here to-night. I must now tell you that by this time my Jock had become a splendid beast; you could not have found his equal on the diggings. People often wondered at the way I had him trained to the whistle, which I always carried on me. He was something like your little dog in temper, and just exactly the same colour. He would not make friends with any one, and had a terrible "scunner" or dislike to Lawrence, who, I am sure, returned the feeling.

'So now, boss, you can amuse yourself fancying us all packed up ready for a start into the ranges, while I have a spell and a draw of the pipe.'

All the while Jim had been talking little Jock was perched upon the chair, ears cocked up, looking first at one, then at the other, and seeming to pay the greatest attention to the story; and it was amusing to me to notice that, quite involuntarily, Jim seemed to address himself as much to the dog as he did to me.

After a good smoke and a nip he started off again.

'It didn't take long from where we were to get into rough country, but before we camped for the first night I had made up my mind as to one of three things: either Tom was not very sure of his bearings, or he was foxing his track, or he was a very poor bushman. By foxing his track I mean trying to confuse me by doubling on his tracks, as to the actual direction and distance we had gone. This rather tickled my fancy, as I was always counted a first-rate bushman, and some of the Mudgee country is quite difficult enough to try a fellow's metal. I could have told him when we camped exactly the direction of our starting-point, and very close on how far it was off.

'That night I was a good deal disturbed; for, instead of coming into the tent as usual, Jock prowled round and round it nearly all night, and woke me twice by his fierce growling. The next

day the travelling was much of the same kind. Certainly we were getting well into the ranges, but we had gone over a lot of useless ground. At night again Jock repeated the same tactics. It was to have taken us only three days to get to the wonderful gully. Tom pretended he had gone astray a little, but we should be there early on the fourth, he was sure. That day, the third out, we crossed what Tom called two rivers, but which I knew to be the same stream which we had crossed and recrossed. It was, in fact, the Mitta Mitta, as I found out afterwards, and we had recrossed it not a very great distance below where the Omeo rush took place afterwards. In fact, I take it, from looking at the map afterwards—for I was never in that country again—that he was poking about in the country somewhere between Mr Wills and Mr Cooper, as they are now called on the maps, and not in the district at all that is known now as Gippsland proper.

'The third night passed off quietly enough, Jock still on the watch. In the morning Tom felt sure to strike the place that day. You'll bear in mind that since early in the first day there had been no track of any kind to follow, and the going in the ranges was very rough. This day it was worse than ever; but about noon, from the top of a high spur, I saw away to our left, nearly in a nor'-westerly direction, a queer-shaped hill, that I felt certain I had noticed on the second day; and then I knew to what an extent we had been travelling in circles, and that we weren't so very far from our starting-point either. There was no use in saying anything; it was natural enough for a chap who wasn't well used to the bush to get a bit mixed in such country; besides, if the worst happened, and he couldn't find his gully, I had noticed plenty of likely-looking country, and we might do worse than prospect it on our own hook. In the afternoon he got quite confident again.

"I have the right bearing now. See that high bluff with the great boulders piled up like a tower? Well, we ought to find what we want round the foot of that."

'He pushed on now quite briskly, and I remember thinking that he rode more like a man getting to a place he knew than to one of which he had only a description of the bearings. We were going up the bed of a good-sized creek, and an hour or so before sundown he turned sharply off into a widish gully running up to the big spur or bluff, and in which at a distance I could see traces of workings.

"Here we are," he said. "What do you think of me for a bush pilot?"

'Well, I thought very little of his piloting, but said nothing, and we started to camp. The horses, hobbled and belled, were turned up the gully—it was what you would call more of a flat than a gully—tents pitched, and a fire started. While the billy was boiling I strolled up the Flat to see how much work had been done, and found a good

deal more than I expected. About twenty shafts had been sunk, coming down the Flat on the far side. The water-course was on the side of our camp. They started near the top of the Flat, in about six feet of ground, getting deeper as they came down, till the bottom one, about seventy or eighty yards from the camp, was quite twenty feet deep. That evening we had a bit of a chat over the fire. Tom said he did not know where the best prospects had been got. "But we'll try all the shafts to-morrow; most likely the deepest ones are the best."

"Then he started the subject of Jock, who had been getting more cranky towards him every day, and was then crouched down by my side as close as he could get. He said I should have to chain Jock up if we wanted to do any work—that he would be frightened to move about with that great savage beast ready to fly at him any moment."

"This was right enough. I was a bit puzzled myself at Jock's behaviour; he didn't like any strangers, but I had never seen him go on with any one I had worked with before like he did with Tom; he never took his eyes off him for an instant, and watched his every movement, except when on horseback, and I felt all the time the dog could hardly keep from flying at the man's throat. So I said I would fix him up all right in the morning at the tents, which he had been used to guard."

"Before turning in I had a look round. The moon, near the full, was shining brightly, and the air felt sharp and frosty. It was about as wild a camp as I ever saw. The Flat was shut in by high ridges, and towards its head the big bluff loomed up, with the great masses of rock piled up one on the other, and glistening white in the moonlight, like an old giant's castle; though, for that matter, I never saw a castle in my life. The warrigals were tuning up all round, and their music don't ever sound very cheerful."

"Altogether I felt a bit queer and lonely that night, and was glad to roll into the blankets. I made Jock come inside the tent. He didn't want to, but I insisted; so in he came and lay down alongside me. He licked my face all over, rubbed his great hairy muzzle against my cheek, and whined softly. Poor old chap! He wanted badly to tell me something. So there I lay with the good dog's nose against my face, my arm over his neck, and tried to sleep, but it was no use for ever so long. I couldn't help thinking over the last few days. I felt certain now that all the story Tom had told me about how he came to hear of this spot was a fraud. As sure as I lay there, he had been here before. There was no deceiving a thorough bushman in that. The confident way he rode at the finish and many little things proved that to me. I thought our journey over carefully. I felt pretty sure that we weren't more than about forty miles as the crow flies from our start—say one long day's ride through

the mountains—and we had been four days knocking about in the ranges. What I couldn't settle was whether he could have come here straight at the first, or whether he had really got bushed. I know now all about it; he had been just pottering about, waiting for a chance to do for me at night, but Jock's watchfulness had saved me. You mustn't think I had any suspicions of anything wrong. I had never heard or read or dreamt of any such infernal villainy as the scoundrel lying in the other tent was hatching. It never even entered into my head to be uneasy about the money I had on me—a good £200, mostly in notes, which I carried in a pouch inside my shirt. At any rate I meant to have a look at the ground, and then tackle Tom straight, and make him own up what were his reasons for piteling me such a lot of lies. Then I fell asleep. Jock roused me by stretching and shaking himself, and I found it was close on sunrise, so I turned out. Tom was up; and telling him if he would get the billy boiled I would look up the horses, Jock and I turned up the Flat, where, just before falling asleep, I had heard their bells tinkling. We hadn't gone far when I spied the remains of an old camp, and had a look over it. There had been two good-sized tents, the poles still standing; and I could see that the chaps, whoever they had been, had started to get out timbers and laths for driving the ground, at the deeper shafts probably. The horses had not strayed far, and heading them well back down the gully, I got back to the camp for a bit of breakfast. I mentioned finding the other camp, and Tom gave himself straight away.

"Oh ay!" he said; "our old camp is just up the Flat."

"He looked up sharp to see if I had noticed the slip, but I pretended to be too busy pegging away at the beef and damper to mind anything else; but I was more determined than ever to have a good understanding with him by-and-by. After breakfast we got our tools ready, and I chained poor old Jock up to the tent. I had a terrible job with him to make him quiet. He whined and cried and pawed me, and tried so hard to be let free that I had to get Tom to go on ahead, out of his sight. Then I gave him a good scolding, showing him the whistle and making him lie down. He was too well trained to resist me when he saw I was in earnest, and gave in at last; but I couldn't help smiling when I thought of the bit of old rotten strap round his neck that he could snap like a bit of thread. As I turned away to follow Tom my faithful friend gave vent to some most mournful howls.

"I'm blowed if that dog of yours, Jim, wouldn't give a fellow the horrors. You'd think we were going to a funeral," Tom said, with a grin.

"Instead of starting at the lower shaft he turned up the Flat. "Let us have a look at these top ones first."

"I have told you that these were the shallowest, and it stood to reason weren't any good, or they would have been worked. He was down two or three, and got out prospects which I panned out with the poorest results.

"Hain't we better tackle the deep shaft at once where they left off work?" I said.

"All right," he replied; "you have a turn below, and see if you can't drop on it rich; it's about here somewhere."

"It was plain to me if there was nothing in the lower shaft the whole thing was a duffer. This one, as I told you, was about twenty feet deep. There were a couple of logs along two sides of it, with a short log laid across them, but no signs of a windlass or of foot-holes to go down by. You know in those days diggers used to sink very great awkward holes, not like the neat shafts they do now, and this one was too wide for foot-holes. We had brought a piece of rope, which I made fast to the cross log; and dropping the pick and shovel in, I slipped down the rope. I noticed at a glance a bit of a drive about four feet in on the lower side and a few laths leaning over the entrance, when a slight noise made me look up, and I saw Tom whipping the rope up. He grinned down at me with an evil look, and it struck me then for the first time what an ill-looking dog he was.

"Hullo! what's that for?" I sang out.

"What's that for, my joker? Why, that's because you're trapped at last. Do you know where you are? Why, you're in your grave. A fine caper I've had with you and your blasted dog. I could have finished your job nights ago but for that brute, and been off with that roll of notes; it won't be in your shirt long now. I'll put the set on you, and then I'll finish him."

"I saw him stoop and rise with a great boulder in his hands.

"By instinct I jammed the shovel hard against the side of the shaft over my head; it turned the force of the blow, which beat me down on my knees. Before he could get another I squeezed my body into the drive. There was just room enough to get, as you may say, out of the line of fire, but not much to spare, and the laths, which

I kept in their place with the double end of my pick, helped to make the shelter better. He cursed and swore fearfully when he saw this—but there's no use in repeating his foul language; cursing and swearing is a thing I don't hold by at all—and stopped pelting down stones.

"You won't come out of that, you varmint?" he sneered. "All right, then; I'll earth you in. Won't take long to do that. You'll be quiet enough after a bit, when I come and dig you out; though it's a lot of trouble just for that bit of plunder. The air in that bit of a drive won't last you many minutes;" and with that he started to shovel back the earth into the shaft.

"God knows how I felt. I seemed quite stupefied—to have lost all power of thought. I could only call out silly prayers to the bloody-minded ruffian to spare me. He could have the money, the horses, anything, but for God's sake don't bury me alive! The rattle of the earth falling quickly down the shaft was his only reply. It helped to bring back my senses. I saw the earth rising fast up the mouth of the drive. As I crouched back in the little hollow my hand pressed against the big whistle round my neck. In a second it was at my lips, and with all my strength I blew a call, and well I knew, if Jock only heard it, that rotten strap wouldn't hold him long. Again I sounded it. Then a dread came over me; the way I was cramped in the drive and partly earthed up might deaden the sound. I must get out! I was desperate then. The villain had stopped shovelling at the first whistle-call. I think he was watching the dog. Never mind him. I forced myself fairly clear of the hole, and blew it again shrill and clear up the shaft. He turned sharply round. I saw him raise a great stone. I got my head and shoulders back in shelter in time, but not my foot (the left one). Down came the boulder, as big as your head, on it—fair on the instep. I felt something smash like pieces of tobacco-pipe, and gave a great scream; but I kept my senses, for mingling with my own cry I heard the dog's short angry barks, and knew he was loose, coming like the wind to rescue me. I pushed out of the drive and shouted to him; there came a fierce growl, and I saw the great hairy body flash over the shaft.

GOLD IN IRELAND.



WE are so accustomed to associate the occurrence of gold with California, Australia, and, in more recent times, with the Transvaal and British Columbia, that we are apt to overlook the fact that in Ireland, close to our own doors, so to speak, where much of the land is supposed to be barren

and worthless in the ordinary sense, gold in considerable quantities has been picked up.

In the Dublin Science and Art Museum is the model of a gold nugget which was found in County Wicklow in 1795, the weight of the original lump of precious metal being no less than twenty-two ounces. The history of this and other nuggets, real and apocryphal, has recently been

traced by the perseverance of Mr V. Ball, F.R.S., and the story presents many features of interest.

According to one account the precious twenty-two ounce nugget itself was at one time in the possession of the Dublin Society, and was presented by one of the members to King George the Fourth when that monarch paid a visit to Ireland in 1821. Possibly that generous donor had in his mind a baronetcy or knighthood—for even sane persons will do funny things if they see the chance of getting a handle to their names.

This is, however, a most unlikely story on the face of it, for it can hardly be thought possible that a member of a learned society would be bold enough to give away that which did not belong to him, but was, in a manner, public property. Fancy a trustee of our British Museum presenting one of its treasures to the reigning sovereign, and fancy the absurdity of that sovereign accepting such a gift!

Another story has it that the wily king claimed the nugget as a *droit*, and there and then put it in his royal pocket; that a lady subsequently became possessed of it; and that she, not having any pronounced taste for the study of mineralogy, had it melted down and converted it into more marketable form.

Anyway, the Wicklow nugget was never seen again by mortal eye. The story of George the Fourth's acquisition of this gold was first circulated in 1833, twelve years after the ignoble transaction was supposed to have taken place; and we can imagine what a toothsome little bit of scandal it formed in the mouths of those whose political bias was not in favour of kingly rulers. But the story falls to pieces when the light of inquiry is turned upon it. Upon examination of the earlier catalogues of the mineral collection belonging to the Dublin Society, there is no mention whatever of the twenty-two ounce nugget; and we can hardly imagine that such an unique bit of treasure could be overlooked. Moreover, the keeper of the minerals notes that a large nugget had been found in Wicklow, and that the museum possessed only a model of it.

It seems, indeed, that there were two models of the nugget in the museum, and that two others are yet extant—one in the Geological Museum of Trinity College with a label which describes it as a 'moddel' (*sic*) of a piece of gold found at Croughan, and another belonging to a private collector.

There is certainly no trace of the lost nugget in the royal collections, and if George the Fourth ever possessed it he must have quickly got rid of it. It is more charitable to suppose that the story is a myth, for the king would hardly behave in such an undignified manner for the sake of such a paltry bit of treasure, nor would he be at all likely to put such a heavy lump into his pocket, however much he might have coveted it.

The origin of the story probably lies in the tradition that the Earl of Meath did once present the king with a small nugget as a curiosity.

It was in the year 1795 that the presence of gold in Wicklow first came as a surprise to the public. The metal had actually been detected some twelve years earlier, but the secret had been well kept, and a more profitable industry than that of rearing pigs and 'praties' had been carried on by a few families living at Croughan Kinshela, where most of the gold was found.

We can imagine with what joy this new source of wealth was greeted by the poverty-stricken peasantry—a treasure which needed no more apparatus for its acquirement than a discarded frying-pan with which to scoop up the gold-bearing mud from the river-bed. The few fortunate ones who held the secret of this Eldorado saw before them unlimited wealth; but the dream was soon to fade. Whether Pat became communicative in his cups, when in command of unaccustomed quantities of 'potheen,' or whether the purchasers of the gold let out the secret, is not known; but news of the Wicklow goldfields soon spread. According to Abraham Mills, who reported on the subject to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, these pioneer workers disposed of three thousand pounds' worth of gold in six weeks, which at three pounds fifteen shillings per ounce would give a total of eight hundred ounces of the precious metal.

The news of the gold-find no sooner got about than people from all parts flocked to Ireland, as to-day they are rushing to Klondyke. They swarmed round the gold-district like flies round a pot of honey. Prior claims were ignored, disorder was rife, and it was a case of every man for himself. If speedy action had not been taken by the authorities it is probable that the crowd would have fought like the famous Kilkenny cats until nothing remained but 'a tale which is told.' The Government stepped in, and by the aid of the Kildare militia took possession of the gold-washings on behalf of the Crown. Up till the time that the works were burnt down and the machinery destroyed after the Rebellion of 1798, over nine hundred ounces of gold had been found. The work was resumed in 1801, but soon after abandoned when it was found unprofitable.

Another alleged Irish nugget has a far more plebeian history than that to which the George the Fourth legend is attached. It was found by a tenant-farmer living at Ballycooge, and was used by him as a convenient weight with which to weigh his wool, until one day a pedlar calling at the house, and getting an inkling of its value, displayed much anxiety to purchase it. The owner was shrewd enough to suspect that it was worth more than the man offered, and refused to part with it. He, however, afterwards gave it to his landlord, whether in quittance of rent or not never transpired; the landlord gave it to

the Earl of Meath, and the Earl presented it to the Dublin Society's Museum.

Perhaps it was the same nugget which was, according to a statement made at a meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Ireland in January 1865, found by a family named Byrne, farmers at Croghan Kinshela some thirty years previously, and supposed to be copper. This nugget was picked up in the river-bed, and weighed eighteen ounces. After the farm people had used it as a weight for several years they sold it to a travelling tinker, who in his turn made a big profit out of the transaction.

There is a third story of a nugget being used as a weight told in the *Hibernian Magazine*. In this case a yarn-dealer used the nugget as a two-pound weight for ten years—which, of course, is no proof that it weighed two pounds. He believed it to be copper ore, but eventually sold it for a considerable sum.

Probably these stories belong really to the same lump of gold, for we all know how tales repeated from mouth to mouth—as these must have been—over many a peat fire, are unlike rolling stones in gathering many additions and variations.

In the already-mentioned report to Sir Joseph Banks there is reference to a gold nugget which weighed five ounces; this also has disappeared from mortal ken, together with others which weighed six, seven, and nine ounces respectively. But we are on surer ground when we refer to a nugget of four ounces eight pennyweight, for in 1844 this was actually shown by the Mining Company of Ireland at a Dublin Exhibition. By a printer's error in one of the journals of the day the weight of this nugget was given as forty ounces,

a mistake which was repeated by others, and which led to this piece of gold being known as the 'Champion Nugget of the United Kingdom.' It will raise a smile when it is stated that this nugget was as unfortunate as the others: it was stolen from the Exhibition, and was never seen or heard of again. Many other nuggets of undoubted Irish origin have been found, and we may assume that the majority of them have been disposed of secretly. Some, however, remain, and can be viewed by the curious in such matters. There are five in the Museum at Edinburgh, their weights varying from one hundred to twenty-eight grains—rather a coming down, it will be thought, from the lumps of gold which have so mysteriously disappeared.

There are also in the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, London, seven pieces of Wicklow gold, the largest of which weighs about one ounce. A peculiarity of this Wicklow gold is that, instead of the metal being embedded in the quartz, as is generally the case with Californian and Australian nuggets, the quartz is often found encased in the gold.

Stories of big Hibernian nuggets have a legendary air about them, but that a considerable amount of the precious metal was washed from the soil by the peasantry at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century is an undisputed fact. It will be remembered that gold in Scotland has been worked quite recently, especially in Sutherlandshire and Lanarkshire, and in Wales in the Dolgelly district. The 13,266 tons of ore raised in the United Kingdom in 1895 yielded 6600 ounces of gold of a value of £18,520. Who knows, therefore, how much gold may yet lie undiscovered in the Wicklow Hills?

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.



BOOKS of recollections and reminiscences have an unfailling charm for a large section of the reading public, especially if spiced with anecdotes of famous or exalted persons. When an old stager crosses his legs and gets into a reminiscent mood, and begins 'I remember,' he secures general attention, if his recollections are genuinely interesting, and not too prosy and long drawn out. As Browning has it:

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain;
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and now!

As the number of those who have seen and talked with Sir Walter Scott is yearly lessening, we make no apology for handing on the following anecdotes:

Dr Edward C. Robertson, Otterburn, writes: 'My father (the late Dr John Argyll Robertson) some

fifty years ago told me that once, whilst visiting a patient in George Street, Edinburgh, the gentleman requested him to accompany him to his bedroom, where he would show him the greatest sight to be seen in Scotland. On entering the bedroom he was taken to the window, which looked across upon Castle Street. On a table a hand was seen writing with the greatest rapidity on sheet after sheet of paper. As each sheet was finished it was thrown on the floor. The hand so seen was the hand of Sir Walter Scott, the great Wizard of the North, engaged in writing one of his wonderful novels.'

It was during excursions into Liddesdale with his friend Robert Shortreed that Scott encountered James Davidson of Millburnholm, who, if he did not sit for the complete portrait of 'Dandie Dinmont' in *Guy Mannering*, at least supplied some of its features. Dr Robertson says: 'In 1851 I was practising at Otterburn,

in Northumberland, which lies in the valley of the Rede, and under the pleasant shade of the green Cheviots. One day I met at a cottage on the watershed betwixt the Rede and the Coquet a nice middle-aged lady, who, in course of conversation, informed me that she was a niece of the prototype (Davidson) of the famous Borderer of Sir Walter Scott's creation, "Dandie Dinmont." Her uncle, when informed that he was the "original" from whom "Dandie" was fashioned, said, "I wish to goodness that hirpling auld body wad only come again this way; I wad thrash his neck for him."

Mr W. S. Black, of Meorumborah, Bega, New South Wales, sends us a few early recollections of his boyhood in Edinburgh. One day Scott was pointed out to him coming along Thistle Street as a boys' school had just been let loose, when a bright, curly-headed fellow tumbled against him. He laid his hand on the boy's laughing, curly head, gave him a good look and a pat, and let him run off. This was in 1820. This same lad also saw Scott seated in his study in Castle Street, writing with great rapidity, and pitching the finished sheets on the floor. Of Sir Walter Scott's eldest son, who died on his way home from India in 1847, Mr Black writes: 'My regiment was stationed at Arcot, Madras Presidency. There had been a mutiny in my corps while at Jubbulpore; the mutineers were brought down to Arcot and tried. Some were sentenced to be shot; and, to make sure of no fresh outbreak at the execution, a battery of Horse Artillery and a couple of squadrons of the 15th Hussars, under the command of Sir Walter Scott, came from Bangalore to keep order. Sir Walter, in full hussar uniform, with his imposing figure, and mounted on a splendid jet-black Arab horse, seemed to me just what 'Ravenswood' in the *Bride of Lammermoor* should have looked. He was indeed a noble-looking man.'

Sir John Cowan, of Edinburgh, recently alluded in public to his first meeting with Sir Walter when he was a boy in the fourth class of the High School. At that time his (Sir John's) father was living in Moray House, and one afternoon they were walking together up the Canon-gate, when they met a man, not tall, but very lame, and leaning heavily on his walking-stick, and very shabbily dressed. His father and the stranger shook hands, and remained in conversation for some ten minutes, he (Sir John) meanwhile standing by their side. At that time his father was a trustee on the estate of Constable and Co., of which, unfortunately, Sir Walter was a partner. When Sir Walter and his father had ceased their conversation his father introduced him to Sir Walter, remarking that he was at the High School. 'Oh,' replied Sir Walter, shaking him heartily by the hand, 'you are at the High School? A very excellent institution that. I hope you are a very diligent student.'

Some three years later, when he was a student at Bonn University, on the Rhine, he happened one afternoon to be waiting the arrival of the steamer, on board which he expected to find his two sisters. On the steamer coming up to the pier he found his two sisters and an elderly gentleman, apparently near his end, sitting on a chair, and watched over by a daughter. This was poor Sir Walter Scott on his way home to Abbotsford to die. The previous year the Government had sent him out in one of their own vessels to Malta and Rome; and, after spending the winter at Rome, he was now on his way home. It was a sad sight, and yet it was pleasant to know that Sir Walter was so cared for in the last journey of his life.

THE OLD PIANO.

Nay, Maidie, have sweet patience yet awhile;
Your full-toned Erard or your Bechstein grand
Will come ere long. The mute companionship
Of old for old, how can you understand?

To Time's forgotten lumber-room it soon
Shall go. For yet a little let it stay
Just where it stood when threescore years gone by
Across the threshold on a sweet spring day

I brought her home who made my life a joy
Those yellow shrunken keys were gleaming white,
That faded silk was brightest emerald;
With mused tears of joy her eyes were bright;

And home was heaven when there she sat and played
The simple harmonies that fittest seemed
To suit the simple air, the tender words,
That written were for her and me, we deemed.

I see her now, so proudly in her arms
Holding her first-born boy, and glancing round
With tender triumph when the little hands
Alone had made a feebly jangling sound.

And oh! those merry days, those bygone days,
When in the twilight pitter-patter went
The little feet to merriest music, when
With childish trebles her low tones were blent.

Those days had gone, and we were growing old,
Though you were still unthought of, Maidie mine,
When one we deemed the fairest of our flock
Sang to us in the voice we thought divine:

A slender figure in her snowy gown,
A white camellia in her auburn hair;
So winning in her youthful grace, we thought
'Surely in all the world she is most fair.'

Ah! soon the sun was blotted from our sky,
Hushed was the music, gone the laughter gay.
Like a pure lily, 'midst camellias white,
Silent, yet smiling, our sweet darling lay.

Nay, Maidie—while in lingering caress
I still can draw this wrinkled, feeble hand
Across its yellow keys, in memory of
Those other hands that touched it—let it stand.

MARY J. CROWE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



REMINISCENCES.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, K.C.M.G.

IV.—SEYCHELLES AND ZANZIBAR.

IN 1863 the Arabic political appointments under the government of Bombay—Aden, Bushire, Zanzibar, Muscat—were reorganised, and I was the first Political Agent under the new arrangement sent to Zanzibar. A surgeon was added to the establishment; the reason given for this increase, as stated in the government resolution was: 'The medical duties attached to the Zanzibar agency have hitherto been discharged by an officer of the subordinate Medical Department; but His Excellency the Governor considers it most desirable that an officer capable of scientific research should be stationed on that coast, nor is it less necessary that the Political Agent should have an officer of intelligence with whom, at that distant station, he may be able to associate.'

A small steam yacht, the *Pleid*, was also allowed to me, so that I might be able to visit the great extent of coast under my political control, and keep up postal communication with the Seychelles, the nearest point to Zanzibar where mail steamers then touched.

I went by those islands to join my new post. I made frequent visits subsequently to this interesting archipelago in the *Pleid*, so I may as well note what I have to say of it on the present occasion. It is situated about one thousand miles due east of Zanzibar. The islands are of granitic structure, and rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in Mahé, which has an elevation of 2998 feet. Of the eight islands which form the archipelago, few except Mahé are inhabited, or they are occupied only by a very small number of families; one is devoted entirely to lepers. The total population is about fifteen thousand, most of whom are blacks; about five hundred are French Creoles. This group of islands was taken possession of by the French in 1742, and the present name was given to them in honour of an officer of the East India fleet,

Comte Hérault de Seychelles. In 1791 they were taken by the English, along with the Mauritius, and now form a dependency of that island.

The vegetation is most luxuriant: cinnamon and raspberries form the ordinary undershrub on the hills; higher up are splendid tree-ferns; but the most interesting plant is the extraordinary *coco-de-mer* or double coco-nut (*Lodoicea Seychellarum*), found in no other part of the world. It grows as straight as a plumb-line to a height of 100 feet; it throws out only one gigantic frond-like leaf each year; it does not commence to bear fruit for a century, and the nut takes five years to ripen; the interior becomes a sort of vegetable ivory. The sea abounds in fish of splendid colour and strange shape. Many a good day's sport have I had here, but none so good as that described to me by Mr Swinburne Ward, the genial Civil Commissioner of the islands. I published his letter many years ago in a newspaper; but it is so good that it will bear repetition:

'I am happy to say that I enjoy the thorough confidence of a pretty large circle of friends; but there are very few to whom I should like to send this report of a small fishing excursion, and in whose firm belief in the narration I should have the slightest confidence. But you know the Indian waters and their extraordinary capabilities, and can believe almost anything respecting what they can produce. I sent all our gear, harpoons, lines, &c., over to the "Mamelles," twelve miles north of Mahé, in the early morning, in the *pirogue*, and went over myself in the whale-boat in the afternoon. The next morning we commenced fishing, and caught about three hundred fish before breakfast. In the evening we got a lot more sharks and a quantity of fish, some quite unknown to any of the men. One enormous ray took the hook, and gave us a deal of trouble before it succumbed to the lances and spears; it was 7½ feet in diameter. As we were

bringing it home the boat was surrounded by suckers, and I caught two biggish sharks, who were snapping at it as it was lashed to the side of the *pirogue*. This kind of ray is not eatable, so we buried it in the sand at low-water-mark, in order to attract sharks next morning. Its tail makes a delightful walking-stick. Early next morning we went out again, and began by catching a large quantity of *bakshu*, a species that I don't think you determined, and a big fish called *Capitaine du Port*. As we caught them the men cut them open, and threw their entrails over the side. The presence of numerous suckers denoted the presence of the bold shark, so we put some big hooks over for their entertainment. We had not long to wait; a tremendous pull came at the thickest line, and our fun began. The moment the brute felt the hook he came up to the surface, not pulling at all. He raised himself about four feet, right out of the water, and came at the *pirogue* with his mouth open. (*Mon Dieu!* such a mouth!) Had he not been politely received by two lances in the stomach and another down his throat he would have torn half the side of the boat out. It took nearly two hours to kill this brute, who was attacking us nearly all the time. Its length was 13 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; eight rows of teeth erected! It was almost appalling as he approached the gunnel of the boat. After the entertainment was over we cut him open and took his liver out; it gave nearly a hundred bottles of oil. . . . Coming home we passed close to an enormous *diable de mer* floating quietly about. We went alongside of him, driving a regular whale harpoon right through his body. The way he towed the boat through the water was beautiful, and he also had to succumb to a rather protracted lancing. His size will give you an idea of his strength in the water—42 feet in circumference. We got him awash on the beach, but the united strength of ten men could not get him an inch farther.

'Altogether we made a pretty good bag. The men brought back about 1200 lb. of salt fish; we got twenty-three small sharks from 3 to 5 feet long, one *demoiselle*, 13 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. Its jaws now ornament my dining-room, and can be slipped over my shoulders without touching them on any side; another 10 feet long; one *raye fouet*, 7 feet 9 inches, not including the tail; and, lastly, the *diable de mer* before mentioned.'

On the 5th of May 1863 I arrived at Zanzibar. The Government House there was a fairly good one, but it was in the town, on a rather unsavoury beach; and there were few pleasant walks easily accessible from it. The rides were lovely; nothing could be more beautiful than the green lanes running all through the island amongst clove plantations, the foliage of which showed every variety of colour from deep green to brilliant carmine. It was a never-ending source of delight to wander amongst these on horseback

or on foot, to eat pine-apples from among the hedgerows, to drink the water of young coco-nuts, and to return home laden with the most exquisite white and blue water-lilies and with trailing bunches of the *Gloriosa superba*. The island is of exceeding fertility; in addition to the cloves, it produces fields of manioc, woods of coco-nut palm, magnificent mango-trees, and such oranges and mandarines as I have nowhere else seen in my travels.

There are no rivers, but numerous streams and springs, some of the latter peopled with little fish as brilliant as the flowers around (*Haplo-chilus Playfairii*).

No wonder, then, that we were most anxious to procure a *shamba*, or country-house, where we might retire from time to time to escape the heat and dirt of the town. One condition was absolutely necessary—that it should be on the sea-coast, so that we might go from one house to the other by boat. I searched in vain in every direction. One place, indeed, I did find which suited me exactly, but I was told that it was not available, and I was, almost rudely, requested not to approach the house. I had almost given the matter up in despair, when one day the Sultan, Seyed Majid, called on me; and as we were sitting and conversing by the open window of my drawing-room, he asked me if I had found a *shamba*; I replied that I could find none to suit me. One, indeed, I had seen, but it was not available. He asked me which it was. I replied, 'Your Highness can see it from where we sit;' and I pointed out the place in question, which rejoiced in the name of 'Boobooboo.' He smiled, and said that this place could easily be got; and that if I would entrust him with the negotiation he would arrange matters for me. I gladly accepted his offer, but stipulated that no pressure should be brought to bear on the owner. He assured me that I might rest quite satisfied on that point.

A few days afterwards his minister called and presented me with a key, telling me that the house was empty and at my disposal. I had never heard who the occupant was, and begged him to tell me. I learnt with astonishment that it was the Sultan's sister Seyedah—or, as the Swahili called her, Bibi Salemah. For a long time, he said, she had been anxious to come into town to be near her sisters, but the Sultan would never permit her to do so; now, however, that he was able to gratify both her and me, he was only too glad to give his consent. It was not till years afterwards that I learnt how different the case really was; the poor girl was devoted to a country life, and she was in dismay at receiving a sudden order to pack up and leave the house, as the new *Bahyoos*, or minister, as the British representative was always called, wanted it.

Thus I was the innocent cause of all the misfortunes (if such they were) which subsequently happened to her. No scruple of conscience, there-

fore, interfered to prevent our thorough enjoyment of our new residence. The house was large and roomy, though without any architectural pretensions; it was surrounded on all sides, save on the sea-face, by groves of oranges, cloves, and coco-nut trees. Our dining-room was quite unique; the table was placed under the shade of gigantic orange-trees; the dinner was brought from the house, but the dessert was all around us. I am afraid we often committed what I now see to have been an act of wickedness, cutting down coco-nut trees for the sake of their cabbages. The undeveloped leaves on the summit, when cleared of the bark-like spathes, made a cylinder of about a yard in length and nearly a foot in diameter. This is the most delicious vegetable product that I know. Eaten plain, it is like filberts; sliced and dressed with oil and vinegar, it makes the best of salads; boiled, it was like nothing else in nature—a harmonious combination of cabbage, artichokes, and asparagus! It was the greatest treat to our friends in Zanzibar to come out and spend a day with us here and eat our coco-nut cabbage.

Meanwhile Bibi Salemah had gone to town; she had a very fine house of three stories assigned to her in the best quarter. The streets in Zanzibar, as in all Oriental cities, are very narrow, each story projecting beyond the one below it, so that the houses on opposite sides of the street almost meet at the top. In the house facing that of the Princess dwelt a Hamburg merchant, Mr R—. We had a good deal of informal society at Zanzibar, and used to meet daily at each other's houses to take a cup of tea in the afternoon or play a rubber of whist after dinner. During daylight the terraces of the houses were the usual places of reception. When sitting on the terrace of R—'s house, which had only two stories, I frequently saw the Princess at her open window, always, of course, closely masked, according to custom. She invariably saluted me, and as I was the only European in the place who could speak to her in her native language, Arabic (Swahili or the slave language was usually employed by foreigners), she was always pleased to exchange a few words with me. She never, however, alluded to the affair of the *shumba*.

In 1865 I had to pay a visit to Bombay; and when staying with Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor, at Poonah, I was taken so seriously ill that I had to be sent home at the first opportunity, and I never saw Zanzibar again. My health rapidly recovered after a short stay in England, and I received the appointment of Consul General at Algiers under the Foreign Office. My departure from India had been so precipitate that I could not complete the fifteen days that still remained to qualify me for a pension. The Government, however, permitted me to return to any place eastward of Suez, to enable me to complete my time, and I went to the Seychelles, which

islands I had often visited during my stay at Zanzibar.

Here I must relate the events that took place during my absence. While it was still uncertain whether I should return to Zanzibar or no, the surgeon was put in charge of the Political Agency.

The intimacy that had sprung up between Mr R— and Bibi Salemah ripened into love, and they determined to elope to Hamburg and be married there. He had a vessel loading with cloves, and he persuaded her to escape on board just as the vessel was ready for sea. He smuggled a boy's dress into her house, and made an appointment for her to meet him on the quay after dark. Probably she arrived too soon and was seen loitering about till the expected boat should arrive. The Sultan's guards had their suspicions aroused, took the boy prisoner, and carried him before the Sultan. Seyed Majid's astonishment and horror may be imagined at finding the boy his sister!

She was sent back a prisoner to her house, and a guard was placed at her door. The Sultan ordered that she should be sent to Muscat at the first opportunity, which of course meant that she was to be taken out to sea and thrown overboard. Somehow or other—I never quite knew how—she managed to escape, certainly without the knowledge of the acting Political Agent, and got on board H.M.S. *H—*, which at once got up steam and took her to Aden; there she went to a Spanish family which she had known at Zanzibar.

All this was, of course, absolutely indefensible. We had no right to interfere in a matter concerning the Sultan's family or the affairs of a German merchant. But had we not given her an asylum she would certainly have been killed; so would R— also in the fine old days when Europeans had no consuls to protect them, right or wrong. I have no doubt that this diplomatic impropriety did not hang very heavily on the consciences of the conspirators, whoever they were.

When I reached Seychelles to finish my period of service, I took my return passage in a steamer of the Messageries Maritimes Company. Just as the vessel was on the point of leaving, H.M.S. *Lyra* arrived from Zanzibar. Mr R— was on board. He had thrown up his business at Zanzibar, and was on his way to Aden to marry his princess. We made the voyage to Aden together, and during the few hours that the steamer remained there to take in coal, I was present at a double ceremony in the English church, and acted as interpreter in Arabic—the baptism of the Princess and her marriage to R—. We continued the voyage together, and many curious scenes took place. As at Zanzibar, I was the only person on board who could speak to her in her native Arabic; her husband could only communicate with her in Swahili; she knew no English, so he could never join in conversation when I was speaking to her.

At Cairo we walked through the native bazaar. She was dressed, of course, in European clothes.

She suddenly stopped and said, 'What would Seyed Saeed have said could he have seen a daughter of his walking, with face uncovered, between two Christians, in a Muslim bazaar?'

Seyed Saeed (Sayyid Said), better known to Europeans as the Imâm of Muscat, was a very great man indeed; he was contemporary with, and hardly inferior to, Napoleon Bonaparte and Mohammed Ali Pasha of Egypt, except in as far as the stage on which he acted was more restricted. It was he who brought the whole east coast of Africa under Arab sway. It and Muscat remained one kingdom till his death.

Bibi Salemah had been in the habit of wearing ponderous rings in her ears, which thus became so disfigured that she was obliged so to dress her hair as to hide them altogether. She once remarked that it was God's mercy that her nose was not like her ears, as she was the only one of Seyed Saeed's daughters who did not wear nose-rings.

We separated at Marseilles. Her husband was killed at the opening of the Franco-Prussian war when getting out of a tram-car, leaving her with three children, and, I fear, in very straitened circumstances. We kept up a correspondence for some years, at first in Arabic, but latterly in English. I give her last letter to me to show what remarkable progress she made in European languages, especially in English, which she had acquired in Germany:

BERLIN, 14th August 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—How very good of you to take so much trouble in our case. I am truly very thankful to you. Since your last letter arrived it has happened

something to induce me to remain still a short time longer in Germany; therefore I must now wait a little before I can go to my lovely South, which I am always longing for. As soon as I am free of myself you shall hear more of me. I am indeed very sad to hear of your not being well; but I hope the air and the repose in Switzerland will do you good. My old friend, I really wonder you can understand my bad English. Can you speak or understand the most difficult of languages which I have ever met—German? In that case I am more able to write better letters. My love to your dear family and yourself.—Very sincerely yours,

(in Arabic) SALEMAH BINT SAËED BINT SULTAN.

The 'something' here alluded to was an order from the German Foreign Office to hold herself in readiness to proceed to Zanzibar; she went there in a German vessel. This was after Germany had begun to make herself felt as a colonial power, and it was thought that it might be possible to intercede with the Sultan in favour of his expatriated sister. She was, indeed, recognised by a few of her old friends, but Seyed Burgash, the new Sultan, remained deaf to all intercession on her behalf; nor could any effort of diplomacy move him to pity and forgiveness, or obtain restitution of her forfeited possessions. She had no course but to return to Germany.

I can hardly be taxed with any indiscretion in making these revelations. She has written the story of her life, *Memoiren einer Arabischen Prinzessin* ('Memoirs of an Arabian Princess'), both in German and English; and, though she does not give all the foregoing details, her work is a most interesting and reliable account of harem life, both at the court of her father and of her brother Majid.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVI.



GOOD-MORNING, Mason,' Browne said as he shook hands. 'I am glad that you were able to come up at once, for I want to consult you on most important business. Sit down, and let us get to work.

You were not long in getting under way.'

'I started directly I received your message, sir,' the man replied. 'Perhaps you would not mind telling me what it is I have to do.'

'I'll very soon do that,' Browne replied; 'and if I know anything of you, you will be glad to hear my needs. I want to see you with regard to a cruise in Eastern waters. I am tired of the English winter, and, as you are aware, I have never yet visited Japan. I've suddenly made up my mind to go out there. How soon do you think you could be ready to start?'

'For Japan, sir?' the captain replied. 'Well, that's a goodish step. Might I ask, sir, how long you can give me? Are you in a very great hurry?'

'A very great hurry indeed,' Browne said. 'I want to get away at the shortest possible notice; in fact, the sooner you can get away the better I shall be pleased. I know you will do all you can.'

'You may be very sure of that, sir,' said the captain. 'If it is really necessary, I fancy I could be ready—well, shall we say?—on Monday next. Would that suit you, sir?'

'It would do admirably,' said Browne. 'I may count, then, on being able to sail on that day?'

'Certainly, sir,' said the captain. 'I will catch the next train back, and get to work without loss of time. Your own steward, I suppose, will accompany you?'

'Yes,' said Browne, for he was convinced that the man was one in whose honesty and courage he could place implicit reliance, which was just what would be wanted on such a voyage.

'And how many guests will you be likely to have, sir?' inquired the captain. 'I suppose you will fill all the cabins as usual?'

This was a question to which Browne had not yet given any proper consideration, though he had practically decided on one person. The voyage from England to Japan, as all the world knows, is a long one, and he felt that if he went alone he would stand a very fair chance of boring himself to death with his own company.

'I am not able to say yet who will accompany me; but in any case you had better be prepared for one or two. It is more than possible, however, that we shall pick up a few others in Japan.'

'Very good, sir,' said Mason. 'I will see that all the necessary arrangements are made. Now I suppose I had better see about getting back to Southampton.'

Having consulted his watch, he rose from his chair, and was about to bid his employer good-bye, when Browne stopped him.

'One moment more, Mason,' he said. 'Before you go I have something to say to you that is of the utmost importance to both of us.' He paused for a moment, and from the gravity of his face the captain argued that something more serious was about to follow. 'I wanted to ask you whether you had any sort of acquaintance with the seas to the northward of Japan, say in the vicinity of the island of Yesso and the Gulf of Tartary?'

'I cannot say that I have any at all, sir,' the other replied. 'But I could easily make inquiries from men who have sailed in them, and procure some charts from Potter, if you consider it necessary.'

'I should do so if I were you,' said Browne; 'it is always as well to be prepared. In the meantime, Mason, I want you to keep what I have said to yourself. I have the most imperative reasons for making this request to you. A little mistake in this direction may do me an incalculable amount of harm.'

Though he did not in the least understand what prompted the request, the captain willingly gave his promise. It was easy for Browne, however, to see that it had caused him considerable bewilderment.

'And there is one other point,' Browne continued. 'I want you to be more than ordinarily careful that the crew you take with you are the best men procurable. I am not going to say any more to you, but leave you to draw your own conclusions, and to bear in mind that this voyage is likely to be one of the most, if not the most, important I have ever undertaken. You have been with me a good many years now, and you were with my father before me—it is not necessary for me to say not only as captain, but also as a man who is an old and well-trying friend.'

'I thank you, sir, for what you have said,' said the captain. 'In reply, I can only ask you

to believe that, happen what may, you will not find me wanting.'

'I am quite sure of that,' said Browne, holding out his hand.

The captain took it, and when he had shaken it as if he would dislocate it at the shoulder, bade his employer good-bye and left the room.

'So much for breaking the news to Mason,' said Browne to himself when the door had closed behind the skipper. 'Now I must see Jimmy Foote, and arrange it with him.'

He glanced at his watch, and found that it wanted only a few minutes to twelve o'clock. Ringing the bell, he bade the footman telephone to the Monolith Club, and inquire whether Mr Foote were there; and if he were not, whether they could tell him where it would be possible to find him. The man disappeared upon his errand, to return in a few moments with the information that Mr Foote had just arrived at the club in question.

'In that case,' said Browne, 'beg the servants to tell him that I will be there in ten minutes, and that I want to see him on most important business. Ask him not to leave until I come down.'

The appointment having been duly made, he ordered his cab and set off in it for the rendezvous in question. On reaching the club—the same in which he had seen Jimmy on that eventful night when he had discovered that Katherine was in London—Browne found his friend engaged in the billiard-room, playing a hundred up with a young gentleman whose only claim to notoriety existed in the fact that at the time he was dissipating his second enormous fortune at the rate of more than a thousand a week.

'Glad indeed to see you, old man,' said Jimmy as Browne entered the room. 'I thought you were going to remain in Paris for some time longer. When did you get back?'

'Last night,' said Browne. 'I came over with Maas.'

'With Maas?' cried Jimmy, in surprise. 'Somebody said yesterday that he was not due to return for another month or more. But you telephoned that you wanted to see me, did you not? If it is anything important, I am sure Billy here won't mind my throwing up the game. He hasn't a ghost of a chance of winning, so it will be a new experience for him not to have to pay up.'

Browne, however, protested that he could very well wait until they had finished their game. In the meantime he would smoke a cigar and watch them. This he did, and as soon as the competition was at an end and Jimmy had put on his coat, he drew him from the room.

'If you're nothing you want to do for half-an-hour or so, I wish you would walk a little way with me, old chap,' he said. 'I have got something to say to you that I must settle at

once. This place has as long ears as the proverbial pitcher.'

'All right,' said Jimmy. 'Come along; I'm your man, whatever you want.'

They accordingly left the club together, and made their way down Pall Mall and across Waterloo Place into the Green Park. It was not until they had reached the comparative privacy of the latter place that Browne opened his mind to his friend.

'Look here, Jimmy,' he said, 'when all is said and done, you and I have known each other a good many years. Isn't that so?'

'Of course it is,' said Jimmy, who noticed his friend's serious countenance, and was idly wondering what had occasioned it. 'What is it you want to say to me? If I did not know you I should think you were hard up, and wanted to borrow five pounds. You look as grave as a judge.'

'By Jove! so would you,' said Browne, 'if you'd got on your mind what I have on mine. It seems to me I've got to find some jolly good friend who'll see me through as delicate a bit of business as ever I heard of in my life. That's why I telephoned to you.'

'Very complimentary of you, I'm sure,' said Jimmy. 'But I think you know you can rely on me. Come, out with it! What is the matter? Is it a breach of promise case, or divorce, or what is it?'

'Look here, old man, before we go any farther,' said Browne, with great impressiveness, 'I want to ask you not to joke on it. It may seem humorous to other people, but I assure you it's life and death to me.'

There was a little silence that might have lasted a minute; then Jimmy took his friend's arm. 'I'm sorry,' said he; 'only give me a decent chance and I'm sure to make a fool of myself. I had no idea it was such a serious matter with you. Now then, what is it? Tell me everything from beginning to end.'

'I will,' said Browne. 'But I ought to tell you first that I am not supposed to say anything about it. The secret, while it is mine in a sense, concerns another person more vitally. If I were the only one in it I shouldn't care a bit; but I have to think of others before myself. You may remember that one night—it seems as if it were years ago, though in reality it is only a few weeks—you and I were walking down Regent Street together. You told me you had seen a picture in a shop window that you wanted to show me.'

'I remember the incident perfectly,' said Jimmy, but this time without a smile. 'It was a very foggy night, and you first kept me waiting half-an-hour outside the shop, and then acted like a lunatic afterwards.'

'Well,' said Browne, without replying to his friend's comments upon his behaviour on that occasion, 'you may remember that the night

following you dined with me at Lallemand's, and met two ladies.'

'Madame Bernstein and Miss Petrovitch,' said Jimmy. 'I remember. What next?'

Browne paused and looked a trifle sheepish before he replied. 'Well, look here, old man; that girl, Miss Petrovitch, is going to be my wife.' He looked nervously at Jimmy as if he expected an explosion.

'I could have told you that long ago,' said Jimmy, with imperturbable gravity. 'And, by Jove! I'll go further and say that I don't think you could do better. As far as I could tell, she seemed an awfully nice girl, and I should think she would make you just the sort of wife you want.'

'Thank you,' said Browne, more pleased with Jimmy than he had ever been before. 'But that only brings me to the beginning of what I've to say,' he continued. 'Now I want you, before we go any further, to give me your word as a friend that whatever I may say to you you will not reveal to any one else. You cannot think how important it is, both to her and to me.'

'I will give you that promise willingly,' said Jimmy. 'You can tell me whatever you like without any fear that I shall divulge it.'

'Your promise is all I want,' said Browne. Then, speaking very slowly, and as earnestly as he knew how, he continued: 'The truth of the matter is that that girl is by birth a Russian. Her father had the misfortune to get into trouble over an attempt upon the Czar's life.'

'A Nihilist, I suppose?' said Jimmy.

Browne nodded. 'Well, the attempt was discovered, and Katherine's father was arrested and sent to Siberia, condemned to imprisonment for life. He was there for many years, but later on he was drafted to the island of Saghalien, on the eastern coast of Siberia, where he now is.'

Jimmy nodded. 'After that?'

'Well, on the morning of the second day after that dinner at Lallemand's, Miss Petrovitch and Madame Bernstein left for Paris, on some important business, which I now believe to have been connected with the man who was exiled. I followed her, met her, and eventually proposed to her. Like the tramp she is, she did her best to make me see that for me to love her was out of the question. Thinking only of me, she tried to put me off by making me see how impossible it all was. But instead of doing what she hoped, it only served to show me what a noble nature the girl possessed.'

'She is not rich, I suppose?' asked Jimmy.

'She has not a halfpenny more than three hundred a year assured to her,' the other replied; 'and she shares that with Madame Bernstein.'

'And yet she was willing to give up a hundred and twenty thousand a year, and the position she would have in English society as your wife?'

'She was,' said Browne.

'Then all I can say, is,' said Jimmy, with considerable conviction, 'she must be one in a million. But I interrupted you; I'm sorry. Go on.'

'Well,' continued Browne, 'to make a long story short, she finished by telling me the sad story of her life. Of course she said that she could not possibly marry me, being the daughter of a convict. Then she went on to add that news had lately come to her—how I cannot say—that her father is dying. It seems that he has been in failing health for some years; and at last the terrible climate, the roughness of the living, and the knowledge that he was hopelessly cut off for the rest of his existence from all he held dear in the world has resulted in a complete collapse. To hope to obtain a pardon from the Russian Government would be worse than futile. All that remains is to get him away.'

'But, surely, my dear old Browne,' said Jimmy, who had listened aghast, 'it cannot be possible that you dream of assisting in the escape of a Russian convict from Saghalien?'

'That is exactly what I do think,' replied Browne, with unusual earnestness. 'Come what may, if it costs me all I am worth in the world, I am going to get the man out of that hell on earth. Try to think, my dear fellow, if you were in that girl's place. Her father, the man whom she has been brought up to believe has been sacrificed for his country's good, is dying. She declares it is her duty to be with him. How can I let her do that?'

'I admit it is impossible.'

'Well, what remains? Either she must go to him, or he must come to her.'

'In plain words, she wants you to risk your good name, all you have in the world, your happiness, your very life indeed, in order to get a fanatic out of the trouble he has brought upon himself.'

'You can put it how you like,' said Browne; 'but that is practically what it means. But remember she is the woman who is to be my wife. If I lose her what would life be worth to me?'

This was the crucial part of the interview. For the first time it struck Browne that he was figuring before his friend in rather a selfish light. 'I wanted to see you,' he began, 'in order to find out whether you would care to accompany me to the Farther East. Remember, I don't want you to pledge anything. All that I ask of you is to say straight out whether you would care to come or not. I shall sail in the yacht on Monday next for Japan. We shall touch at Hong-kong *en route*, where I am to have an interview with a man who, I believe, has brought off one or two of these little affairs before. He will tell me what I am to do, and may possibly do it for me. After that we

proceed to Japan, where we are to pick up Madame Bernstein and Miss Petrovitch. From that moment we shall act as circumstances dictate.'

'And now I want you to tell me one thing,' said Jimmy; 'what is your reason for wanting me to accompany you?'

'I will tell you,' said Browne. 'I want you to come with me because I am anxious to have one man on board, a friend, in whom I can place implicit confidence. Of course Mason will be there; but as he will have charge of the boat, he would be comparatively useless to me. To tell the truth, Jimmy, it will make me easier to know that there is some one else on board the boat who will take care of Miss Petrovitch in the event of anything happening to me.'

'And how long do you propose to be away from England?' his friend inquired.

'Well, that is a very difficult question to answer,' said Browne. 'We may be away three months, possibly we may be six. But you may rest assured of one thing; we shall not be absent longer from England than is absolutely necessary.'

'And when do you want an answer from me,' said Jimmy.

'As soon as you can let me have one,' Browne replied. 'Surely it should not take you long to make up your mind?'

'You don't know my family,' he answered. 'They say I can never make up my mind at all. Will it do if I let you know by seven o'clock to-night? I could arrange it by then.'

'That would suit me admirably,' said Browne. 'You don't think any the worse of me, old chap, for asking so much of you, do you?'

'Angry with you?' answered the other. 'Why should I be? You're offering me a jolly good holiday, in excellent company; and what's more, you are adding a spice of danger too, which will make it doubly enjoyable. The only question is whether I can get away.'

'At any rate I'll give you until to-night to make up your mind. I shall expect to hear from you before seven o'clock.'

'You shall hear from me without fail,' said Jimmy; 'and if by any chance I can't manage it you will understand—won't you?—that it is not for any want of feeling for yourself.'

'I know that, of course,' said Browne; and thereupon the two young men shook hands.

A few moments later Browne bade him good-bye, and, calling a hansom, drove back to his own house. As soon as he lunched he wrote to Katherine to tell her how things were proceeding. The afternoon was spent in the purchase of various articles which he intended to take with him. For this reason it was not until after six o'clock that he returned to his own

house. When he did, the butler brought him a note upon a salver. He opened it, and found, as he expected, that it was from Jimmy.

'Dear old man,' it ran, 'I am coming with

you, happen what may.—Always your friend,
J. FOOTE.'

'That is another step upon the ladder,' said Browne.

SOME MINOR RURAL INDUSTRIES.

II.



DR FREAM, the accomplished and distinguished editor of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Royal Agricultural Society, drew attention in the June part of that periodical for 1894 to some minor rural industries that are not followed up in this country as they ought to be. Dr Fream is not an enthusiast who sees a fortune in a nursery garden and fancies that jam factories will be the sheet-anchor of the British farmer. But while keenly alive to the depressed state of agriculture in this country, and to the difficult problems it presents to the political economist, he does not neglect any matter, however trivial, which bears upon those problems. Like all other agricultural writers, he is surprised that so many eggs and so much poultry should come from abroad, and that the value of these imports should be so rapidly increasing. In six years—between 1888 and 1893—the value of these imports had risen from £3,480,000 to £4,454,000, and this in spite of the well-founded complaints of farmers that the markets for agricultural produce are not remunerative, and that prices are steadily falling. Dr Fream in his article takes up two subjects—the duck-fattening industry carried on so successfully near Leighton Buzzard, and the fowl-fattening industry of Heathfield and Uckfield. So clearly and ably does he deal with both these important subjects that it would be unpardonable impertinence to attempt to summarise his article; and readers interested in the matter should turn to it, and they will find that no point is neglected, and that the whole subject has been handled with the care, thoroughness, and accuracy characteristic of the author.

Some idea of the immense amount which British farmers lose through foreign competition may be gathered from the following list of staple food stuffs imported into the United Kingdom in 1893:

Butter, margarine, milk, cheese.....	£22,597,250
Bacon, ham, pork, lard.....	14,804,250
Barley, oats, peas, beans, hops, straw.....	13,814,506
Eggs, poultry, game, rabbits.....	4,742,343
Vegetables, pickles.....	2,879,239
Fruit and conserves of fruit.....	1,819,343
	£60,656,931
If oxen and bulls are added.....	6,213,447
Total	£66,870,378

Sir George Birdwood, in a letter to the *Times*,

asked if it is not possible for a great part of these imported products to be raised at home. He said: 'The buyers in the various importing houses of London are the most intelligent, the shrewdest, and the most energetic Englishmen of our generation, and as patriotic as they are able. They would buy all the eggs, poultry, and butter they want within the United Kingdom, provided they were as securely, cleanly, uniformly, and artistically put up, and as promptly and regularly supplied, as are those of France and Belgium, Holland and Denmark. They would prefer to buy British cheeses to American, were not the latter carried by our railways from Liverpool to London so much cheaper than the former. Similar remarks apply to all the items of the list.'

This is not the first time that the attention of the agricultural community has been directed to the neglect of poultry-rearing on a small scale, and to the possibility of a large number of people taking it up and adding considerably to their income thereby. The points that Dr Fream brings out clearly are that egg-producing and poultry and duck fattening should be supplementary to other occupations—that is, that they should be on a small scale, and that they require untiring attention. In this way, and in this alone, can they pay. They are not occupations for men who want to be away from home half their time, or who can comfortably spend £500 a year on their personal requirements. But they are occupations eminently adapted to thrifty, hard-working, intelligent people who are not too proud to earn an honest living with their own hands.

One cannot help regretting that so many of our small towns depend largely for their eggs, butter, and poultry on other countries. Surely there must be something wrong somewhere when one finds the grocers and the poulterers looking to France and Holland for supplies which one would suppose could be drawn from the immediate neighbourhood of the town itself.

The stumbling-blocks to the extension of the minor rural industries are undoubtedly that small producers have seldom any capital, and that they are not always intelligent enough, though one can seldom censure them for lack of industry; while the larger people, though they have the capital and the intelligence, lack the industry and prefer to leave the work to paid dependents. Therein lies the explanation of the almost inevitable failure; these industries are for small people

working with their own hands and brains, and not afraid of long hours and constant exposure.

At this moment, although small holdings are not easy to get, there are many places where a few acres of land can be bought at £20 an acre. Ten or fifteen acres would be ample; that would cost £300, while £350 would buy the necessary sheds and appliances, though some hundreds more would be needed to stock the holding—say £1000 altogether. An industrious man with a little hired labour would have no difficulty on such a holding in growing a large amount of produce, which would command a ready sale in the market-towns near, or would support him and his family; while the egg and poultry industries would be supplementary and would be profitable.

A clergyman whom I often used to visit had a small parish, a slender income, and a large family—the three often go together.

Like many of the country clergy, he had plenty of spare time, and he turned it to profitable account. His fruit, of which he grew a great deal, sold well; so did his eggs, vegetables, and poultry; while his pigs, of which he reared many, found a ready sale in a small town near. He had, he positively assured me, no private means at all, while his professional income fell short, value of parsonage included, of £165 a year. Of course I do not know, and cannot even guess, what his very large garden brought in; but this I do know, that he had so little glebe that he had to rent a good-sized field; and yet, while sufficiently popular and successful in his parish, he lived in rude plenty, and, seconded by a hard-working wife, found no difficulty in making ends meet. This vicar's industry was a good example to his neighbours, and added to his local influence and helped to fill his church; it certainly did not do him any harm.

Another case is still more striking. A keen Scotsman, a house agent, who has had a long apprenticeship to hard work at the Cape, carries on in the most crowded part of a large village, near two towns of some importance, a most profitable duck-fattening industry. This man has great control over his time, and much of his work is done by correspondence. He has a large walled-in yard and some rambling old sheds; but his space is extremely limited. The ducks are reared in surprising numbers, and sold to an hotel at remunerative prices. It is certainly a sight not soon forgotten to see the army of ducklings in that small yard, while the sheds are crowded with sitting hens, and artificial incubation goes on on a large scale besides.

No one supposes that there is unbounded scope for this industry, but in the country at large there ought to be an outlet for a good many thousand small people. The capital needed is not large, nor is it necessary to give one's whole time to it.

The demand for poultry, according to Dr Fream,

is very large, and greatly in excess of the supply; though, of course, plenty of authorities are to be found who contend that this statement is not correct, and that poultry do not pay. But when did authorities agree?

Both the clergyman and the house agent found that they could dispose of all their produce—indeed, that they could have sold many times as much as they could raise. A connection is not difficult to form, though one cannot deny that success would be more probable close to towns of some importance with a large resident population.

In some cases shops are supplied, but not commonly, as the shopkeeper naturally wants his profit, and expects a large share of the receipts for himself. In all the really successful cases—and they have not been few—the producer has been in direct communication with the consumer, and has avoided the middleman's charges.

Village shopkeepers with cheap land close to their houses might in many cases carry on, with the help of their wives and families, such an industry, especially near towns of some size, where they could dispose of their surplus.

One does not want to suggest that life should be shorn of all its attractions and enjoyments; but one thing is certain—that the public school and university man can rarely take up this or most other laborious non-intellectual callings with any hope of success. He lacks patient industry, or, at any rate, the right sort of industry. He likes to linger over his meals. He is not partial to early rising. He soon feels that he has done a prodigious amount of work and needs change; and he much prefers sauntering about and watching his paid dependants, whom he thereby very much hinders.

But to a man not accustomed to the refinements and elegances of life, one who can and will work like the house agent mentioned above, a man of short nights and long laborious days, there ought to be much more scope.

What foreigners could do we can do just as well. Many growing, flourishing towns offer markets that depend in the main on foreign supplies. Were all our eggs, poultry, cheese, hardy fruits, and butter to be raised in England, British agriculture might not be prosperous, but it would be far more prosperous than it is at present, and many thousand more families would live on and by the land.

Let me close my paper with a few words on France and Belgium. In the neighbourhood of sub-tropical Cannes flowers are grown in immense quantities, and the perfumes produced there are said to be worth £800,000 a year, or, rather, the exports amount to that sum. One hundred tons of Parma violets are said to be grown there, 1500 tons of orange-flowers, 500 tons of geraniums, 250 tons of jasmine, and 1500 tons of roses. The wormwood for absinthe and the mint for pep-

permint come largely from this wonderful district, as do also many of the strange poisonous drinks used in Paris. From Ghent, on the other hand, 752 tons of live plants were grown for the British markets in 1897. Great care is given to these minor industries, and more greenhouses are

being put up every year; while England, which is rapidly becoming *the one land* where agricultural depression is most acutely felt, is the best market in the world for all the surplus agricultural produce of more shrewd and industrious nations.

ONLY A DOG: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

PART III.



OW a great terror took me again. The ruffian was armed; he had a pick to his hand, and carried a sheath-knife, I knew. What if, in a struggle, he should happen to disable or stab the dog?

'There was a desperate scrimmage going on. I could hear Jock's growls and snaps. Presently the wretch gave a sharp scream.

"That's one for Jock," I said to myself.

'But I must make him come in. I must have him to guard the shaft till I managed to get out. Never mind the man. My only thought was to get out of that accursed hole—that living grave. I called and shouted to Jock to come in. His training told. Furious as the dog was, he obeyed me, and came to the top of the shaft.

"You must stop here, Jock, and watch him—to mind him—to look out."

'And there he stood sentinel. Bristling all over with fury and his great fangs gleaming, he looked a formidable antagonist indeed. But how to get up? The shaft was too wide to cut footholes, except perhaps in one of the corners. And then the time. But a lucky thought struck me. The laths were of free grained stuff. With the pick I split from them some stout stakes, which I sharpened at one end, and then drove them into the corner of the shaft with the pick, one over the other, getting up step by step. "Now, Jock, stand fast; watch him, old dog!"

'One more peg in and I can get hold of the cross log. Another a bit higher and Jock was slobbering my face. I could feel the ruffian had moved away. One more effort and I was up out of that hideous hole—out of that deadly pitfall.

'I sank down on the heap of headings, and hugged and kissed old Jock. Never can I forget my feelings. My foot was useless and giving me great agony; but never mind that. I was up in the free open air again. How green the grass looked, and how bright the sunshine! Never before did the sky look so blue. Away at the very top of one of the ridges opposite, a great tree stood up clear against the blue sky; a flock of white cockatoos were whirling and screaming around it. How white they were, and how they glistened like silver in the sunlight! I have never

since seen a tree with cockatoos flying round it without the whole of this scene coming back plainly before me.

'But where was my would-be murderer? Why, just over at a little clump of wattle scrub, about thirty yards off, busy at something. Just then he looked round, saw me on the heap of stones, and gave a great start. I saw then what he had been doing. In his hand he had a long light sapling, to which he had lashed his sheath-knife. This then was a spear, and with it he would be able to keep Jock off and stab him when he got the chance. But I was out of the hole, and though I had no weapon save the pick he had left behind him, and couldn't stand upright, still there were lots of good stones round me. You know you can't beat bush riddies at flinging stones; I used to be a regular don at it. If it came to a duel with stones, I wasn't frightened of coming off second best.

'As he came slowly forward I saw that he limped a bit, and there was a big blood-stain on his moleskin trousers. "That's Jock's work," I thought, as I raised myself up on one knee and gathered plenty of handy-sized ammunition, making the dog keep well in. Tom saw my determined stand, and although he knew he had hurt me badly with the big stone, he didn't know how much I was crippled. He stood watching me for a while, calculating the chances, and then, after shaking his fist at me and using some very bad language, he moved slowly off to the tents. I could think of nothing better to do after that than to give old Jock another good lug, then crawl painfully across to the same clump of wattles, fix myself up a spear like his, and get back to my heap of stones. Now by good luck, on leaving camp that morning, I had brought my billy with me, half-full of cold tea, and there it was still untouched where I put it before going down that deadly shaft. I was parched with thirst, and I had then the sweetest drink of all my life.'

I have tried to give you this story as faithfully as I can repeat it, but no words of mine can convey any idea of the dramatic manner in which it was told, or, rather, acted to me. My friend, Morris, had gradually become very excited, and

when he had brought the story up to his arrival at the fateful gully he got up from his chair, moving restlessly up and down. Jock had jumped down too, and kept following him about, whimpering and giving little, short barks of suppressed excitement. Then Jim acted all the scene in the shaft. He caught up a tray from the table to show how he guarded his head from the first stone. Then up about so high on the wall was the height of the drive. This was the way he crouched down; and so on. But when, to imitate the whistle-call, he put his fingers in his mouth and blew it so shrilly as to make the house ring again, little Jock lost all control over himself. He burst out into furious barking; he flew here, there, everywhere, after invisible enemies, and tore round and round Jim as though to protect him from some, by us, unseen danger. By the time Morris came to finding the billy of tea he was calmer, and sat down again. Jock also returned to his post on the chair.

'There's something very queer in the way your little dog goes on,' said Jim. 'One would almost think he knew what I was talking about. I can't make it out at all.'

Now to me, who was quietly watching the whole scene and knew the dog's habits, it was stranger still. I felt convinced that I had seen two actors going through a performance they were perfectly familiar with—I am of that opinion still. How one of them came to know his part in it I had just heard. But what about the other—the dog?

'So now,' continued Jim, 'I have explained to you how my old dog helped to save me from a miserable death, and how I got this crippled foot, and perhaps that is all you want to know.'

'Excuse me, my friend,' I replied. 'You have certainly got out of the shaft, and are sitting on the headings just now with a make-shift spear, a crushed foot, and a dog, in the heart of the ranges, and a murderous ruffian prowling round; but so far from being saved yet, I should say you were in one of the tightest places possible; so fire away. I want the yarn, the whole yarn, and nothing but the whole yarn.'

'All right,' replied Jim; 'then off we go again.'

'You will understand that I had been watching my worthy mate pretty closely. As I got back with the spear I saw him go up the flat with the bridles, and presently come back with all three horses. He then quietly saddled mine and the pack-horse, pulled down both tents, picked out the best—mine of course—put all the rations, the tent, and everything else he could lay his hands on, including the other saddle, on the pack-horse; piled up the other tent, my blankets, and all the rest of the things he didn't mean to take, in a heap, and set fire to them. And I, boss, had to sit there watching him. I tried, but found I could not move freely enough to do any good.

'I didn't want any one to tell me what his game was; he was just going to leave me there, in a crippled state, to starve. Not a nice lookout, eh? but just heaven compared with being down that cursed hole. When he had everything packed up and ready he rode towards me till within speaking distance, still holding his spear, and shouted:

"You stick there, you ——! I missed you one way, but I've got you another. I can see you're cooked, or you wouldn't have let me take the horses and things so quiet. Just stop where you are and starve; you've neither tucker nor shelter. You'd better have let me settle you in the shaft short and sweet, you know. Well, I shan't forget you or your blasted lapdog; he has given me something to remember him by, so I'll give you a look up in a few days just to get that bit of coin you're keeping so kindly for me, and I won't forget this time to bring a shooting iron with me in case it's wanted. So long, my hearty, and keep your pecker up."

'And with that off he went, leading the pack-horse and driving the other with the bridle tied up before him. I gave him a fair time to get well away, and then started for the camp. I had a great job to get over, for I was pretty well loaded, my shirt being full of stones in case he came back on me sudden-like, and I had a good drink crossing the bed of the creek. First I put down the stones, and went down to the creek for another load. You mustn't laugh at the stones, boss; they were the only things I could depend on to beat him off with if he attacked me. People may think nothing of stones who can't throw straight, but I tell you, in the hands of a man who can, they are a very effective weapon. Then I overhauled the wreck. The fire hadn't done as much harm as I thought; there was no wind, and the things had only smouldered. I rooted out a good many pieces of the tent, some parts of my blankets, a few of my clothes, and two bags, in one of which I got a little bit of salt meat—about a pound and a half. Then under the bushes I had lain down to sleep on was a small saddle-pouch. In that I got three ship's biscuits, about half-a-pound of rice tied up in a sock, and a cake of tobacco. In another old jumper I got a little bag of tea and sugar mixed—enough to make three small pots. Besides that I found half a johnny cake I left from breakfast, and Jock sniffed out of the bushes a piece of cooked meat—about two pounds—that the ruffian had slung away. So this was our stock of provisions—three biscuits, half-a-pound of rice, half a johnny cake, two pounds cooked meat, a pound and a half raw meat, tea and sugar for three pots, and a cake of tobacco; so we weren't starved yet by a long way. By this time my foot had got so bad and swollen that it had to be looked to. Before starting I thought of the time, and pulled out father's old silver watch. Well, what time do you think it was? Just ten o'clock. All this business I have

been telling you of had only taken about three hours and a half from the time we left the camp after breakfast. Putting the watch down beside me, I started to cut off my boot. There was plenty of blood in it, and the foot was a terrible sight. I'll just tell you what the matter was. The big stone had come down fair on the instep and smashed nearly all the bones of the top of the foot, some into two or three pieces, and some of these were sticking through the skin. I noted this afterwards, for the pain in getting the boot off was so great that I fainted away. When I came to my senses poor Jock was whining and licking my face in great trouble.

'I had to take myself up pretty sharp; there must be no more fainting business if I was ever to win free out of this fix. I did the best I could to get the foot into shape, bandaged it with unburnt bits of my shirts, and then with strips of the tent, with some thin pieces of bark for splints. It wasn't a great job for a doctor, but I got wonderful relief, and, with one of the tent forks for a crutch, felt a deal more active. But time flies. I looked at the watch; it was now twelve o'clock. Something must be done to get away from this place before night. I would not stop there for all the world. Now I had got an idea in my head, and had been turning it over all the time I was dressing my foot.

'This scoundrel Lawrence was, as I have said, a very poor bushman and a very bad rider. I had led the pack-horse all the way here, and it had taken me all my time, too, in places. So I felt sure he could never lead a pack-horse and drive another before him in country like this. I was certain of that. If he managed to get the horse a mile away from the camp it would give him all he knew. There was a chance he might only go a short distance off and camp, but I didn't think so; Jock showed no signs of uneasiness. My idea was he would lose the horse before he had gone very far and not trouble about it, never thinking it possible for me, in my crippled state, to either find or catch an unhobbled horse. Something must be risked, and I determined to put Jock's training to the test. Mr Oxley and I had trained the two dogs,

among other things, to go forward at a certain signal in wide circles and head in anything they found. They would work thus singly or together, on either horse or cattle camps. I crawled down to where the horses had started from, put Jock on the scent, talked to him, showed him the whistle, blew the signal, with the cry, 'Seek forward—seek forward,' moving my arm round in the direction he was to go, and then gave the signal again. Jock looked at me, pricked his ears, gave one snuff at the trail, and was off down the Flat full gallop. I got back to my stones and spear, and sat with the watch in my hand counting the minutes. Oh, how slowly they went! Oh, how lonely I felt! If poor old Jock was only back. What if he should run foul of Lawrence and think I meant him to be rounded in and get wounded? Oh, those weary hands on the watch, how slow they went! Minutes seemed like hours. It was just half-past twelve when I started Jock. It got slowly, so very slowly, to one o'clock. I'll wait the hour, and then try to recall him. I filled the first pipe I had smoked since breakfast, and thought I would count the puffs; but I couldn't smoke. At last it came to half-past one. Well, if that was only one hour, there can't be more than half-a-dozen in a whole day.—What?—eh? Was that a dog's challenge? Yes; but how faint!—It's Jock! Hurrah! And he has got something. What is it? Oh, if he has come across that ruffian and tried to round him in! There's one consolation if he does and the man is on horse-back: he will make the horse throw him, to a certainty.

'That's something like the way I sidged and fumed.

'But it was Jock's voice, and it came steadily nearer and nearer. He was fetching something in. A minute or two more, and, oh, what a leap my heart gave!—for there, just turning up the Flat, was the spare horse which Jock was bringing along like a regular artist, right up to where I was standing. The bridle was on him, fastened up. I trembled so I could hardly limp forward to catch him; but at last the reins were in my hand. Thank God for it!

THE LION OF SOUTH AMERICA.



HE lion, as the puma is commonly called in South America, has of late years become very rare in most parts of that country, as it is a very shy, wary animal, and is only to be found in lonely, uninhabited spots, far away from the haunts of man. Though it goes by the name of the lion, it has none of the savage qualities of the king of beasts, and even when at bay is an arrant coward, unlike all other members of the feline race, which are accustomed

to fight for life until the last gasp. The jaguar, or South American tiger, is a much more formidable animal, and has often been known to attack a man, a feat hardly ever attempted by the puma. The puma's strength, however, for an animal of its size, is astonishing, and it is able to carry off a sheep with the greatest ease; though, if pursued, it will relinquish its prey, and make off without attempting to show fight.

Pumas are a terrible scourge to flock-owners, as the havoc they commit among the sheep and young

ealves is very great, and they are so quick and silent in their movements that it is extremely difficult to catch them in the act of carrying off their prey. A friend of mine, who was for some years sheep-farming in the River Plate, thus describes his experience of these animals:

'I was some years ago on the outside pampas in charge of a flock of sheep which a puma used to visit constantly. The grazing-land round was covered with immensely tall clumps of a reedy kind of grass called *paja*, and there were but few houses in the neighbourhood. About a league from my ranch were two high hills, covered with large boulders of stone; and it was in holes beneath these the pumas had their lairs. There were two flocks of sheep at the house, and both I and the native in charge of the other flock had been provided with rifles and plenty of cartridges to kill the puma if possible. One corral, or sheep-pen, was a little distance away in front of the house; but, strange to say, our friend made no attempt to carry off a sheep from the flock which was confined there, but always came to the corral of the one I was in charge of, which was quite close to the house—in fact, the window looked out into the corral itself. The reason we assigned for this was that a large plot of maize had been planted on one side of it, and at the far end the clumps of *paja* grass grew right up to the corral fence; while the corral of the flock in front of the house stood upon a slight hill, and had no cover on any side. We had about half-a-dozen dogs, which used to sleep outside; but they never appeared to be aware of the puma's approach until the sheep came dashing madly from the quarter it had entered. The cunning beast seemed to know the nights we were on the watch, and would sometimes let a week or more pass without paying us a visit; then, just as we were beginning to relax a little in our vigilance, we would hear the sheep rushing about in the corral; and when we dashed out through the window, which was always open, we would find them huddled up in a corner, while here and there three or four were lying kicking on the ground. These all had their necks broken by a blow from the animal's paw, done either in play or to get them out of its road while searching for a fat animal to carry off, as it never failed to select one of the best sheep in the flock. The whole affair was over so quickly that, though several times, I am sure, scarcely two minutes had elapsed before we were on the far side of the corral, we could never discover any sign of the robber; and I often found myself wondering if there was not something supernatural about the animal's movements, so speedily and silently did it disappear. The dogs, however, always used to follow it into the open, and twice were so close on its tracks that they made it leave its prey.

We used to mount our horses when we heard them giving tongue; and on both occasions we

found the animals the puma was carrying off lying untouched, but perfectly dead, in the long grass. Both of them had the marks of the puma's teeth in one of their fore-legs, as well as having their necks broken; for the powerful creature used evidently to carry off its victims slung over its back, holding one of their fore-legs in its mouth, while the two hind ones trailed upon the ground on the other side. Even when the puma got off undisturbed with its prey, it was an easy matter with the dogs to find the carcass next day, hidden in a clump of grass, but with the fattest parts, the breast and kidneys, devoured. We used to poison the remains; but though numbers of foxes, hawks, and other carnivorous animals and birds were often found dead round about, the puma never seemed to return to the carcass to make another meal. The natives used to say that its sense of smell was so fine that it could at once detect if any one had been near the spot, and would then never approach the carcass again. We also tried pitfalls, with a live lamb tied above as a bait; but the wary beast never went near the place, and all we caught was one of our own horses, which one night fell into the pit. This puma made about twenty visits to my flock in the space of three months without our ever catching a glimpse of it, though one night we must have been very close on its tracks.

I happened to be at the window when the sheep came running towards the house, and dashed out at once without waiting to lift my rifle (I had my revolver in my belt), calling to the dogs as I went. As I was running across the corral I distinctly heard the thud of a heavy body against the wooden gates in one corner, and fired two shots in that direction. On reaching the spot I found the sheep the puma was carrying off—a big wether—still alive, but with its fore-leg and shoulder completely torn away from its body. The puma was evidently just making off with its prey when it heard me calling to the dogs, and in its hurry had not jumped high enough to clear the gates, got the sheep entangled in them, and had torn off the poor animal's shoulder in its efforts to get the remainder of the body free. I used afterwards to tie up a dog in that corner; and as at first it used to howl all night, the puma discontinued its visits. But directly our canine watchman got accustomed to the post and ceased making a noise, it made a raid one night at the other corner and carried off another sheep. This, however, was its last visit, as afterwards we tied dogs all round the corral, and thus stopped its depredations.

'The following summer I went one evening with two natives to sleep at a ranch three leagues off, where next day we were to secure some of our sheep which had strayed away and got mixed in a neighbouring flock. The ranch was a small one; and, as the night was very warm, we were all sleeping outside, and had just turned in when the flock, which was lying about a hundred yards off, came rushing towards the house. It was very

bright at the time, and the old native in charge caught a glimpse of something yellow in the midst of the sheep. He immediately made straight for his horse, which was picketed near, and, hollering to the dogs, set off with them in pursuit at full gallop, calling out to us as he went, "Un leon ! Un leon !" ("A lion ! a lion !"). We mounted and followed as quickly as we could, and about two hundred yards from the hut found the dogs had brought the animal to bay in a large clump of *paja* grass. At first I thought it was a large yellow dog they had caught trying to steal a sheep ; but the peculiar snarling noise the animal made, and the way it arched its back, quickly made me aware what it was, though until then I had never seen a puma in its wild state.

I remarked that it showed very little inclination to fight, but tried to get through the clump and escape on the other side when it saw us approaching. The dogs, however, gave it no quarter, though they took care to keep out of the way of its formidable claws, which every now and then shot out with lightning rapidity at the boldest of its assailants. The old shepherd had meanwhile gone back to the ranch for his lasso ; and, watching his opportunity, he threw the coils round the puma's neck, and then started off at full gallop, dragging the half-throttled beast after him. Its cries as it was dragged along closely resembled those of a young child, and were something pitiful to hear ; but once the dogs saw their enemy stretched out and powerless they dashed at it from all sides, and we had great difficulty to save the hide from being torn to pieces. When we succeeded in driving the dogs away we found the

animal was quite dead, choked by the lasso, which the old native told me was the quickest and surest way of killing them. It was a large male, of a tawny yellow colour, with a dark stripe down the back, where the hair was of a much darker colour than that on its sides. It was very gaunt and thin, and appeared half-starved, or it would scarcely have approached so near a house where there were men, for we were all talking at the time the sheep began to run. The old shepherd said it must have been very weak, else he would scarcely have overtaken it with the dogs, as pumas are very quick in their movements, and will soon distance a horseman. Their grease is said to be a sovereign cure for rheumatism ; but there was not a particle to be found on the one we killed. I often thought it must have been the same that used to visit my flock, as it never returned the following winter. When they cannot get sheep and calves these animals prey upon partridges, armadillos, young deer, and even young ostriches (rheas) ; for several times I have discovered their lairs among the rocks by the armadillo shells and ostrich feathers lying outside.

'It was very lucky that the puma paid us such an early visit that night before we were asleep, as the sheep were not shut in the corral, and some little time before, not far from my ranch, a female and two cubs found a flock feeding one night at some little distance from the house, and drove it off in front of them, playing with the sheep as a cat does with a mouse, and disabling over a hundred, most of which were found to have their necks broken ; for the puma always strikes in the same place, on one side of the throat.'

THE ROMANCE OF MUTBY WORKHOUSE.

By MRS ISABEL SMITH.



THE Guardians of Mutby Workhouse had just finished their ordinary meeting, when the Master, with rather a sheepish expression of countenance, observed :

'I think, gentlemen, I ought to lay before you a letter I received yesterday. First one of the sort I ever had.'

'Dear me, Tripp, what's that?' exclaimed the chaplain, otherwise the Rector of Mutby, commonly called Parson Weaver, a round, rosy-faced man, who more resembled a farmer than a clergyman.

The other members of the Board ceased their various conversations and looked expectant, all except Dr Evesham, the medical officer. For the last half-hour he had heard every impatient thud of his handsome chestnut's hoofs on the gravel outside, and felt that what might be an agreeable method of passing a little spare time to his con-

frères was a waste of precious moments to a busy man like himself. The whole business might be settled so much more quickly had they been concise instead of rambling and disputative. He had just been wondering how it could ever have been accepted as a popular fact that his sex were behindhand in the matter of speech, when this new delay occurred. He was a man of about thirty-five, quiet and reserved, living by himself, and accustomed to long, lonely drives about the Suffolk country on his professional errands.

'Well, Tripp, what is it?' repeated Parson Weaver rather impatiently. He had been interrupted in an interesting discussion with his neighbour, the Squire, about the trotting hackney and 'gate-post' mangolds that he had got first prizes for at the recent agricultural show.

The Master cleared his throat, and read, somewhat nervously, the following epistle :

Sept. 15, 18—.

To the Master of Mutby Workhouse.

SIR,—I am a native of Thorpe St Barnabas, and left this country forty years ago for Australia, where I made a comfortable fortune. I am now returned to my native land, but find nearly all my friends are gone and scattered. I am fifty-eight years of age, strong and hearty, and want a wife to help spend my savings. Can you recommend me a nice, respectable young woman among your inmates? I should prefer a single woman, not a widow, and would make her a good husband. Please write by return to Stephen Yaxley, Bell Inn, Thorpe St Barnabas, Suffolk.

A smile appeared on most of the faces round the baize-covered table as the Master finished.

'Dear me, Tripp,' said the parson, 'are you to be turned into a matrimonial agent in your old age?'

The Master half-laughed. 'It would seem so, sir. Curious letter, isn't it, gentlemen? But I thought it my duty to show it you.'

'Certainly, certainly,' echoed all. Dr Evesham was gazing absently out of the big window at a distant view of stained wherry-sails gliding up the river.

'What is your opinion, Evesham?' asked the Squire rather pettishly. He thought the medical officer might take a little interest in the subject, so that he could get back the sooner to the more interesting one of agriculture, and convince Parson Weaver that the prize for mangolds had been unfairly bestowed.

'My opinion? I have hardly had time to form one,' answered the doctor coolly. 'But I don't know that I should take any notice of the letter.'

The Master coughed deprecatingly. 'Well, sir, if I may be so bold as to suggest, I just mentioned the matter to my wife, and she says she thinks he might do for Susannah West.'

'Susannah West!' exclaimed the doctor, bringing the legs of his chair to the ground so violently as to make the others start.

'Is that the girl with the reddish hair?' asked the Squire, screwing up his eyes meditatively.

'And violet eyes,' said the parson; 'very much like some of the old masters' portraits of the Madonna.'

'The young woman's father was a small farmer at Cutton All Saints,' said the Master, 'and failed. She was ill for a long while after she got here. It seemed to prey upon her mind.'

'Yes, yes, we all remember,' said the medical officer. 'She had a low fever; it was a tough job to pull her through.'

'You ordered port wine for her, sir,' said the butcher cheerfully. He did not object to what some members called extravagance in the sick-dieting, which generally included a good supply of beef-tea.

'A sad case, a sad case,' said the Squire. 'But I don't see why the young woman can't go out to service.'

'Not strong enough,' replied the doctor, 'nor brought up to that sort of work. She has the

instincts of a lady, but unfortunately not enough education to fit her for teaching.'

'Then, from what I can see of it,' said the Squire, 'she will be here for the rest of her days—like old Molly Mobbs, that was reckoned to have cost the ratepayers over one thousand pounds altogether.'

'Unless she accepts this offer,' said the chaplain. 'Eh! gentlemen?'

All looked a little doubtful, as if not quite certain whether to treat the suggestion seriously.

At that moment a troop of little workhouse children filed past the window, followed by a young woman, clad in the lilac-check Union gown and hideous black straw Union bonnet with its purple ribbon.

'There goes Susannah West!' exclaimed the Master; 'she's just bringing the little ones home from a walk. A rare hand with them she is, too.'

The sun was shining straight upon the young woman in question, and the Board caught a glimpse of a dazzling wild-rose complexion and bands of red-gold waving hair.

'A very respectable girl indeed,' said the parson; 'and I for one suggest that we follow this offer up. We ought to make inquiries; and, though I have plenty to do in the parish' (the others exchanged quietly amused glances at this assertion, for it was well known that the parson took his parochial duties very lightly), 'I will go over to Thorpe St Barnabas myself and find out all I can of Mr Stephen Yaxley. But in the meantime, Tripp, say nothing to the girl.'

A special Board meeting was held a few days later. The parson's inquiries proved satisfactory, and it now only remained to inform the young woman of the proposal.

'I suppose you've quite settled it shall be Susannah West, gentlemen?' said the Master a little diffidently.

'I suppose so, Tripp. Why?' asked the Squire.

'Well, sir, for the matter of getting rid of one of the women, I'd sooner it was Mary Pott. She's such a grumbling creature—never satisfied.'

'So she is, Tripp; but then she's a widow, and that is against Mr Yaxley's specifications.'

Tripp scratched his head. 'Not a bad-looking woman, sir,' he observed.

'No, no. But a stipulation is a stipulation; and I, for my part, consider that Providence has sent this special offer on purpose for Susannah West.'

A murmur of approval followed this assertion; only the butcher ventured to demur: 'Seems a bit oldish for the girl, don't he, gentlemen?'

'Old? Pshaw! What's fifty-eight?' cried one and all. 'Better able to take care of a wife. Got a position,' &c.

'Yes, yes; to be sure. Of course that makes up,' said the butcher.

'Very well,' said the parson; 'then let it be settled once for all that he have Susannah West.'

'Yes, gentlemen; that is all very well as far

as it goes,' observed the medical officer, who had not yet spoken. 'But the question still remains, *Will Susannah West have him?*'

The others looked a little foolish, as though this side of the argument had not struck them.

'That we can soon find out,' said Parson Weaver irritably. 'Tripp, fetch the girl here.'

In a few minutes the girl stood before them; she looked shy and half-frightened, wondering what the Board could want of her.

'Ha! Susannah, my dear,' began the parson—he had called her Miss West in the days of her prosperity, but one cannot expect complimentary titles in the workhouse—'we have sent for you—because—in short—well, we have had a very advantageous offer, which we think will just suit you.'

Before Susannah could make any reply, the Squire, determined that the chaplain should not have it all his own way, exclaimed in his hearty voice, 'What would you say to a good home and a kind husband, my girl?'

The colour flooded Susannah's face; she gave one startled glance, then stood, with her eyes on the floor, nervously plaiting a corner of her checked apron.

'Perhaps it would be as well if I read the letter we have received,' said the parson, glaring disapproval at his neighbour for having forced his hand.

Then he put on his spectacles, and read in slow and ponderous tones Mr Stephen Yaxley's epistle, pausing every now and then to see the effect. If he expected rapturous gratitude when he finished he was disappointed. Susannah never raised her eyes. Her colour came and went, and her lips trembled; but she said not a word.

'Well, my girl,' cried the Squire, unable to restrain his impatience, 'what do you say to this? Isn't it a fine chance? I wouldn't think twice about it if I were you. Just look at your position. Here you are in the workhouse at your age, and, like a rat, without a friend in the world. Not any fault of yours, of course,' he added as a pained expression flitted across the girl's face.

'Perhaps she would like a little time to think it over,' suggested the butcher in his thick, husky voice.

'Have you got nothing to say, Susannah?' inquired the parson rather sternly.

The girl's fingers interlaced nervously.

'You are very kind, gentlemen; but I—I—don't know what to say.'

She looked round appealingly, desperately.

'Come, come, be quick to settle it, girl. We don't want another special meeting called,' cried the Squire.

The medical officer rose: 'I think, gentlemen, perhaps if I saw Miss West alone for a minute she might give me an answer. She feels embarrassed, I can see.'

'Quite right, Evesham,' said the parson. 'They can go into your room, Tripp, can't they?'

Tripp, jumping up with alacrity, led the way to his tobacco-scented little sanctum.

'Sit down, Susannah,' said the doctor kindly. 'Now don't be flurried. You have heard this offer; it seems a good one for you. But don't say "Yes" if you'd rather not. Just think it over a little.'

He turned his back on her, and, going over to the mantelpiece, examined a quaint old china group of an Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman, seated together, entitled 'Auld Lang Syne.' A long silence followed; then Susannah spoke. She had a remarkably sweet, soft voice, and the doctor looked round quickly.

'If I do say "Yes," Dr Evesham,' she said tremblingly, 'it will be because—you—wish me to; for no other reason.'

She raised her eyes to him as she spoke. They were beautiful eyes, and sent a thrill through the medical officer.

'I wish you to say "Yes"!' he exclaimed, coming towards her.

'You have been so good to me; you saved my life when I first came here. I should never have recovered but for your care and attention. I always feel'—she clasped her hands tightly together—'you are the only friend I have, and there is nothing I would not do for your sake.'

The passionate warmth of her tone startled Dr Evesham. He caught both the hands with which, ashamed of her freedom, she was about to cover her face, and said tenderly, 'My poor girl! Then you shall never say "Yes" to this offer!'

The Board was waxing impatient, and the Squire and parson had almost broken their long friendship over the prize 'gate-post' mangolds, when Dr Evesham returned without Susannah West.

'Well, doctor, I hope you have brought the young woman to see reason,' said the former.

'I hope so,' replied the doctor dryly.

'Has she said "Yes," then?' asked the Squire and the butcher in a breath.

'She has to me, gentlemen,' said Dr Evesham, reddening. 'I am going to marry her myself!'

OUR APRIL.

Oh, but our land is lovable to-day!

What wonder if that poet held it dear

Whose cry for England's April still rings clear!

His wistful words are changed, perforce, to gay

On my love's lips and mine; but far away,

Across the world, they win a sigh, a tear,

From home-sick hearts who never, never veer

From that desire which nothing can allay.

Come, my sweet lady, let us walk abroad,

By gleaming meadow and by singing lane,

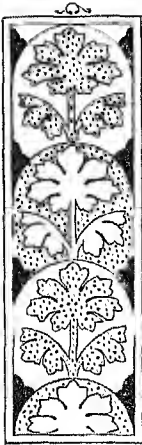
Inspire the savour of the hopeful sod,

Count the first flowers and catch the birds' refrain—

But 'mong our prayers make one for those whom God

Will not allow to see their land again.

J. J. BELL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

IN THE POOR MAN'S HOTEL, LONDON.

IT is not pleasant for a man who arrives in England from a long voyage to find that he has to wait several days before he can cash the draft which is to furnish him with liberty of movement. Such was my predicament in London not long ago; and when, on the morning after my arrival there, I overhauled the contents of my purse, I gazed at a pretty long face in the looking-glass before which I was standing.

For two or three nights I put up at an ordinary commercial hotel, paying half-a-crown for an untidy bedroom, and eating my meals in the stuffy, unsavoury coffee-room below, whence a full view could be had of what was going on in the diminutive kitchen adjoining. The days passed; and, my letters being still delayed, I was compelled to quit my little bedroom, and to ruminate for a few hours in the foggy London streets. Once more my hand plunged into my pocket and brought forth my available capital for inspection. Yes, it had come to that: I must pick up my meals anyhow, and for the present sleep in a 'doss-house'—that is, to put it down plainly, occupy a dirty narrow bed in a dirty room, among some dozen dirty, noisy people, whose speech consists of stupid obscenities, and whose breaths reek of the chemically manufactured 'four-ale,' the staple tippie of the London poor. After paying your 'tanner' to a loudly-dressed personage at the entrance, who looks like a retired pugilist, you can descend into the common kitchen in the basement, to warm yourself before retiring; and if you are wise, and wish to escape being unmercifully bantered in the choicest vernacular, you will avoid an air of aloofness or superior virtue while sitting among your ragged fellow-guests. It is by no means a romantic situation to be in—indeed, you begin to think it would be preferable to tramp the streets; but the thought of the slimy, greasy London streets at night, with their pall of chilling, bewildering fog, that recalls to you, not Kipling's, but Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*,

quickly drives you back again to the warm, bright fire of the dilapidated kitchen, with its grimy and repulsive inmates, speaking in a language which to you is almost unknown. Listen to this gaunt, tattered old fellow at your elbow, whose peddling stock-in-trade is slung carelessly at his feet, as he expounds to you, with half-drunken emphasis, *his* philosophy of life:

'Wot I says is this, mate. Put me in any part of London with a couple of bob in my fist, and I makes a crown of 'em easy afore night; but 'spose I ain't got the blunt, how does I proceed—hay? Do I look like a green 'un, or do I not? Look at some of these yer ones. There's Bill Simmons—him with the black eye; he begs a tanner of a pore pusson in the New Cut, and gets run in; and serves him right. I know a trick worth two of that. None of your pore broken-down toffs for me; a high-toned gentleman's *my* game, and Piccadilly is my 'appy 'untin'-ground. And I never fails—leastways when I don't cringe and snivel as if I was Bill Simmons awskin' fur a tanner of a pore pusson—the bleedin' idjit!'

On the third morning of my stay in the 'doss-house' I was disconsolately sauntering along the embankment between Westminster and Lambeth Bridges, when I entered into conversation with a genial policeman, who was slowly pacing his beat. In the course of our walk together I informed him briefly of the circumstances in which I was placed, and of the unpleasant character of my lodging, when he turned and asked me:

'Hever been to Rowton 'Ouse, sir? No. Well, there's one on 'em not fur off, by Vauxhall Station yonder; and if you like to look in there, I think you will find yourself better suited.'

I soon found myself before the entrance of a large brick building, with many windows and a single wide door. On entering I had to pass through a turnstile, beside which was the ticket-office, while in front was a cream-coloured brick wall, with a clock in the centre, and corridors to left and right of it. After paying a sixpence

for a night's lodging, and receiving a ticket in exchange, I took my way along the right-hand passage, and soon reached the large dining-hall, which was at that hour a scene of varied activity, for breakfast was in progress. At least fourscore men of different ages, and in every description of dress, were scattered about the long room (it measures about 160 feet by 20 feet), either seated at the long deal tables, or purchasing cooked edibles at the bar, or cooking at two large ranges—frying bacon, toasting bread and bloaters, and infusing tea. The bar, at which prices ranged from one halfpenny to sixpence, was attended by two smart girls dressed in nurse-like black and white.

One old gentleman in the crowd particularly took my eye. He was faultlessly attired, wore a silk hat, and had a gray beard; and as he stood with long toasting-fork before the blazing coke-fire, apparently as unconcerned as the roughest there, he had the look of a broken-down banker or City merchant. He could have bought a herring ready-cooked at the bar for a penny; but (as I afterwards ascertained) he obtained two outside for a penny, and by cooking one of them for himself had still one left for another occasion. When the bloater was cooked he placed it upon a plate which he had in readiness; and then, going to the table, with great deliberation spread out an old newspaper, tablecloth fashion, upon a corner of it. He returned to the fire for his herring, and also taking up from a lot of tin teapots there one marked on the spout with a bit of blue paper, brought bloater and teapot back to the table. He now disappeared through the door by which I had entered, but soon returned carrying in one hand a few dishes, with a knife, fork, and spoon, and under his left arm a two-foot wooden box marked 'Hudson's Soap;' and, depositing his burden on the table, divested himself of his hat and cloak, and sat down. My wonder as to the contents of the box was soon solved: he drew from it a loaf of brown bread, a lump of butter, an orange, and a piece of currant cake; and then, after resting his morning paper, which he must have purchased on his last trip, against his parti-coloured teapot, he proceeded with his breakfast in the orthodox London fashion.

Whereupon, my interest in him being at an end, and my own necessities making themselves felt, I advanced to the bar; and, after buying a large cup of good tea, a cooked bloater, and two slices of buttered bread, all for the sum of threepence, sat down to my own breakfast, at just double the price (as I soon learned) that my prudent old financier was paying for his. It was a lively and variegated scene. From the navy in clump boots and corduroys to the well-dressed dandy—old and young—every shade of life seemed to be represented there, without any collision or suggestion of incongruity, and all with the greatest orderliness.

After breakfast I walked into the recreation-

room, then upstairs to the reading-room, both apartments adorned all round the orange-chrome painted walls with large and splendid pictures of rural and historic scenes. Picking up one of the daily papers from one of the many polished tables, I sat down in a comfortable arm-chair before one of two large fires, and reflected that here indeed was a contrast with my quarters of the last few days. There seemed to be no end to the conveniences I came across in those spacious chambers in the course of the day; the very ideal of democratic good-fellowship seemed to hold sway within them; and when at night I ascended to the regions above, and took possession of my numbered cubicle, my satisfaction was still greater. For here was a tidy little room, 9 feet by 5 feet, with a window, a chair, a shelf with clothes-pegs below it, and a commodious spring-bed with hair mattress and plenty of clean clothing to cover it. If during the early part of the night I was once or twice disturbed by the snoring of a fellow-lodger in some neighbouring cubicle, the annoyance soon passed away, and I passed the long night in absolute comfort and repose.

The pioneer of these splendid institutions, Lord Rowton, is a hard-working peer, and the most modest of men. He was, as most people know, the confidential friend of Lord Beaconsfield. As long ago as 1866 the latter recognised the genial and energetic nature of Mr. Montagu Lowry-Corry, and appointed him his private secretary, in which capacity he accompanied Lord Beaconsfield to the Berlin Congress of 1878. On the resignation of the Government, two years later, Lord Rowton was made a peer, taking his title from Rowton Castle, his seat at Shrewsbury. He refused many offers of public appointments during Lord Beaconsfield's life, preferring to render that statesman voluntary service rather than devote himself to any other work.

Lord Rowton is not often paragraphed in the personal columns of the newspapers, but he is, nevertheless, a great figure in the social work of the Metropolis; and the London poor single men will bless his name long after many names that are now better known have been forgotten. It is by his practical energy in one of the most deserving social movements of our time that he has won a high place in the ranks of philanthropists. Until a few years ago, one of the most urgent needs of the Metropolis was the provision of means whereby a working-man (unmarried) could live cheaply and cheerfully, free from the degrading surroundings of the common 'doss-house.' There were hotels for the rich in abundance, but nobody seemed to care for the stranger within the gates whose pockets were all but empty. Lord Rowton, impressed by this state of things, put to himself the question, 'Why should not the working-man have his hotel?' There was no reason why he should not; and one morning, in 1893, London

awoke to find itself the possessor of a new distinction—the only working-man's hotel in the kingdom, if not in the world. No blare of trumpets proclaimed the event, but four hundred men slept more soundly that night than perhaps they had ever done before; and from then until now hardly a bed has been vacant when the doors close half-an-hour after midnight.

So tremendous was the success of the first Rowton House at Vauxhall that a larger house was opened at King's Cross two years later, in 1895; and another, larger still, was opened at Newington Butts early last year. Others are now in process of erection at Hammersmith and Whitechapel; while a sixth may soon spring up at Hackney. The latest of the 'Rowtons,' as they are colloquially called by those who use them, is on an enormous scale. It has provision for over eight hundred men, each of whom, for a modest sixpence a night, enjoys the full advantages afforded by an outlay of fifty thousand pounds. It has been Lord Rowton's endeavour to make the hotel as home-like as possible; and the absence of restrictions is one of the happiest features of the place. No questions are asked on admission—sixpence is the universal 'open sesame' to this palace of comfort. For a palace of comfort it is. There is not a brighter, cleaner, or more thoroughly respectable place in London than a Rowton House. So replete is the hotel with all the necessities of life that a man might live in perfect happiness for six months without leaving the premises. There is the bar, almost always open; there is the hairdresser, ever at one's service; the shoemaker always at his post; the laundry always working; the tailor always anxious to make or mend on the lowest possible terms. At the bar of the shop you can buy anything from a plate of roast beef for fourpence to a scidlitz powder for a halfpenny. The man who likes to cook his own dinner has the free run of the kitchens, with their fine ranges, or he may have it cooked for him by the Rowton cook; and the man who wants exercise may wander at will through half a mile of corridors, or in the square which separates one side of the house from the other, where he may lounge as long as he will. But the latest and largest Rowton House is so vast that it is difficult to describe it without confusing readers in a mass of details. There are nearly fifty persons on the permanent staff, including thirteen women whose duties are confined solely to making beds. Each woman makes over sixty beds each morning. The building is six stories high, and the area of all the floors is nearly ten thousand yards. Over three thousand blankets are needed for the beds, and there are eight hundred safes or lockers in which the men can lock up anything they desire. The number of hot and cold water-taps in the hotel runs well on into three figures, and there are always ready for use eight hundred gallons of boiling water. Though the prices are so low that a man can live in com-

parative luxury for a week on twelve shillings, a year's turnover in the three hotels represents a small fortune. At the very least, fifty thousand pounds changed hands in 1898, and probably much more. The beds alone will bring in eighteen thousand pounds—seven hundred and fourteen thousand beds at sixpence. It is not all profit, however, as will be readily understood. The bedclothes especially are a heavy item in the balance-sheet.

The most astonishing feature of Lord Rowton's scheme is that it pays in actual cash. 'Rowton Houses, Limited,' is one of the most successful concerns in London—'a philanthropy that pays five per cent,' to quote Lord Rosbery. The first house was established by Lord Rowton himself, at his own risk, and cost him thirty thousand pounds; but its great success opened up a vista of enormous possibility; and a company was formed with a capital of a quarter of a million. There are now, as already stated, three 'Houses,' providing beds for nearly two thousand men, and in a short time the number will be doubled. Nowhere else in the world is there to be had such a splendid sixpenny-worth as in these handsome and spacious hotels. Engravings of the works of the best painters hang on the walls; the books of the best writers are found in the library; the morning, evening, and weekly papers, and numerous games, are all at the disposal of the man who has paid his sixpence, along with a score of other advantages not generally found in the average home.

Lord Rowton, in the first years of the Vauxhall establishment, used to come and sit incognito among his guests, and chat familiarly with them as they sat in their cosy arm-chairs around the fire. 'It is one of the most important features of our work,' he recently said, 'that the men should bear in mind that they are only receiving what they pay for. There is no suggestion of charity. Everybody is on an equality. They appreciate what they get and the freedom they enjoy, and they do their best to please me. Not that I preach to them—I never do that. But they know that I like to see everything in order and clean, and they make it their business to keep things so. We have hardly half-a-dozen rules in the place, and these we could dispense with easily enough. You may be surprised to know that I have never seen a cut in a table or a mark on a wall in any one of our homes, though thousands of men of all sorts and conditions have passed through them.'

'All sorts and conditions' aptly describes the men who make use of the Rowton Houses. There is the educated man who has come down in the world, the shabbily-dressed man who can talk to you in many languages, the man who has squandered his fortune in riotous living. Actors, artists, musicians, discharged soldiers, menagerie and circus men 'down on their luck,' who not so

long ago thought less of a sovereign than they do now of the serviceable, vulgar penny, rub elbows with the ordinary, commonplace Cockney artisan and labourer. Men in frock-coats and tall hats mingle with men who wash their own shirts, and wait for them to dry in the room downstairs; and the man of professional rank sits side by side with the man who brings in a parcel of wrappers at night to address before he can purchase his next morning's breakfast. It is a cosmopolitan assembly; but one and all are grateful to the benefactor who has made them kin.

The Scot is there too—where is he not?—in his two subdivisions of Saxon and Gael. The salient difference between him and the Cockney is that when the Scots 'argle-bargle'—which they often hotly do—it is on topics of more than local or temporary interest; while to the Cockney such an event as the retirement of Justice Hawkins or a horserace is of more importance than a split in the Liberal party or the Fashoda fiasco. Over yonder in the corner by the window sits an old gray-headed Scotchman, who is almost in rags, but he once held his head high as an instructor in the Kensington Art Schools, and he now paints and retails for a living the loveliest little water-colour sketches. His head, too, is crammed full of ancient, and mostly exploded, lore about Babylonians and Egyptians, with which he drenches the curious person who is so rash as to draw him into conversation on this fascinating subject. His volubility is amazing, and equally so is his industry. In another part of the crowded room—for it is evening—sits a tall, handsome young fellow, a Scotch solicitor, who now earns his bread and butter by coke-handling at the neighbouring gas-factory. When he came in to his supper he was a study in gigantesque black, but he has now rid himself of his coating of soot, and his curly pow and delicate-tinted complexion bespeak him—as he is—of gentle blood and birth. He is a modern in thought, and sometimes combats the intensely Tory painter with a perfervid eagerness that makes the calmer Cockneys stare at both in wonderment. And now behold that spruce little man, with scarlet satin necktie and silver-mounted cane, and—I regret to add—port-wine complexion; he seems the very dandy of the room, though he must be considerably over sixty years of age. He, too, has performed his ablutions after the labours of the day, and doffed his work-a-day clothes. He was formerly an officer in the Scots Guards—everybody dubs him 'captain'—and is a scion of one of the proudest of the old Highland families. In manners, dress, and conversation, he certainly would not seem out of place in the first circles of Belgravia; but meanwhile what does he do for a living? With a very different suit, and presumably a different manner, he goes out in the morning, after cooking and eating his breakfast, to vend

bootlaces and matches at a certain street corner, where he has worked up a custom. And there is the precise Scot, too—a Scot apparently with some small allowance from his relatives—who has barely set his foot as a mariner on foreign parts, but thinks he has a mission to instruct mankind: 'I tell ye, my friend, the shortest day has nothing to do with it. The sun *never* moves; the sun is a fixed point; it is the worruld that moves.'

Throughout the different rooms and corridors of Rowton House, though rough expressions may sometimes be heard, the language in general is the language of courtesy. Nobody seems to be positively hard up in the miscellaneous crowd of young and old men, well-dressed and ill-dressed, cooking, eating, reading, writing, or chatting, pipe in mouth, about the place. It must not be supposed, however, that life is all *coulour de rose* even at Rowton House. The necessary sixpence may drain the lodger's resources for the day, and then he will have to go fasting for many a dreary hour, with what philosophy he may have at command. Or even the indispensable sixpence may be lacking on some cold night, and then he has the prospect of the streets before him for a night's lodging, for there is no credit given at Rowton House even to the oldest *habitué*. In that respect a three-and-sixpenny private lodging outside possesses, for the reputable lodger, its one distinct advantage over the 'Poor Man's Hotel.' Yonder young man, with the look of an actor, seedily dressed, and rather shamefaced-looking, has not a prosperous air as he flits about the room with something rolled up under his coat. It is a pair of trousers, or perhaps a fine crush-hat, which he wants to dispose of for the magic sixpence. Look at that sturdy-looking old Northumbrian, with the keen blue eyes and the grizzled, military-like countenance. He is sixty-four years of age, or more, and he looks for all the world like a retired Yankee colonel; but he is simply a jobbing gardener, and at this season of the year he gets very little to do. He passed the last night in the streets, and this is how he managed to pull through the severe ordeal. He was allowed to sit in the house till closing time, and then betook himself for shelter from the bitter north-east wind to the railway arch adjoining Vauxhall Station, which forms the junction of five converging streets at that point. At midnight, after the public-houses close, two perambulating coffee-carts take up their station there, and remain till 5 A.M., doing a thriving business. Our gardener, to avoid police notice, must keep tramping up and down under the long, chilly archway until about one o'clock, when a number of cabs begin to rattle up, and many of them stop at the coffee-stands for refreshment. Here is our nightfurer's opportunity, for he can compete with other unfortunates in similar case for the privilege of holding a horse's head

while the cabman and his fare are regaling themselves with coffee and cake; for this brief service he receives one penny, and if he is agile, quick-sighted, and venturesome, he may capture three or four pennies up till the waning of the cab traffic at 3 A.M. He then has the means of buying a little refreshment for himself, with something over; and then comes his worst experience—the desperate effort to keep his blood in circulation, and to resist the urgent craving of his whole being to throw himself down anywhere and sleep. At 5 A.M. a neighbouring cocoa-room, one of the Lockharts' many establishments, opens, and by investing a halfpenny (if he has no more) in a small cup of the beverage, he obtains warrant to rest and shelter himself—but not to do what he would fain do, sleep—until 7 A.M. At that hour Rowton House re-opens; he can re-enter its warm and cheerful

precincts as a prospective lodger for the next night; he may find some acquaintance who will share his modest breakfast with him; and then, after an hour's sound sleep on one of the kitchen benches, near the blessed, blazing huge fire, he sets out again on his tramp in search of work.

But these cases are exceptional, and serve to show how highly the advantages presented, at so low a charge, by the management of the 'Poor Man's Hotel' are valued by those who have once tasted of them. As our American cousins would say, Rowton House 'has come to stay,' and will ever be the noblest memorial of its founder. Lord Rowton is a nephew of the Earl of Shaftesbury. How much of his zeal in social work was inspired by his distinguished uncle's friendship we can only guess; but certainly the mantle of the humanitarian Earl seems to have fallen on worthy shoulders.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the morning following the receipt of the letter from Foote, as described in the previous chapter, Browne was walking from his house in Park Lane in the direction of Piccadilly, when he descried Maas coming towards him.

'This is a fortunate meeting, my dear Browne,' said the latter after they had greeted each other; 'for I was on my way to call upon you. If you are walking towards Piccadilly perhaps you will permit me to save time by accompanying you.'

Browne was not feeling particularly happy that morning, and this may have been the reason that he was glad of Maas's company. He stood in need of cheerful society. But though he wanted it, he was not destined to have it. It was a bleak, dreary morning, and once or twice during the walk the other coughed asthmatically. Browne noticed this, and he noticed also that Maas's face was even paler than usual.

'I am afraid you are not very well, old man,' he said.

'What makes you say that?' asked Maas.

Browne gave him his reasons, and when he heard them the other laughed a little uneasily. 'I am afraid you've hit it, my friend,' he said. 'I am not well. I've been to see my doctor this morning, and he has given me some rather unpleasant news.'

'I am sorry indeed to hear that,' said Browne. 'What does he say is the matter with you?'

'Why, he says that it is impossible for me to stay in England any longer. He declares that I must go away for a long sea-voyage, and at once. To tell the truth, I do not come of a very strong family; and, by way of making me feel better

satisfied with myself, he tells me that unless I take care of myself I may follow in their footsteps. Of course it's all very well to say, "Take care of yourself;" but the difficulty is to do so. In a life like ours, what chance have we of guarding against catching cold? We dance in heated rooms, and sit in cold balconies between whiles; we travel in draughty railway carriages and damp cabs, and invariably eat and drink more than is good for us. The wonder to me is that we last as long as we do.'

'I've no doubt we are awfully foolish,' said Browne. 'But our fathers were so before us.'

'A small satisfaction, look at it how you will,' returned Maas.

'And so you're going to clear out of England, are you?' said Browne very slowly, after the pause that had followed his companion's speech. 'Where are you thinking of going?'

'Now, that was just what I was coming along to see you about,' replied his friend. 'You may remember that in Paris the other day you spoke of undertaking a trip to the Farther East. I laughed at it at the time, for I thought I should never move out of Europe; since then, however, or rather since the doctor gave me his unwholesome news this morning, I have been thinking over it. I dined last night with the Rocktowers, who, as you know, are just back from Japan, and found that they could talk of nothing else. Japan was this, Japan was that, possessed the most beautiful scenery in the world, the most charming people, and the most perfect climate. So fascinated was I by their description that I went home and dreamt about it; and I've got a sort of notion now that if I could only get as far as Japan all would be well with me.'

Now, from the very first moment that Maas had spoken of leaving England, Browne had had an uneasy suspicion that something of the kind was coming. In his inmost heart he knew very well what his companion wanted; but, unfortunately for him, he did not see his way to get out of it. When he had told Maas in Paris that he intended taking a yachting cruise to the Farther East, and had laughingly suggested that the latter should accompany him, he had felt quite certain in his own mind that his invitation would be refused. To find him now asking to be allowed to accept after all was almost too much for his equanimity. Pleasant companion as Maas undoubtedly was, he was far from being the sort of man Browne would have taken with him on such an excursion had he had the choice. Besides, he had already arranged that Jimmy should go with him. Therefore, like the ingenious youth he was, he took the first way of getting out of his difficulty, and in consequence found himself floundering in a still greater quagmire immediately.

'You have not booked your passage yet?' he inquired, as if the matter of the other's going with him had never for a moment crossed his mind.

Maas threw a searching glance at him. He had a bold stroke to play, and he did not quite know how to play it. Though he had known Browne for some considerable time, and was well aware that he was far from being an exceptionally clever young man, yet, for a reason which I cannot explain, he stood somewhat in awe of him.

'Well, to tell the truth,' he said, 'that was just what I was coming to see you about. I wanted to find out whether you would permit me to withdraw my refusal of your kind invitation in favour of an acceptance. I know it is not quite the thing to do; but still our friendship is old enough to permit of such a strain being placed upon it. If, however, you have filled your cabins, do not for a moment consider me. It is just possible I may be able to secure a berth on one of the outgoing mail-boats. Get away, however, I must, and immediately.'

Browne scarcely knew what to say in reply. He knew that every person he added to the party meant an additional danger to all concerned; and he felt that, in common justice to Maas, he could not take him without giving him some hint of what he was about to do. Maas noticed his hesitation; and, thinking it betokened acquiescence to his plan, was quick to take advantage of it.

'My dear fellow,' he said, 'if I am causing you the least inconvenience, I beg of you not to give it a second thought. I should not have spoken to you at all on the subject had you not said what you did to me in Paris.'

After this speech Browne felt that he had no opening left save to declare that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to have the other's society upon the voyage.

'And you are quite sure that I shall not be in the way?' Maas inquired.

'In the way?' Browne replied. 'Not at all; I have only Jimmy Foote going with me. We shall be a snug little party.'

'It's awfully good of you,' said Maas; 'and I'm sure I don't know how to thank you. When do you propose to sail?'

'On Monday next from Southampton,' answered Browne. 'I will see that you have a proper notice, and I will also let you know by what train we shall go down. Your heavier baggage had better go on ahead.'

'You are kindness itself,' said Maas. 'By the way, since we have come to this arrangement, why should we not have a little dinner to-night at my rooms as a send off? I'll find Foote and get him to come, and we'll drink a toast to the Land of the Rising Sun.'

'Many thanks,' said Browne, 'but I'm very much afraid it's quite out of the question. I leave for Paris this afternoon, and shall not be back until Saturday at earliest.'

'What a pity!' said Maas. 'Never mind; if we can't celebrate the occasion on this side of the world, we will do so on the other. You are turning off here? Well, good-bye, and many thanks to you. You cannot imagine how grateful I feel to you, and what a weight you have taken off my mind.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Browne; and then, shaking him by the hand, he crossed the road and made his way down St James's Street. 'Confound it all,' he said to himself as he walked along, 'this is just the sort of scrape my absurd mania for issuing invitations gets me into. I like Maas well enough as an acquaintance, but I don't know that he is altogether the sort of fellow I should have chosen to accompany me on an expedition like this. However, what's done cannot be undone; and it is just possible, as his health is giving way, that he will decide to leave us in Japan; then we shall be all right. If he doesn't, and elects to go on with us—well, I suppose we must make the best of it.' As he came to this philosophic conclusion he turned the corner from St James's Street into Pall Mall, and ran into the arms of the very man for whom he was in search. Foote was evidently in as great a hurry as himself, and such was the violence of the impact that it was a wonderful thing that they did not both fall to the ground.

'Hang it, man, why don't you look where you're going?' Foote cried angrily, as he put his hand to his head to hold on his hat. As he did so he recognised Browne.

'Hollo, old chap, it's you, is it?' he cried. 'By Jove! do you know you nearly knocked me down?'

'It's your own fault,' Browne answered snappishly. 'What do you mean by charging round the corner like that? You might have known what would happen.'

They stood and looked at one another for a moment, and then Foote burst out laughing. 'My dear old fellow,' he said, 'what on earth's wrong with you? You don't seem to be yourself this morning.'

'I'm not,' said Browne. 'Nothing seems to go right with me, do what I will. I tell you, Jimmy, I'm the biggest ass that walks the earth.'

Jimmy whistled softly to himself. 'This is plainly a case which demands the most careful treatment,' he said aloud. 'From what I can see of it, it will be necessary for me to prescribe for him. My treatment will be a good luncheon and a pint of the Widow to wash it down. Come along.' So saying, he slipped his arm through that of his companion and led him back in the direction of the Monolith Club. 'Now, Master Browne,' he said as they walked along, 'you will just tell me everything—hiding nothing, remember, and setting down naught in malice. For the time being you must look upon me as your father-confessor.'

'In point of fact, Jimmy,' Browne began, 'I have just seen our friend Maas.'

'Well, what of that?' replied the other. 'How has that upset you? From what I know of him, Maas is usually amusing, except when he gets on the topic of his ailments.'

'That's exactly it,' said Browne. 'He got on the subject of his ailments with me. The upshot of it all was that he reminded me of an invitation I had given him in Paris, half in jest, mind you, to visit the East with me.'

'The deuce!' said Jimmy. 'Do you mean to say that he has decided to accompany us, now?'

'That's just it,' said Browne. 'That's why I'm so annoyed; and yet I don't know exactly why I should be, for, all things considered, he is not a bad sort of a fellow.'

'Nevertheless I wish he were not coming with us,' said Jimmy, with unwonted emphasis. 'Did you tell him anything of what you are going to do?'

'Of course not,' said Browne. 'I did not even hint at it. As far as he knows, I am

simply visiting Japan in the ordinary way, for pleasure.'

'Well, if I were you,' said Jimmy, 'I should let him remain in that belief. I should not say anything about the real reason at all, and even then not until we are on the high seas. Of course I don't mean to imply for an instant that he would be likely to say anything or to give you away in any possible sort of fashion; but still it would be safer, I should think, to keep silence on the subject. You know what we are going to do, I know it, Miss Petrovitch knows it, and Madame Bernstein also. Who else is there you have told?'

'No one,' said Browne. 'But I dropped a hint to Mason that the errand that was taking us out was a peculiar one. I thought he ought to know as much as that for more reasons than one.'

'Quite right,' said Jimmy; 'and what's more, you can trust Mason. Nevertheless, say nothing to Maas.'

'You may depend upon it I will not do so,' said Browne.

'Now here's the club,' said Jimmy as they reached the building in question. 'Let us go in and have some luncheon. After that what are you going to do?'

'I am off to Paris this afternoon,' the other replied. 'Madame Bernstein and Miss Petrovitch leave for Japan in one of the French boats the day after to-morrow, and I want to see them before they go.'

After lunching with Foote, Browne returned to his house, wrote a letter containing the most minute instructions to Captain Mason, and later on caught the afternoon express for Paris. The clocks of the French capital were striking eleven as he reached his hotel that night. He was worn out, and retired almost immediately to bed, though it would have required but little persuasion to have taken him off to the Rue Jacquarie. As it was, however, he had to content himself with the reflection that he was to see her the very first thing in the morning.

(To be continued.)

PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHY.



It may probably surprise a great many people who have not given the subject special attention to learn that the lens, which seems such an indispensable part of the photographic camera, is in reality as much an accessory as is the glass of the spectacles to the human eye. Such, nevertheless, is the case. Excellent photographs can be taken without the intervention of any lens whatever. A few words of explanation here may not be deemed amiss. As every schoolboy now-

days is aware, the human eye is simply a perfectly constructed camera in miniature. To reproduce the phenomenon of vision on a large scale, all we have to do is to exclude all light from a room except that which is allowed to enter through a small round hole in one of the sides of the room—in a shutter, for instance. Now look at the wall facing the hole in the shutter; you will see a faithful picture of what is going on outside in the street. The only difference is that the objects are all reversed and upside-down. The human eye and the photo-

graphic camera are both simply reduced models of the room with the hole in the shutter; or rather, it would be more correct to say, the room with the hole in the shutter is an enlarged model of the human eye.

Who it was who first investigated the phenomenon of the dark chamber—the camera obscura—is unknown; though it would appear from recent researches that the honour, like so many other honours, is due to Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most universal geniuses that ever lived. At any rate, fifty years after Da Vinci's death, Porta, a native of Naples, constructed, in the year 1569, a small model of the dark chamber, which to all intents and purposes is the camera of to-day without the lens. Ever since then it must assuredly have occurred to the mind of many and many a searcher that there might be some means of perpetuating the fleeting pictures that were successively painted on the wall of the camera obscura; but the secret took nearly three centuries to discover; otherwise, instead of dating from the nineteenth, photography might have dated from the sixteenth century.

Take a thin plate of bright polished silver. Expose it in the dark to the vapour of iodine, until its surface has acquired a light-yellow tint; still keeping all light carefully away from it, place it in a camera—a reduced model of the room with the hole in the shutter—opposite the hole. Now uncover the opening. The image of the objects in front of the hole is immediately projected upon the iodine-coated silver plate within the box, and—remains there; light having the property of chemically modifying the iodine. Such is photography in its simplest form. The iodine-coated silver plate is nowadays replaced by a highly sensitive dry plate; but the principle remains the same. A lens fixed in the hole accentuates the action of the light so that the photograph is much more rapidly painted; but just as no spectacles can give as clear a definition as one's own healthy eye, so does the lens of the camera distort the images it reflects to a certain extent. In the best lenses this defect has been reduced to the very minimum, but it exists nevertheless, modifying the natural perspective of the pictures. A photograph taken by means of a lens can never be anything, therefore, but an approximately accurate reproduction of a person or scene. The sneer of artists at photography is thus justified.

Though it has always been recognised that, in principle, a lens was not indispensable, it has hitherto been deemed impossible to take a satisfactory photograph without it. What are known as pinhole cameras—that is, cameras which are constructed with a tiny aperture through which the light is admitted, instead of a lens, have been looked upon more or less as pretty scientific toys demonstrating a principle and nothing more. Photographs, it is true, had been obtained by means of them; but they were

always very indistinct—'fuzzygraphs,' as they were contemptuously called. The unsatisfactory results hitherto obtained are due, it would seem, entirely to the fact that the matter had not been properly studied. A French amateur photographer, M. Combe, after a series of experiments extending over several years, claims that he has elucidated the most important factors in the problem; and some of the practical results he has obtained are truly astonishing. The camera M. Combe employs was constructed by himself, and, being made out of cardboard, cost only a few pence for materials; and yet the photographs he has succeeded in taking with this simple apparatus are almost perfect, and have evoked loud cries of admiration from all the artists who have seen them.

M. Combe shows that the notion hitherto prevalent among such a large number of photographers, that pinhole photography was subject to no laws, is quite erroneous. On the contrary, if successful results are to be achieved by its means, it is absolutely necessary to study and observe these laws with the greatest care. The necessary calculations and precautions, however, are not beyond the capacity of any intelligent child. All that is necessary is to place the sensitive plate at a certain fixed distance from the hole, the distance varying with the size of the hole. Knowing the size of the hole, a simple calculation enables the operator to find the precise distance from it at which the plate should be fixed. A difficulty, however, that seemed almost insurmountable was just that of knowing the exact size of the hole. If it is easy enough to measure a hole through which you can push your hand, it is a very different matter to measure one that will not admit a darning-needle. It may measure the hundredth part of an inch across, or it may measure the one hundred and twenty-fifth part of an inch. To know where to fix the plate we must first learn the exact diameter of the hole. How are we to find it out? or how are we to make a hole of a given size without invoking the aid of some skilled scientific-instrument maker?

M. Combe gives us the means, and it does the greatest credit to his ingenuity. He takes a hundred needles, all of the same size and calibre, lays them close together side by side, and measures them across. Suppose he finds that the hundred needles measure one and a quarter inch, or, to express the same in decimals, 1.25 inch. To find the diameter of one needle, all that is necessary is to divide 1.25 by 100—in other words, to move the decimal point two places farther to the left, .0125. The hole made by such a needle measures, therefore, .0125 inch; or, in vulgar fractions, $\frac{1}{80}$ of an inch; or, simpler still, $\frac{1}{80}$ of an inch. For every size of hole there is a corresponding focus at which the image projected through the hole is at its maximum of clearness, and it is at this point at which the plate must

always be fixed. Photographs taken by this method are in perfect perspective, and the contours of the objects represented, instead of presenting the hard lines so commonly reproached to photography, possess that soft natural aspect which has hitherto been one of the chief prerogatives of painting. To obtain this quality in their photographs is precisely what the best operators of the day have been striving to do for a long time past, with more or less success. The light that can pass through a hole one-hundredth part of an inch in diameter is so small in quantity that, naturally, the plate has to be ex-

posed much longer to its influence than is the case in the ordinary cameras, so that instantaneous photographs of moving objects are unobtainable by pinhole photography. It may well be, however, that some day photographic plates will be manufactured so sensitive to light that even the minute quantity passing through a pinhole will be sufficient to instantly impress them. When that day comes pinhole photography will perhaps triumph definitely. Meanwhile, after M. Combe's experiments, none need be deterred from being a photographer for lack of means to purchase the necessary apparatus.

ONLY A DOG: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

PART IV.

FOR the first time since I saw Lawrence ride off with the horses I felt there was reasonable hope of escape. Now I felt sure that I should pull through somehow. And whom had I to thank for it but old Jock, who twice in the one day had saved me almost by a miracle.

'And you asked me, boss, when we first met if I valued a dog's good opinion. After Jock and I had made a very sparing meal I fixed up some sort of saddle with the two sacks, bits of blankets, clothes, &c., with a good wide sling for my foot; fixing on my crutch and spear, I scrambled up, and made a start with as queer a rig-out as was ever seen in those or any other ranges.

'Before leaving I had one last shuddering look at that dismal shaft that had so nearly been my living tomb, and then turned my back on it for ever. It was just 3.30 P.M. when I left that accursed camp. There had been a lot, boss—my life's most terrible experiences—crowded into that one day since half-past six in the morning.

'I will not trouble you with all the details of my terrible ride.

'After leaving the camp I travelled on slowly for six or seven hours. There was bright moonlight, but still that is not a very favourable light for travelling in such rough country. Fortunately the horse, though not a very showy one, was staunch, mountain-reared, and active. Then I camped till daylight in the greatest agony. Next day on again, with occasional halts to rest the horse. I often shudder when I think of that journey. I was beginning to get light-headed from the inflammation of my wounds, and I felt I couldn't hold out much longer. The sun set for the second time; still I kept on mechanically. It was eleven o'clock that night when I roused myself up a bit; the country was certainly more open.

'A bit farther on Jock gave a whimper, and, putting his nose to the ground, trotted on in front.

I saw he had struck a track, made, most likely, by timber-getters. This might mean anything, as these men are constantly shifting their camps, and the track might be going either to or from one of them. But, as Jock seemed satisfied, I was. He took the lead now in such a confident manner that I felt my spirits cheered up, and they needed it. In a while my dog challenged. I stopped and listened. Yes, faintly in the distance there came a dog's bark. I kept along the track for another good two miles, the barking getting louder, till, on rounding a spur on the bank of a good-sized creek, I saw a camp before me—a couple of big tents, some timber-trucks and logs, while the jangling of bullock-bells was welcome music to me.

'I don't remember well what happened then. Of course all the dogs roared and barked and charged out, with Jock joining in the general commotion. I was told afterwards that I sat there on the horse blowing the whistle like mad. Then there were people round me. I was lifted down; some one put something to my mouth—it was a pannikin with a stiff glass of rum in it. Down it went, and a bit after I gathered my senses. I was in one of the tents, with a lot of hearty bush chaps round me. As soon as I was able I told them my story. You can imagine their surprise and wrath. I don't know which was greatest—that or their admiration for Jock, who, having given the camp champion a good dressing down, was unusually amiable, and allowed himself to be patted and made much of.

'“By the holy smoke!” said a young fellow they called Syd, “I'd sooner have that there dawg than the best horse this side of Victoria.” And, as you know, from a young bushman, boss, that was paying him the highest possible compliment. When they understood how very bad my foot was, and that I couldn't possibly ride any farther, the young fellow, Syd, offered to go for a cart.

'“There's a spring-cart down at Pearson's; it's

only ten miles. I'll get my horse and be off at once. I'll be there before daylight, and back an hour or two after sunrise."

"So off he went. I was so exhausted that I fell into a heavy, restless sleep, from which I was roused about eight o'clock with the news that Syd was back with Bill Pearson, who was to be my coachman, and the spring-cart packed full of hay, on which I could rest my weary limbs. Bidding all hands at the camp good-bye, with hearty thanks for all their kindness, I started off with my new friend.

"I can't tell you a tenth part of all the goodness I met with. At Pearson's, when they saw how anxious I was to get on, they got fresh horses, and Bill Pearson undertook to see me right through into the Yackandandah. Fifteen miles further on he got an exchange of horses, and before night I was back at the main camp, in bed, with a doctor looking after me. At first he was all for cutting off my foot. When he found I wouldn't suffer that, he patched me up in a sort of a way, so that in six weeks' time I was able to start for home. Father came as far as Albury to meet me with a Yankee wagon, and by degrees we got home. Then it was the doctor again, till at last I had to be taken to the hospital in Sydney. There I was operated on several times, but pieces of bone still kept coming away. At last I got all right, and had this boot with a spring instep made, with which I have managed to get on very well ever since.

"Of course I had made a deposition to the Victorian police of all that had happened, but nothing had been heard of Lawrence.

"He was taken, however, and Jock caught him. It came about this way. When at last I left Sydney as cured, better than twelve months after my accident, I went to Bathurst to stop for a while with uncle. My younger brother Charlie came over from the Mudgee side to see me and bring Jock, whom I hadn't seen for six months. You never saw such a meeting; I don't know which was the silliest, the man or the dog. About a week after, on a Saturday evening, one of my cousins, Jock, and I were in town, standing among a bit of a crowd near Webb's stores talking about a new rush, when suddenly Jock gave a fierce growl and sprang at a man passing in the road with a swag on his back. The man was so taken by surprise that he slipped and fell down, luckily for him on his face, for the dog was on him in an instant worrying him. Then I got Jock by the collar, calling out to secure the man, for I knew who it was without seeing his face. The police came up, and I shouted to them to take the man away quickly, for so furious were the dog's struggles that, not being very strong yet, I could hardly hold him. We got Jock home and chained him up, and I went over to the police-station. My story was well known all through the district, and I recognised Lawrence at once.

"He denied his identity of course, but I told the sergeant about Jock's tussle with him at the shaft; and, sure enough, when he was searched there was the scar of the bite on the thigh of his right leg—and a precious bad bite, too.

"When the Victorian police came over to fetch the villain they brought another warrant besides the one about my affair. A man who was crippled in some accident in Victoria had made a confession, some three months before this, that in company with another man he had robbed and murdered his two mates somewhere about a couple of months after my experience with Lawrence. Like me, this man had been decoyed into the bush. He stated where the bodies were buried, and they were dug up. The description given of his accomplice tallied so well with that given by the Bathurst police of Lawrence that a warrant for murder was issued against him, and the troopers got him back to Victoria in time for the other dying scamp to identify him; other evidence also was forthcoming, and Lawrence was hanged in Melbourne for murder. I had to go over there of course, but my case never came on. And now, boss, that's the whole of the yarn, lock, stock, and barrel, and I think I'll say good-night and turn in. . . .

"Well, I don't mind having another just for a nightcap."

"Yes; but what became of Jock?"

"Poor old Jock lived to be very old—more than twenty years—and died at Mr Oxley's head station of old age, a little over four years ago. He is buried in the garden, and there is a fine stone slab over him, with an inscription telling the wonderful things he did for his master; and it winds up by saying that even if you searched the world through you could never find a stauncher friend than lay there, although he was *only a dog*."

Next morning Jim rode a bit of the way with me. At the cross-roads he stopped and got off his horse to bid little Jock a most affectionate farewell.

"I suppose, little doggie," he said, holding Jock in his arms, "that I shall never see you again."

"That you will, I guarantee," I said, "and before many months, too. I am coming back here. In the meantime there's my address, and give me yours, for I'm going to write to you."

Now there had been something on my mind all the morning, and something on his. Out it came at the last moment.

"Do you happen to know," I asked in the most innocent manner, "the exact date when your old dog died?"

"Yes, I do," he replied; "it's on the monument. It was on the 17th August 1877. And as fair-play is bonny play, do you know the exact date when your little Jock was pupped?"

I did, and I told him. It was on the 18th August, just one day later, of the same year.

'Just so. I thought so,' said Jim.

'What on earth do you mean?' I snorted. 'Why can't you speak out plain instead of going on like that?'

'I mean exactly the same as you do, boss,' said Jim, with a laugh, 'and that is this. I don't know what they may call the thing in a dog that makes it know people, learn things, makes it wise, and guides its actions—whether it's soul or spirit or something else. But the soul or spirit,

or whatever you like to call it, that was in my old Jock when he died is in your little Jock now. I can see it in his eyes. And, look here, boss; if you were to argue till you were black in the face you wouldn't convince me to the contrary.'

'And considering, old man,' I replied, giving his hand a hearty farewell grip, 'that I am just of the same opinion myself, I am not going to try.'

THE LATEST JEWEL ADDED TO THE BRITISH CROWN.



HE latest addition to the British Empire, which is the Kowloon Peninsula, jutting out from the mainland of China towards the island of Hong-kong, has been acquired by us on the same principle as actuated the dog-in-the-manger—that is, we do not want it ourselves, but we do not intend to let any one else have it. The reasons for our apparently selfish conduct are not far to seek; for, while the territory in question is of little or no value to us, it might be of inestimable value to any power hostile to us should they acquire it for the purpose of erecting fortifications on the high hills which command the forts and harbour of Hong-kong.

The land recently acquired has dotted about it, especially where it looks towards Hong-kong, a number of high, barren, and very picturesque hills, between which are fertile, well-watered valleys, every square inch of which has been terraced and irrigated to grow the crops of rice and vegetables on which the dense population of the district lives. The people are a turbulent, hardy lot, highway robbery and piracy being their besetting sins. The strongly-walled villages, with massive gateways, show that intercourse between them is not always as friendly as it might be.

My knowledge of the district is derived from several shooting excursions I made to it some years ago, after the snipe and quail which haunt the rice-fields and brushwood; and perhaps some account of these may be interesting, as illustrating the character of the natives. They hate and despise Europeans, but are not averse to their visits on account of the 'kumshaws' or presents they receive from the foreign devils; and it is even said that they post their children all about among the growing rice when they see a white man shooting, in the hope that a stray shot or two may penetrate one of them and thus enable them to demand money in compensation.

Many Europeans have had most disagreeable experiences owing to shooting accidents of this kind. One man I know had the misfortune to shoot a native, and he was seized by the bystanders, his

hands and feet tied together, and a pole passed through, by which he was carried, head downwards, on the shoulders of several men, as they are accustomed to carry pigs, for miles over hill and dale to a mandarin, from whose custody he was only released, after very considerable delay and difficulty, at the instance of the Consul at a neighbouring treaty-port. His wrists still bear the marks of the treatment he underwent on that occasion.

Another case occurred while I was in Hong-kong. A party went out shooting, and one man's gun went off accidentally when a number of Chinese children were round him, one of whom was mortally wounded. The villagers took the whole party prisoners, and locked them up in a dark and filthy shed, making angry and threatening demonstrations round them. At length they apparently came to the conclusion that dollars were better than revenge, and intimated that the party would be released for eight hundred dollars; and one of the sportsmen was allowed to return to Hong-kong for the money, while the remainder of the party were kept close prisoners. The emissary knocked up one of the bank managers in the middle of the night, got his bag of dollars, and returned to his captive friends, whom he released from their uncomfortable position by the payment of the ransom. Every one said that had the parents of the injured child been offered ten or twenty dollars immediately on the occurrence of the accident they would have been perfectly satisfied; but the demand grew rapidly with the lapse of time, and the natives, knowing that such large sums were obtainable, rendered any more excursions to that district very dangerous. In fact, in so densely populated a district, where the natives were generally working in their fields, shooting was at all times by no means safe or pleasant either for the shooters or the shot!

I well remember a trip a large party of us made one very hot day. We were carried ashore from our launch by a number of the natives, and tramped for hours among the rice-fields. We walked along the narrow embankments separating the patches in which the rice grows in water three or four inches deep. Every few yards a water-snake awoke

at our approach and slid off the bank into the water, gorgeous dragon-flies darted hither and thither through the air, while shoals of little fish and creeping things played about in the water. The women and children ran out of the villages to stare and jeer at the foreign devils, while the men in their umbrella hats either went on with their work or joined our rapidly increasing retinue to see the fun and pick up our empty cartridge-cases or anything else they could lay their hands on.

When the sun got too hot for us to pursue our sport, and our internal sensations showed that it was near lunch-time, we adjourned to a shady grove and had all our good things unpacked. An admiring crowd of natives of all ages surrounded us, and made merry over the strange appearance and doings of the foreign devils. Soda-water and other effervescing beverages excited much mirth and wonder; but they were by no means averse to sharing with us eggs, cold fowl, and other viands they were familiar with. We were inclined to look upon them as a good-natured and friendly lot, till, our repast finished, we packed up and turned to go, when they at once bombarded us with a shower of stones and clods of earth.

There is an entire want of sentiment about John Chinaman. I suppose the struggle for existence is so keen in their densely populated country that they have no time to cultivate the softer emotions of kindness and gratitude. It is wonderful to observe the glee with which they see any one of their fellows hurt or made ridiculous. The tortures inflicted in their courts of law, and the bloody public executions which are so common in China, are all popular spectacles and entertainments in which even the children delight; while the indifference to the welfare and comfort of their women is to us a most painful study. I remember the wife of a wealthy Chinaman, who had never been able to bear him a living child, being admitted into the hospital at Hong-kong and safely delivered of a son. The husband at once insisted on removing both mother and child to his home, quite regardless of the fact that such a proceeding would be most dangerous to the woman; he apparently thinking that, as she had borne him a son who would be able to carry out ancestral worship for him when he was dead, the wife was of no further use to him.

When the children of the boat-people cry because they have been hurt, the mother, instead of soothing them, simply takes the cover of the well of the boat off, pops in the child, closes the lid and sits on it till the child is quiet; while if they see any one drowning, instead of rescuing the person in danger, they row away, it being a custom that whoever rescues any one becomes responsible for him in the future.

The fact that it always puts a Chinaman in a good humour to see any one made ridiculous is

utilised by Europeans when they get into a row with the natives. If you can make the majority laugh by caricaturing any physical peculiarity or gesture of one of your assailants, their anger evaporates at once.

On one occasion, when I was shooting with a friend, an old woman, evidently objecting to our coolies walking among her rice, rushed at us, followed by all the loafers in the village, flourishing formidable clubs, and yelling and gesticulating most violently. I was inclined to beat a hasty retreat; but my companion, who had been considerably longer in the country, reassured me, and, waiting till the old woman came up, he made faces at her and imitated her voice and gestures, when all the men round her began to laugh and left us unmolested.

There are no roads in our new protectorate, and no beasts of burden; the people, however, keep numerous pigs and dogs. The former are their favourite article of food, but look very unwholesome, with their lean, hollow backs and limbs, and stomachs flabby and pendulous, so that they generally rest on the ground. The dogs are those now so fashionable in England under the name of chows; and some varieties, as the name implies, are habitually eaten by their masters, as are also cats, rats, frogs, and other, to our tastes, most uninviting creatures.

These few anecdotes may tend to prejudice us against our recently acquired fellow-subjects, and therefore it is only just to say that the inhabitants of that part of China, when they emigrate away from the baneful effects of mandarin rule, with its squeezing and oppressive tendencies, have the best of characters. They are industrious, patient, law-abiding, and clever workmen. They will make a living where a white man would starve, in a new country pursuing the necessary but despised callings of washermen, cooks, and market-gardeners. Thus our new fellow-subjects may yet do good service to the empire in the hotter parts of Australia, in West Africa, and other parts of the world where the aborigines will not work, and where the heat is too great to allow of Europeans doing the manual labour necessary to open out and develop these valuable possessions. Men drawn from this district may also prove useful as soldiers, if it be decided to raise Chinese troops for the defence of Wai-hai-wei, recently acquired by us. With their homes and relations in British territory, they will not need to fear the vengeance of the Chinese authorities should they do anything contrary to the wishes of the mandarins. This is a lever which is made use of to a very great extent by the authorities in dealing with offenders. Should a man flee from arrest in China, it is said that the authorities at once imprison all his relatives till he gives himself up, which he is pretty certain to do. It is well known that a poor man in China will even take the place of a criminal condemned to death for a monetary

consideration, in order to make his parents more comfortable, or to pay suitable sacrifices to their departed spirits if they be dead. Respect and obedience to their parents, and care for their com-

fort in their old age, is one of the most marked and pleasing traits of Chinese character, and constitutes one of the most important parts of their religion.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A GREAT WORK.



ONE of the grandest engineering works ever conceived has just been inaugurated by the laying of the foundation-stone, at Assouan on the Nile, of a vast granite dam which is destined to hold the waters of the historic river in check. This huge wall will be more than a mile in length, seventy-six feet high in places, and thirty or forty feet in width, so that it will form a bridge across the river as well as a dam to conserve its waters. The effect of this obstruction will be the formation of a reservoir with an area of about six hundred and seventy square miles, holding one thousand million tons of water; and it is estimated that this mighty volume will be the means of bringing two thousand five hundred square miles of desert land under cultivation. The so-called cataracts, which are in reality rapids, will disappear, and a lock at each end of the granite wall will form gates for the passage of vessels up and down stream. The work has been planned by Sir Benjamin Baker, will be undertaken by Mr Aird, and will probably be completed in about four years' time. It is regarded as the greatest engineering enterprise undertaken in the land of the Pharaohs since the building of the Pyramids.

INCENDIARY MICROBES.

Under the above title a writer in our French contemporary *La Nature* contributes an interesting article on spontaneous combustion, showing that when stored hay, bales of cotton, tobacco, &c. take fire, the action is in the first place due to bacteria. In wet seasons such fires are most common, and are due to storing the hay, &c., in a damp state; fermentation follows, with great rise of temperature—a process due entirely to the action of microbes; the hay is changed to a dry, porous, and carbonaceous condition; and it presently takes fire. It will consume slowly, until accident brings the external air to its help, when the incandescent mass bursts into flame, and the microbes which caused the initial mischief are destroyed in a funeral pyre of their own making.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

Correspondence which has recently been issued by the Colonial Office respecting the present state of the Pitcairn Islanders tends to show that these descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers have degene-

rated. It is an interesting point whether this is due to the intermarrying which has gone on among them during the past one hundred and ten years. One peculiarity attaching to the islanders is the loss of the front teeth, not by disease, but by breakage. This they attribute to their food, which chiefly consists of bananas, yams, &c.; but the Tahitian natives, who are their near neighbours, and eat the same kind of food, are blessed with sound teeth. An American missionary and his wife say that the want of intellect among the young is simply appalling. Another observer describes these same children as being bright, merry little things, whereas the adults have a tired, hungry look, very different to what he had expected to find after reading of this unique island and its people. If they are questioned, the words must be put in very simple form, else they do not understand. This sluggishness of brain cannot certainly be put down to excess either in eating or drinking, for the Pitcairn Islanders are total abstainers, they do not smoke, and they are almost vegetarians in their diet.

FLASHING ADVERTISEMENTS.

At last an effort is being made to deal with that recent outcome of electrical progress known as the flashing advertisement; and although that effort does not extend beyond the limits of the Metropolis, it is at any rate an endeavour to reach the fountain-head where the evil is at present most rampant. No fewer than four hundred architects have petitioned the London County Council to stop a practice by which 'the architectural value of one of the most beautiful sites in Europe, Trafalgar Square, is thus nightly destroyed.' The petitioners have some hope that powers will be obtained to deal with this matter effectually, because some time ago, when an attempt was successfully made to throw advertising notices by means of a searchlight upon Nelson's Column, in the same square, an appeal to those in authority resulted in the practice being abandoned. An endeavour to advertise soap and pills on the clouds was happily abandoned about the same time because of its impracticability.

A NEW ELECTRIC LAMP.

For some time there have been rumours of an electric lamp on an entirely new principle, and the matter took more definite shape when the contrivance was recently exhibited at the Society of Arts, London. It is known as the Nerust in-

candescence electric lamp, and its chief peculiarity is that it employs a rod of refractory earth in place of the usual carbon filament, and that this material is not enclosed in a glass exhausted of air. The rod is preferably composed of the oxides of thorium, zirconium, yttrium, &c., which are employed in the manufacture of the Welsbach mantle as used in the incandescent gaslight, and when in a glowing white-hot state emits a most intense light. The arrangement differs from familiar forms of electric lamps in that it requires to be lighted with a spirit flame, or by other means, for the rod does not become a conductor of the electric current until it has been heated. The new lamp offers such economies of current in use that it is sure to meet with general adoption provided that the rod is cheap and does not require too frequent renewal.

SUBMARINE WARFARE.

Experiments in France with a submarine vessel, the *Gustave Zédé*, have once more invited quotations from Jules Verne's mythical account of a voyage beneath the sea, and the French press has somewhat hastily assumed that at last the fleet of perfidious Albion is at her mercy. There is nothing new about the idea of a submarine boat, for it has appeared in various forms during the past two centuries; but no nation has dared to put it to the test of actual warfare. We may feel sure that the English Admiralty would not have neglected this means of offence if it really possessed the marvellous powers credited to it by the French newspapers; and the same reasoning will apply to the non-appearance of the submarine vessel in the recent war between America and Spain. If such a boat should be considered a valuable addition to our naval resources, our naval authorities will not be slow to adopt it, and will benefit by the recent experiments in the production of a vessel which is sure to present many improvements upon the French model.

PEARLS AND RUBIES.

Although you cannot get 'figs off thistles' after any amount of cultivation, you can get pearls without diving for them in deep water, and rubies without going all the way to Burma for them. The latter, indeed, are said to be 'manufactured' in London on a tolerably large scale—so large that a ruby-making syndicate is said to be dividing £37,000 a year net profit on the business. These chemical rubies are said to be so perfect as to deceive the 'very elect'; and a well-known expert asks why, if Science can produce a trinket which cannot be told from Nature's, she should not have the benefit of the difference in price between what it costs to make the article in the laboratory and the obtaining of a stone of similar size and quality from an Oriental mine. As to size, that is simple enough; but as to quality, there are no doubt other experts who would wish

to have a say in the matter—those, for instance, who have a stock of real rubies on their hands. But, after all, what does it matter, when those who own real diamonds as often as not wear paste ones for safety? Pearls are not, as yet, made in the laboratory; but it seems they can be made in the aquarium, and that there is no need to dive to a depth of forty or fifty feet to obtain them. One Signor Comba has been experimenting for several years in the artificial production of pearls at an aquarium in Turin; and so successful have his efforts proved that he is now engaged in a plan for laying down a large quantity of pearl oysters (*Mytilus margaritifera*) in the Mediterranean, along the south coast of Calabria, with a view to more extended operations. It is contended, however, that the mother-of-pearl shell will not 'live' in a temperature of less than sixty-eight to seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and but slight hopes are held out for the success of Signor Comba's experiment. In Queensland, however, they have been cultivated with success, as a result of an experiment conducted in Torres Strait by Mr W. Saville-Kent, F.L.S., late Commissioner of Fisheries to the Governments of Queensland and Western Australia. But the great drawback is the distance of these countries from the chief markets for mother-of-pearl, which are London, Hamburg, and Trieste, and the consequent expense of conveying the pearls thither. Still, it is admitted that there are great possibilities in the artificial production of pearls, and that it undoubtedly represents a most profitable industry, which could, under expert management, be carried on concurrently with systematic pearl-shell cultivation. The term 'artificial production' applies, of course, in a wholly different sense from that used in regard to rubies—the pearls themselves being real, and only the method of 'rearing' them being artificial.

STREET HYDRANTS.

We naturally pride ourselves upon our modern fire brigades, but we cannot expect them to render the most efficient help unless they are provided with a readily accessible supply of water. In the Metropolis itself, where the best appliances would be looked for, the method of supplying water to fire-engines leaves much to be desired. The hydrants are usually placed beneath the pavement, under an iron plate, which must be raised before connection with the engine can be made, and in frosty weather, especially if there be a leak in the valve, the whole arrangement is frequently covered with ice. Indeed, it is not an uncommon experience for the engine to be brought over the hydrant to thaw the ice before anything more can be done. A new hydrant, the invention of Mr William Jones, has recently been tried in London with some success. It is fixed to and forms part of one of the ordinary street-lamps, just like the arrangement

common in many private buildings. A valve close to it enables the water to be turned on at a moment's notice; and at a recent trial of the apparatus two lengths of hose were attached and the water flowed through them in fifteen seconds. By means of a syphon arrangement the water in the delivery tube can never freeze so long as it remains liquid in the mains.

FIREPROOFING WOOD.

Among the many valuable lessons taught by the recent war between Spain and the United States is the important one that a ship of war should have as little wood in its construction as possible, and that what there is should be fire-proof. Dr Hexamer recently read before the Franklin Institute a paper dealing with this subject, and showing how, by a comparatively cheap and easy process, woodwork may be rendered absolutely incombustible. It may be noted that the inventor of the system does not seek to make money out of it, but gives it to the American nation with a view to do his country a service. Before commencing his experiments Dr Hexamer laid down certain conditions which he considered imperative, the chief of which was that to prove effective against fire the wood must be treated, not on the surface only, but through its entire mass. After trying various substances with which to impregnate the wood, he finally chose water-glass, treating it at a later stage with ammonium chloride in order to render it insoluble. The woodwork is first of all heated in an iron container to expel all moisture; after which the water-glass is admitted under pressure, and is forced into the inner recesses of the wood. Ammonium chloride is then admitted to the container, under the same conditions, and the wood is finally washed in running water, and slowly dried.

FOR SANITATION AND SCIENCE.

The munificent gift of Lord Iveagh (Edward Cecil Guinness) of a quarter of a million sterling to the Council of the Jenner Institute for the endowment of scientific research as to the origin and prevention of disease, and another quarter of a million for the improvement of an insanitary area in the heart of Dublin, recalls the fact of his former benefactions towards industrial London. In November 1889 it was announced that he had placed in the hands of Lord Rowton, Mr Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, and Mr Plunket, First Commissioner of Works, a sum of £250,000 for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor. His intention was to provide sanitary dwellings for people somewhat poorer than those who had previously availed themselves of existing artisans' dwellings. Since 1889 the Guinness Trust has erected four blocks of buildings on the south side of the Thames—at Brand Street; St Page's Walls in Bermondsey; Snowfields, Ber-

mondsey; and Vauxhall. They have now two thousand three hundred and fifty rooms and tenements in all parts of London, with a population of over seven thousand under their roofs. Lord Iveagh's gift for research into the origin of disease recalls that of Sir William Savory of one hundred thousand pounds for the establishment of a convalescent home in connection with one of the London hospitals, of which the first announcement was made on January 1, 1890, as well as the recent munificent gifts towards providing sanatoria for consumptives. Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, who has been the moving spirit and chairman of the 'Improved Industrial Dwellings Company,' presented the London County Council in November 1889 with about twenty-nine acres of his estate situated in Highgate Hill. He also gave six thousand pounds in cash to purchase the freehold interest in part of this estate.

The donations for industrial dwellings in London made by the late George Peabody amounted in all to £500,000. The amount received for rent and interest up to 1898 brings the total fund up to £1,220,446. The Trust has provided for the artisan and labouring poor over five thousand separate dwellings and over eleven thousand rooms. It was the desire of Peabody in making the bequest that within a century the annual receipts from rents might yield such a return that there would not be a poor labouring man of good character who could not get necessary house-room. We may safely credit the labour and influence of the late Lord Shaftesbury with the first suggestion for this very practical use of surplus wealth.

A NEW FIREARM.

What seems to be a very formidable rival to the revolver is the light automatic carbine or pistol which has recently been put upon the market in three patterns, two of which come from Germany, and the other from Belgium. The new weapon is only half the weight of a rifle, it is sighted to five hundred yards, it will come in half for packing, and its cost is under ten pounds. Ten cartridges can be inserted in one second, and as many as eighty shots per minute have been fired from this compact weapon. The ammunition used is of the smokeless variety, and the cartridges are very light in weight. The weapon will doubtless prove of great use for sporting as well as for more serious purposes.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine a report was presented by M. Laborde concerning some experiments made by him in conjunction with M. Jaubert with a view to restoring vitiated or breathed air to its normal condition. It is well known that expired air, besides being short of oxygen, is charged with carbon dioxide, watery vapour, and other products. The experimenters in question

assert that they have discovered a chemical substance which, by simple contact with expired air, will restore to it its lost oxygen, while at the same time it will rob it of all its noxious properties. Three or four kilogrammes of the compound will allow a man to live twenty-four hours in a confined space without any fresh air being administered to him from outside. It need hardly be pointed out that this discovery, if *bona fide*, will be of the greatest use to divers, firemen, and all who have to face an irrespirable atmosphere. In previous apparatus having the same object, caustic soda has been employed to absorb the carbon dioxide, while the oxygen has been renewed from a compressed store of that gas.

THE RAPID SEASONING OF WOOD.

Yet another application has been found for the modern wonder-worker—electricity—in the quick seasoning of timber, and by all accounts the process is a reliable one. At Charlton, Kent, the well-known electricians, Messrs Johnson and Phillips, have set up a plant in order to work the Nodon-Bretonneau system, which consists in immersing the timber to be treated in a tank containing a solution of borax, rosin, and soda—a mixture which may be described as an antiseptic varnish. Plates of metal are arranged above and below the timber, and these are so connected with a dynamo that the electrical current completes its circuit through the wood. Under this treatment the sap is driven to the surface of the bath, and the borax liquid takes its place in the pores of the wood. This part of the process occupies from five to eight hours, after which the wood is dried spontaneously or by artificial means. It is said that a fortnight's exposure to summer weather will render the wood as serviceable as if it had been stored in the ordinary way for five years.

THE RULER OF AFGHANISTAN.

Dr A. G. Gray recently gave a most interesting account of his experiences at the court of the Ameer of Afghanistan, where he sojourned for a long time, and was able to accomplish much good in the practice of his profession. Medical science among the native Afghan doctors is in a very primitive condition, and seldom, even by an accident, is the right remedy prescribed. At the time of Dr Gray's visit numbers of lives were sacrificed to ignorant medical treatment, a fair sample of which may be instanced from the fact that the Ameer himself was bled for gout, while his feet were placed in iced water. But the sufferer would not allow Dr Gray to prescribe for him until he had seen the effect of English treatment upon his servants, and this proved so satisfactory that at last the foreigner was called in to attend both the Ameer and the Sultana. In the case of the lady diagnosis was rather difficult, for doctor and patient were separated by a silk

curtain. Moreover, the Sultana plainly stated that she preferred her own nostrums to his. Dr Gray describes the Ameer as a clever ruler, who is doing much to civilise a people among whom murder and robbery have heretofore been regarded as venial offences.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

The publication in our February issue of an article under this title describing the Norfolk village of Stiffkey has awakened an angry correspondence, and the Editor has received many letters indignantly denying the statements which it contained as to the gloomy and miserable condition of the place. In a letter to the *Eastern Press* of Norwich, Mr Victor Pittkethley virtually acknowledges having unintentionally maligned the hamlet, and the Editor can only express regret that he gave currency to misleading statements. It has also been pointed out that these statements bear a close resemblance to the description of the village furnished in a volume by Mrs Berlyn, entitled *Sunrise-Land*.

The Editor is assured by a writer who has known the place for forty years that it is one of the most lovely villages in Norfolk. Other correspondents point out that the cottages are tidy and comfortable, and that the fact of intermarriage and the number of red-haired Rufuses is untrue. There is a well-conducted voluntary school, the church services are well attended, and the chapel people have just decided to build a new place of worship. The gathering of the famous cockles, which appears to be a profitable industry, does not, at the same time, incapacitate the women for their other duties or the girls for domestic service.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

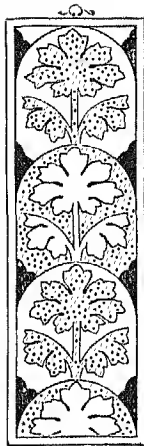
SABLE-COATED, golden-throated,
Well-spring of content;
Bird or angel, God's evangel,
Surely thou wert sent
From Heaven's portals down to mortals
To interpret Love,
In its sweetness and completeness
As 'tis felt above.

Deep and quiet—no wild riot
Like the lark's is thine;
Full and tender, thou dost render
Thy love-song divine;
And her spirit and mine hear it,
Answering to its call.
In its sweetness and completeness
Love is all in all!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 330 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

A STORY FROM LIFE ON THE PAMPAS.

By ANN SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCES OUR HERO.



THE sun, a ball of fire, had touched the straight line of the horizon—a sign that the working-day was over. At the *estancia* of Las Tres Aromas—'The Three Aroma-trees'—all was astir preparing beds and supper for man and beast. Riders arrived from various directions, who, after unsaddling and watering their horses, and turning them out to feed in the open, joined a group of loiterers lounging round the fences of the *corral*, telling each other well-worn stories of race-meetings and polo-matches, as they discussed the more favoured ponies who stood shoulder to shoulder, their noses buried in a trough filled with oats and maize. A flock of sheep passing through a gateway raised a cloud of luminous dust, and filled the air with the noise of their bleating; the horsemen bringing them in stood out gigantic black figures against the light of sunset, as with shouts they waved their whips in a vain attempt to hasten the stupid, weary animals.

In the centre of the *patio* a great fire smouldered; over it the cook, a brown-skinned, stalwart woman, prepared to roast a huge bit of beef. She talked in shrill Spanish to two *gauchos* who had asked and obtained permission to pass the night at Las Tres Aromas. Too tired to answer her, they squatted on their heels, puffing cigarettes, and watched with satisfaction a pot of soup bubbling on the fire.

As the short twilight faded, light after light shone out from the windows of the *estancia* house, where the mistress hurried from room to room, directing the maids in their work of lighting lamps, filling water-jugs from the draw-well, and preparing beds for unexpected arrivals, who, appearing at sundown, accepted as a matter of course supper, bed, and breakfast, riding off again in the early morning with little chance of finding

such comfortable quarters for many nights to come. In the big living-room a fire of hard redwood and maize cobs blazed noisily, lighting up the dark vault of the open chimney, and sending dancing gleams of light down the long table, covered with white linen, silver, glass, and sweet flowers. It seemed wonderful to find such comfort, prettiness, and the stir of human life in the empty wilderness of the pampas—a wilderness that, like a desert of grass, more monotonous in colour and in perfect flatness than the golden deserts of the East, surrounded this small patch reclaimed and cultivated by the skill of man.

So thought a traveller who, coming along the dark and silent road, caught sight of the cheerful lights and heard the clamour of voices. Since daybreak he had been in the saddle, riding his two horses alternately, and only resting at noon at a *ranch*o (a mud-built hut), where he got some beef and *maté* (Paraguay tea, drunk through a tube)—all the food he had tasted that day. Never had Dick Milner felt so despairing; for the first time in his experience life seemed full of unknown terrors and difficulties he could not overcome. Only three years ago he had left an English public school. How easy and happy life had been there, now he looked back on it! He had been unable to choose a profession which required steady application to monotonous work, so he had been launched on the world, to make his way as best he could, with a good education and little else to help him. Unfortunately he had made a bad start, and let himself drift into a careless, aimless style of life, such as too many young fellows fit for better things are content with in a country where it is easy to keep yourself and a horse or two, and where there is little to rouse an ambition for higher aims.

Owing to a foolish quarrel, Dick had left a large well-known *estancia* where his father had got him an opening—one amongst half-a-dozen other young fellows learning to work under a capable chief. Cut off from all control, Dick at first enjoyed his independence; but in time he learnt its disadvantages. Without a friend to say a word for him or give him introductions, it was not easy to get work from the best class of his countrymen; and as his clothes became shabby and his manners deteriorated, he drifted lower and lower, till he found himself thankful to get food and a bed, in return for his services, from an Irishman of the lowest type. Very soon the disorder, misery, and drunkenness of the life around him brought utter disgust; and at last he realised to what low depths he had sunk. He straightway packed all that was left of his outfit in a pair of saddle-bags, and rode off to the nearest town, leaving his master too stupidly drunk to be surprised or put out by this desertion.

He put up at an inn till he could hit upon a plan for his future. The inn was of the roughest; he was only too thankful to find that he shared a room with an Englishman. They spent two long evenings together in the dreary saloon, where the men from the town drank and gossiped, and played billiards on a table that was used for many other purposes during the day, or in wandering about the dull streets trying as best they could to kill time. In return for Dick's companionship, the elder man showed some interest in his plans; and, after hearing his story, urged him to apply to Mr Hardie of the *estancia* of Las Tres Aromas for work. He talked much of Mr Hardie's enterprise and energy, that had opened up a district hitherto little known. He and other travellers who came and went from the inn were always ready to talk of the place, as of a land flowing with milk and honey, a dairy with butter and cream, a garden with fruit and vegetables; and an orderly house, with books and pictures, and many other signs of civilisation, was a topic worth discussing in this country, where few householders could boast of more than a roof over their heads and a well sunk by the door. A little encouragement was all Dick required; the morning this chance-friend parted from him he was off on a three days' ride to Las Tres Aromas.

Now, within sight of the land of promise, a fit of dejection fell on him. A touch of frost had come with the swift darkness that chased away the heat of the sun; he shivered and felt conscious of being tired out and hungry; and for the first time he felt anxious as to what welcome he would receive. 'A fellow like Hardie would have nothing to say to a wanderer like him. What was the use of trying for a better sort of life? No one would dream of giving him a respectable job.' Then he remembered the

wretched tramps that haunt the roads at home, ever seeking work, but never finding it. In his dejection he fancied that he had much in common with such undesirable types of humanity, and he blushed at the thought. If we probe the depth of self-abasement wholesome reaction sets in. Dick laughed bitterly at himself. Surely he was fit for something better, if anything better could be found in this low-down country! He had not been a duffer at school; he was considered rather a fine fellow, in fact. Here no one seemed to think him worth a good day's pay. If they would only give him a chance. A wave of home-sickness swept over him. Poor lad! he recalled the kindness and sympathy freely offered him by friends of school and home life. He had said good-bye to them so easily, only impatient of the concern they had shown for him—their fussiness, he had called it. Fussiness! Could he have it now it would prove a cordial to warm his cold heart. His eyes grew dim, pain clutched at his breast, and he swayed in his saddle. A stumble on the part of his horse brought his wits back to the present; he straightened himself, and, looking ahead, saw the lights shine out of the gloom of nightfall, and heard bursts of laughter and a voice shouting an order in English. At the same time his horses pulled up at a gate which a *peon* (or labourer) was looking for the night.

'*Buenas noches, señor!*' shouted the man in a hearty voice.

'*Buenas noches, señor!*' answered Dick. 'Is this Las Tres Aromas? Is Don Diego at home?'

'*Sí, señor,*' answered the man, letting the chain drop and swinging the gate open.

Dick and his horses passed through. As is the custom of the country, he rode straight to the *pulenque*—that is, an arrangement of posts and bars where horses are tied up—and himself unsaddled his horses and drew water from the well; after giving them a good drink, he dashed a bucketful of water over each steaming back, and then turned them loose in a field, where they did not hesitate to join a group of hungry beasts feeding from a stack of dried *alfalfa*, a sort of clover. Dick then turned his steps to the house. He stopped short when he reached the open kitchen window, and looked in. What a jolly scene it was! A little old woman stood in front of a stove, heaping on a dish piles of snowy rice crowned with a savoury curry; a little girl perched on a high dresser ground coffee-berries in a hand-mill. 'Real coffee,' said Dick to himself, with a sniff at the flying odour, and his spirits began to rise. Two elder girls fluttered in and out, carrying dishes along the open corridor to the dining-room at the farther end. They looked very pretty in their gay frocks and white aprons, and seemed to step to the music of an accordion played by a young fellow lolling on a bench in the background. All seemed to be talking and laughing at their hardest.

Stepping up to the door, Dick, in polite Spanish, asked if he could speak to Don Diego. In the *campo*, as the country districts of Argentina are called, the old Spanish form of address—Don or Donna with the Christian name—is still in use. The master and mistress are generally known as *el patrón* and *la patrona*, while the second in command gets the sonorous title of *mayordomo*.

One of the girls, telling Dick to follow her, led the way along the corridor, or veranda, and, popping her head in at the dining-room door, called out, '*Hay un hombre, Don Diego*' ('Here is a man, Mr James').

This was greeted with a burst of laughter from the group seated at the table. '*Hay un hombre!*' cried a mocking voice, with an English accent that made it almost impossible to recognise the words; 'there's always an *ombra* waiting for the *patrón*.'

'Strangers know that you are to be found at home at feeding-time!'

'Oh Jim, have some dinner in peace before you see him.'

This last remark was made in a woman's voice—a lady's, as Dick recognised with a thrill. Overcome with shyness, he stepped back into the darkness, and became conscious all at once of his unpolished top-boots, a ragged hole in the elbow of his well-worn coat, and, worst of all, became aware of what till now he had never thought of—that his hair was lying in curls on his temples, half-hiding his ears and touching the collar of his coat. It was many weeks since he had seen himself face to face in a looking-glass, but without its aid he pictured himself quite unfit to be introduced to polite society. The peep into the cheerful kitchen had fascinated him; but what he saw now was a different matter. The kitchen was less formidable, and he thought of taking refuge in it; but, at the same time, he longed to join his equals in the position he had a right to claim, yet feared he might have forfeited that right.

The room that seemed to him so desirable a place was in reality very simple. The walls were whitewashed and the furniture was of varnished deal; but it was furnished with the best of all furnishing—well-filled bookcases, pictures on the walls, and a piano in the corner; while guns, polo-sticks, and shining bits and spurs filled up odd spaces. A motley assortment of men surrounded the table; but Dick's eye rested first on the lady at the head, dressed in bright silk and dainty lace, with her fair, smooth hair carefully arranged, as his sisters would dress for a quiet evening at home. On each side of her sat a gentleman, in black coat and white collar—a rare sight in those uncivilised parts. Then came two lads, who were being trained by Hardie, much as in old days a squire was trained by a knight; learning by personal attendance to

model themselves on their superior, and more completely under control and discipline than any schoolboy under a severe master. Next to them sat, on one side, a shopkeeper from the nearest camp-town, by his dress and bearing a horseman, like all his countrymen, but with that air of wishing to please and accommodate that betrays his calling in every land. Opposite to him was a huge cattle-buyer, who sat like a statue, making no movements except such as were necessary to the despatch of his dinner; from time to time he looked out of the corner of his eye at the lady, much as one of his own untamed bulls would eye a stranger in the herd. He would have been happier in the *peones'* quarters had pride permitted him to relinquish the right custom allowed him to claim of being entertained with the best hospitality the *estancia* could produce. These two looked a dirty pair beside the Englishmen, though, without doubt, the shopman was satisfied with his toilet, having drenched himself with Florida water and tied his brilliant silk neckerchief in the latest style. At the end of the table, with his back to Dick, sat James Hardie himself.

Dick could only open his mouth and stutter when Hardie, jumping up, asked him what he wanted, telling him to come in and speak for himself. His wife, however, who would often say that she had learnt since she lived in the camp to judge a good horse and a gentleman under an ungroomed mane and a rough coat, understood the reason of the lad's distress; and, more by the tone of her voice than the words she said, soothed her husband's irritation.

'Jim,' she said, 'he looks so tired and cold. Take him to your room and let him have a wash; and bring him back quickly—he must be hungry.'

As Hardie led Dick across the *patio* to a bedroom, he asked him where he had come from, and a few questions as to his journey.

'From Garahan's place. My name is Dick Milner,' answered Dick.

'What took you there? Working for Garahan?'

'Yes; but I could stand it no longer—such a beastly hole, and such a set of drunken Irishmen.'

'I have heard of the place—as bad as they make them, I should say. You were a fool to go there,' interrupted Hardie in a tone of disgust. 'You are looking out for another job, I suppose?' he added dryly.

'Yes—that is, I heard—I thought—perhaps'—The shamefaced lad looked up at the man beside him, who in the dimly-lit room could be clearly seen by the light of a candle he carried. A quiet, strong face, smooth-shaven, except for a moustache as fair as the short curls that covered his head; he had the fresh colour and clear eyes of one who lives in the open air and takes constant hard exercise; firm lines about his mouth told that he was a man

who could command others and make them obey; his whole bearing was that of a gentleman who, respecting himself, makes others respect him. As he looked for the first time into his face Dick felt this was a man into whose hands he could put himself, tell him all his story, and take any advice he offered; but his own deficiencies, and still more the knowledge that he showed himself at a horrid disadvantage, made him stutter and talk to no purpose.

Hardie led him to the toilet-table, and put down the candle; then, after a pause, said gravely, as if expecting an answer: 'Well?'

'I am told there's lots of work going on here. I thought perhaps you could take me on,' stammered Dick.

'There is lots of work, and no end of fellows who *think* they can do it. What can you do?' he asked abruptly.

Dick drew his face, with a gasp, out of a basin of water. What could he do? He honestly believed but one thing well. 'Ride,' he answered from the folds of a towel.

'Ride!' exclaimed Hardie, with a short laugh. 'You need not tell me that; every new chum can ride.'

Savagely Dick tugged a comb through his hair; he felt furious. He could ride, though he was a new chum, as well as most men; he would prove it, too.

'If you are ready, come along,' remarked Hardie.

'I am not fit to be seen,' said Dick, thinking of the lady, who, he felt, was more formidable even than the great Don Diego himself.

'Never mind; you'll do. My wife knows you have not brought your Gladstone bag or your valet.' Then, turning suddenly, he added, 'But, I say, your horse! Have you left him tied up all the time? He has done a hard day's work.'

Here was a fresh pitfall. Had he done right in putting the horses in the field where the *alfalfa* stood? He should have put them into the open camp, of course. Dick under no circumstances could have glossed over the truth, so told what he had done with his two horses. His host led the way back to the dining-room without a word in reply. In time, when he learnt to know Hardie, he understood that if he had looked after himself and neglected his horses he would have received scant favour from the master of Las Tres Aromas.

A delightful evening was now before him. In after-years the very memory of it was a pleasure. To sit at a clean, well-served table; to enjoy a

variety of well-cooked dishes; to listen to intelligent conversation, lightened by kindly chaff and accompanied by much laughter; above all, to see and hear a lady once more. How pleasant these things are that we take as a matter of course, like bread and butter, forgetting, because we have them always, to consider how good they are! Dick got hot all over when Mrs Hardie first spoke to him, but soon found himself talking freely of his home and his people, and laughing over a story of school-life at Harrow.

Then one of the older men who sat at his hostess's right hand cried out, 'Harrow! You were at school at Harrow? Your name is Milner? Are you Ted Milner's young brother? By Jove! you are his image; I see it now—only he has his hair a trifle shorter.'

The mean, squalid life of the past months seemed to slip from him; he was once more amongst his equals; a man to be respected, who had a right to claim friendship with this friend of his brother, and to expect more from life than mere meat and drink.

When dinner was finished all gathered round the fire. The coffee proved as good as the fragrance Dick had already enjoyed from the kitchen-window. Ted's friend gave him a cigarette, and talked to him of old days. The lady sat at one side of the fire with her bodyguard of Englishmen, chatting as she sewed. The natives sat at the other, entertained by Hardie, who had quite the air of a man doing his duty to guests not of his choosing. One of the lads melted glue on the fire and mended a polo-stick; the other brought out a banjo, and played 'Daisy Bell' very badly, but with great personal enjoyment. Round that hospitable fire every one seemed at ease and happy. By ten o'clock all were lapsing into drowsy silence, and Dick, at a word from the mender of the polo-stick, gladly followed him across the starlit *patio* to his quarters for the night. His bed was laid out on the floor of a large room; the floor was tiled, the roof had no ceiling, and the door opened directly on a narrow veranda. The whitewashed walls were decorated with pictures from illustrated papers and photographs of the mothers, sisters, and friends of the lads who shared the room. Horns, skins, and a medley of whips and articles of wearing apparel were hung up with little idea of order. It was bare enough, but to Dick it was luxurious; and he turned in with a grunt of satisfaction between clean sheets, and was soon enjoying dreamless slumber.



THE ADVANTAGES OF A TRADE.

By MEM. SAN. INST.



WHAT are we to do with our boys? This often meets one as a headline, and is more frequently asked, in all seriousness and earnestness, by the paterfamilias who has his quiver full of them. The writer has been asked

for advice on this point many times, and has almost invariably replied, 'Put them to a trade.' 'What trade?' is the next query. Well, choose one of the building trades, or the engine-fitting; make him a smith, a coach-builder, or cabinet-maker; but let it be a trade which is in universal demand, and one which offers unlimited scope for the exercise of the inventive and constructive faculties.

I purpose adducing, briefly, some of the arguments I have used, and which have on several occasions proved successful; not because I am egotistical enough to believe that the arguments will be convincing in every case, but because I think it will perhaps give birth to a few fresh ideas, and start a new train of thought in some of those who have sons just leaving school.

I am aware that the principal opponent of the suggestion I make is Mamma. She thinks Willie is hardly strong enough for that heavy work, and besides, she would not like to see him wearing a workman's apron; while Johnny is so clever, and so superior, you know, that the least we can do is to article him to a profession or 'put him in an office.' Moreover, 'my family think a trade is somewhat low.'

Well, let us consider the respective merits of a profession and of a trade in the case of a robust, healthy lad, with a good education, carefully trained, and the happy possessor of a good constitution. I take it that the principal considerations in choosing a trade or profession are: (1) The initial cost of becoming proficient in the trade or profession; (2) After he has become proficient, which is the best calculated to provide him with the means of obtaining a livelihood, with the prospect of a competency in his old age, without further recourse to the paternal purse? and (3) Which offers the fullest scope for the development and exercise of his energy and ability? I assume, of course, that the same application, perseverance, and assiduity that would be needful to pass the examinations in most professions would be applied in the acquisition of a trade. Do not think that I wish to disparage for a moment any honest profession or business whatever, believing as I do that, whatever a man's occupation may be, if he gives his best efforts to it and becomes proficient, it redounds to his own credit and is a benefit to the community.

We will suppose that, perhaps owing to his

anatomical studies of the cat, or his peculiar juvenile precocity, it is decided to make our fifteen-year-old hope either a doctor or a solicitor. His education, studies, articles, coaching, examinations, and maintenance up to the time he is qualified to start in practice will cost, roughly, £700. Giving the wheel of time a spin, behold him now a fully-fledged professional man, with, in most cases, one of three things before him—namely, to take an appointment as an assistant or as a managing clerk, to purchase a practice or partnership, or to commence business on his own account. If he chooses the first, he is as a rule bound so that he cannot commence business at any time in that district; if the second, it means a further drain on his own or his parents' capital. We will assume that he takes the third course. Now, one of the points I wish to emphasise is that his success then depends not so much on his own energy and ability as on chance and his connection. If he has to work up the latter, and competition is keen—and where is it not keen?—then he has again to live on his capital for some length of time. 'To err is human;' and—unless, like the worthy alderman, he has learnt to tread the narrow path which lies between right and wrong—a very slight slip from the straight and narrow path is sufficient to deprive him of the means of livelihood, and to scatter to the winds the result of years of effort and the expenditure of much money.

This is not a fancy picture, for more than one case occurs to my mind as I write. Imagine the position of a man so situated, perhaps with others dependent on him! If he succeeds, and avoids all shoals and quicksands, he has to be very kind to the susceptibilities and idiosyncrasies of his patrons, and it is long before he can feel independent in the fullest sense of the word. He is also practically tied to one district for the rest of his life.

Assume, on the other hand, that it is decided to apprentice the boy to a trade—take, for example, that of a joiner. The premium in some cases will probably be twenty-five pounds, the term five years. During this period he will be paid an average wage of nine shillings per week. A sufficient outfit of tools would not cost more than ten pounds. The financial position would be something like this:

Premium.....	£25 0 0
Tools.....	10 0 0
Maintenance and clothing for five years at 15s. per week.....	£195 0 0
Less—wages, 9s. per week...	117 0 0
	78 0 0
	£113 0 0

At the end of his apprenticeship he would

probably earn thirty-five shillings per week. Now review his position, and look for a moment at the prospect before him. He has acquired the best of fortunes, a potentiality to obtain wealth and power of which he can never be deprived by the act of man, in the well-trained eye and hand, and the power to make and produce something useful—may, indispensable. In any quarter of the globe he can earn his livelihood. He is asked for no credentials beyond his ability. With steadiness, perseverance, and energy (mark you, all qualifications under his own control), he can rise to wealth and influence. He is independent in the best sense of the word; and I affirm that a better fortune cannot be bequeathed by a father to a son. All the best traits of character are brought out and developed, and the lad has become one of those men who have done so much to make and maintain the prestige of this country as a manufacturing and trading nation.

As Napoleon once said every private soldier of the Empire carried in his knapsack a Field-Marshal's baton, so it may be said that every lad with a trade on his hands has the power of becoming a manufacturer, employer, and of possibly obtaining a niche in the Temple of Fame. Many names come to mind in support of this statement. Choosing a few as examples, not so much on account of the wealth some of them amassed as for the good they conferred on the community, we have Brindley, who commenced life as a wheelwright; Smeaton and Watt, mathematical instrument makers; Henry Bell, a stone-mason and millwright; Rennie, a millwright; Telford, a stone-mason; Maudsley, a smith; and Bramah, a joiner. Men still living—many of whose names will occur to the reader—are omitted for obvious reasons.

Let us consider in detail the routine through which a lad passes, and the experience he acquires in any one trade. As we took that of a joiner before, suppose we do so again. I should like to remark here, that it is generally best to apprentice a boy to a comparatively small firm. The advantages are that he is more directly under the notice and control of the master, who, if the boy proves himself worthy, finds it to his own advantage to bring him on as rapidly as possible, and can besides give him an insight into the office-work. Again, in a small concern he obtains a knowledge of every branch of work, while in a large firm there is a tendency to specialise, and the apprentice might be kept during the whole of his term at one class of work only. In a small shop he would learn not only to make all kinds of woodwork, but how to fix it, and this would bring him into contact with the other branches of the building trade; while in a large establishment he would very likely be always employed at the bench, making doors, sashes, perhaps staircases, but not obtaining the same general knowledge as in the other case.

To return. He acquires habits of obedience, discipline, and concentration of effort. Fixed hours have to be adhered to, and during working hours all our young friend's attention is needed for the work in hand. In a good shop conversation is not permitted, and under a good and firm foreman some tangible and effective work has to be produced. Following this comes gradually self-reliance and confidence in himself, with a desire to become more expert; and, once the desire for knowledge and proficiency is awakened, his work becomes a pleasure, and he is on the high-road to success. Another faculty brought out and developed is that of invention. I do not mean prevarication or perversion of the truth. A man applying for employment once told the employer that, among his other virtues, he had never made a mistake. 'Oh!' said the latter, 'you will not suit me. I should be afraid that if you made a mistake you would not know how to rectify it.' There was much common-sense in that remark, as well as in the proverb that the man who never made a mistake never made anything. The unexpected always happens; difficulties arise that have to be surmounted, and mistakes are made which have to be remedied, not by beginning again *de novo*, but by an intelligent adaptation of the materials to hand, and by arriving at the prearranged goal by a slightly different road. One job is, perhaps, to put in a new shop-front, where much shoring and bracing has to be done; another to make and fix a staircase in an old house; a third to build a conservatory; and so on, every fresh piece of work demanding the exercise of different faculties and enriching our friend with new ideas and experiences. The same remarks apply to other trades.

Now, without overstraining the point or exaggerating, how should matters stand at the end of five years' apprenticeship? The callow youth has become a man in the fullest sense of the word, who,

With self-dependent power, can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

We assume that he has studied at the technical school in the evenings, or has taught himself drawing and geometry, and kept up his arithmetic. If he has a social fall, like a cat he will land on his feet; he can obtain his living anywhere. The consciousness of this gives him the true dignity of manhood. There is no need for him to act the part of a sycophant, a tool, or a time-server. If he commences business on his own account, he has the same chance of success as other men; if he fails, he is no worse off than when he commenced. During many years' experience of the building trade, I have never known a really capable artisan idle owing to the want of employment.

How different the above prospect to that of

the object of a parent's false pride! Placed, perhaps, in an office or a warehouse as a clerk, apprehensive of his employer's changing moods, his sphere and prospects limited, utterly in his employer's power, because he cannot obtain another situation without his good word; a moment's yielding to temptation, a slight step from the straight and narrow path, and then a headlong fall, without the power of recovery.

Another advantage of having a trade is that if the young man chooses any other walk of life at the end of his apprenticeship, he always has his trade to fall back upon if necessary. Thus he can afford to be more enterprising, speculative if you like, than his brother who has no trade.

In a society such as ours many professions, trades, and occupations are necessary, and my object in writing this paper is, as I said before, not to disparage any, but to bring before parents some of the advantages of a good trade, and to advocate this as a means of giving a lad a good start in life, with a moderate outlay; of making his success depend on his own energy and efforts, instead of on the favour of others, and of giving him an opportunity of becoming an independent man and a useful and productive citizen, who in his own small way, and humble or perhaps illustrious sphere, will probably do something toward leaving the world a little better than he found it.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

CHAPTER XVIII.



UNCTUAL almost to the minute, nine o'clock on the following day found Browne exchanging greetings with the *concierge* at the foot of the stairs, who by this time had come to know his face intimately.

The latter informed him that Mademoiselle Petrovitch was at home, but that Madame Bernstein had gone out some few minutes before. Browne congratulated himself upon the latter fact, and ran upstairs three steps at a time. Within four minutes from entering the building Katherine was in his arms.

'Are you pleased to see me again, darling?' he inquired after the first excitement of their meeting had passed away.

'More pleased than I can tell you,' she answered; and as she spoke even Browne could see the love-light in her eyes. 'Ever since your telegram arrived yesterday I have been counting the minutes until I should see you. It seems like years since you went away, and such long years, too.'

What Browne said in reply to this pretty speech it does not behove me to set down here. Whatever it was, however, it seemed to give great satisfaction to the person to whom it was addressed. At length they sat down together upon the sofa, and Browne told her of the arrangements he had made. 'I did not write to you about them, dear,' he said, 'for the reason that in a case like this the less that is put on paper the better for all parties concerned. Letters may go astray, and there is no knowing what may happen to them. For this reason I thought I would keep all my news until I could tell it to you face to face. Are you ready for your long journey?'

'Yes, we are quite ready,' said Katherine. 'We only wait for you. Madame has been very busy for the last few days, and so have I.' She men-

tioned madame's name with some little trepidation, for she feared lest the old subject, which had caused them both so much pain on the last occasion that they had met, might be revived. Browne, however, was careful, as she was, not to broach it.

'And when will your yacht leave England?' she inquired after he had detailed his arrangements to her.

'On Monday next at latest,' he answered. 'We shall not be very far behind you.'

'Nevertheless it will be a long, long time before I shall see you again,' she continued in a sad tone. 'Oh Jack, Jack, I cannot tell you how wicked I feel in allowing you to do so much for me. Even now, at this late hour, I feel I have no right to accept such a sacrifice at your hands.'

'Stop,' he replied, holding up his finger in warning. 'I thought we had agreed that nothing more should be said about it.'

At this juncture there was a sound of a footstep in the passage outside, and a few seconds later Madame Bernstein entered the room. On seeing Browne she hastened forward and greeted him with all the effusiveness of which she was mistress. 'Ah, Monsieur Browne,' she said, 'now that I see you my courage returns. As Katherine has doubtless told you, everything is prepared, and we are ready to start for Marseilles as soon as you give the order. Katherine is looking forward to the voyage; but as for me— Ah! I do hate the sea more than anything in the world. That nasty little strip of salt water which divides England from France is a continual nightmare to me, and I never cross it without hoping it may be the last time.'

Browne tried to comfort her by telling her of the size of the vessel in which they were to travel, and assured her that, even if she should be ill, by the time they were out of the Mediter-

mean she would have recovered. Seeing that no other consolation was forthcoming, madame was compelled to be content with this poor comfort.

Though Browne had already breakfasted in the solid, substantial English fashion, he was only too glad to persuade Madame Bernstein and his sweetheart to partake of *déjeuner* at one of the famous *cafés* on the Boulevards. After the meal madame returned to the Rue Jacquarie in order to finish a little packing which she had left to the last moment; while Browne, who had been looking forward to this opportunity, assumed possession of Katherine, and carried her to one of the large shops in the Rue de la Paix, where he purchased for her the best dressing-bag ever obtained for love or money; to which he added a set of sables that would even have turned Russian royalty green with envy. Never had his money seemed so useful to Browne. These commissions executed, they returned to the Rue Jacquarie, where they found Madame Bernstein ready for the road. The express was due to leave Paris for Marseilles at 2.15 p.m. Twenty minutes before that hour a cab drove up to the door, and in it Browne placed Madame Bernstein and Katherine, following them himself. Wonderful is the power of a gift! Browne carried the bag he had given Katherine that morning down to the cab with his own hands, and, without being asked to do so, placed it on the seat beside her. He noticed that her right hand went out to take it, and held it lovingly until they reached the station, where she surrendered it to him again.

When they made their appearance on the platform an official hurried forward to meet them, and conducted them forthwith to the special saloon carriage Browne had caused to be bespoken for their use that morning. As she stepped into it Katherine gave a little grateful glance at her lover to show that she appreciated his generosity. Poor as she had always been, she found it hard to realise what his wealth meant. And yet there were many little signs to give her evidence of the fact—the obsequious railway officials; his own majestic English servant who brought them a sheaf of papers without being instructed to do so; and last, but by no means least, the very railway carriage itself, which was of the most luxurious description. On Madame Bernstein's entering the compartment she placed herself in a corner, arranged her travelling-rug, her smelling-salts, her papers, and her fan to her satisfaction; and by the time she had settled down the journey had commenced. The train was an express, and did not stop until it reached Laroche at 4.40. Here afternoon tea was procured for the ladies; while on reaching Dijon, two hours and a half later, it was discovered that an unusually luxurious dinner had been bespoken by telegraph, which was served in the second compartment of the carriage. Having done justice to it, they afterwards settled themselves down for

the night. It is a very significant fact that when Browne looks back upon that journey now, the one most important fact that strikes his memory is that Madame Bernstein fell asleep a little after eight o'clock, and remained so until they had passed Pont-neuveaux. During the time she slept Browne was able to have a little private conversation with Katherine; and whatever trouble he had taken to ensure the journey being a successful one, he was amply compensated for it. At ten o'clock the polite conductor begged permission to inform mesdames and monsieur that their sleeping apartments were prepared for them. Browne accordingly bade the ladies good-night.

As the young man lay in his sleeping compartment that night, and the train made its way across France towards its most important seaport, Browne's dreams were of many things. At one moment he was back in the Opera-House at Covent Garden, listening to *Lohengrin*, and watching Katherine's face as each successive singer appeared upon the stage. Then, as if by magic, the scene changed, and he was on the windy mountain-side at Merok, and Katherine was looking up at him from her place of deadly peril a few feet below. He reached down and tried to save her, but it appeared to be only a question of length of arm, and his was a foot too short. 'Pray allow me to help you,' said Maas; and, being only too grateful for any assistance, Browne permitted him to do so. They accordingly caught her by the hands and began to pull. Then suddenly, without any warning, Maas struck him a terrible blow upon the head; both holds were instantly loosed, and Katherine was in the act of falling over the precipice when Browne awoke. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and, under the influence of this fright, he trembled as he did not remember ever to have done in his life before. For upwards of an hour he lay awake, listening to the rhythm of the wheels and the thousand and one noises that a train makes at night. Then once more he fell asleep, and, as before, dreamt of Katherine. Equally strange was it that on this occasion also Maas was destined to prove his adversary. They were in Japan now, and the scene was a garden in which the *Wistaria* bloomed luxuriously. Katherine was standing on a rustic bridge looking down into the water below, and Maas was beside her. Suddenly the bridge gave way, and the girl was precipitated into the water. Though she was drowning, he noticed that Maas did nothing to help her, but stood upon what remained of the bridge and taunted her with the knowledge that if she were drowned her mission to the East would be useless. After this no further sleep was possible. At break of day he accordingly rose and dressed himself. They were passing through the little town of Saint-Chamas at the time. It was a lovely morning;

not a cloud in the sky, and all the air and country redolent of life and beauty. It was a day upon which a man might be thankful for the right to live and love. Yet Browne was sad at heart. Was he not about to part from the woman he loved for nearly two whole months? Brave though he was in most things, it must be confessed he feared that separation as a confirmed coward fears a blow. But still the train flew remorselessly on, bringing them every moment nearer and nearer their destination.

When they reached it they drove direct to a hotel. Here they breakfasted, and afterwards made their way to the steamer. Browne's heart was sinking lower and lower, for never before had Katherine seemed so sweet and so desirable. Once on board the vessel they called a steward to their assistance, and the two ladies were shown to their cabins. As they afterwards found out, they were the best that Browne could secure, were situated amidships, and were really intended each to accommodate four passengers. While they were examining them Browne hunted out the chief steward, and the stewards who would be likely to wait upon his friends. These he rewarded in such a way that if the men only acted up to their protestations the remainder of the passengers would have very good cause to complain. Having finished this work of bribery and corruption, he went in search of them, only to be informed by the stewardess that the ladies had left their cabins and had gone on deck. He accordingly made his way up the companion-ladder, and found them standing beside the smoking-room entrance.

'I hope you found your cabins comfortable,' he said. 'I have just seen the chief steward, and he has promised that everything possible shall be done to make you enjoy your voyage.'

'How good you are!' said Katherine in a low voice and with a little squeeze of his hand; while madame protested that if it were possible for anything to reconcile her to the sea it would be Monsieur Browne's kindness. Then the warning whistle sounded for non-passengers to leave the ship. Madame Bernstein took the hint, and, having bade him good-bye, made her way along the deck towards the companion-ladder, leaving the lovers together. Katherine's eyes had filled with tears, and she had grown visibly paler. Now that the time had come for parting with the man she loved, she had discovered how much he was to her.

'Katherine,' said Browne in a voice that was hoarse with suppressed emotion, 'do you know now how much I love you?'

'You love me more than I deserve,' she said. 'I shall never be able to repay you for all you have done for me.'

'I want no repayment but your love,' he answered.

'Si vous n'êtes pas un voyageur, m'sieu, ayez l'obligeance de débarquer,' said a gruff voice in his ear.

Seeing that there was nothing left but to say good-bye, Browne kissed Katherine, and, unable to bear any more, made for the gangway. Five minutes later the great ship was under way, and Katherine had embarked upon her voyage to the East.

RAILWAY ENTERPRISES IN CHINA.

By BENJAMIN TAYLOR, F.R.G.S.



THE scramble for railway concessions in China has of late succeeded the scramble among European nations for territory in Africa. In the commercial partition of the Flowery Land all have been eager to obtain a share—so eager, in fact, that some concessions have been fought for and won that will never be heard of more. Rightly or wrongly, we have all come to think that the awakening of China which the Marquis Tseng predicted some years ago has already begun, and that Britons must 'look alive' ere she is done rubbing her eyes. We are probably expecting too much, both as to the proximity of the uprising and the immediate probable consequences of it. Yet, with such an immense field for industrial development as the Chinese Empire presents, it is natural that expectation should be exuberant. The great Yang-tse-kiang itself, of which so much has been heard in diplomatic circles, drains an area of six hundred thousand square miles, peopled by the most industrious and

naturally commercial people under the sun. There is in this basin a population of one hundred and eighty millions, at present carrying on trade (in so far as recorded) to the extent of about thirty million pounds sterling per annum; and Mr Archibald Little, who knows this region so well, predicts that the annual value will become three hundred millions sterling. It is no wonder that the teeth of the man of commerce water at statements and estimates such as these. It is no wonder that the railway contractor, the engineer, and the railmaker glow with anticipation when reminded that, while Europe has a mile of railway for every two thousand four hundred inhabitants, China has yet not even a mile for every million of her inhabitants. Undoubtedly there is a tremendous amount of business to be done in supplying China with railways, if and when she really wants them.

It is doubtful if the prospects of railway-making in China would be so attractive were it not for the rich deposits of coal possessed by the

empire. Coal is said to have been found in every province; and there are good reasons for believing that, in the more or less dim and distant future, China may be the greatest coal-producing country in the world. In Shan-si, in the north of China, is a continuous field, thirteen thousand five hundred miles in area, of anthracite coal, said to be equal to the best Pennsylvanian, in seams up to forty feet, and nowhere less than fifteen feet, in thickness. In the same province is also a rich bituminous deposit. The south-eastern part of the province of Hû-nan was reported by Richthofen to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce to be 'one great coalfield' of twenty-one thousand seven hundred square miles in extent. Some of the most important of the recent railway concessions have reference to coalfields, though it may be stated that some of the mines are well situated for water-carriage. The coal deposits of Sze-ehnen have been frequently referred to by travellers, and Mrs Bishop found an enormous coal traffic on the Kialing River. All the mines of the interior have been until now worked in a primitive slipshod fashion by the Chinese themselves. At Kaiping, however, in the province of Pe-chi-li, the mines have for some time past been worked under European management, in connection with a railway to the seaboard; and from the Fangshan-hsien mines Peking is supplied with coal.

Near to the coal-seam of Shan-si are large deposits of iron ore, which the Chinese have hitherto smelted by native methods. This primitively conducted industry is already of great extent. To what extent it may grow, with railway connection and European technical skill, who can say? In several other parts of China coal and iron ore are found in close proximity.

China is better supplied with waterways, both natural and artificial, than any other country in the world, except, perhaps, Holland; but away from these waterways the cost of transport is enormous, notwithstanding the cheapness of labour. It amounts, according to Mr A. R. Colquhoun, to as much as a shilling per ton per mile in some cases. Coal, it is said, costs sometimes two shillings per ton per mile from the mines to the nearest towns not in communication by water. Now, in Great Britain we send coal from mine to market at a cost of from a halfpenny to a penny per ton per mile, and in the United States the cost of carriage is as low as a farthing per ton per mile. A comparison of these figures gives some idea of the extent of the economic revolution which railways may effect in China. Water-carriage compares favourably in point of cost with other countries; but even water-carriage may be made cheaper still by the introduction of light-draught steamers in shallow waters, at present only navigated by laboriously worked junks. Mr Archibald Little has indicated very clearly what a scope there is for steam navigation on the upper Yangtse through the famous gorges.

The belief seems to be pretty general that the industrial development of China depends on the extension of railways. But the growth of a railway system in that land of magnificent distances and stupendous prejudices must be very slow. It may not be generally known that the first railway in China was built so long as twenty-three years ago. It was only a short one, from Shanghai to Wusung, and it had only a short career; for, whilst the rails were laid in 1876, they were torn up by the authorities in the following year, in deference, it was said, to the superstitions of the people. But the people eagerly used this railway as long as it was open, and the rails, when torn up, instead of being sacrificed to the outraged Earth-spirit, were quietly deported to Formosa, and there utilised by a high Chinese official for a colliery railway. The next line built in China proper was also in connection with collieries—namely, from the Kaiping mines (in which Li Hung Chang is largely interested) to the sea-coast, and then to the forts at Taku, on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. This was the beginning of the existing Chinese railway system, such as it is. There is one line from Tien-tsin to Kaiping, and thence to Shanhaikwan in Manchuria, and another of about seventy-five miles from Tien-tsin to Peking, which last was opened in 1897.

We are indebted to Major Tate for the following description of the Tien-tsin-Peking line:

We left Tien-tsin at 11.30 A.M. in the mail-train for Peking. To this train, and to that which starts from the Peking terminus at the same hour for Tien-tsin, there is attached a carriage known as the Postal or Customs-house car. It is run entirely by the Customs Department, at the head of which is Sir Robert Hart, and Chinese passengers are not admitted into it. An official of the Customs Department accompanies each car, issues and collects the tickets, and looks after the luggage. The fare charged is double first class. The ordinary first-class carriages have uncushioned wooden seats only; into them are admitted only holders of first-class tickets, but not infrequently Chinese passengers who have second or even only third class tickets. The manners of these persons are uncongenial, and their presence in the carriage apt to be unpleasant. (There are *coupeés* holding up to four persons attached to each first-class carriage; and by payment of one extra first-class fare these *coupeés* can be reserved. I never, however, found it necessary to take one.) In addition to this, as the train is on the corridor principle, Chinese passengers of all classes are continually using the first-class compartments as thoroughfares. The Chinese railway officials exercise no authority or supervision in these matters. Hence the necessity for some conveyance on the line in which Europeans can be secure from these unpleasantnesses. To have carriages on an Imperial Chinese Railway to which Chinese were not admitted was a difficulty. The Post-office Branch of the Imperial Customs Department solved it by obtaining the right to run on each mail-train a car of its own, and to that car the Chinese authorities think fit to admit Europeans only. The distance from Tien-tsin to Machiapu, the terminus for Peking, is about eighty miles. The mail-train covers this in four hours. On 28th March the train was quite punctual; when we returned on the 31st

March it started nearly an hour late, and was proportionately late in reaching Tien-tsin. The trains on Chinese railways cannot as yet be relied on to run up to time.

This remark, however, may be applied to railways not a hundred miles from our own homes. The terminus at Machiapu is about four miles from Peking. A concession to construct an electric tramway from Machiapu to the capital has recently been granted to a German contractor.

After railway communication was established a year and a half ago between Peking and the coast, the next step was to establish communication with the interior. A line has already been constructed southward from Peking as far as Paoting, which it is proposed to carry right through the heart of China to Hankow on the Yang-tse River, with a branch to the mines of Fangshan-hsien, on which the capital depends for fuel. This line is in course of construction by a Belgian company, which is said to be backed by Russian capital; and a glance at the map will show how important it will be, not only as a link between these two great cities, but also as a commercial highway tapping the busiest waterway of the country. At the present rate of progress, however, it will be many, many years before it is completed. A fourth line has been recently opened between a place called Tientsanpu in the province of Hupeh to a point on the Yang-tse, some seventy miles below Hankow. This line was built by the Viceroy in order to bring forward iron ore from the iron-mines in Hupeh to the ironworks which he has erected at Hanyang, at which it is said a prosperous and growing industry is now being carried on. Then in August last a new line was opened between Shanghai and Wusung, to replace that destroyed in 1877—so slowly do things move in China.

These lines, then, constitute the present railway system of China. They form the nucleus of a scheme of vast designs which a succession of concession-hunters have put forward. These designs are all more or less part of a general scheme for the railroading of China put forward by Dr Kreitner a few years ago. This scheme began with a connection of the Russian railway system with China—a connection now to be effected, under the Russo-Chinese agreement, by means of the Trans-Manchurian line in course of construction, and to be completed by the middle of 1903. The construction of the much-talked-of line between Shanhaikwan (the present terminus of the Kuiping railway) and Newchwang has, however, been allotted to British capitalists, represented by the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank; but the line is to be owned by the Chinese Government, and the Russians at first made difficulties as to the control and conditions of management, but their protest was afterwards withdrawn. These lines will connect with Kreitner's projected North China Railway, of which the present line from Peking to Paoting may be considered the first portion.

Another line forming a part of this system is to be constructed by an Anglo-Italian company, which has obtained the right to work the coal and other minerals in Shan-si, in order to bring the mineral down to Pe-chi-li.

One of Kreitner's plans, for a line from Peking to Shanghai, crossing the Yang-tse River near Chinking by means of a train-ferry, with a branch connecting with the coal-mines in Shantung, has now taken a modified form under what is known as the Anglo-German agreement. Under this arrangement a railway is to be constructed by Germans and Britons jointly—the Germans to have the management as far as the southern frontier of Shantung, in which province they hold concessions, and the remainder to be under British management, ultimately as far as Canton. Dr Kreitner also planned a South China railway system, starting from Canton to Fushan, Samshui, Woohow, and thence westward towards Yunnan, with connecting lines in the valleys of the Yang-tse-kiang and Si-kiang. An American company has obtained a concession for, at any rate, a portion of this great scheme, which is said to present a great many engineering difficulties; and a French company has obtained a concession to build a railway from Pakhoi to Nanning, and thus to reach the valley of the Si-kiang (or West River) from the south. Dr Kreitner also sketched a route for a railway from the treaty-port of Foochow on the coast to the treaty-port of Kiu-kiang on the Yang-tse, to serve the tea and tobacco districts; but we are not aware that anything is yet being done to carry out this idea. Farther south, however, preparations are being made to connect the new British protectorate of Kaulung (Kowloon, opposite Hong-kong) by railway with Canton.

There are other two projects for connecting the Chinese railway system of the future with the outer world. The French have obtained permission to build a line from Loakai on the Red River (Tongking) to the capital of the province of Yunnan; but some people say this line will never be built by the French, as the effect of it would be to divert traffic to the West River which at present finds an outlet in Tongking. The other is the long-talked-of Burma-Chinese railway, with which the names of Mr A. R. Colquhoun and Mr Holt Hallett are associated. Various routes for this line have been proposed, and experts differ considerably as to the engineering difficulties to be encountered; but any line which can be constructed to bring the railways of Burma into touch with those of China will, of course, bring the Indian and Chinese Empires into close daily communication, with large benefit to each. The Russians are busily engaged in building a railway between Newchwang (Niu-chwang) and the ports of Port Arthur and Talienwan, of which ports they hold a 'lease' from the Chinese Government.

Several other concessions have been reported as having been obtained by foreigners for the construction of railways in China. Some of these are more than doubtful, and others will never be heard of again; so we have confined attention to those projects which have actually reached, or seem about to reach, the region of practical business. But certainly not the least important of the enterprises for the industrial development of China is that in which Mr Pritchard Morgan has taken a prominent part. This has now reached the length of a formal contract, which has been concluded between British capitalists and the Commissioner of Mines in Sze-chuen, for the working of the coal, iron, and petroleum in that province, on payment of a royalty of five per cent. to the Government. Sze-chuen is said to be the richest mineral-bearing and industrial province in China.

In conclusion, it may be pointed out that although our Western ideas of progress and prosperity, by which we mean civilisation, are bound up with railways and telegraphs, those of Eastern peoples are not. It would be rash, therefore, to jump to the conclusion that the teeming millions of the Chinese Empire are panting for the advent of the iron horse to rescue them from the stagnation

of ages. The Chinese people are not unprosperous, and are fairly content with their own condition. It is a fallacy to assume that the race is degenerate because the Government is weak and the country is old. A civilisation which has lasted for over two thousand years can hardly be considered rotten, however inferior we may regard it to our own. The Chinese are both an industrious and an industrial people, who have managed to thrive all these centuries without railways. Two things have prevented this busy people from having hitherto felt any pressing need for the railway. One is the peculiar self-containedness of their industry, which limits the interchange of products between different parts of the Empire; the other is the extensive system of inland communication afforded by rivers, streams, and canals.

We cannot cover China with a network of railways unless the people want them and will use them; therefore the work of railway building will have to be cautious, and the process of constructing a Chinese railway system must necessarily be slow. Besides, foreign capitalists will be rash indeed to pour millions into the remote interior of China until they have more assurance that their property will be safeguarded than the present Government seems able to give.

HIGHLAWS.



It was an evening in October, clear and chilly. Up here in the hills the shadows looked black in the cold starlight; and the lamplight shining through the uncurtained windows of Highlaws farm took an additional tinge of flame-colour, in contrast with the gray-blue of the atmosphere without.

The stillness which lay over the hillside was broken by a heavy footfall on the dry ground, as James Drummond, head-shepherd at the farm, came up the flagged path leading to the house-door, and, after a moment's hesitation, entered. The flood of crimson-and-gold light which was released as the door opened wavered uncertainly for an instant, and then buried itself in the darkness beyond. The man's figure showed itself, a black outline against the vivid background framed by the door-posts, and then the door closed and the starlight reasserted itself.

In the glow of the farm kitchen Drummond stood almost dazzled by the sudden change, and the well-known voice of the farmer's wife bade him welcome. David Inglis, the farmer at Highlaws, was sitting by his own hearth, his head bent, and his whole air betokening deep depression. The fifty years which had passed over his head sat but lightly on him; 'his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural strength abated;' and the sturdy north-countryman had been well able to meet

with a brave heart the trials of life, and to hold up his head amongst his fellows. But a trouble had come upon him, so unexpected and so crushing that all gladness and all possibility of hope seemed gone from his life. It was on this day that David Inglis had made his usual journey to the estate steward's office for the purpose of paying his rent.

For five generations he and his ancestors had been tenants on the same farm, and had grown to look on the place as almost their own. The ten years' lease by which the farm was held had been hitherto renewed, as a matter of course, at the end of each decade. One of these periods was drawing to an end, and Inglis had intended on that day to make a formal application for renewal. But after his rent had been duly paid, the steward, Mr Kilburn, had told him, as gently as he could, that in six months' time he would be required to vacate the farm of Highlaws. Inglis was at first incredulous, then, when he fully understood, stunned by the blow. He hardly listened to the steward's kind explanations and offer of any other farm on the estates which should be to let, and which Inglis might desire.

When the poor man at last grasped that he was really to leave his farm, he begged to know what possible reason there could be for turning him out after so many years of tenancy. Kilburn made him sit down, and told him the facts as clearly as

he could. Highlaws was, he said, as Inglis of course knew, near the best grouse-shooting on the estate, and the new owner, looking about for a spot on which to build a shooting-lodge, had settled upon it, as affording the best situation. In fact, he intended to alter and add to the farm-house, and live there for a month or two in the shooting season.

'But did you tell him, sir,' gasped Inglis, 'that my great-grandfather had the farm, and it will most like kill me to leave it?'

'I said all I could in your favour,' replied the steward. 'You see, Captain Forrester has spent most of his life in India; and it seems, also, that his wife took a fancy to Highlaws, and thought it beautiful, and he refuses her nothing.'

The old farmer sighed deeply. 'I'll have to tell my wife,' he said simply.

'You must not think,' added Mr Kilburn, 'that Captain Forrester is not unwilling to turn you out. He told me to treat you most liberally, and to find you another farm, so that you might remain on the estate.'

'Thank you, sir; but I don't know that I'll be wanting that. I'll have to go in May, I'm thinking.'

'Yes, Inglis; and I need not tell you how sorry I am about this. If I can do anything, don't hesitate to come to me.'

'You are very kind, sir. I will be getting home now,' and David Inglis left the office with a dazed expression on his usually calm face, and returned to his home in a trance of pain and despair. His wife was much alarmed by his appearance on his arrival, and the news which he brought soon threw the whole household into consternation.

Margaret Inglis, a strong and brave woman, although perhaps understanding best of all what these tidings meant, at once determined to try to avoid bitter feelings, and support her family under this trial. Her son, David, a lad of eighteen, and destined to succeed his father in the farm, seemed overcome by the news, and at once quitted the house, followed by all the sheep-dogs, to face his trouble alone on the hillside. But Lovice, the only daughter, and her mother's darling, did not exhibit the maternal fortitude under affliction. When she fully understood what had happened, and saw that there was no redress, she burst into tears, and her sobs echoed through the quiet room.

'Hush, hush, dearie!' said Mrs Inglis softly.

'Oh, it is a shame!—a sin and a shame!' cried the passionate girl—to turn us out of our own home. They ought not to be allowed to do it. It's real wicked; it is!—'

'Lovice, my girl, don't say that. The Captain can do what he likes with his own;' and Margaret's voice trembled.

'But does he know, mother? Lady Alice has a sweet face. I'm sure she would never let him

do it.' The last words were whispered with some hope.

'It was Lady Alice herself who chose this house for the shooting-lodge. It is very hard, my dear; but it's not for us to kick against the pricks. We must e'en go when we get notice,' returned the mother, laying a fond hand on Lovice's shoulder.

The daughter laid her head down on the table and cried afresh; and Mrs Inglis was regarding her with some anxiety, and more pity, when James Drummond's entrance startled them both. The shepherd came forward slowly; he had heard the news in the farm-yard; and although his manner was diffident, his face was very sad.

'You'll be to seek another place, James,' said the farmer, rousing himself, and speaking with some bitterness. 'There'll be no more work for you here.'

James Drummond raised his eyes from Lovice's bowed head, and turned them slowly on his master.

'I'm real sorry,' he said. 'The Captain will not know what he's doing this day, turning away old tenants.'

'We're not just turned away,' put in Mrs Inglis quickly. 'We'll get any other farm that's to get; and there's more than one in the low country, but they'll never be like Highlaws.'

'Don't talk of low-country farms, Margaret,' cried her husband. 'Me, that was born and bred in the hills, to live down there among the trees—with little bits of half-acre fields—shut away from the grand air off the moors, and never able to go out without knocking my head against another man's house wall.'

'No, no, David; don't take on so,' said Margaret, tears coming into her brave eyes; 'we'll be happy still, whatever comes.'

But David Inglis sank back in his chair and covered his face with his trembling hands. His wife did not disturb him, but she moved to the door, and stood looking out into the night, listening for the return of her son.

Meanwhile Drummond approached the spot where the lamplight shone on Lovice's golden head. She did not move as he came near, but her sobs ceased somewhat. After some moments he spoke quietly.

'Lovice,' he said, 'you're in sore grief to-night; but things will mend. There's many another place besides Highlaws that you'll be happy in yet.'

Ungrateful for these comforting words, Lovice raised her head and confronted the startled shepherd with burning indignation on her tear-stained face.

'And do you think, James Drummond,' she cried, 'that I'll be thinking of enjoying myself when my father has been turned out of house and home, all for a lady's whim? No; I care not where we go, I'll never be happy but at Highlaws;' and the sobs broke out afresh.

'There's many a worse thing been done for a lady's whim, Lovice,' returned James musingly; 'and it's of your parents you should be thinking, not siking crying. They'll be looking to you now,' he added more gently.

Lovice did not answer, but, rising, followed her mother to the house-door. There they were joined by Drummond, after a fruitless effort to gain the farmer's attention.

Mrs Inglis was gazing out into the night with her hand on her daughter's arm; and as the shepherd came near she faced round and said quickly, 'Will you just look if you can see David on the hill? I doubt he's somewhere with the dogs, poor lad.'

Receiving an affirmative reply, she turned back into the house, leaving her daughter still leaning on the door-post. Drummond looked at the girl in silence, pity and regret in his kind eyes; then, seeing that she took no notice of him, with a quiet good-night he moved away.

The moon had risen since he had entered the farm-house, and her pale light flooded the valley. White fleecy clouds chased each other across the blue-black sky, and a low wind was moaning in the distance. The shepherd gazed at the Queen of Heaven, murmuring to himself meanwhile:

'As soon as evening shades prevail
The moon takes up her wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.'

'Ah, well! we do need light from above, that's sure,' said Drummond to himself; 'and the world would be a dark place without it. But I must look for the lad; he'll be sorrowing alone.' And as he walked over the grassy knolls, whistling softly in the hope of thereby attracting the attention of the dogs, the calm beauty of the night passed into his soul, and soothed his spirit with thoughts of peace and hope.

A year later the quaint farm-house of Highlows was being rapidly transformed into a comfortable shooting-lodge, and the hills were still grazed by numerous flocks of sheep, the property of Captain Forrester, and under the charge of his head-shepherd, James Drummond. David Inglis had not been obliged to go into that dreaded low country. His wife's brother, the tenant of a hill-farm on the same estate, had died suddenly the winter before, and the desolate widow, alone and in failing health, had begged her brother-in-law to come to her house and direct her affairs. And David Inglis had gone, being strongly urged to do so by Mr Kilburn, who thought this a good way out of the difficulty. He had been most liberally treated on leaving Highlows, and was beginning to think that he could not do better than take the Green Knowe Farm off his sister's hands. The wrench of being forced to leave his home had made a visible change in the farmer; he was greatly aged in appearance, and left things

much to David, who was growing tall and strong, and 'all he should be,' according to his mother.

That same mother always said that *she* had no time for complaining, she had so much else to do. Indeed, in her inmost soul was hidden deep thankfulness that the shock had not killed her husband, as at one time she had feared it might. 'All things,' she often said, had 'worked together for good;' and though Green Knowe was not their own old home, it was a fine bit, and they might there live with a contented mind, and that, they knew, was a continual feast.

But in Lovice's heart, although outwardly she showed no bitterness, there were still angry thoughts of the unconscious Lady Alice. She could never be brought to see that her father had been justly treated. The longing for her former home was still strong upon her, and Green Knowe was a land of exile. The many duties which devolved upon her were always well attended to; and to outsiders she was still the same pretty and cheerful daughter of the house that she had been before the change. But those who knew her well saw an alteration. It was as if some weight lay ever upon Lovice's mind; some dark memory clouded the brightness of her spirit with a constant shadow. Her mother wondered if anything, other than the pain natural at leaving her early home, pressed on her daughter's heart. She was wise enough to refrain from questioning the girl, but watched her with some anxiety. The only other person who had made any study of Lovice's moods was James Drummond, and he did not come much to Green Knowe Farm during the first months the Inglishes spent there. But as the summer fled and the long, dark nights of winter set in, the shepherd came often to visit his former employers. As time went on his old master got accustomed to the situation, and would ask questions about the sheep and pastures in James's charge, as he had been wont to do. On one of these evenings Lovice grew impatient of her father's interest in matters which no longer concerned him; and throwing down the work she was engaged upon, she caught up a shawl, and abruptly left the house. A pained expression crossed Drummond's face as he observed Lovice's impetuous action. Mrs Inglis, noticing his discomfort, said quietly, 'Lovice is tired to-night; she works real hard. But it is cold out there.'

'Yes, it will be cold,' answered the man gratefully; 'and I'll say good-night, Mrs Inglis, for I must be getting home.'

He was, however, detained by David for some last words; and when at last he passed out into the night the figure he sought was nowhere to be seen. Slowly making his way in the direction of the field-path which led him homewards, Drummond stumbled over a dark form leaning against the gate through which he had to pass.

'Lovice, my girl,' he asked gently, 'is that you?'

No more distinct answer than a stifled sob reached him, and putting his hand on hers, he found she was icy cold. To unfold the shepherd's plaid which he wore on his shoulders, and place it round the shivering girl, was the work of a moment. Then he stood patiently beside her, waiting for her to regain self-control. The sobs became less, and Lovice raised a tear-stained face, hardly discernible in the dim light.

'You had best tell me the trouble,' said her companion; 'you'll feel better for telling somebody.'

'I can't; I'm ashamed. It's just nothing,' she whispered hurriedly, beginning to cry again.

'Then shall I tell you, Lovice?' asked the shepherd, placing a steady hand on her trembling arm. 'It is this,' he continued; 'you are bearing malice and hatred in your heart, Lovice Inglis, towards those who, not knowing it, did you harm. If you can't forgive, do you expect to be forgiven?'

'It is true, James,' answered the girl after a pause. 'I hate the Forresters for turning us out; but that is not all. Things are all so different; both the old places and—old friends.'

'Friends! But, Lovice, what friend would desert you because you were living elsewhere?' There was astonishment and some impatience in Drummond's voice.

The girl hung her head and murmured, 'But they are not so near—and'—

A bright light broke on James Drummond's mind; for an instant he contemplated his inmost heart by its brilliance, and then he spoke with some emotion.

'See here, my girl,' he said; 'you are surely not thinking that any changes in your father's affairs would alter my friendship for you. Friendship, did I say? Ay; but it's far more than friendship I feel for you, Lovice, for you know well I have loved you dearly this many a year. Oh, my dear! don't turn away; listen to me this night, anyway. Lovice, will you not come back to Highlaws with me, and forget that you ever left it? No; now, why shouldn't I put my arm round my own plaid? Whist, dearie, there's naught to cry for.'

And the stars and the sheep-dogs looked on unconcernedly at a scene of which *they* had often seen the like.

'You'll have to forgive Lady Alice now, you know,' said James presently; 'but I'm thinking you'll soon like her well.'

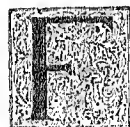
'Oh, I'm afraid I've been very wicked,' replied Lovice; but there was not much penitence in the glad voice. 'I don't feel that I hate her now, James; and it wasn't so much that she took me away from my old home as that she'—

'That she what? Tell me what she did,' insisted the lover.

'She separated me from you—that was the trouble,' confessed Lovice at last.

THE FIJIAN FIERY ORDEAL.

OUR TRIP TO BEGA (BEUG-GA).



DATE having sent me to the Fiji Islands for some years' residence, I find the manners and customs of the natives very interesting and worthy of study. It has occurred to me that I might occasionally send home to my English friends some brief records of their sayings and doings, as they come under my notice during my journeys from Suva—the capital—to different parts of this lovely country. The following is an account of an excursion I lately made, and tells of one of the old traditions of the land.

It was quite early one lovely morning last April that our small party of friends started from Suva, getting on board the *Hauroto* soon after 8 A.M. Half Suva seemed to be going, for many people who have lived here half their lives have never been over to Bega to see the 'Fire-walkers.' It is only one tribe of natives who can do this; and the legend is that once, long ago, the gods promised one of their chiefs, in return for some service rendered, that he and all his people should have this power of walking over and touching fire and not being burned.

People are always trying to find out the trick, as they say; but there is no trick and no secret. Their feet have been examined, both before and after the performance, and they show no signs of preparation.

Well, we started. The trip was not as pleasant as it might have been. Every one held a handkerchief to his nose; there were horses on board, brought down from Sydney, and the smell was awful. We went down the coast to Rewa, where the passengers changed into the *Maori*, the small inter-island steamer, and a pretty tight fit they were. We could only just find a corner to sit down in; then we began threading our way carefully through the reefs round Bega. It was awfully hot there, in the calm water under the lee of the island; and we were glad when we saw the little white coral beach we were to land at. The *Maori* got close in, and we landed in boats. The water was beautifully clear; and, looking over, one could see the bottom covered with many sorts of lovely coral. The island is thickly wooded, coco-nuts growing right down to the sea-edge. Among the trees close to the beach rose the blue smoke, showing the furnace. A

brilliantly picturesque crowd of natives was waiting to receive us, dressed in the pretty native dress: a bright *sulu* to the knees, and a short-sleeved, low-necked pinnafore, some of silk or velvet. Young palm-trees had been planted on the beach for the occasion, and the stems of these were gaily decorated with bright flowers. A temporary avenue of fern and palm leaves led us to the clearing, where, in a shallow pit, we saw a huge piled-up fire of blazing logs. This had been burning for several days, and the heat was so great that we hardly cared to go very near. We sat down under trees to wait; and the various cameras—sixteen, I think—took up their position. It was very amusing to see the natives swarming up the tall coco-nut trees and throwing down nuts for our refreshment. During this interval the centre of attraction was the chief's little son, a boy of about four years, simply shining with oil. His costume was most fascinating: yards of fine white *tappu* wound round and round his waist, and tied in a huge smart bow behind; over this a deep fringe made of dried grass, white, green, and red, and bright flowers. He was really a picture. We were beginning to feel very hungry; and though we were to have lunch on board later on, we were not sorry to join a party that was having a very orthodox lunch on the beach.

At last the proceedings began. Some men, gaily decorated with garlands of flowers, began removing the blazing logs. Some they pulled out by hitching a loop at the end of a pole over them; others they simply picked up in the most matter-of-fact way. When all the wood was removed we saw the bottom of the pit had a pile of large stones, red-hot, in it; these they now proceeded to level in a very ingenious way. About a dozen men, armed with long poles, placed these poles behind any heap of stones, a rope—the stem of a bush creeper—was passed behind the pole, a crowd of natives seized each end, and, with a sort of call, answered by a musical sort of shout and chant, they pulled the ends of the poles along, scattering the hot stones. This was done again and again till all was level and smooth. Then, to the astonishment of the natives, a Dr Hoeken, a scientific man, insisted on hanging a thermometer over the stones. One hardly needed a thermometer to prove that the heat was real; however, he had it slung across until it went up to 288 degrees and began to melt; then he was satisfied. When all was ready, suddenly from out of the bush came a file of garlanded men, who, without any hesitation, walked down and across the hot stones, back again, and round, winding in and out; then, as they walked, piles of green stuff were thrown down to them, upon which they promptly sat, and were soon almost hidden by the dense clouds of sickening smoke and steam which arose. After a time they came out, and various people looked

at their feet, without being any the wiser when they had finished. Then large bundles of native food—yams, taro, &c.—neatly tied up in leaves, were placed on the stones to cook. I seized a small native boy, and, giving him my handkerchief, told him, as far as my limited knowledge of Fijian would allow, to go and put it on one of the stones to be burnt. This he could not understand at all; he went off with it, and then returned, looking wistfully up at me, wondering, no doubt, whether I was a dangerous lunatic. However, at last one of the men picked up a stone from the edge and brought it. He evidently was not a hardened performer, for he handled it very gingerly, holding it with leaves. It burned an entirely satisfactory hole in my handkerchief. I shall send it home as a witness to my story.

Some one had brought a huge tin of biscuits, so dear to the native hearts, and started races and scrambles for them; the excitement was intense and the clattering of the crowd deafening.

The party began to get into the boats; and when it came to my turn the boat had been pushed off and was afloat. Some one said to me, 'Would you very much mind if you were carried to the boat?' and before I could answer, or think whether I minded or not, I was whisked off my feet by a huge native, and planted in the bow of the boat as easily as if I had been a doll! Our journey back was uneventful—marked only by a second lunch on board the *Maori*, and a tea when we got on board the *Hawroto*. I think we all did our duty to both, so you see our appetites are not affected by a tropical hot season.

Among our party was a dear little Fijian princess, Adi (Lady) Elenoa, the ten-year-old daughter of Ratu Sala, whose picturesque title is Tui Cakan (King of the Reefs). She is a pretty little thing, with glorious eyes, and very graceful in her native dress. She is staying with an English lady, a friend of mine, who has undertaken to break her in gently to English ways, and, alas! English clothes; for Elenoa is to go to Sydney to school, and, when old enough, is to be trained as a doctor. My friend is coming round in the *Clyde* to stay with me when I go to Ba, and Elenoa and her nurse are to come also.

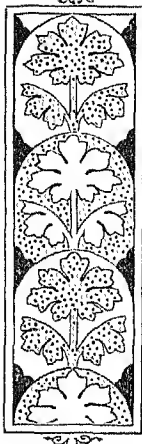
EXILE.

STEEL-DARK sea and sunset sky,
Waters cold in the dying light;
Depth of calm that seems to sigh
Ere the coming of the night;

Homeland mountains shadowy blue,
Sinking o'er our milk-white trail;
Quiver of the throbbing screw,
Crashing westward with the mail.

Memory lost in hopeless grief,
Closed the book, the story done;
God grant such as me relief
Ere the rising of the sun.

G. R. LONGFIELD.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

REMINISCENCES.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, K.C.M.G.

V.—ALGERIA PAST AND PRESENT.

[A melancholy interest now attaches to the publication of these *Reminiscences*, Sir Lambert Playfair having died (on the 18th of February) since they began to appear in these columns. Their author took a lively interest in the appearance of these sketches of his official career, which must now be regarded as chapters in the posthumous autobiography of a distinguished administrator, diplomatist, and author.]



AFTER leaving Zanzibar I went to Algiers, where I occupied the position of Consul-General for nearly thirty years. During all this time it was my duty and my pleasure to travel over the country in every direction, and write all that I saw or did. Whatever, therefore, I may have to say now must be a twice-told tale. I will restrict myself to two articles on this most interesting country: (1) 'Algiers before and after the French Occupation,' and (2) 'Bruce in North Africa.'

It is not easy to compress the former within the limits of a magazine article, and so I am obliged to pass by the three hundred years of Roman occupation—the most prosperous epoch in the history of North Africa, known chiefly to us by its monuments; and even the African Church, whose great glory was to have contributed some shining names to the army of the martyrs, and to have produced such men as Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine, became so weakened by disturbances between opposing sects and races that it fell an easy prey to the enemies pressing the Roman Empire on every side.

If I go back as far as the fifth century at all, it is that I may tell the beautiful story of St Salsa, which has been recently brought to light by the Bollandist Fathers of Belgium. I was the first to tell it in English, and it will bear repetition.

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The small village of Tipasa, near Algiers, is full of Roman remains. The ancient city, which bore the same name, was a somewhat important commercial centre, built on elevated ground overlooking the sea, to the west of its small harbour. Christianity was introduced here at a very early period; but in the fourth and fifth centuries, though paganism had been deprived of official support, the great mass of the people still continued to adore the local deity—a bronze serpent with a golden head—a relic perhaps of the Punic worship of Eshmoun. The parents of Salsa were pagans; but she had been baptised, and, though only fourteen years of age, was animated with the most enthusiastic faith. One day they took her, in spite of her reluctance, to a feast in honour of the Brazen Serpent. She protested fearlessly against the sacrifices and impure rites which took place; and when the spectators were sunk in drunken sleep she took the head of the serpent and cast it into the sea. She returned with the intention of throwing the body in also; but it made so much noise in falling that it awakened the sleepers, who rushed upon the girl, stoned her to death, and cast her body into the sea. The waves carried it into the adjacent harbour, close to the vessel of a certain Saturninus, which had just arrived from Gaul; a tempest suddenly arose, and Saturninus, then asleep, had a vision that if he did not give burial to a body in the sea, near his vessel, he would inevitably perish. At first he paid no attention to this warning; the gale increased; and, as all hope of safety appeared gone, he leapt into the water, and his hand was miraculously guided to the girdle of the maiden. He took the body in his arms, and rose to the surface; immediately the storm ceased. Saturninus and his companions buried it in a humble chapel near the port; the piety of the faithful converted this into a Basilica, which was enlarged at various periods. On the

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APRIL 8, 1899.

floor is still seen a mosaic pavement containing an inscription in honour of the saint, in which may be read the punning sentence: '*Martyr hic est Salsa, dulcior nectare semper.*' Salsa means 'salt' as well as the saint's name. This is of great interest, as it is the only resting-place known of an African saint and martyr.

Again, I will pass over many years occupied by the Vandal invasion; the destruction of their power by the Byzantines under Belisarius, and the great Mohammedan invasion by Okba-bin-Nafa in 647, when the Christians were utterly defeated and the African Church was swept away.

About the middle of the eleventh century another Mohammedan invasion occurred. The Khalifa Mostansir let loose a horde of nomad Arabs, numbering, it is said, two hundred thousand people, who, starting from Egypt, spread over the whole of North Africa, carrying destruction and blood wherever they passed; thus laying the foundation of that state of anarchy which rendered possible the interference of the Turks. It was no brilliant and ephemeral conquest, like that of Okba; the land was overrun by a foreign people, who speedily absorbed the Berber nation or drove the remains of it into the mountains.

As early as 1390 the Barbary corsairs began to trouble the seas; but it was not till the fall of Granada that their ravages became really serious. After the death of Ferdinand of Spain in 1516, the Algerines called in the assistance of the celebrated Turkish corsair, Baba Aroodj—or Barbarossa, as he was called by Europeans—who, under the guise of an ally, made himself master of the place, and, though nominally a vassal of the Porte, really became an independent ruler. Year by year the Barbary corsairs became more audacious; they could not support themselves without roaming the seas for plunder, which they did without the least fear or apprehension, as far even as the shores of England. At other times, carrying with them renegades as guides, they deliberately landed on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, pillaged towns, and carried off their inhabitants to the most wretched captivity. It seems incredible at the present day that they should have been allowed the undisputed right of interfering with the commerce of the world, and enriching themselves by the ransom of the best blood of Christendom. The only explanation is that one nation found these corsairs a convenient scourge for others, and hesitated at no means to increase its own influence with them. On the other hand, it must be avowed that the Algerines were not singular in their mode of making captives. Every state in Europe held it lawful to enslave an infidel. The common law of England, as well as the Inquisition, doomed infidels to the stake. All that can be said of the Algerines is that they made the trade in Christian slaves their principal branch of commerce, and that they continued their detestable practices to a period

when they were generally reprobated by public opinion and the laws of nations. When the institution of Christian slavery was at its height there were from twenty thousand to thirty thousand captives at a time in Algiers alone, representing every nation in Europe and every rank in society, from the Viceroy to the common sailor; men of the highest eminence in the Church, literature, science, and arms; delicately-nurtured ladies and little children, doomed to spend their lives in infamy, the majority of whom never returned to their native land.

Père Dan, in his *History of Barbary*, relates the daring raid made by two pirate vessels on Baltimore in Ireland. He says:

Murat Rais, a Flemish renegade, went to Ireland, where, having landed during the night with two hundred men, he carried off two hundred and thirty-seven persons—men, women, and children, even those in the cradle. That done, he brought them to Algiers, where it was pitiable to see them exposed for sale; for then they separated wives from their husbands, and infants from their fathers. They sold the husband to one and the wife to another, tearing the daughter from her arms, without any hope of seeing her again. I heard all this at Algiers from several of the slaves, who assured me that no Christian could witness what took place without melting into tears, to see so many honest girls and so many well-brought-up women abandoned to the brutality of these barbarians.

Another very audacious capture took place off the shores of Ireland shortly after this affair—that of the Rev. Devereux Spratt, with one hundred and twenty of his countrymen. His journal is in the possession of the family of his descendant, the late Admiral Spratt, who very kindly communicated it to me. He says:

I embarked in one John Filmer's vessel with about six-score passengers; but before we were out of sight of land we were taken by an Algerine pirate, who put the men in chains and stocks. The thing was so grievous that I began to question Providence, and accused Him of injustice in His dealings with me; until the Lord made it appear otherwise by ensuing mercy. Upon my arrival in Algiers I found pious Christians, which changed my former thoughts of God, which was that He dealt more hard with me than with other of His servants. God was pleased to guide for me and those relations of mine taken with me in a providential ordering of civil patrons for us, who gave me more liberty than ordinary; especially to me, who preached the Gospel to my poor countrymen, amongst whom it pleased God to make me an instrument of much good. . . . After this God stirred up the heart of Captain Wilde to be an active instrument for me at Leagourno, in Italy, amongst the merchants there, to contribute liberally towards my ransom. Upon this a petition was presented by the English captives for my staying amongst them. It he showed me, and asked me what I should do. I told him he was an instrument under God of my liberty, and I would be at his disposing. He answered, No, I was a free man, and should be at my own disposing. Then I replied, 'I will stay,' considering that I might be more serviceable to my country by continuing to endure afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy liberty at home.

Of one episode in this wretched state of things

the English have every reason to be proud. In 1816 Lord Exmouth was sent on a mission to the Barbary States to obtain the release of a number of slaves belonging to powers in alliance with Britain. During the negotiations which followed, Lord Exmouth himself, our Consul, his wife, sister, and daughter, were treated with the utmost insult and ignominy; and when a rupture with the British fleet appeared inevitable, the Dey sent orders to Bona to arrest all Italians there under British protection. These orders were executed with the most rigorous ferocity. At least one hundred persons were murdered while attending mass, as many more were wounded, eight hundred were taken prisoners, and an indiscriminate plunder of their effects took place. To avenge this insult, Lord Exmouth was sent to Algiers with two line-of-battle ships, ten frigates, and seven vessels of smaller size. A Dutch squadron under Admiral Van Capellan co-operated with him. They arrived at Algiers on 27th August 1816, and a flag of truce was sent on shore to communicate the ultimatum of the British Government, and demand the instant liberation of our Consul, who had been imprisoned in irons. No answer was given; whereon the fleet bore up, and each vessel took up its appointed station. The English flagship, the *Queen Charlotte*, anchored half a cable's length from the Molehead. A gun was fired from the shore batteries, a second and a third followed, the remainder being drowned by the thunder of the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside. The action became general. The Dutch squadron behaved with admirable gallantry. The enemy's flotilla of gunboats advanced, when a single broadside sent thirty-three out of thirty-seven to the bottom. The whole of the Algerine frigates were burnt at their anchors and blown up, and before night the sea-defences were in ruins. On the following morning the Dey acceded to all Lord Exmouth's demands, the first of which was the abolition for ever of Christian slavery. In the British squadron one hundred and twenty-three men were killed and six hundred and ninety wounded; the Dutch had thirteen killed and fifty-two wounded. The losses of the Algerines were estimated at seven thousand. The total number of European slaves restored to liberty was three thousand and three.

In spite of this chastisement the audacity and perfidy of the Algerines continued unabated, and the most solemn treaties were regarded as so much waste-paper. The subject of the dispute which eventually caused their downfall was the claims of a Jew named Bakri, on account of stores supplied to the French Government during the Napoleonic wars. At one of the interviews which the French Consul had with the Dey, the latter struck him on the face with a fan. This conduct, for which he refused any reparation, served as an excuse to the French Government to send an expedition against Algiers; and, after a very ineffi-

cient blockade of three years, the town was taken possession of by the French, almost without a struggle, on the 6th of July 1830. France was as much surprised as the rest of the world at the result of the expedition. It was sent to avenge an insult; but no one for a moment contemplated the creation of so magnificent a colony as Algeria has since become. No provision even for the occupation of Algiers had been made; no project of organisation had been devised; all was uncertainty and disorder, and no one could foresee what the next step would be. The conquest, however, proceeded from day to day; and it was not till four years later that a royal *ordonnance* established regulations for the conduct of the public service. A dual government was devised, in which, however, the military element was supreme; and for many years this was productive of the most deplorable results.

At first the conquerors were totally ignorant of the manners and customs of the people whom they were called on to govern; great difficulties and serious mistakes were therefore inevitable. The whole country remained in the possession of a hostile people, some of whom had never been subdued since the fall of the Roman Empire, and the remainder were firmly resolved to defend their independence, newly acquired by the collapse of the Turkish power. Even when these had been reduced to submission everything had to be created, and the discordant elements which the country contained had to be united into one harmonious whole. The first part of the history of Algeria was purely military; but as security began to be established, European colonisation followed rapidly in spite of the active hostility of the Arabs, and the scarcely concealed opposition of the military *Bureaux Arabes*. The French make no empty boast when they declare that since their flag was first planted at Algiers not a day has passed without being marked by some act of progress. No element in the population has remained stationary, although they have not increased in as rapid a manner as in colonies under the British flag. The natives at the time of the conquest were calculated at two and a half millions; now they amount to more than three and a half, in spite of the terrible loss of one-sixth of the whole number during the great years of famine. The European element, which was conspicuous by its absence at first, amounted to three hundred and eleven thousand in 1879, and has now increased to five hundred and thirty-seven thousand; of these about one-half are French, the remainder are foreigners of various nationalities, principally Spanish, Italians, and Maltese, who are not looked upon with an eye of favour by the French, but who have had, and still continue to take, a very important share in the great work of transforming a savage and almost uncultivated country into one of the richest and most productive in the basin of the Mediterranean.

It would be impossible within my limits to give even a sketch of all the military operations and successive attempts at government that have been made in the past. I have given a sufficient summary of them in my *Handbook to Algeria and Tunis* (Murray). The work carried on in Algeria may be called *colonisation de l'axe*. France has been transported to Africa; the country has been covered with French towns and villages. Naturalisation is thrust upon the resident foreigners; an air of permanence and solidity pervades everything; the railways are as good as the best in France; the roads cannot be surpassed; there is hardly a hydraulic work in the world more remarkable for solidity and beauty of construction than the harbour of Philippeville; and the irrigation works, though not uniformly successful, are splendid in their conception.

The growth of cereals has always been the staple industry in Algeria; but of late it has become unremunerative, and the returns both of European and native culture are very small. Even amongst Europeans agriculture is in a very elementary condition. No forage is used save what grows spontaneously; no manure, or very little, is put on the land; no cattle are kept beyond what are required for ploughing; the land is impoverished, badly kept, and full of weeds and noxious insects, which smother and devour the crops. Ninety-eight per cent. of the land sown every year is devoted to the growth of cereals, and too little of it to the rearing of cattle. The great obstacles to agriculture are the uncertainty of seasons, and the impossibility of competing with such countries as America, Russia, and India, where land is abundant and, in the last two at least, labour is cheap.

The great obstacle to commercial success in Algeria is the exaggerated protective tariff which has been introduced here, as in all French colonies. I will only take the trade between it and Great Britain as an example. In 1872 the imports into Algeria from England were twenty-three millions of francs; they gradually decreased till 1894, when they were less than ten millions. The exports to England in 1872 were twenty-four millions; in 1894 they were under fifteen millions. The trade between England and Algeria has been nearly extinguished; and, as I cannot trace in the Custom-house returns any sign of increase between France and her colony, I am forced to conclude that the protective tariff has been prejudicial to the interests of commerce in general.

One of the most important of the products of Algeria is phosphate of lime, a substance of the most vital importance to agriculture. The principal deposits occur near Tebessa, at an elevation of two thousand four hundred feet above the sea, in beds of from eight to twelve feet thick, separated from each other by layers of limestone and marl.

They consist entirely of the *débris* of sharks and other marine animals, in a greater or less degree of disintegration. We are all familiar with the spectacle of solar heat and light stored up for our use in coal-measures; here is something analogous—countless myriads of marine animals have lived and died in bygone ages to produce food for our generation. The exploitation of this phosphate mountain is owing to the energy and intelligence of one of our own countrymen, Mr Crookston of Glasgow; and it is being successfully carried on in spite of the protective policy of France, its intolerance of foreigners, and the hostility of the press in Algeria.

Another precious product of Algeria is its celebrated Numidian marble. The finest quarries are at Arzew, in the department of Oran. I visited them for the first time in 1880; and in one of my Consular Reports I stated:

I almost fear to say all I wish on this subject, lest I should be charged with exaggeration; but, in sober truth, during the two days I spent in examining the ground in every direction, I passed from one marvel to another, and left in amazement at the magnitude of the treasure which has lain so long, I will not say concealed, but exposed to the most superficial glance there.

I sent a slab of it to Mr Ruskin, who wrote:

I cannot enough thank you for the lovely slab which reached me yesterday. I have been meditating on it ever since. I think it is nearly the loveliest and most instructive marble I have ever seen, and, indeed, I hope to make some use of it in the interior of our museum—of the like of it I mean, for this must remain at Brantwood, whose little museum of the stones I have specially studied will, I hope, be useful after my death.

Another beautiful stone is what is generally known as Algerian onyx, found near Tlemcen; but it has been quite thrown into the shade by a recent discovery made near Constantine. This also is an alabaster. Some are almost colourless, or of a faint yellow tint, but exceedingly delicate and translucent; other varieties, finely striated, have been stained with iron, and present every colour from white to primrose, passing into pink and deep-red. The formation of this in bygone ages is the same as may be seen at present at Hamman Meskoutin. Great volumes of boiling water, highly charged with carbonate of lime, rise from the earth; and, as it cools, the carbonate is precipitated in the form of cataracts, cones, or striated bands. There are many other qualities of marble, all very beautiful and well situated for transport. Iron ore exists more or less all over the country, as do zinc, copper, and other minerals.

I have sketched very briefly the history and the modern resources of Algeria; I wish I could have given a more favourable account of its prosperity; but, as I have said, a rigidly protective policy and the intolerance of foreign enterprise have greatly retarded its advancement.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIX.



AS soon as the mail-boat which was carrying Katherine and Madame Bernstein to the East was out of sight Browne turned to his man, who was waiting beside him, and said: 'Now, Davis, a cab, and quickly too. We must not miss that train for London whatever happens.'

As it happened, they were only just in time. He had scarcely taken his seat before the train began to move out of the station. Placing himself in a corner of the carriage, he endeavoured to interest himself in a book; but it was of no use. Though his material body was seated in the carriage being whirled away across the green plains of Southern France, his actual self was on board the great mail-boat which was cutting its way through the blue waters, carrying Katherine mile by mile farther out of his reach. Dreary indeed did Europe seem to him now. It was a little before twelve o'clock when the train left Marseilles; it was nearly four next afternoon when he sighted the waters of the Channel at Calais. Much to his astonishment and delight, Jimmy Foote met him at Dover, and travelled back to town with him. During his absence Browne had entrusted their arrangements to his care; and in consequence Jimmy carried about with him an air of business which at other times was quite unusual to him.

'I have been down to Southampton,' he reported, 'and have seen Mason. He was hard at work getting the stores aboard, and told me to tell you he will be able to sail without fail early on Monday morning. When do you think we had better go down?'

'On Sunday,' said Browne. 'We may as well get on board as soon as we can.'

Though he spoke in this casual way, he knew that in his heart he was waiting the hour of departure with an impatience that bordered almost on desperation. He longed to see the yacht's head pointed down Channel, and to know that at last she was really in pursuit of the other boat which had been granted such a lengthy start. On reaching London they drove together to Browne's house. It was Saturday evening, and there were still a hundred and one things to be settled. Upon his study-table Browne discovered upwards of fifty invitations from all sorts and conditions of people. He smiled cynically as he opened them, and when the last one had been examined, turned to Jimmy.

'Thank Heaven, I can decline these with a clear conscience,' he said. 'By the time the dates come round we shall be on the high seas, far beyond the reach of dinners, dances, and kettledrums.'

I wonder how many of these folk,' he continued, picking up one from the heap and flicking it across the table to his friend, 'would have me in their houses again if they knew what I am about to do?'

'Every one of them, my boy,' the other replied; 'from the Duchess of Matlock downwards. You might help a thousand Russian convicts to escape from Saghalien, and they will pardon you; but you are doing one other thing for which you must never hope to be forgiven.'

'And what may that be?' Browne inquired.

'Why, you are marrying Miss Petrovitch,' said Jimmy. 'If she were a famous beauty, a great heiress, or even the daughter of a peer, all would be well; but you must remember that no one knows her; that, however much you may love her, and however worthy she may be, she is nevertheless not chronicled in the *Court Guide*. To marry out of your own circle is a sin seldom forgiven, particularly when a man is a millionaire and has been the desire of every matchmaking mother for as long as you have.'

'They had better treat my wife as I wish them to, or beware of me,' said Browne angrily. 'If they treat her badly they'll find I've got claws.'

'But, my dear fellow, there you are running your head against the wall,' said Jimmy. 'I never said they *would* treat her badly. On the contrary, they will treat her wonderfully well; for, remember, she is your wife. They will accept all her invitations for dances in London, will stay with her in the country; they will yacht, hunt, fish, and shoot with you; but the mothers, who, after all is said and done, are the leaders of society, will never forget or forgive you. My dear fellow,' he continued, with the air of a man who knew his world thoroughly, which, to do him justice, he certainly did, 'you surely do not imagine for an instant that Miss Verney has forgotten that!'

'We'll leave Miss Verney out of the question, Jimmy, if you don't mind,' said Browne, with rather a different intonation.

'I thought that would make him wince,' said Jimmy to himself; and then added aloud, 'Never mind, old man; we won't pursue the subject any further. It's not a nice one, and we've plenty else to think about, have we not? Let me tell you, I am looking forward to this little business more than I have ever done to anything. The only regret I have about it is that there does not appear to be any probability of our having some fighting. I must confess I should like to have a brush with the enemy, if possible.'

'In that case we should be lost men,' Browne replied. 'No; whatever we do, we must avoid coming into actual conflict with the authorities. By the way, what about Maas?'

'I saw him this morning,' Foote replied. 'I told him what arrangements we had made, and he will meet us whenever and wherever we wish. He seemed quite elated over the prospect of the voyage, and told me he thought it awfully good of you to take him. After all, he's not a bad sort of fellow. There is only one thing I don't like about him, and that is his predilection for wishing people to think he is in a delicate state of health.'

'And you don't think he is?' said Browne.

'Of course I don't,' Jimmy replied. 'Why, only this morning I was with him more than an hour, and he didn't cough once; and yet he was continually pointing out to me that it was so necessary for his health—for his lungs, in fact—that he should go out of England at once. It is my idea that he is hypochondriacal.'

'Whatever he is, I wish to goodness he had chosen any other time for wanting to accompany us. I have a sort of notion that his presence on board will bring us bad luck.'

'Nonsense,' said his matter-of-fact friend. 'Why should it? Maas could do us no harm, even supposing he wanted to. And he's certain not to have any desire that way.'

'Well,' said Browne, 'that is what I feel, and yet I can't make out why I should do so.' As he said this he pressed the ring Katherine had given him, and remembered that that was his talisman, and that she had told him that while he wore it he could come to no harm. With that on his finger, and his love for her in his heart, it would be strange indeed, if he could not fulfil the task he had set himself to do.

It is strange how ignorant we are of the doings, and indeed of the very lives, of our fellow-men. I do not mean the actions which, in the broad light of day, lie in the ordinary routine of life, but those more important circumstances which are not seen, but make up and help to weave the skein of each man's destiny. For instance, had a certain well-known official in the office of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who stood upon the platform of Waterloo Station waiting for the train that was to carry him to the residence of a friend at Woking, dreamt for an instant that the three gentlemen he nodded so affably to, and who were standing at the door of a saloon-carriage in the same train, were leaving England next day in order to cause considerable trouble to a Power that at the moment had shown signs of being friendly, what would his feelings have been? He did not know it, however; so he seated himself in his comfortable smoking-carriage, lit a cigar, and read his Sunday paper quite unconscious of the circumstances.

It was nearly eight o'clock before they reached Southampton. When they did they made their way to the harbour, where a steam-launch from the yacht was awaiting them. The *Lotus Blossom* herself lay off the Royal Pier; and when they reached her Captain Mason received them at the gangway.

'Well, Mason,' said Browne, 'is everything ready for the start to-morrow?'

'Everything is ready, sir,' Mason replied. 'You have only to say when you desire to get off, and we'll up anchor.'

Browne thought that he would like to get under way at once; but it could not be. He looked along the snow-white decks and upon the polished brasswork, and thought of the day that he had left the boat when she was anchored in the harbour of Merok, to accompany his guests on their walk to the falls, and of the wonderful things that had happened since then. Before many weeks had passed over their heads he hoped that Katherine herself would be standing on these selfsame decks. He pictured the delight he would feel in showing her over his trim and beautiful vessel, and thought of the long conversations they would have on deck at night, and of the happiness they would feel when they were speeding towards safety once more with the rescued man on board. What they were to do with her father when they had got him was one thing he wanted to leave to Katherine to decide. He was awakened from these dreams by Foote, who inquired whether he intended to allow his guests to remain on deck all night, or whether he was going to take them below.

'I beg your pardon,' said Browne. 'It's awfully rude of me to keep you standing here like this. Come along.'

They accordingly made their way down the companion-ladder to the saloon below. Everything had been prepared for their reception, and the stewards were already laying dinner as they entered. Having finished that important meal, and drunk the toast of a pleasant voyage, they ascended to the deck once more, when Foote and Maas made their way to the smoking-room, while Browne went up to the bridge to have a talk with the captain. When he descended again, he announced to his guests that the yacht would be got under way as soon as it was light in the morning, and that the first coaling-place would be Gibraltar.

'Bravo!' said Jimmy, rapping the table with his pipe. 'Thank goodness, by midday we shall be well out in the Channel.'

At the same moment Maas's cigar slipped from between his fingers and dropped on the floor. He bent down to pick it up, but at first could not find it. By the time he had done so the conversation had changed, and Browne had drawn his watch from his pocket. A cry of astonish-

ment escaped him: 'Have you any idea what the time is?'

They confessed that they had not.

'Well, it's nearly twelve o'clock,' he said. 'If you won't either of you take anything else, I think the best thing we can do is to get to bed as soon as possible.'

So tired was Browne that night that he slept without waking until well on in the following morning. Indeed, it was past nine o'clock when Davis, his man-servant, entered and woke him; he sat up, and rubbed his eyes as if he could very well have gone on sleeping for another hour or two.

'By Jove! we're under way,' he said, as if he were surprised to find the yacht moving. 'Where are we, Davis?'

'Off Swanage, sir,' the man replied. 'Captain Mason couldn't get away quite as early as he hoped to do; but he's making up for lost time now, sir.'

'What sort of a day is it?' Browne inquired.

'Beautiful, sir; it couldn't be no better if you'd ordered it special,' said Davis, who was a bit of a wag in his way, and was privileged as such. 'There's just a nice bit of swell running, but no more. Not enough to shake the curls of a schoolmistress, in a manner of speaking.'

This Browne discovered to be the case when he ascended to the deck. The yacht was bathed in sunshine, and she sat as softly as a duck upon a large green swell that was as easy as the motion of a rocking-horse. Far away to starboard the pinewood cliffs of Bournemouth could be descried; while a point on the starboard-bow was Poole Harbour and Swanage headland, with Old Harry peering up out of the sunlit waves. Browne ascended to the bridge, to find Foote and Captain Mason there. The latter touched his cap, while Foote came forward and held out his hand.

'Good-morning,' said Jimmy. 'What do you think of this, my boy? Isn't it better than London? Doesn't it make you feel it's worth something to be alive? I wouldn't change places this morning with any man in England.'

'And you may be very sure I would not,' said Browne; then, turning to the skipper, he inquired what the yacht was doing.

'Thirteen knots good, sir,' the latter replied. 'We shall do better, however, when we've put Portland Bill behind us.'

As he spoke the breakfast-bell sounded, and simultaneously with it Maas appeared on deck. Browne and Foote descended from the bridge to greet him, and found him in excellent spirits.

'I feel better already,' he said as they went down the companion-ladder and took their places at the table. 'How beautiful the air is on deck! Alchemists may say what they please, but this is the Elixir of Life. What a pity it is we cannot bottle it, and introduce it into the

crowded ballrooms and dining-rooms during the London season!'

'That's rather an original notion,' said Jimmy. 'Fancy, after a waltz with a heavy partner, taking her off to a room set apart for the purpose, seating her in a chair, and, instead of asking her the usual insipid question whether she would have an ice, or coffee, or claret cup, inquiring what brand of air she preferred—whether she would have a gallon of Bournemouth, which is relaxing, or Margate, which is bracing, or Folkestone—shall we say?—which is midway between the two. It could be laid on in town and country houses, and, combined with the phonograph, which would repeat the nigger minstrel melodies of the sands, and the biograph, which would show the surrounding scenery, would be a tremendous attraction. Having purchased one of these machines, paterfamilias need not trouble his head about taking his family away for the annual trip to the seaside. Rents would not affect him; he would be free of landladies' overcharges. All he would have to do would be to take his wife and bairns into a room, turn on the various machines, and science would do the rest.'

'Perhaps, when you have done talking nonsense,' said Browne, 'you will be kind enough to hand me the *pâté de fois gras*. I remember so many of your wonderful schemes, Jimmy, that I begin to think I know them all by heart.'

'In that case you must admit that the majority of them were based upon very sound principles,' said Jimmy. 'I remember there was one that might have made a fortune for anybody. It was to be a matrimonial registry for the upper ten, where intending Benedicts could apply for particulars respecting their future wives. For instance, the Duke of A., being very desirous of marrying, and being also notoriously impecunious, would call at the office and ask for a choice of American heiresses possessing between five and ten millions. Photographs having been submitted to him, and a guarantee as to the money given to him, meetings between the parties could be arranged by the company, and a small commission charged when the marriage was duly solemnised. Then there was another scheme for educating the sons of millionaires in the brands of cigars they should give their friends. For a small commission, Viscount B., who has smoked himself into the bankruptcy court, would call at their residences three times a week, when he would not only show them how to discriminate between a Trichinopoli and a Barma Pwé, which is difficult to the uninitiated, but also between La Intimidad Excelsos of '94 and Henry Clay Sobranos, which is much more so.'

'I remember yet another scheme,' said Maas quietly as he helped himself to some caviare from a dish before him. 'You told me once of a scheme you were perfecting for forming a

company to help long-sentenced burglars of proved ability to escape from penal servitude, in order that they should work for the society on the co-operative principle. If my memory serves me, it was to be a most remunerative

speculation. The only flaw in it that I could see was the difficulty in arranging the convict's escape, and the danger that would accrue to those helping him in case they were discovered.'

THE WEST INDIES PAST AND PRESENT.

By E. D. BELL.

IT has been said that the land is happy which has no history; and if this can be accepted as the ideal, the reverse would no doubt be found in lands which not only have a history, but a history whose principal incidents are of fire and flood, earthquake devastation, pestilence, and economic disaster. Such lands are our British West Indian islands, and we purpose sketching briefly the series of events which, in the present century, have reduced them to their deplorable condition.

'Their deplorable condition.' To one acquainted with them there is something strangely unreal in the thought that lands so richly blest in climate, soil, and geographical position should be in such a condition. Indeed, their state is, perhaps, the saddest irony to be found in contemporary political economy. Take the island of Jamaica, for example. Her name is derived from the Indian word *waymaka*, meaning water and wood, in obvious reference to her grand fertility. She has an area of four thousand one hundred and ninety-three square miles, of which only about six hundred and forty-six are flat, and form a fringe along the seashore surrounding the mountainous interior of from three thousand five hundred to three thousand six hundred square miles. These mountains rise to a height of seven thousand three hundred and sixty feet, and afford every possibility of tropical and semi-tropical climate. The superb nature of the soil, watered by more than two hundred rivers, is such that she produces a larger number of products of the highest quality than any equal area known. Her rum fetches a price from forty to a hundred per cent. higher than any other; her pimento monopolises the market; her fruit—particularly the bananas, pine-apples, and oranges—are admitted by travellers to be a revelation to those who are only acquainted with the productions grown elsewhere. Coffee from her Blue Mountains commands a higher price than the far-famed Mocha, which most persons erroneously consider the finest—an idea due to the fact that our best coffee is only grown in small quantity and rarely appears on the market. Her ginger is universally acknowledged to be the best; and although sarsaparilla no longer holds the position it once had in the pharmacopœia, the Jamaican variety is the only

one the physician cares to dispense. And yet, with all the advantages of the soil which grows these things, what is the history of her agricultural and commercial development during the present century? Its unfortunate nature may be shown in a single sentence: whereas the average yearly exports of the three great staples—sugar, coffee, and rum—for the five years 1802 to 1807 were valued at £3,852,621, for the three years 1894 to 1896 the average was only £636,380, or less than one-sixth of what they were ninety years ago.

The first blow was struck at the prosperity of the British West Indies when, in 1807, the slave-trade was suppressed. This was certainly a righteous thing, and, in the moral development of the nation, it was, like the later abolition of slavery, an inevitable thing. But we are here concerned with its economic results rather than with its ethical justification. By closing the slave-market it made labour more difficult to obtain and more expensive; and a progressive shrinkage in cultivation and production began. Still using Jamaica as our example, we find that in the five years 1828 to 1833—the last year before the commencement of the abolition—the average yearly value of the three staples had fallen to £2,791,478. This was a considerable loss, amounting to £1,061,143, or twenty-eight per cent. on the exports of 1802 to 1807. Nor did the damage end there. Large numbers of the estates could only continue working by becoming heavily mortgaged, and thus prepared the way for their final ruin at a later time. While the planters were struggling with these difficulties the great blow of the abolition fell upon them. From the 1st of August 1834 the slaves were to be free; but they were to remain attached to the estates as apprentices for six years. Owing, however, to a strong agitation in England for the early completion of emancipation, apprenticeship was terminated on the 1st of August 1838, and the planters were thus deprived of two years of the free labour promised them in part compensation. The effects very rapidly developed themselves. In 1834 the exports of the staples were £2,501,000; in 1839, the first year of complete freedom, they fell to less than a million, to £994,899—a decrease of more than sixty per cent. in five years. Large numbers of the manumitted people became independent settlers, especi-

ally in those colonies which, like Jamaica, had a considerable amount of unoccupied or abandoned land. Not only did labour thus become more expensive, but in many cases it was impossible to obtain it in such quantities as would enable the agricultural system to be maintained. A case may be quoted in illustration. On certain estates in Jamaica there were in 1832 just under forty-two thousand slaves; in 1847, fifteen years after, only about fourteen thousand labourers, or about one-third the number needed, could be got to work on them, the remainder having gone off to live the lives of ease so readily attained on the prodigal soil of the country. Under these circumstances the shrinkage of cultivation was inevitable; and it is not surprising to read that within those fifteen years one hundred and sixty-eight thousand acres of cane and one hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres of coffee were abandoned by the despairing planters. And their condition was truly desperate. The British Government had paid them £5,853,975 in compensation; but, as their slave-property was worth more than this, they were brought face to face with a great financial loss at the very moment when additional burdens were being placed upon them for the payment of labour; while in many cases the mortgagees, feeling uncertain as to how the colonies would progress under the altered condition of things, foreclosed, and large sums of money were thus diverted from the planters, who never had even the opportunity given them of attempting to retrieve their ruin.

It has already been admitted that the abolition of slavery was a righteous thing; but it is permissible to believe that even righteous things may be performed in an unrighteous or at least in an inexpedient manner. Most persons are familiar with the views put forward by Wilberforce and the noble band of associates who, with him, led the agitation which culminated in the abolition, and there is no need to detail them here; but it may have the interest, at least, of novelty to many to know how the matter would be regarded, especially in the light of post-abolitional history, by any enlightened representative of the planting interest in the West Indies to-day. When the English sent an army across the Border to compel the Scotch to let their young princess, Mary Stuart, marry Edward VI., the Earl of Huntly remarked that he disliked not the match, but he hated the manner of wooing. Any enlightened planter of to-day would acknowledge that the abolition was right; but he would almost certainly hold that the method was unfortunate. Consider what it was that took place. Practically the whole of the peasantry and nearly the whole of the artisan class were enslaved; and these people, constituting the great bulk of the population, on a single night passed from the discipline of slavery to the independent condition of the free labourer, and the whole

economic and industrial system of the colonies was destroyed in an hour. It is, indeed, very difficult to realise the immensity of the revolution. If, by the passing of an impossible law, it were decreed that every employer of labour in Britain should continue to pay his workmen the wages he is now paying, and, in addition, give them fifty per cent. of the profits of their labour, it would be a vast change, but it would, perhaps, scarcely equal that of which we are speaking. No; what should have been done was this: it should have been decreed that after a certain day all children born of slaves should be free, and that on another day, thirty to forty years from the first, all slaves still living should be declared free. By this means a generation of free-men would have grown up amid the slave population, and as these died off would have taken their places without difficulty or confusion. They would have been born and reared on the estates, and the idea of remaining to labour on them among their own people would have suggested itself instinctively. Had some such method as this been adopted, the long agony of the last two generations might have been saved to the West Indies.

But to return. A small remnant of the planters still endeavoured to work their estates under the changed condition of things. It is possible that in time they might have succeeded in regaining something like their old position, protected as their sugar was in the British market. But fate was not yet done with them. In 1846 free-trade was proclaimed. Just before this decision was made Spain had determined to abolish slavery in her West Indian possessions; but no sooner was it made known that England had declared for free-trade than the purpose was withdrawn, and the bells of Havana are said to have been rung for joy at the prospect of competing with slave-grown sugar against the sugar of the British West Indies. It is a strange illustration of how, in the complexity of the forces which mould the social development of man, results are achieved which are not only unforeseen, but irremediably opposed to our purposes and sentiments. The apostles of free-trade were, doubtless, as excellent humanitarians as any in England; but they unwittingly riveted the chains of the Spanish slaves for forty years, and doomed hundreds of thousands to the continuance of a fate compared with which that of the British slave was a benignant one.

The effects of free-trade were felt immediately. In 1847 the planters of Jamaica petitioned the British Government, and pointed out that, whereas the actual cost of manufacturing a hundredweight of sugar in the colony was twenty-two shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, by competition with the slave-grown sugar of Cuba they were compelled to sell at fifteen shillings, or two-thirds the bare cost of production, apart from any ques-

tion of profit. They implored the Government to impose protective duties, to which request an inflexible *non possumus* was the reply. The state of affairs became still worse; estates continued to be abandoned, and the exports of the staples to decrease until, in 1856, they touched the lowest point to which they had hitherto fallen—£563,500, or about fifteen per cent. of what they were fifty years before. The total exports of the products of the cane for the three years 1854 to 1856 for the three principal sugar islands, Barbadoes, Jamaica, and Trinidad, and the mainland settlement of British Guiana, averaged about £3,110,000; and it is important to note, as showing the place of the sugar-cane in the life of these colonies, that even in the decayed state of the cultivation as it then existed they amounted to more than eighty per cent. of the total value of the exports. After this, however, a slight improvement was noticeable, and in the three years 1864 to 1866 the average rose to £3,583,000, in round numbers, and it began to appear as if the worst were past. This was owing to the fact that the remarkable incapacity for government which characterises the modern Spaniard was steadily disintegrating the commercial system of Cuba; and as that declined, so the British West Indies prospered. In 1868 the smouldering discontent of the Cubans broke out into the revolt which, after lasting for thirty years, has recently ended in the destruction of Spanish dominion. The British colonies reaped the benefits of this disorder, and in 1874 to 1876 their exports of the cane products rose, on the average, to £4,438,000. Other influences were, in the meantime, operating in such a manner as to assist this development. The generation of freedmen who had left the estates on the abolition was dying off, and their children were returning to regular labour. In this they were assisted by the pressure very properly put upon them by the Government in expelling them from abandoned estates upon which they had 'squatted.' The anger of a section of these 'squatters' because they were disturbed in their illegal possession was a chief cause of the Jamaica rebellion of 1865.

From 1880 to 1884 our colonies, although producing quantities far beneath what they had done in the palmy days when the century was young, were moving strongly on the upward path, and hopes began to be entertained that the cloud had passed for good. But the planter was reckoning without the bounty system. He had fought out one of the finest economic struggles of the century. Staggered by the suppression of the slave-trade in 1807, he had been all but completely overthrown by the abolition in 1838. As soon as he began making a few tentative movements for the recovery of some portion of his lost ground he was crippled by the proclamation of free-trade, and compelled to compete

with paid-labour sugar against the slave-grown sugar of the Spanish colonies. He fought out that battle, and he won it; and now, when he might fairly have hoped that the field was clear, the spectre of the bounty system rose before him. The manner of its development was peculiar, and serves as another illustration of the growth of unforeseen results in social adjustments.

In the bounty countries a tax was imposed on all sugar manufactured, on the supposition that it was intended for home consumption; if, however, the sugar were exported, the tax was refunded. Now, taking Germany for our example, this tax was levied on the assumption that the beet would yield eight per cent. of sugar; and so long as this was approximately right there was no difficulty. But, owing to improvements in the cultivation of beetroot, the percentage of sugar which it yielded began about the middle of the century to increase, and by 1880 it had risen to about eleven per cent., while the tax still remained at eight per cent. Now, suppose a certain manufacturer worked with eleven per cent. beet to the amount of ten thousand tons, he would obtain eleven hundred tons of sugar; but under the eight per cent. tax he would pay on only eight hundred tons. If he now exported the sugar the tax would be returned him, not merely on the eight hundred he had paid for, but on the total quantity exported. If he exported the eleven hundred tons, he would thus get back the tax on the eight hundred tons, and, in addition, a sum equivalent to what he should have paid on the extra three hundred. It is this which constitutes the bounty—so much clear money which goes into the pocket of the manufacturer literally for nothing. It amounts at present to about £4 a ton on the average; and it obviously gives him an immense advantage over his cane-sugar rival, since it enables him to sell at a price which, otherwise, would never pay him. Indeed, cane-sugar can really be manufactured, and is manufactured, at a cheaper rate than beet-sugar, and would, on this ground alone, drive the latter from the market could it meet it on equal terms. Furthermore, in sweetness and in flavour it is distinctly superior to the other, as can easily be proved by dissolving equal quantities of the two in equal quantities of water, and tasting the solutions. So that the bounty system is practically a system by which a substance of expensive manufacture and inferior quality is enabled to crush out a substance of cheap manufacture and superior quality. It would be difficult to improve upon the economic irony of this position.

We have seen that for the three years 1874 to 1876 the exports of cane-products averaged £4,438,000. For the three years 1884 to 1886, under the increasing pressure of the bounty system, they fell to £3,771,000, and in 1894 to 1896 there was a still greater fall to £2,870,000.

They are still falling rapidly; and if the present state of things continues, the practical extinction of cane cultivation in these colonies can only be a question of a decade or two. Recently the planters, who for many years have been making efforts to get the British Government to impose countervailing duties on the bounty sugar, renewed their attempts, and they resulted in our Government inviting the countries principally concerned in the maintenance of the system to a discussion of the whole subject. The conference, however, came to nothing. The principal bounty-giving countries—Germany, Austria, and Belgium—were willing to abrogate the system if France agreed; but France will only agree if the British Government will threaten countervailing duties. This, unfortunately, the British Government does not see its way to do, since such a line of conduct would be a violation of the accepted economic policy of free-trade. As far, therefore, as the abolition of the system is concerned, the planters stand precisely where they stood before.

In other directions suggestions are being made and plans worked out for ameliorating the distress of the colonies, but none of them gives the promise of rapid and complete relief which would be achieved by the subversion of the bounty system. It has been proposed, for example, that the colonies should be separated from England and united with the States. This, from a purely economic standpoint, would be the very best thing that could occur for them, since the United States is not only their natural market, with which they carry on about half their whole trade, but the States would have no hesitation in applying, for their benefit, the protective measures of which they are so much in need. There is no likelihood, however, of this occurring, as the strong attachment of the colonists to the British connection would form an insuperable bar. When it was suggested some months ago in Jamaica the proposal simply withered away before the calm disdain of the people, as any one acquainted with them might have foreseen. Another idea put forward has been the incorporation of the islands with the Dominion of Canada. The Canadians themselves have for many years been urging this upon us; but so long as the great tariff war was going on between Canada and the States it was not worth our while to enter into a compact which would have cost us our best customer, and one whom Canada is not yet sufficiently developed to be capable of replacing. Now that there is some prospect of a reciprocity treaty being drawn up between them, the idea may be said to pass into the region of practical politics; and it may be added that the imperial spirit, of which Canada has given so many striking proofs, would make union with her very grateful to the vast majority of West Indians, apart from questions of economy. The British Government, also, has at

last taken up the matter seriously, and has voted sums of money for the relief of planters in St Vincent and elsewhere whose plantations were destroyed by the recent storm; and although the sums are inadequate, they indicate a recognition of responsibility; while it is intended to subsidise a line of fast steamers between the colonies and Britain to aid in the development of the fruit-trade. This will be valuable, as affording a new outlet for capital, though it cannot directly assist the man whose capital is already sunk in a sugar plantation. Of the scheme associated with the name of a prominent merchant, to start a great sugar-refinery in Barbadoes, it can only be said that its efficacy, supposing it to be effective at all, could only exist so long as the bounty countries did not raise their bounties. The destruction of the bounty system, either by the withdrawal of the bounties or the imposition of countervailing duties, is the only certain method of saving the sugar industry of the British West Indies; any other device can, at the best, but retard a disaster which it cannot avert.

Yet, despite the uncertainty of the outlook, no one acquainted with these colonies can easily bring himself to believe that their future is dark. The Greek of Byron tells us that—

Standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave;

and the Jamaican, for example, who has stood upon the Blue Mountains and beheld the luxuriant wealth and beauty which surround him on every side finds it difficult to realise that he is a native of a community whose history is written in misfortune. We believe, no less than we hope, that the cloud which has so long overshadowed them will pass away; that their great possibilities of soil and climate will successfully assert themselves; and that their inhabitants will yet hold a place of happy achievement in the economic system of the world.

[We append a note which contains an enlightened opinion from a man on the spot. The *Times*' Correspondent at Kingston has pointed out that the negroes are practically in possession of the West Indies, and upon them is rapidly devolving the entire burden of upkeep. Of the 90,667 properties in Jamaica, 70,740 are small holdings, not exceeding five acres in extent. Of the 108,795 taxpayers, 78,991 pay amounts under £1, and 15,734 amounts under £2; which shows that the small holder is paramount. The negroes however, it is pointed out, will not become a self-supporting race until they learn the fundamental virtues of self-help, thrift, and continuous and intelligent industry. Meanwhile, the recent recommendations of the Royal Commission are being carried out, the cardinal policy being to prevent the abandonment of a single acre of cane, and further to simplify methods and cheapen the production of sugar.]

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

CHAPTER II.—DICK GETS A CHANCE.

WHAT are you going to do with the lad?' asked Macdonald the next morning as he stood, riding-whip in hand, chatting to his hostess before starting for his own place, some twelve miles distant.

'I am sure I don't know,' answered Hardie. 'He looks a duffer. They seek work, the idiots, and don't know what work is. I had rather any day have the rawest *gaucho* to deal with; they do what they are told, and ask no questions. Look at Tod—the prig that he is—only fit to twang a banjo; even that he can't do well. He turns my hair gray.'

'Give him time; give him time. He is new out of the nursery,' said Macdonald cheerily.

'What possessed the lad to come here? I must send him packing. I can't have loafers about.'

'Wait a day or two,' his wife said earnestly. 'He looks so ill and depressed; and he is a gentleman. Can't you give him a chance?'

'Because he is ill, and depressed, and a gentleman—three remarkably good reasons.' Both men laughed heartily.

'Well,' she continued, laughing in her turn, but not to be silenced, 'he is a gentleman. And I know that is no reason; but it is a reason for treating him with a little consideration.'

'I know his people,' added Macdonald. 'What would they say if they saw him now? They are the smart society sort. I suppose they had no money to start the lad in the old country.'

'I guess the style,' growled Hardie. 'The boy is shipped off to go to the bad if he chooses, and generally he does choose pretty quick, while the money that might have started him is spent on folly.'

'If you can't keep him, send him on to me,' said Macdonald. 'I must try and keep him out of mischief for old Ted's sake, and for the credit of the old school. In this hole of a country it is hard enough for a lad to run straight if left to himself.'

Mrs Hardie beamed on him without saying a word. She knew that silence is at times more persuasive than speech.

Her husband paced up and down the corridor, thinking out some project, she guessed by his set mouth and knitted forehead. He stopped in front of her, and said, 'Well, wife, to please you I will put this fine gentleman you have discovered in charge of El Plato.'

Both his listeners exclaimed in astonishment, El Plato being an *estancia* he had newly rented. In native hands it had been utterly neglected, and required to be organised afresh and put into working order.

'I must have a white man there.'

'Don't put him in to please me,' cried out his wife.

'Pastor is a rogue; none worse,' Hardie went on to say; 'but he is too useful to part with yet awhile. They say in the kitchen Milner can talk Spanish fairly well; he can't be an utter ass. I can spare no one else at present to keep an eye on Pastor, so I shall tell him he can have the berth or clear out.'

'Well, it is a chance for the lad,' said Macdonald thoughtfully. 'I wish he may do you credit, Mrs Hardie.'

'Oh, I know how it will be,' she answered, with a smile. 'If he is a failure I am scoffed at; if he is a success, Jim takes the credit of having discovered him.'

'No, no!' Hardie declared. 'He is your choice, for better or for worse—Come along, Macdonald, and let us tackle the lad.'

They walked off to the *palenque*, where Dick stood by himself, after having seen the other young fellows ride off to work. After a few questions, Hardie, to Dick's surprise and great satisfaction, offered him the position of *mayordomo* at El Plato.

'You are young for that sort of work; but if you care to take it on trial, it will suit me to put you in. I want some one I can trust there to look after the place—see that the men do not idle or neglect the stock. The native in charge knows his work and is a capable man; all he wants is a white man over him, to keep him straight. I am over most days, so you won't be left quite to yourself. Take it or leave it; but make up your mind before night.'

'All right, sir,' answered Dick. 'I don't require to think about it. I'll take it, and be glad of a chance'—

'Good!' Both men were pleased at the lad's quick decision.

'We will ride over this afternoon and settle you there,' added Hardie.

Dick could not realise his good fortune, and, whistling gaily, set to work saddling his horse. He held up his head and did not hesitate to talk freely when spoken to. Hardie saw the change and was satisfied. 'He has some grit in him after all. The wife is right, as usual, I believe.'

It was an hour's ride from Las Tres Aromas to El Plato. As they galloped along Dick learnt that it was a very different place from the *estancia* made by Hardie himself, and run on modern theories. El Plato was a native *ranch* standing in the open camp, and stocked by *criollo* (country-bred) cattle. In spite of the poor account he got of the place, and the anything but

pleasing portrait of Don Pastor, the *capataz* in charge, Dick felt only delight in entering into his new duties.

Dick was no coward, and had knocked about amongst rough characters and desperadoes of many nationalities since he landed in the New World, so was not much troubled by this Don Pastor, whom Hardie described as the biggest villain in the *partido*.

'I see you have a revolver. Can you use it?' he asked.

'Well, I believe it is not loaded,' confessed Dick. 'I have never had to use it; but it is as well to make a show of having one.'

'I am with you there,' replied his companion; 'it is a mere farce carrying arms about here. But you are alone with rather a reckless set of men at El Plato. Keep your shooter loaded, and let them know it. Nothing like letting them see you are prepared for them,' he added somewhat grimly.

That evening, as Dick watched his new master ride away, he felt that a loaded revolver was the best friend he had by him, for the *capataz* and his men did look a ruffianly lot.

CHAPTER III.

I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute.



EARLY the next morning Dick stood at the open door of his house, full of self-importance and satisfaction. He could not flatter himself that it was his own merit or his deserts that saw him *mayordomo* of the *estancia* of El Plato. He did not try to overlook the fact that he was very incapable of filling the position; he clearly understood that he had been chosen only because he had happened to be on the spot, and because Don Diego had no time at present to attend to his new acquisition, and therefore was not very particular as to who was put in charge. Yet he had a great ambition to succeed. For some minutes he stood there, heedless of the bitter cold of early dawn, keen hunger, and the remembrance of a horrible night. The two-roomed mud-hut representing the mansion-house of the estate had fallen into the possession of a horde of rats and numerous insects, less alarming, perhaps, but capable in a quieter way of causing as much annoyance.

It was midwinter. The sun had sprung up, as he watched, into a dome of brightest blue. The air, sharp, clear, and dry, was as exhilarating as a plunge into a sea of clear, cold water. Such a morning filled one with confidence and sent all doubts flying away. Before him lay the small round pond that gave the place the name of 'The Plate.' With its clean-cut margin, unbroken by stone or brushwood, and reflecting with metallic lustre the white light of the morning, it

certainly was suggestive of a tin plate cast on the greensward. A few tumble-down buildings grouped round a *patio*, with a draw-well in the centre, a *corral* enclosed with a fence of rough posts supporting wires not one of which was drawn taut, overshadowed by a fair-sized willow-tree, now almost leafless, comprised his kingdom. Two rough-looking men, a young woman, and a baby made up the sum-total of his subjects.

Having made a survey, he turned his thoughts to the work of the day. First he must have breakfast. In his zeal, the night before, he had assured Hardie that anything would do for him; he would take the food the *peones* prepared for themselves. Nothing need be specially cooked for him.

'Yes,' Hardie had answered; 'feed with them, gossip with them, be their very good friend, and then expect them to take orders from you.'

'I see,' cried Dick hastily; 'it will be better to get the woman to cook and wait on me.'

'Arrange it as you will,' was the reply. 'Only be sure that you live like a white man.'

Dick had all his life been satisfied to live as his parents or schoolmasters arranged things for him; more recently, as the man he worked for ordered. Now he must be the one to plan and make laws for others to obey. Shouting to Don Pastor to come and speak to him, he, in as masterful a voice as he could assume, gave his orders, and explained that he intended that day to ride round the fences and inspect the wells. This was not a very easy task in a language far from familiar, and to a man much older than himself, and of a very formidable appearance. All went well. To his satisfaction, the man carried out his orders promptly and pleasantly. Don Pastor had, however, his own ideas.

'What does Don Diego mean,' said he to José, his fellow-*peon*, 'by sending a white-faced little boy to boss a man like me?'

José had a very wholesome fear of his patron, and was somewhat sick of hearing Pastor swearing at him and all other Englishmen, and answered, 'Don Diego is no ass; he always gets what he wants. He gives one man work, and orders another to go, without two words about it. No, no, *amigo*' (friend); 'there must be something in the lad, or he would not be sent here to suck *maté*, and sleep, and watch what is done.'

'*Bueno* [good]. He can wait. He gives his orders now; but soon he will take them. A soft-headed *gringo*, like Panchito; we will soon show him who is the best man here.'

Panchito, which may be translated into Frankie, was the lad Dick had seen at Las Tres Aromas playing the banjo and talking the worst of Spanish. The boy prided himself on being the familiar friend of the *peones*, who treated him with kindly contempt, openly disobeying his orders when no other Englishman was present, and easily learning from him all they wished to know of the patron's private affairs.

Following this first successful day, a week or two passed fairly well. The *peones* did their work with the usual good-humour and courtesy of the *gaucho*. This good-humour, it is true, was rather forced on Pastor's part; for he adopted it to encourage his youthful master to drop into familiar ways, hoping in course of time to make him his tool. Dick, however, in fear of Jinn Hardie, stood very much on his dignity. He talked little with the men, except when they worked together, and spent his few spare hours of leisure in his own quarters. He found great interest in putting the place in order, and, after he had done that, in making what improvements he could. Hardie in every way encouraged him, letting him fetch materials and borrow tools from the larger *estancia*. A clever little terrier helped him to wage war against the rats; a course of hard scrubbing and a thorough cleansing in time freed the house from other pests. With his first month's pay he bought some gaily-striped *ponchos* to cover his bed and serve as rugs on the uneven floor. With the help of fresh paint, and a few pictures stuck on the walls, the room began to look less dreary; at the best it was inferior in every way to a labourer's cottage in England.

Many long, weary evenings were spent by Dick fighting against loneliness and depression. Happily for him, Mrs Hardie discovered that he was fond of books, and never let him say good-bye to her without inquiring if he had anything to read; she would lead him to the bookshelf and help him to choose something entertaining. On cold nights he would go to bed early, wrapped in every warm garment he possessed, with a candlestick of his own designing stuck in the wall above his head. With the heroes and heroines of fiction he spent many delightful hours. Sometimes he would fall asleep, to wake with a start when his book dropped from his hand with a thud on the floor, recalled from dreams of scenes more familiar than that bare, gloomy room. The moon shone coldly through the chinks of the corrugated iron roof; out in the night the owls and strange birds cried eerily, or the wind in wild fury swept across the plain. Then he would put his arm round the faithful Jerry, and delight to feel the dog's friendly nose on his cheek; forgetting his loneliness, he would soon be sound asleep, and waken in the best of spirits to the cheerful morning and the duties of the day.

ART AND LITERATURE IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

MR TOMLINSON, in his useful guide to Northumberland, tells us that a sweeter village than Ford could hardly be imagined outside of Arcadia; and most visitors will be inclined to agree with him. After the eye has taken in the vast outline of Ford Castle—where James IV. slept ere the ill-fated battle of Flodden, which took place on an adjoining ridge of the Cheviots—and sufficiently admired the trim and cosy red-tiled cottages, with their equally trim gardens, and the ornate fountain to the memory of the Marquis of Waterford, most likely the visitor will enter the village schoolroom. No one visiting Ford should go without viewing the interior walls, which have been beautifully decorated with water-colour paintings from the brush of Lady Waterford, in illustration of the lives of good children. This talented and benevolent lady passed away on 12th May 1891, in her seventy-third year, beloved by all; and the fragrance of her memory and good deeds will long linger in Ford, where her grave is adorned by a fine marble cross by G. F. Watts, who also painted her portrait.

Lady Waterford spent the leisure of twenty-two years in adorning the walls of Ford Schoolhouse with pictures of children, drawn from the Bible. The subjects range from Cain and Abel to St Paul and St John; the last picture, 'Saul at the Feet of Gamaliel,' being finished in 1883. With a genuine love for children, she showed a happy

genius in transferring the countenances of those around her to canvas; and even one of her own servants and the schoolmaster helped as models. One of her secular pictures, of which over three hundred were exhibited in London in 1892, was entitled 'The Sixth Standard.' Another of her pictures on exhibition at a different time being simply signed L. Waterford, a critic asked, 'Who is Mr Waterford, this new genius, reviving the glories of the Venetian school?'

Mr Holman Hunt has regretted that these pictures in Ford Schoolroom have been done in such perishable materials. The last time we saw them we fancied they were getting somewhat dingy. They were painted in water-colours, on prepared paper laid on canvas and stretched on frames, and executed in her ladyship's studio at the Castle. The same artist acknowledges that 'her art came from the exercise of a very beautiful mind, and from a very diligently—although somewhat unmethodically—trained faculty for design, her taste for colour being also both remarkable by natural endowment and by cultivation.' It was natural that, although Lady Waterford had practically retired from what is known as society after the sudden death of her husband in the hunting-field in 1859, the fame of the place and the attraction of this gifted lady should have drawn visitors and friends from far and near. The visitors' book kept at the schoolhouse has a record of many notabilities, including the

names of Mr Gladstone, Sir Edwin Landseer, Earl Grey, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Duchess of Teck, the Queen of the Netherlands (once a guest at the Castle), &c.

The third Marquis of Waterford first met Lonisa Ann, daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, at the Eglinton Tournament, where only the fact that she was an unmarried lady prevented her being crowned the Queen of Beauty. Eighteen years of happy wedded life came suddenly to an end by the accident to the Marquis; and ever afterwards, until her death, her hand and heart were occupied in philanthropic works; and what needlework is to many a lady, reading and painting were to Lady Waterford. She visited the sick and poor in all weathers, ministered to their temporal and spiritual necessities, and held mothers' meetings and Sunday and week-day classes. For more than thirty years she visited regularly a poor woman, long an invalid. Mr Neville has given a record of her activities and artistic work at Ford in his *Under a Border Tower*; while Mr Hare has a fuller biography in his *Two Noble Lives*.

The rector of Ford remarked at the opening of the schoolhouse that 'great stress is laid in the new rules of the Committee of Council on Education on reading, writing, and arithmetic in the instruction of our schools. They think that these are the branches of education most necessary for those who have to work for their living. They are indeed very necessary for making our way in the world; but they are not all or the chief things.' He then pointed to the illuminated examples of goodness enshrined in beautiful forms upon the walls, ever afterwards to be a source of inspiration to the children, and destined to be indelibly fixed in their memories. Many of the children passing through this school have done well in life in every way, and those who when children were models to Lady Waterford, men and women grown, are scattered to various parts of the world. What Lady Waterford did for Ford Schoolroom has been done for several buildings in Edinburgh by Mrs Traquair, notably for the Song-school of St Mary's Cathedral.

We do not know whether John Ruskin ever saw the pictures in Ford Schoolroom; but what Lady Waterford carried out with refined taste and nobility of purpose was publicly suggested by the great art-critic about 1883, in connection with a society of which he was president, Mr Matthew Arnold and Lord Leighton being also members. The object of the society was 'to bring within the reach of boys and girls in our Board and other schools such a measure of art-culture as is compatible with their age and studies.' A catalogue was suggested, with lists of prints, photographs, and etchings which the society was prepared to bring under the notice of schools, as well as a model collection of pictures of simple natural objects, such as birds and their nests, trees, and

scenes of rural life, of heroic adventure and historic interest. Thus the town child, with fewer opportunities than country-bred children, was to be made familiar with the common objects of the country.

This society is now known as the Art for Schools Association (29 Queen Square, London, W.C.), of which Mr Ruskin is still president; and since its foundation over forty thousand standard pictures have been sold through its agency. The catalogue embraces a list of four hundred photographs, engravings, etchings, and chromo-lithographs, from the works of old masters and living artists, as well as studies from nature of birds and beasts and flowers. These are supplied at a reduced rate to elementary and secondary schools.

The country child also requires attention, according to Miss Cobbe. She relates an incident which took place on her return after a lengthened absence to her country home, when she addressed a youth formerly under her tuition.

'Well, Andrew,' said Miss Cobbe, 'how much do you remember of all my lessons?'

'Ah, ma'am, never a word.'

'Oh Andrew, Andrew! and have you forgotten all about the sun, the moon, and stars, the day and night, and the seasons?'

Andrew scratched his head and replied, 'Oh no, ma'am,' he said. 'I do remember now. And you set them on the schoolroom table, and Mars was a red gooseberry, and I ate him.'

Ruskin reminds us that we have hitherto been contented to do our educational work surrounded by cheap furniture and bare walls, and supposed that boys learned best when they sat on hard forms and had nothing but blank plaster above and about them whereon to engage their spare attention. In his own forcible way, he says that 'the best study of all is the most beautiful, and that a quiet glade of a forest or the nook of a lake-shore is worth all the schoolrooms in Christendom when once you are past the multiplication table; but, be that as it may, there is no question at all but that a time ought to come in the life of a well-trained youth when he can sit at a writing-table without wanting to throw the ink-stand at his neighbour, and when, also, he will feel more capable of certain efforts of mind with beautiful and refined forms about him than with ugly ones. When that time comes he ought to be advanced into the decorated schools, and this advance ought to be one important and honourable epoch of his life.'

Ruskin is here doubtless writing from experience, as some of the most powerful educating influences of his life came from travelling at home and abroad, afterwards sketching and writing, the foundation being laid by the early driving excursions with his father in England and Scotland.

It is worthy of notice that the latest Scotch Code embraces a scheme of 'nature knowledge' whereby junior scholars shall acquire, 'by means

of observation and inquiry, a knowledge of common objects, natural phenomena, and the surroundings of the school.'

Mr T. C. Horsfell in 1884 drew attention to what the Committee of the Manchester Art Museum was prepared to do in lending to schools pictures of beautiful scenery, interesting buildings, and historical scenes, with engravings of flowers, trees, and animals. It was intended to continue the series so as to include sculpture and beautiful common pottery. Later Mr W. G. Page, of Boston, U.S.A., recommended historical portraits and scenes from history for grammar-schools, and the best products of the art of Greece and Rome for high schools. He advocated classification of subjects, as Greek, Roman, and Egyptian rooms, and one to illustrate English history.

From a recent report of the United States Commissioner of Education, who gives prominence to this subject, we learn that an attempt was made to decorate a schoolroom in Boston in 1870 with ten casts of antique sculpture and eleven busts, at a cost of about £300. This attempt in a girls' school was made as 'a simple but efficient means of introducing an æsthetic element into the educational system of the United States.' Some years later schools in Chicago, Cambridge, Newhaven, Brooklyn, Milton, Salem, and Quincy had been adorned with photographs, engravings, and casts. In one instance the walls of the schoolroom were tinted in a quiet grayish tone, forming a background upon which were hung engravings, photographs and prints of some of the most famous pictures of the world, and also portraits of statesmen, heroes, and authors. In one room were pictures of Venice; in another views of Rome and of Florence. Brooklyn School Report said that beautiful pictures and impressive statues in schools were distinctly an educational factor. We hear of the extravagances of modern School Boards; but what will the ratepayer think of this sentiment?—'When it comes to be understood that the schoolroom is to be made as pleasant and well furnished as the model home, then the school is likely to take the place it should as a social factor.' The silent beauty, we are further told, irradiating from such decoration would quicken and purify the taste of the scholar without at all encroaching upon school-time. In a catalogue of works of art suitable for decorating schools which was prepared for an exhibition at Brooklyn there were four hundred and twelve entries, including photographs, engravings, statuary, pottery, and etchings.

A law was passed in the State of New York in 1895 in order to provide additional facilities for free instruction in natural history, geography, and kindred subjects by means of pictorial representations and lectures. This has been done by the kind of lantern known as the stereopticon. The instrument is easily manipulated, and writing or drawing upon ground glass, done with a common lead-pencil, shows well. Regular lantern slides

can also be used without limit. A practical teacher says in the *School Journal*: 'A city can buy a thousand views at the price of the same number of intermediate geographies. The slides will, however, be practically intact when the books are worn out. For educational service, then, the slides are not so expensive as books.' The gain is said to be great, from preferring to words and symbols the thing itself. The outlines of stream and hill, with physical productions, have a better chance of being remembered. In the same way, panoramic views of history may be presented, and pictures may also be made a useful handmaid in the teaching of physiology, astronomy, and geology. The magic-lantern has also been found useful in many English schools, especially to illustrate the geography lesson.

We need say very little here about literature in the form of reading-books for the schoolroom, so amply and ably catered for by many rival publishers. From the horn-book of a past generation we have travelled a long way. Our school-books may be somewhat less solid than those of the past, but never were they more attractively set forth or better illustrated. Good literature and good pictures elevate the taste and cultivate and enrich the understanding of the pupil. Such a work, although scarcely a schoolbook, as Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, with its hundreds of excellent illustrations, would have been impossible a generation ago. With such perfect and suitable instruments of education as our elementary and advanced 'Readers,' in proper hands, surely all the reasonable and unreasonable demands of that imperious dictator, the Education Code, may be abundantly satisfied.

SOWING.

Sow thou thy seed of corn and wait awhile;
See the snow falling and the ice-spray gleam
Above its hiding-place. Hear the wind scream
And the wild tempest sweep o'er mile and mile
Of sullen landscape. Watch the rain-cloud's vial
Empty above it, and the fitful beam
Of sunlight thwart the field, until a seam
Of tender green shoot up to greet thy smile.
And lo! God's miracle is wrought once more
Of life from death—from loss, most wondrous gain:
The corn-field glitters with its golden store
On the same land where late the storm and rain
Beat on the bare, brown earth. Thy sowing o'er,
Thine but to wait and pray lest faith should wane!

Sow thou thy seed of love, O heart, and wait.
Though it be hidden—though thy doubts and fears
Whisper to thee 'tis lost, and thy sad tears
Fall on the ice-bound soil of bitter fate—
Surely the seed will live: Spring sets the gate
Of life wide open. See! though hid for years,
Love seeks the light of love—its tender spears
Shall gladden thy sad eyes at last, though late:
E'en but the blade perchance and not the bloom.
Ofttimes God seeth that Love's flower rare
Hath no perfection this side of the tomb,
But needeth for its growth the purer air
Of His sweet Paradise: after earth's gloom
Love hath its blossoming—not here, but There!

KATE MELLERSEN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

NEXT TO GODLINESS.

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER, Author of *Round the World on a Wheel*, &c.

NEXT to being scrupulously clean, it is certainly a delight to be unscrupulously dirty. I know, because I've tried both. I am struggling back into the intricacies of civilisation—bathing, shaving, putting on clean shirts. During the two years I was roaming with my bicycle through seventeen countries, breaking records, and nearly breaking my neck, cycling round the world, it was not always so. I confess, but with no glee, there were times when I did not have a decent wash for a month; there were times when I certainly did not have a wash at all for a week—day in and day out I went unwashed, unshaven, and uncombed; and once, during the time I crossed China, I never let a razor touch my chin for five solid months. But my glory, the one thing of which I am really proud, is that for over two years I never climbed into the case-armour of a stiff shirt, and never had a starched collar round my neck. That is something I will look back upon when I am old and lack teeth.

I believe it was an Italian who made the discovery that the English were a dirty race, because they washed all over every morning. Within the last five years I've been in twenty-nine, or maybe it is thirty, different countries; and the only man on earth who, I found, washed himself more than the Englishman in England was the Englishman in India. He lives in his tub, smokes in it, reads books in it, and if it was not necessary for him occasionally to come out and dress, eat, play polo, and make love, I verily believe that in the next generation he would be web-footed.

In Russia they dole water out to you in an exasperating and niggardly way. Should you be so startlingly audacious as to want a wash all over, you must pay a rouble for the luxury; and, as I am a poor man, I frequently went without a bath, and saved my rouble. And there is no compromising matters, as I have known it done

in seaside lodgings. There is no sticking the basin on the floor, and sponging yourself down, and making a general mess of the room; for they do not give you ewers or basins in Russia. Over the washstand you often find a big brass funnel kind of arrangement, and by pushing up a button that plugs the pipe the water trickles out. It is disagreeable. If you are in a hurry to wash your hands for lunch, the confounded thing runs all down your shirt-sleeves and makes a pool in the elbow. Altogether you are provoked to a frenzy of rage. In the very best hotels, however, I have found an even more vicious contrivance. In appearance it is a cross between a ship's cabin washstand and an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy. An innocent but ornamental little brass pipe sticks out, nose upwards. You do not know how the water is extracted until you catch sight of a pedal on the ground. You press this with your foot. You are hazy whether it is a hard pedal or a soft pedal, or how much water there is; whether the squirt is vigorous or weak, or, indeed, whether there is any water at all. Anyway, if you are a novice you plant your foot down firmly. At once you feel that you are being played upon by a fire-hose. In your spluttering and cursing you forget to move your foot, and when you duck your head, and so remove resistance, the spray gushes all over the bedroom like a whirligig exhibition fountain. Or you approach the thing gingerly, and press the pedal gently, watching the spout all the time with blinking eyes, in the way you edge a cork out of a champagne bottle. Then, to your disgust, you find there's something wrong with the workings, or that there is no water in the can to be squirted out. Russians certainly do not give you much to wash in, but they provide as much entertainment as can reasonably be expected at the price.

Yet if Russia disappoints, there should be something wonderful in scented Arabia, and in Persia with its peach bowers, and Turkey with its luxuriant delights. I have been in all these

countries. But whether it is my liver or my ancestry that are to blame, or my utter lack of poetic sentiment, I do not know; anyway, I have never got enthusiastic over an Eastern bath. A Turkish bath such as you have in Turkey is as like to the Turkish bath you have in London as a doss-house is to the Hotel Cecil. There is only one man I have a grudge against; and he is dead. They called him Thomas Moore, and he wrote a poem entitled *Lalla Rookh*. *Lalla Rookh* has done more harm to a credulous, untravelled public than all the high-falutin guide-books that were ever written. The baths are by no means poetical. They are clammy. The pure white marble is often impure whitewash. True, you get a bit of marble, frequently cracked, to sprawl on, but there are cockroaches about, and the bathman is probably sore-eyed.

I am one of the few infidels who have ever been in a Persian harem. It was the harem of the governor of a great city; but he had gone holiday-making into the hills with his ladies, and I was therefore able to go where otherwise I would have lost my head if I had even peeped. A little fantastic, certainly; but, oh! so tawdry, garish, and inartistic! The bath-chambers were vault-like, and the alabaster slabs seemed to have been fitted by a man with oblique eyes. There ought to have been an odour of scented voluptuousness about it all. There was only an odour of stale soapsuds.

The Persian, like other Mohammedans, has a curious belief that running water is pure. That is why he never washes in a basin, but always in a stream. He never lets the water trickle from the hand towards the elbow. He keeps his fingers hanging over the water, and laves the water on his arm, so it runs towards the hand. And, as running water is pure, you can every day see dozens of women doing the week's washing in the town stream; while, a few yards lower down the stream, jars of water are being drawn for drinking and cooking purposes.

It is a great blessing that in some religions cleanliness is, after all, really next to godliness. It's a splendid combination of sanitation and sanctimoniousness that makes the Hindus and the Buddhists immerse themselves once a day. An uncleanly Oriental is very unclean. Even a cleanly one, what with the oil he puts on his raven hair and the grease with which he occasionally smears his body, runs it pretty close in the matter of offending Western nostrils when the weather happens to be torrid. The grandest sight of soul-saving ablutions is at Benares, on the banks of the Ganges, when the entire Hindu population come down to bathe in the sacred river. They stand to the waist in the water, sometimes motionless, watching the glint of the sun on the ripples, and maybe plunge and splash in the holy stream. Bathing is part of their religion, and they bathe with the same steady

ardour as a Scotch elder of the Kirk persists in putting on his 'blacks' on the Sabbath morning. Neither the bathing nor the 'blacks' exactly constitute religion in themselves; but where would be religion in either the Scot or the Hindu without them?

The Buddhists make washing part of the means of progression toward the shadowy region of Nirvana. Many an evening on the banks of the Irawadi, in far-off Upper Burma, I have watched the flippant-hearted Burmese floundering and tumbling and laughing and screeching as they joyed in the merry carnival. The Burmese are a bright, clean-bodied, gaudily-garbed race, except that they will saturate their hair with a vile-odoured oily slime. They bathe twice a day in the Irawadi from pure love of bathing. The day may have been oppressive and sultry. At sundown the entire populations of the riparian hamlets come to the bank and spend a merry hour. And, truly, a charming memory in my world-wanderings is the recollection of many a time watching a group of Burmese maidens bathe. There is no blush on my cheek just now as I write that I specially made it a point most evenings to watch them. Soft and hazel-brown of skin they all are; plump and sturdy-limbed; their eyes lustrous and mischievous, and a pretty winsomeness of grace about their manner of walking; they are as frolicsome as lambs, and have about as much care for the morrow. There was always something so Eden-like in their conduct that I admit to being charmed. Their playful screams as they bobbed in the water, the little pranks of jokes they practised on one another, and, above all, the coyish innocence that always marked their behaviour made the spectacle of their evening ablutions very near fairy-like. The Burmese girl, when she enters the water, wears a long wide-folded skirt that reaches under her shoulders and across her bosom, and is fastened by a twist of the cloth doubled in by her side. On the bank she leaves another skirt, dry. When her half-hour of fun is over she steps out in her dripping garment. No towel is used. She opens the dry skirt, throws it over her head, and then, by a movement of the body, the wet gown drops to the ground as the other one slips in its place. It is all done quickly, neatly, modestly, while all the time the girl is smiling with a Garden-of-Eden smile.

But the Chinese—ah, those Chinese! I do not know all the corners of the earth, to be sure. But for inborn love of dirt that heathen Chinese would be hard to beat. A Chinaman never looks so dirty as when he is trying to clean himself. He gets a little wooden tub, rather like a small salt-butter keg sawn down, and in this is poured half-a-pint of scalding-hot water. The tub is carried outside, and placed on the ground. Then the Chinaman produces a nasty, mousy-tinted piece of cloth—much like old dish-cloths I have

seen on straying into my back-kitchen—and he drops it in the hot water. He squats down by the side of the tub, and, after rinsing and squeezing the rag, proceeds to rub the hot, clammy thing all over his face and his shaven head and his hands. No towel is used for drying purposes. That occasional lick with the hot dish-cloth is about all the washing the average Celestial indulges in. At the close of a high-class Chinese dinner steaming cloths are always brought round, so that the guests may refresh themselves and get awakened up after their gormandising by a rubbing of their hands and faces.

And then there are the Japanese. Truly, the adjoining peoples of the East have as much variety of character as the residents in a suburban row of houses. While the Chinese don't like water at all, the Japanese have a mania for it, especially boiling hot. Every inn has a big tub perpetually on the boil. That tub is common property. You go into the bathroom, undress, throw a ladle of hot water over you, lather yourself with soap, throw more hot water over you till all the soap is removed, and then you climb

into the bath, and sit there for an hour, or two hours if you like, or until somebody else wants to come in. It is hardly in accordance with English ideas to get into a bath where half-a-dozen people have been before you; but the Japanese think nothing of it. I always made diligent inquiry so that I might be the first user of the bath that day.

And here is a point that English folks might learn from the Japanese. The reason we are inclined, in this country, to catch cold after taking a hot bath in the daytime is that we do not take it hot enough. If only you have the water as near boiling-point as possible, there is no fear of you getting cold afterwards. The Japanese revel in these hot tubs. They take them three and four times a day. In some districts of Japan, I believe, the people are amphibious; for months at a time they live practically in the water. A Japanese once called upon me, and he apologised, at the outset of our conversation, for being so unmannerly and dirty, for he had only had time to take two hot baths that day.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XX.



HAD a bombshell fallen through the skylight of the saloon and settled itself in the centre of the table, it could scarcely have caused greater consternation than did Maas's simple remark. Browne felt that his face was visibly paling, and that guilt must be written on every inch of it. As for Jimmy, his mouth opened and shut like that of an expiring fish. He could scarcely believe he had heard aright. He had certainly once in an idle moment joked in the fashion Maas had attributed to him; but what had induced the latter to remember and to bring it up now, of all times, when their nerves were so tightly stretched? Maas's face, however, was all innocence. He seemed not to have noticed the consternation he had caused, but ate his caviare with the air of a man who had said something worthy, the point of which had fallen a trifle flat. It was not until the meal was over and they had ascended to the deck once more that Browne found an opportunity of having a few words with Jimmy.

'What on earth did he mean by that?' he asked. 'Do you think he can have heard anything? Or do you think he only suspects?'

'Neither,' said Jimmy. 'I'll tell you what I think it was; it was a perfectly simple remark, which by sheer ill-luck just happened to touch us in the wrong place. It was, as the shooters say, an unintentional bull's-eye. But, by Jove!

I must confess that it made me feel pretty bad at the moment.'

'Then you think we need not attach any importance to it?'

'I'm quite sure we need not,' his friend replied. 'Look at it in this way: If the man had known anything he most certainly would not have said anything about it. If we had suspected him of knowing our secret, and had put ourselves out in order to bring him to the point, and he had kept silence, then we might have thought otherwise; as it is, I am positive we need not be afraid.'

As if to reassure them, Maas said nothing further on the subject. He was full of good-humour, absorbed the sunshine like a Neapolitan, and seemed to enjoy every hour he lived. He also did his best to make the others do likewise. He talked upon every conceivable subject, and did not feel in the least annoyed when the others appeared occupied. They passed Plymouth soon after twelve next day, and said good-bye to Old England shortly afterwards. How little those on board guessed what was to happen before they could see her shores again! Five days later they were at Gibraltar, anchored in the harbour beneath the shadow of the batteries. Though he grudged every minute, and though he had seen the Rock a dozen times before, Browne accompanied them ashore, explored the Galleries, and lunched at the Officers' Mess.

'What rum beggars we are, to be sure!' said

young Branthwaite, of the 43d Midlandshire, to Browne as they lit their cigars afterwards. 'Here are you, posting off for the East, and as anxious as you can be to turn your back on Old England; while I, poor beggar, am quartered here, and am longing to get home with all my might and main. Do you think, if I had your chance, I would go abroad? Not I.'

'Circumstances alter cases,' returned Browne. 'If you were in my place you would want to be out of England. You should just have seen London as we left. Fogs, sleet, snow, drizzle, day after day, while here you are wrapped in continual sunshine. I don't see that you have much to grumble at.'

'Don't you?' said his friend. 'Well, I do. Let us take my own case again. I am just up from a badish attack of Rock-fever. I feel as weak as a cat—not fit for anything. And what good does it do me? I don't even have the luck to be properly ill, so that I could compel them to invalid me. And, to make matters worse, my brother writes that they are having the most ripping hunting in the shires; from his letters I gather that the pheasants have never been better; and, with it all, here I am, like the Johnny in the heathen mythology, chained to this rock, and unable to get away.'

Browne consoled him to the best of his ability, and shortly afterwards collected his party and returned to the yacht. The work of coaling was completed, and Captain Mason, who resembled a badly-blackened Christy Minstrel, was ready to start as soon as his owner desired. Browne, nothing loath, gave the order, and accordingly they steamed out of the harbour, past the Rock, and were in blue seas once more. They would not touch anywhere again until they reached Port Said.

That night on deck Browne was lamenting the fact that the yacht did not travel faster than she did.

'My dear fellow,' said Maas, 'what a hurry you are in, to be sure! Why, this is simply delightful. What more could you wish for? You have a beautiful vessel, your cook is a genius, and your wines are perfect. If I had your money, do you know what I would do? I would sail up and down the Mediterranean at this time of the year for months on end.'

'I don't think you would,' said Browne. 'In the meantime, what I want is to get to Japan.'

'I presume your *fiancée* is to meet you there?' said Maas. 'I can quite understand your haste now.'

There was a silence for a few moments, and then Maas added, as if the idea had just struck him: 'By the way, you have never told me her name.'

'Her name is Petrovitch,' said Browne softly, as if the name were too precious to be breathed

aloud. 'I do not think you have ever met her.'

'Now I come to think of it, I believe I have,' Maas replied. 'At least, I have not met her personally, but I have met some one who knows her fairly well.'

'Indeed!' said Browne, in some astonishment. 'And who might that some one be?'

'You need not be jealous, my dear fellow,' Maas replied. 'My friend was a lady, a Miss Corniquet, a French artist. Miss Petrovitch, I believe, exhibited in the Salon last year, and they met shortly afterwards. I remember that she informed me that the young lady in question showed remarkable talent. I am sure, Browne, I congratulate you heartily.'

'Many thanks,' said the other; and so the matter dropped for the time being.

Port Said and the work of coaling being things of the past, they proceeded through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea; coaled once more at Aden, and later on at Colombo. By the time they reached Singapore, Browne's impatience could scarcely be controlled. With every day an increased nervousness came over him. At last they were only a few hours' steam from Hong-kong. It was there that Browne was to interview the famous Johann Schmidt, of whom Herr Sauber had spoken to him in Paris. What the result of that interview would be he could only conjecture. He wanted to get it over in order that he might have his plans cut and dried by the time they reached Japan, where Katherine and Madame Bernstein must now be. If all went well, he would soon join them there.

At ten o'clock on a lovely morning they entered the Ly-ee-moon Pass, steamed past Green Island, and at length came in sight of the crowded harbour of Victoria. Once at anchor, the steam-launch was slung overboard and brought alongside, Browne and his friends took their places in her, and she forthwith steamed ashore. None of the men had seen the wonderful city they were now visiting before, so that all its marvels, its wealth, and its extraordinary mixture of races were new to them. Though they had encountered him in his American hybrid condition, it was the first time they had been brought into actual contact with their marvellous Yellow Brother, who in Hong-kong may be seen in all the glory of his dirt and sumptuousness. Reaching the Praya, they disembarked, and ascended the steps. Accosting an English inspector of police whom they met, they inquired in what direction they should proceed in order to reach the Club. He pointed out the way, and they accordingly set off in search of it. Turning into the Queen's Road, they made their way along it until they reached the place in question. Browne had a letter of introduction to one of the members, given to him in London, and he was anxious to present it to him in order to learn something, if possible, of

Johann Schmidt before going in search of him. Leaving his two friends outside, he entered the Club and inquired for the gentleman in question. The servant who received him informed him that the member was not at the time in the building.

'Can you tell me his address?' said Browne. 'It's just possible I may find him at his office.'

The man furnished him with what he wanted, and showed him how he could reach it. Rejoining his companions, Browne proceeded down the street, passed the Law Courts, and went in the direction of the Barracks. At last he reached the block of buildings of which he was in search. The name of the man he wanted was to be seen on a brass plate upon the door. He entered, and accosting a white-clad Englishman in an enormous solar topee, whom he found there, inquired if he could tell whether his friend was at home.

'I believe he is,' the man replied. 'At any rate, if you will wait a moment I'll soon find out.' Leaving them, he departed down the passage, to presently return with the information that the person they wanted to see was in his office.

Footo and Maas returned to the street, while Browne entered a cool and airy room at the farther end of the passage. Here, seated at an office-table, was another white-clad Englishman. He had a cigar in his mouth, and possessed a handsome face and a close-cropped beard.

'Mr —?' said Browne, after he had thanked his conductor for his courtesy.

'That is my name,' the gentleman replied. 'What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?'

'I have a letter of introduction to you,' said Browne, producing the document in question from his pocket, and handing it across the table. 'I believe we are common friends of George Pellister?'

'George Pellister!' cried the man. 'I should rather think so; when I was home three years ago he was awfully kind to me. So you are a friend of his? Pray forgive my not having come out to greet you. Come and sit down. How long have you been in the island?'

'Only an hour and a half,' Browne replied.

'An hour and a half!' the other repeated. 'I had no idea there was an English mail-boat in. The P. & O. only left yesterday.'

'I didn't come in a mail-boat,' said Browne. 'I've got my own tub. We left London on the 7th of last month.'

The man behind the table opened his eyes in surprise. Gentlemen who travelled as far as Hong-kong in their own steam-yachts were few and far between, and had to be treated with proper respect. He accordingly found an opportunity of opening the letter of introduction. Had Browne been watching his face he would have seen the expression of astonishment that spread over it as he realised that

his visitor was no less than the fabulously wealthy John Grantham Browne, of whose doings in the social and sporting world he had so often read.

'I am very glad indeed that you have called on me,' he said, after he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment. 'While you are here you must let me do the honours of Hong-kong, such as they are. Of course I can put you up at the Club, if that's any use to you, and show you all there is to be seen, though I fear it will bore you fearfully after London. How long are you staying?'

'Well,' said Browne, 'I'm afraid I shall not be able to remain very long on the outward voyage. I should not have called here at all but that I had some rather important business to transact. I'm on my way to Japan.'

'Indeed!' said the other. 'Well, I shall be only too happy if you will let me help you in any way I can.'

'It's not a very big matter,' said Browne. 'All I want to know is the address of a certain person living in Hong-kong whose name is Schmidt—Johann Schmidt.'

'Johann Schmidt?' said the other. 'I am not quite certain that I know this particular one; there are so many of that name here, and I dare say a large proportion of them are Johanns. However, I will send some one to find out; and if you will take tiffin with me at the Club, my clerks shall make inquiries while we are doing so.'

Browne thereupon explained that he had two friends travelling with him, with the result that the other replied that he would only be too happy if they would join the party. They accordingly adjourned, and, picking up Maas and Footo in the street, proceeded to the Club. Tiffin was almost at an end, when a servant entered and placed a card beside their host's plate. He glanced at it, and, turning to Brown, he pushed it towards him.

'If I'm not mistaken, that is the man you want,' he said. 'I think it only fair to tell you that I know the fellow, and he is rather an extraordinary character. Between ourselves, he does not bear any too good a reputation.'

'Oh, that doesn't matter to me in the least,' said Browne. 'My business with him is purely of a commercial nature.'

After that no more was said on the subject, and when they rose from the table Browne proposed that he should go in search of the man in question. 'I am anxious, if possible, to leave Hong-kong at daybreak to-morrow morning,' he said; and added, by way of explanation, 'I am due in Japan, and have no time to spare.'

'I am sorry to hear that,' said the other. 'I had hoped you would stay longer. However, while you are away, your friends had better remain with me. I will do my best to amuse them.'

Browne thereupon rose to take leave. His host accompanied him to the street, and, having put

him in a *rickshá*, told the coolie where he was to take him.

'I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness,' said Browne as he shook hands. 'Will you not let me return it by asking you to dine with us on board my boat to-night? She is the *Lotus Blossom*. I don't suppose you will have much difficulty in finding her.'

'I shall be delighted,' said the other. 'At what time do you dine?'

'At half-past seven,' said Browne.

'*Au revoir*, then, until half-past seven.'

They waved hands to each other, and Browne laid himself back in the *rickshá*, mumbling as he did so, 'Now for our friend Johann Schmidt.'

THE TELEPHONE.



SEVENTY years ago the telephone was pronounced a 'scientific toy.' The other day the president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in his presidential address, stated that there were upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand telephones in use in the United Kingdom; that speech is now practically possible between any two post-offices therein; that many important towns in England and in France are *en rapport*; and that it is theoretically possible to talk with any capital in Europe. It was stated, too, that it is practically possible for every house in the United Kingdom to speak to every other house—a prospect so appalling to the average British householder that it may be hoped that this is rather the dream of the sanguine scientist than a possibility to be contemplated by the sane and sensible citizen!

Need it be said that the telephone, like the telegraph, is the invention of a Scotsman—Mr Alexander Graham Bell, son of the late Alexander Melville Bell, whom the writer well remembers as a professor of elocution in Edinburgh something like half-a-century ago? Who shall say that Graham Bell's knowledge of the 'art of speaking,' derived from his father, did not lead up to the invention of the telephone, which is a combination of Greek words designed to mean sound, just as telegraph is 'far writing' or 'far writer'? Before Mr Bell left Edinburgh for America he used to amuse himself by 'speaking' along a thread from one end of the room to the other—not a bad substitute for a telephone over a short distance.

Inventions are generally crude to begin with. It was emphatically so with the telegraph, the first theoretical system requiring a separate wire for each letter of the alphabet, and Cooke and Wheatstone's original apparatus requiring five wires. But the telephone came wonderfully perfect from the hands of Graham Bell, the receiving or listening portion having hardly been improved at all, except that it can be fitted on the head and applied to each ear, thus leaving the hands free to write down any message requiring record. The transmitting or speaking portion, however, has been greatly improved, the first step in this direction having been the introduction of the Gower-

Bell transmitter, which, in its turn, was superseded by the improvements of Elisha Gray, Edison, and Hughes. The latter, one of the most ingenious, and withal most modest, of our inventors, devised the microphone, the application of which to the telephone has gone a long way towards securing perfection in that apparatus. There is an amusing story told how Professor Hughes, when engaged on the microphone, being anxious to record the 'trump of the fly,' could not get flies enough in the winter to experiment with, and how he sent to a neighbouring confectioner to help him in his difficulty! Hughes was not the man to be balked, his patience being only equalled by his modesty. But with increased sensitiveness in the apparatus came increased difficulty in resisting outside influences, and in working the telephone on the ordinary telegraph wire. An 'earth return,' which is good enough for the telegraph, is not good enough for the telephone; and hence the many troubles of the early days, and, indeed, some of the troubles of to-day. A 'noisy' telephone is no use at all; and what is known as the 'fried-fish sound' is fatal to intelligible communication. Then, 'foreign' sounds are equally distracting, as when you get, in answer to a question as to the health of a friend, an inquiry as to your lowest quotation for steam coals, or an offer of steel rails at so much per ton. You are lucky indeed if you get nothing more disconcerting than this, for the telephone is an admirable transmitter of 'strong language;' and frequently the wrath of one subscriber who fails to get connected with the number asked for is poured into the unwilling and astonished ear of another, who may be struggling for connection in the opposite direction.

Most of the early difficulties of the telephone were due to this cause and to the use of overhead instead of underground wires. The metallic circuit, or 'twin-wire' system, was the only remedy; but, for obvious reasons, this could only be adopted gradually, and mostly on new lines. The displacement of one system, and its replacement by a more costly one, involved questions of finance which the struggling companies of the early days could not face with indifference; and for a long time the public had to be satisfied with a more or less inefficient and irritating

system. Nevertheless, the business continued to increase, and it soon became necessary to consider how far it was likely to interfere with the Postmaster-General's monopoly in regard to the transmission of telegrams within the United Kingdom. In 1878 an Act was passed which decided that the term 'telegraph' shall, in addition to the meaning assigned to it by the Telegraph Act of 1869, include any apparatus for the transmission of messages or other communications with the aid of electricity, magnetism, or any other like agency. Then followed, as a necessary corollary, the proceedings instituted in 1880, which resulted in the Pollock-Stephens judgment, in which it was held that 'the telephone is a telegraph within the meaning of the Act, and that conversations held (for payment) through the telephone are infringements of the Postmaster-General's exclusive privilege.' No fault could be found with the action of the Post-Office in the matter, seeing that it was bound to assert the legal rights held by it in trust from, and on behalf of, the nation. The pity is that it did not at once enter into the fruits of victory, and take over the telephone business, as it had a few years previously taken over that of the telegraph. Instead, it decided to grant licenses, on royalty, to the telephone companies, of which several have existed during the past eighteen years, each in its turn to be swallowed up by some competitor; and all, eventually, to be embraced in the octopus-like arms of the National Telephone Company.

The poor telephone has had a thoroughly bad time since its introduction into this country; and if it could think as well as speak, it would have many bitter things to say of its so-called 'friends,' from whom it is a thousand pities it was not 'saved' at the outset of its career. Mr Preece, in his presidential address at the Institution of Civil Engineers in November last, said: 'The progress of the use of the telephone in Great Britain has been checked by financial complications. It fell into the hands of the company promoter; it has remained the shuttlecock of the Stock Exchange. It is the function of the Postmaster-General to work for the public every system of intercommunication of thought which affects the interests of the whole nation. Telephoning is an imperial business, like the post and the telegraph; it ought to be in the hands of the State. The public and the press have frequently kicked violently against the present régime. Committees of parliament have sat and deliberated upon the question, and the report of the last committee is now under consideration. Two causes exist to impede the desirable absorption: the fear of being "done" by watered and inflated capital, and the assumed bad bargain made in absorbing the telegraphs in 1869. The former is a mere bugbear. The public does not want to purchase stock; it wants to acquire a plant and business which can be easily and fairly valued. The latter is a gross fallacy; the business

of the telegraph companies—practically an unlimited monopoly—was purchased on absolutely fair terms—namely, twenty years' purchase of the net profits. . . . If a syndicate desired now to repurchase the business and acquire the plant they would have to find a capital of over *thirty millions sterling*.'

Naturally there has been much capital wasted in telephonic enterprise, and overlapping systems now merged into one have conduced neither to economy nor efficiency. It is with the telephone just as it was with the telegraph before its acquisition by the State—class interests have been studied rather than the interests of the community at large; and England has been left behind by other countries, notably by little Switzerland and even by Sweden. The telegraph companies boasted thirty years ago that there was no case for acquisition by the State, as their systems were almost exclusively used by well-to-do people, Stock Exchange men, and the like, and ridiculed the idea of the telegraph being extended to every village post-office as chimerical in the extreme. The telephone does not exactly go that length; but its system of subscription implies almost as much, because it charges the private individual nearly as much for an occasional 'talk' as it does the City man, who may have his mouth or his ear at the end of the wire all day long. A system of 'tolls,' as in Switzerland, is much desiderated—that is, a system whereby you pay for just as much as you get, and no more. No doubt this would involve a kind of account-keeping and lead to expense; but there must be ingenuity enough in the world to minimise this, and to render it almost imperceptible in individual transactions.

Until comparatively recently the Telephone Company owned not only the local, or exchange, system, but the trunk service as well. The Post-Office now owns and works the latter, with the result that it is the most extensive in Europe; while the exchange service, which is almost wholly in the hands of the company, and chiefly confined to 'subscribers,' is much behind that of some Continental countries. Within the London telephone area, containing a population of over six million persons, there are only two hundred and thirty-seven call-offices open to non-subscribers for the transmission of messages; while in Stockholm there are seven hundred for a population of only a quarter of a million. Probably there are local conditions which would tend to modify this statement so far as Stockholm is concerned, and possibly the service is carried on under conditions which are more or less peculiar to Continental countries. One expert witness, indeed, before the recent select committee pointed out that the Stockholm telephone area embraces a large tract of country extending to a radius of forty-two miles around the town, and covering an area of something like one thousand two hundred square miles. Probably the population is not

great outside Stockholm itself; but it is only fair to make some allowance for the exceptional area in proportioning the telephonic facilities of the Swedish capital to its population. Again, it was stated that in Sweden the subscriber to the telephone is called upon to find part of the capital out of which the system is provided—that is, he has to pay a sort of 'entrance fee,' which practically amounts to the cost of the apparatus, leaving only the cost of constructing the line to be otherwise provided for. Still, in Sweden the cost of the service is very low, being only something like £4, 10s. as compared with £17 in London. This is brought about by the tremendous competition between the State and the company, the result being that both systems are worked at a heavy loss. In Germany, where the system is entirely in the hands of the Government, the rate is uniformly £7, 10s.; but here again the service is said to be carried on at a loss. Nor is it a good service, for it is entirely on the single-wire system; and so much inconvenience is experienced in Berlin from this circumstance that the authorities contemplate introducing the 'metallic circuit' everywhere at a very large cost. It is only in Hamburg, Berlin, and Cologne that telephonic development has reached any very marked degree in Germany. Their trunk system will not compare for a moment with ours, England having something over nine hundred trunk services now at work, while Germany has something under six hundred. Still, the fact remains that, while Berlin, with little more than a million and a half of population, has over thirty-six thousand telephones, London, with its four millions and a half, has less than twenty-six thousand; and, again, Hamburg, with a trifle over half a million inhabitants, has thirteen thousand five hundred telephones; while Liverpool, with eight hundred thousand people, has only about eleven thousand. Cologne, again, is phenomenally developed in the matter of telephonic facilities, there being one telephone to every thirty-six of the population—a proportion which speaks badly for the restfulness of the 'City of Smells.'

Throughout the whole of Switzerland the number of telephones per head of the population is about one per hundred; but, on the other hand, in the large towns, where the exchanges are very fully developed, the number increases to such an extent that in Geneva it is one in twenty-three, in Lucerne one in twenty-four, in Bâle one in twenty-nine, in Berne one in twenty-seven, and so on in numerous other instances. The rates in Switzerland are partly by subscription and partly by toll—the subscription ranging from £4 for the first year to £1, 12s. for the third and subsequent years, and the toll being levied on every separate 'talk,' or conversation. They have carried the system so far in Switzerland that they have what are called Communal Parish Call-Offices, and these sometimes develop into sub-exchanges, from

which telegrams and 'phonograms' are delivered, the latter being a sort of express letter, of which the contents are telegraphed or telephoned. It is extraordinary to what an extent the telephone has been developed in quite small countries and states; such, for instance, as the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg, in Finland, in Norway, and even in Jutland. In some of these even the villages of two hundred or four hundred inhabitants have their exchange, while nearly all have their call-office or other telephonic convenience. In Jutland the service is carried out by small local companies as a rule, the maximum rate being £4, 3s. 4d. per annum, and the minimum £2, 10s. per annum. In neighbouring Schleswig-Holstein, where the service is carried on by the German Government, the German uniform rate of £7, 10s. is charged; so that there must be a leakage somewhere if the local companies pay, seeing that it has been stated that the German system does not pay. On the whole, it is probable that the Swiss system is the most perfect and most widely extended; but here again there is a strong suspicion that it is carried on at a loss, although it is very difficult to get at the actual facts of the case. The matter is important, however, as bearing on the comparison with the English system, as it is pretty certain that a service which did not pay its way would not be tolerated in this country.

It would be idle to expect that the telephone will greatly increase in this country under existing conditions. It is in the hands of an irresponsible monopoly, whose main object is dividends, and the sword of Damocles, in the shape of an expired license, will descend upon it in a dozen years from now. It is probable, indeed, that after five years from now the company will cease from making any further extension of their system, taking advantage of the remaining seven years of their license to try and get back their capital, or some portion of it. The chairman, who is a very old parliamentary committee hand, said as much before the committee, and the committee naturally expressed its surprise at such a prospect; and no wonder, seeing that seven years' stagnation would mean retrogression, and something worse. But this is not likely to happen, for the committee recommends not only competition by the Post-Office against its own licensee, but by the local authorities under a license from the Government. The chairman of the Telephone Company professes not to be greatly alarmed at the prospect of such competition; and no doubt he has the important point of possession on his side. Local authorities, even assuming that they have the power to work telephones, would be under the same rule as to termination of license as the company, and they will probably be slow to expend the ratepayers' money on an undertaking which they may be compelled to relinquish in a dozen years or so. Besides, competition in telephoning is not an un-

mixed blessing, two or more systems in a given area being likely to lead to a rather more chaotic state of things than that existing at present. A multiplication of wires alone is a great evil, from a physical as well as an electrical point of view; and a want of uniformity of system is calculated to produce almost as great inconveniences as competition is designed to remedy. Municipal telephones would necessarily be limited to municipal areas, but these are not always, if ever, coincident with telephone areas; so that Edinburgh and Leith, for instance, as well as Manchester and Salford, Liverpool and Birkenhead, would have to be worked separately, although for commercial purposes they are one and the same town. On the whole, there seems only one way to secure efficiency, economy, and uniformity, and that is for the Post-Office to take over the existing system, or to provide a system of its own, to be eventually linked on to the telegraph system, of which it is naturally and necessarily a part. Meanwhile a Bill has been prepared by Mr Hanbury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer which proposes to enact that further telephonic communication be provided by the Post-Office, which will thus enter into competition with the Telephone Company. The provision was proposed to be carried out in part by the Post-Office and in part by municipalities of 50,000 inhabitants that might apply for licences.

The considerations dealt with so far have been of a purely commercial or business character, the writer not being at all clear that an increase of the telephone service is calculated to improve the amenities of social life. There are some who consider that life would not be worth living unless you can call the policeman, the doctor, the cabman,

the fireman, the lawyer without leaving your arm-chair. But the mere possession of a telephone suggests wants which would otherwise not be felt in ordinary social life; and it is in evidence that the subscription system, where you can talk as much as you like, has led even keen business men to spend more time at the wire than is good for them or for their correspondents. The use of the telephone gives little room for reflection, it does not improve the temper, and it engenders a feverishness in the ordinary concerns of life which does not make for domestic happiness and comfort. We can imagine, indeed, how a telephone between a man's residence and his place of business might be the cause of misunderstanding, to say the least; and how, if he were switched on to the house of his next-door neighbour by mistake, serious results might ensue. It may be convenient to order the fish for dinner without seeing it; but in that case you must trust to the fishmonger's idea of 'freshness,' and you must not be surprised if you get salmon when you ordered soles, or *vice versa*. It is possible to make life so easy that you do away with all the charm of it, to reduce the expression of human wants to a code and a number, and to become so 'civilised' that there is imminent danger of relapsing into barbarism. It is possible, too, to be always on the tenterhooks of expectation and desire: expectation of being 'called up' by some one, and desire to call some one else up. Thus may life be made miserable by the very attempt to make it easy and happy, and thus may we be reduced to the condition depicted by Matthew Arnold when men bustle through life at such break-neck speed that they 'never once possess their souls before they die.'

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

CHAPTER IV.—DICK MERTS HIS ENEMY FACE TO FACE.

TO ride round the fences once or twice a week, to superintend the building of a *puerta* (house at a gateway), to carry out many much-needed improvements, occupied every hour of the day. Dick had no time to dwell on the difficulties of his position. He must act, not think of how he should act. If, through any mistake on his part, things went wrong, he had to set matters right as best he could, without any one's help or advice. Hardie was much occupied with matters of greater importance, and was satisfied if things went smoothly at El Plato without causing him extra trouble. Occasionally he paid a hurried visit of inspection, reproaching Dick sharply if he found anything wrong through carelessness or neglect, and showing satisfaction with well-done work. Dick would have liked warmer praise, but learnt that Don Diego considered duty done required no reward; it was

expected from any man who was worth his salt. Hardie forgot that some men, like some horses, respond more to a friendly word or a caress than to the ent of the whip or touch of the spur.

In course of time Pastor began to perceive that there was small chance of his getting the young *patrón* into his power. The white-faced boy was more likely to prove himself master after all.

'It is the way of these English,' said José.

Pastor also perceived that he could not continue to pursue his hitherto prosperous, if dishonest, life at El Plato unless he ceased from his iniquitous ways. He hated Hardie, who had taken the place of an easy-going master living in Buenos Ayres, and only visiting his property at long intervals. He hated Dick still more, for his presence prevented him carrying on various little affairs of his own which brought him in a good income—such as selling the mutton and other stores belonging to the *estancia*, and allow-

ing his friends' cattle and horses to fatten on Hardie's land. Yet he had no wish to be sent away. El Plato lay between civilisation—as represented by Las Tres Aronas and within a league of it, a cluster of houses that had grown up round a *pulperia*, which, besides being an inn and drinking-bar, was store, post-office, and bank, as well as the halting-place of the mail-coach that passed twice a week—and a vast tract of country, unfenced and under no man's control, for owing to an endless lawsuit it was no man's property. Here had gathered a set of lawless ruffians, cattle-stealers and worse. Pastor was their useful ally; though about as unscrupulous as any of them, he had enough character left to allow him to frequent the bar of the *pulperia* and do business with honest men. Under the veneer of his Spanish intelligence, a *gaucho* is but a stupid savage; very soon he put himself in the wrong, and Dick reported him to Hardie, who gave him a lecture and a warning that if he gave trouble he must go. Sullenly the man went about his work, hating Dick more and more, and thinking of revenge.

One afternoon, as Dick rode round the camp, inspecting a troop of newly arrived cattle, he came across Macdonald crossing the El Plato land returning from a visit to the store. It was the first hot day of the season; a scorching wind swept over the pampas, raising clouds of dust. Macdonald readily enough accepted an invitation from Dick to come up to the house and have a cup of tea; it would be pleasanter to ride on later, as the wind was sure to fall at sundown. As they rode along together Dick noticed at a little distance off a group of cattle loitering round a well.

'I must go over and see what they are hanging round the well for,' he remarked. 'They should have finished drinking by this time, and be off feeding.'

'The sudden heat may have made them drink more,' said Macdonald, following him. 'Is your man lazy? Does he shirk drawing water?'

'He would shirk anything to spite me,' growled Dick, who was now aware that Pastor had no wish to serve him.

'No water has been drawn to-day,' cried Macdonald as they guided their horses through the mob of cattle that, with hanging heads, bellowed sullenly, and shouldered each other from the side of the trough that stretched from the well across a patch of bare earth, beaten and hardened by the feet of the animals.

'The poor brutes; they are dried up with this beastly wind and dust. I'll make Pastor draw till his arms drop off. Let us get back and send him right off here. I bet he is sleeping, and has been since I rode off after breakfast.'

They turned their horses' heads and galloped off towards the *estancia*. As they reached the gate a whirl of dust and a furious blast of wind struck

them. Not a soul was to be seen. They hurried into the house, shutting the doors and windows in a vain attempt to keep out wind and dust. Dick arranged on the table tin cups and saucers and plates, and, in honour of his guest, a pot of jam and a box of biscuits. Setting the kettle to boil on a spirit-lamp, he went out to find Pastor. He was asleep in a sheltered corner of a shed. Irritated by the heat and the dust, Dick kicked him roughly and shouted to him:

'Up with you. What do you mean by sleeping here, like a pig, leaving the cattle without water? Get over to the well as fast as you can and draw all that's wanted. Do you hear?'

The man turned with a snarl. 'Water! Who is to pull water in a *tormenta* [a storm] like this?'

'You are, and be quick about it,' cried Dick, with another kick.

'Do it yourself, boy!' Pastor was now on his feet, his bloodshot eyes full of rage, and his ugly teeth grinning beneath his bristling moustache. He towered over the lad, who, at the sight of his horrid face, flinched and drew back; but only for a moment. Dick, remembering he had a friend at hand, pulled himself together and cried out:

'Do what I tell you. If not, I will tell Don Diego that I can put up with you no longer.'

'Bueno! You will tell on me, and take my mark with you,' yelled Pastor; and, drawing his knife, he sprang on Dick, who dodged him, feeling for his revolver, which was not there. Pastor was expert in the cruel Spanish art of stabbing. Again the knife gleamed; but again Dick, thanks to the training of the football field, was quick and agile enough to save himself. Once again the knife was raised, but on a sudden Pastor dropped his arm and slunk off behind the shed, leaving the bewildered Dick face to face with Macdonald.

'Man, are you hurt?' cried the latter.

'No, I am right enough; but he nearly had me. He did not know you were there.'

'Had you? It was a close shave. Where did you learn to dodge a *gaucho's facon*? (a sharp-pointed knife).'

As they stepped into the house, Macdonald, holding Dick by the arm, continued: 'It was a mere chance that I saw you. The wind blew the door open, and I got up to shut it. I caught sight of you two dancing round the *patio*; I thought I heard a yell, so it seemed about time to interfere. I guess it was just about time. Do you often amuse yourself with this sort of thing of an afternoon?'

'No; it is the first time the brute has done more than threaten.'

'It is always the way when a north wind blows; some one's temper gives out.'

'If I had only had my revolver ready,' said Dick, with a glance at it lying on the table. He and Macdonald had cast off their *tiradores* (broad

leather belts, in which the revolver and knife is carried) on coming indoors. The etiquette of camp obliges a man on entering a strange house to hand over his belt to his host as a sign that he trusts his hospitality and puts himself under his protection. The habit lingers, though civilisation has almost done away with the necessity.

'It never is at hand when you want it, and always in the way when you don't,' remarked Macdonald; adding, as he noted his companion's white face, 'Come along and have some tea. Feel as if you had had a shake—eh?'

'Thanks; I am all right,' answered Dick as he set about making the tea. But, in spite of his attempts to seem indifferent, his hand shook and he looked very white.

'Does Hardie know what a *gaucho malo* [a desperate ruffian] you have to deal with?'

'Oh, he knows he is a bad lot. But, I say, don't let him think I can't boss the chap.'

'I should think it would take a bigger man than you to do that.'

'I lock the door at night, and always have my revolver handy. And Jerry is a good watch, and hates Pastor like rats.'

Jerry pricked his ears and eyed his master.

'Rats, Jerry!—rats!' cried Dick, and the dog flew yelping to the door.

'It must be pretty jumpy here alone at night. Better come along with me.'

'I can't; thanks all the same. I must see to the cattle the first thing in the morning.'

'Well, all I can do for you is to take Las Tres Aromas on the way home, and tell Hardie of this little affair.'

'Not a pleasant adventure that,' he muttered to himself as he rode away. 'I wonder if the lad realises what an escape he has made. The man was mad with rage. Poor Master Dick is in a bit of a fright. But the lad is no fool. Just as cool as old Ted. Hardie should not leave such a youngster there so long alone. It is enough to shake a fellow's nerves, or make him take to queer ways. Hardie forgets all men are not made of tempered steel like himself. Phew! what a night!' he exclaimed as his horse reeled under a gust of wind. 'I should have stayed at El Plato. I shall never get past the "Aromas" to-night.' He urged his horse to its best speed, and was not long in getting to the shelter of his friend's house, where, with very little pressing, he consented to stay for the night.

MODERN BISCUIT-MAKING.



BISCUITS are probably of very ancient date. Some are inclined to think they find an allusion to them in the first book of Kings, where Jeroboam sends his wife to consult the prophet Ahijah about his son who has fallen sick, bidding her take with her 'ten loaves, and cracknels, and a cruse of honey.' All the countries of Europe have been biscuit-making from time immemorial, and most of them have a name for the things indicating that they originally underwent a double process of cooking. *Bis-cuit* means 'twice cooked.' Even the old Romans had their *panis biscoctus* ('twice-baked bread'); and there is at least one kind of biscuit still made by a double cooking. The cracknel is first plunged into boiling water and then baked; though whether the 'cracknels' of the modern factory at all resemble the 'cracknels' of King Jeroboam's time one cannot say. Most, if not all, other kinds are nowadays 'biscuits' only in name.

The original form of the thing was simplicity itself. It was just a mixture of flour and water spread out thin, and baked till all the moisture was driven out of it. It was their extreme dryness that permitted of their being stored for eighteen months, or two years if necessary, without spoiling; and it was in order to get them as dry as possible that they were made thin, and cooked twice, and thrice, and sometimes four times

over. Not only was the moisture of the dough thus driven out of them, but the water originally embodied in the flour was evaporated also; so that ten pounds of flour would make only about nine pounds of biscuit. They were, no doubt, in the first instance, merely a form of unfermented bread especially adapted for storage, and particularly on board ship during long voyages. Hence the Roman *panis biscoctus nauticus* ('sea-biscuit').

That was pretty certainly the original form of the thing—just a thin, well-baked cake of flour and water, as dry as a chip, and so hard that a hatchet was often required to chop it up. But the arts of modern confectionery have developed this rather unappetising germ into a marvellous variety of nicknacks; and, by catering for every variety of taste all over the world, a really great industry has been developed, quite apart from the enormous trade in ship-biscuits. There are several very large concerns engaged in biscuit-making both in England and Scotland. Messrs Huntley & Palmer, of Reading, and Messrs Peek, Frean, & Co., of London, are among the largest. Other large makers are Messrs Mackenzie, McVitie & Price, and Middlemass & Son, in Edinburgh; Messrs Carr & Co., of Carlisle; and Messrs Gray, Dunn, & Co., of Glasgow. They represent a branch of the country's system of food-supply that may be said to have been developed almost entirely within the past two generations. One of those large firms that, about the

time when Queen Victoria began to reign, commenced business with not more than six different kinds of biscuit now make just upon four hundred! To go over some of these factories, with their hundreds, and even thousands, of hands, their mazes of machinery, their acres of floor space, their many departments, their steam-engines and electric installations, their tramways and trucks and trolleys, their packing-rooms and counting-houses and offices, their telegraphs and telephones, and their subsidiary factories—their sawmills and carpenters' shops and tin-smitheries, their artists' rooms and printing-offices—one might imagine that the whole world lived on biscuits.

By the way, it has been noted as a curious fact that several of the greatest of these businesses have been founded and largely developed by members of the Society of Friends. Nobody seems to be able to explain how this has happened. Whether some of the Quakers of the early part of the century were led to take an interest in this article of food from finding that an occasional dietary of ship-biscuits and water was good for the subduing of the intractabilities of the flesh and for promoting quietude of spirit, or whether there have been occult family relationships, we do not know. Of two of the firms who have been interrogated on the point, one says: 'We are not able to explain why this should be so, unless, indeed, it is because the trade is free from many of the objections incidental to others which would be opposed to Quaker principles.' The other replies: 'It is probable that the remark which an eminent Church dignitary made in allusion to our works may explain the matter—namely, that it is a trade which has done no harm to any one, but, on the contrary, has been a great benefit to the human race, not only amongst civilised communities, but also as providing a portable food in many distant regions where wholesome food could not be obtained.'

The unfermented sea-biscuit, as has been said, is a very old form of food, but all the multifarious kickshaws figuring in the price-lists of the large makers have been invented or evolved within the memory of people now living. What is even more remarkable is the fact that all the methods of manufacture have also been invented or evolved. The making of biscuits, when the first of these great firms began, was a matter of fists for mixing and kneading, of rolling-pins for spreading out, of hand-stamps for cutting out and marking, of peels and the ordinary oven for baking. Nowadays machinery weighs and measures out the materials, mixes and spreads, cuts and stamps, and bakes and turns them out all ready to pack up or eat, almost without the touch of human hand. It would not be literally correct, but it would be no very great misrepresentation, to say that the ingredients were pitched into one end of a machine and from the other end there came out the crisp little cakes, perfect in form, uniform in

colour, and all jogging steadily along in well-ordered battalions towards the packing-room. It would not be literally correct because, as a matter of fact, processes do not follow on in unbroken sequence, and the material has to be conveyed from one machine to another. But so far as the vast majority of sorts are concerned, the making is, every bit of it, done by machinery. The biscuits have all been evolved or invented within the present century, and so have the methods of making them, the machinery by which they are made, the steam-engines which drive the machinery, the electric light by which some of the big factories are illuminated, and nearly all the means of conveyance by which the little cakes are scattered like snowflakes all over the world. Practically the whole of it has been developed well within the present century.

The great factories, of course, differ in their extent and general arrangements as well as in their details, but the main operations are carried on in pretty much the same way in all of them. One of these establishments—and that not the largest—is said to take in 1200 truck-loads of flour every year. Such a quantity would, of course, comprise flour of various kinds, and the best makers find that they get the best results by blending these different kinds, just as tea-dealers arrive at the finest flavours by blending their teas. The flour has to be sifted, too, in order to eliminate any extraneous matter, and in some cases both blending and sifting are effected in passing the flour down from an upper floor into the 'mixers.' These mixers are huge pans made to revolve by steam or cylindrical drums, containing 'agitators' in the shape of long arms that go round and round so as thoroughly to stir up whatever is within their reach. Subsidiary machines whip up eggs with milk and butter, and these ingredients, with syrup and spices, plums and currants, peel and sugar, and whatever else may enter into the composition of the particular kind of biscuit required, are poured into these mixers, and are all worked up into a paste by the agitators. The different ingredients, however, require not only to be stirred up, but to be thoroughly well kneaded; and for this purpose the dough is carried off to another machine, where it is poured through rollers fitted with mechanical substitutes for human fists, which pummel and squeeze it about till it has become a homogeneous mass of dough. From these 'breaking rollers' the now solid, well-compacted dough is borne off in a truck, running on a tramway, to a more complicated piece of machinery, which at a distance looks very like a large printing-machine. It is perhaps 3 feet wide and 20 or 24 feet long. The dough is put in at one end, passes between broodingnagian rolling-pins, which spread it out into thin and glossy-looking broad ribbons of exactly the thickness required for the biscuits, and a little farther on in the machine

passes under a series of dies which cut out the biscuits—big ones, half-a-dozen to the pound, it may be, or 1000 or 1200 to the pound. The formless mass of dough is heaved in at one end, and at the other come out serried ranks of perfectly-formed biscuits, all arranged on tins ready for the oven. Of the smaller kinds of biscuit, one of these machines will pass through in the course of a day of ten hours no less than two millions and a half. Two such machines would turn out in one day a biscuit for every man and woman, boy and girl, and baby in London. And yet, in addition to a bewildering maze of such machines, there is one of these biscuit-making firms employing at the present time over 5000 people!

The baking of biscuits has been reduced to an art of the greatest precision and nicety. No one ever sees an underdone or an overdone biscuit—at least, not from any factory of repute; and if you open a box of them you will find that all the biscuits of the same kind are of precisely the same shade of colour. From the mode of manufacture up to the mouth of the oven, it will be seen that in each batch the little cakes are bound to be all alike in composition, in shape, and thickness; and if they are all exposed to exactly the same heat for exactly the same length of time, they are bound to come out with exactly the same complexion. This equal baking is secured in an extremely simple way. The ovens are not of the ordinary bakers' type. They are really hot chambers, through which battalions of biscuits, spread out in orderly array on tins, continue all day long to pass in at one end and out at the other, endless chains, specially constructed, bearing them along at a speed carefully regulated

according to the time any particular kind of biscuit will take to properly bake. The lighter kinds may run through the fiery chamber in about four minutes. The heavier sorts, of course, receive longer baking, and they travel more slowly. An ingenious piece of mechanism permits of the speed being regulated with the greatest possible nicety to the requirements of each kind. Nothing remains but to convey these entirely machine-made biscuits to the vast floors where they are sorted and packed. The whole factory, from end to end—so far as the great bulk of the business is concerned—has scarcely anything in common with the biscuit-bakeries of fifty or sixty years ago.

What that bulk of business now amounts to it is difficult to realise, and the big houses are naturally somewhat chary of giving anything very precise in the way of details. But some idea of what they are capable of may be gained by an achievement of one of them after the siege of Paris. This firm entered into a contract with the French Government for the revictualling of Paris with 'ship bread'—hard biscuit, that is—and in about three weeks they passed into Paris no less than 4470 tons of it. This particular factory is not the largest in the field by a long way. It employs about 2000 people, whereas the largest of our biscuit-makers have a staff of over 5000. Yet this one factory, it has been computed, would require 720 cows to supply its milk—to say nothing about its butter—and 40,000 hens to lay the eggs it uses. It takes in every year 1200 railway truck-loads of flour and 500 pair-horse van-loads of sugar, besides plums and currants, jams and candied peel, spices and flavouring, and many other odds and ends.

IN A LANTERN GALLERY.

By BENNET COPPLESTONE.



THE Trinity House officer pointed to the great lantern above our heads. 'It revolves once in three minutes, and has six faces,' said he. 'The light shows each half-minute for six seconds, and then darkness follows for twenty-four seconds.'

'Is exact timing important?' I asked.

'The lives of ships and men hang on it,' said he; 'we are recognised by our timing. There are lights up and down Channel, mostly white like this; and it would be easy to blunder into the same revolutions as one of them. The lie of the coast is different everywhere; soundings are different; the vessel which mistook our light for some other one would likely enough be on shore within half-an-hour. Our lantern is usually driven by a compressed-air engine; that little copper tube running up through the shaft carries

air at sixty pounds pressure, and the supply lasts for twelve hours. Come up.'

He led the way up an iron spiral ladder. I saw him stoop over a pretty little brass machine, which looked like a toy, and turn a wheel regulator. The bright piston-rods pushed out slowly at first, and then, with much jerking and hissing of air, gathered speed until they were flashing up and down in the midst of a most busy rattle.

'We tell the pace by the sound,' said the officer. 'That is too fast. Now, sir, look at the gauge.'

I watched the gauge, and satisfied myself that the lantern made a complete revolution in three minutes.

'If the engine goes wrong there is the hand-crank just where you are standing. Both are not likely to fail.'

He talked of dioptric and catoptric systems, of electric arc lights whose candle-power was reckoned in millions, of alternative oil lamps, of fogs and fog-signals; but I gave little heed. My attention was diverted by the copper tube, no thicker than my little finger, which fed the busy, rattling engine.

'It works well,' I suddenly said; 'but what about the mistakes?'

He broke off his technical discourse, and looked at me rather curiously.

'What mistakes?'

'Those which you make sometimes. They are sure to be interesting.'

'Perhaps so,' said he, with a slight laugh; 'but we do not make mistakes—at least we do not talk about them.'

I returned with the officer to his whitewashed house, which stood in the middle of the station buildings. He pointed out the engine-house in which electricity was generated and air compressed, and showed me the vast storage cylinders which gave voice to the fog-siren. I lunched with him, and under the influence of hospitality he grew less official in manner.

'We are always pleased to see you gentlemen who write,' said he, 'but we are rather afraid of you. You are so much more interested in the flaws than in the perfect working of our system.'

'Our difficulty is to find the flaws,' I answered handsomely.

'Can I trust you not to print a story if I tell it: the story of how yonder little air-engine once went wrong, and how I rose in five years from keeper to be superintendent of this station?'

'Sir,' I answered, 'if the story is good—and it promises well—my instinct to tell it in my own fashion would break the fetters of any promise. I can, however, undertake so to disguise the scene and—shall I say?—the hero that the Elder Brethren will fail to recognise either. You shall see the manuscript, and satisfy yourself.'

'I have not the heart to exact more,' said he, laughing.

Then he told me the story.

'Ten years ago I entered the service of the Trinity House Corporation as an assistant-keeper. No matter why. My education was pretty good, better than some, and my desire was to rise. It is always difficult to get on, but nowhere more difficult than in a rather hide-bound service such as this is. As in the army and navy, there is a normal rate of advance, and seniority counts almost for everything. In five years I was a fully qualified keeper; I was competent to work the engines at a pinch; and I had invented an improvement in connection with buoys which the chief engineer adopted with enthusiasm; but my promotion hung in the wind. Such vacancies as occurred were filled by senior men. Then one dull, wet night in November the great chance of my life came.

'I was doing my four-hour spell in the light-house, and with me was another keeper—call him Jones. The light was at its fullest power, six million candles, and the lantern was revolving without a hitch. The outside glass of the gallery was wet with rain; but by stooping under the rays, and looking out along their track as the light swept overhead, one could see a good way—three or four miles maybe. I was busy about my work, which is always more anxious when the weather is hazy, and did not pay much heed to Jones. He was a silent, rather unsociable creature, and, as far as I can remember, we hardly exchanged a dozen words during the first two hours of our spell. About three o'clock in the morning something happened. I was stooping down to see how far the light carried, and was waiting for the broad band of glittering haze to swing round, when the roof of the lighthouse seemed to fall upon me. The shock dashed me face downwards on the iron floor. I was not unconscious; but I lay there in a weak, idle state, as if between sleep and waking, for a long time—it is impossible to say how long. My mind was singularly at ease. I was convinced that the whole lighthouse had collapsed, burying my body in the ruins, and the belief did not worry me in the least. Neither my own fate nor that of the light seemed to be of the slightest importance. I think that the rattle of yonder little air-engine aroused me. At first I was only feebly surprised that the fragile machine should have escaped the general wreck; but after a minute or two the extraordinary speed at which it was running fixed my attention. "By Jingo!" I thought, "if the lantern were not broken it would be doing a turn in about a minute." I rolled over on to my back, and as I did so a great blaze of light shone for a moment between my eyes and the darkness above. It passed in an instant. I lay still for a few seconds, and then tried to lift myself upon one elbow. The white blinding gleam flashed out again, the fringe of it striking on my eyes and, nearly putting them out altogether. I had just sense enough left to turn my face away from the terrible electric arc, and to slip sideways to the floor.

'Presently my mind began to build up a new theory upon the ruins of that which I now rejected. The roof of the lighthouse could scarcely have fallen in, since the lantern was plainly uninjured and the light within was at its full power. The engine, too, was in admirable order, for it was working at twice its usual speed. I gravely thought over all the external causes which could effect so strangely partial an injury. It was clear that something must have fallen from above, killed my mate Tom Jones, knocked me down, and opened the regulator of the engine. I considered it to be in the last degree improbable that a single missile could have done so many different things; but perhaps

a large meteor had burst into fragments after striking the roof. The death of Jones was necessary to my theory, for if not dead he would, of course, have put the engine right at once. I was rather pleased with the meteor theory. The question of cause being settled, my business was to reduce the exorbitant speed of the lantern before any mischief happened out at sea. I therefore crawled hastily out of the track of the light, and worked my way towards the regulator. I was instantly seized by the band of my trousers, and hurled back against the glass of the gallery. "Keep still," cried a voice, "or I will split your skull again." The diffused rays from the lantern about the gallery were as strong as sunlight, and I saw my mate Tom Jones flourishing the iron crank of the hand-gear over my head.

"What is the game, Tom?" I asked stupidly. "I thought you were dead."

"I never was more alive," said he, laughing loudly; "and the game is the gaudiest kind of joke you ever heard of. I have been looking out for a chance to bring it off. If you will bide quiet I will tell you all about it."

"I don't want to move," I said. "I have a confounded headache."

"He laughed again. "So I should expect. This crank is a rare tool to bash a man's head with." He sat down by my side and rested the weapon on his knees. "You see, I'm rather sick of playing Providence to all the ships out there in the Channel, showing them our little glim to steer by when it's fine, and tootling on our little foghorn when it's thick. They don't properly appreciate the blessings we provide for them. Let them try us in opposition for a bit. So I just thought out a good joke, and knocked you on the head lest you should interfere. You've got no sense of humour."

"By this time I had my wits clearer, and laughed as heartily as he did.

"It's rare sport, isn't it?" Jones went on. "We show a six-seconds flash every half-minute, and ten miles away the Bentnose Light flashes for three seconds every quarter of a minute. This St Mary's Light can't be mistaken for that on Bentnose Point—can it? The vessels wouldn't find it awkward if they did—would they? Ships keep three miles clear of our Ridge, you know, until they sight Bentnose, when they run right in within a mile, and head E.N.E. Oh yes, St Mary's Light is quite distinct from Bentnose; the Trinity House take care of that. But suppose we spin our lantern at twice its usual pace, and show a flash every quarter-minute! Why, then, ships would mistake us for Bentnose, and suppose they had missed us in the thick weather. Man, they are doing it now! Our light is revolving flash for flash with that on Bentnose Point. All vessels will run right in close where they think there's twenty fathoms of water, and they will

drive full smash upon our iron teeth. The tide which throws up our shingle will toss the battered bodies of passengers and crew upon our shore—And may Almighty God have mercy on their souls!"

"He paused, and his voice, which had fallen into a kind of solemn chant, rose again into laughter. The man was mad, and I knew it, and the sweat stood out on my skin. Yet I kept my injured head cool, and gave him laugh for laugh.

"It is brave sport," I said. "But shall we enjoy the full luxury of it? What good are wrecks to us if we can't see them break their bones on shore?"

"He jumped up and ran to the seaward face of the gallery. "I can see," he cried. "I can see a ripple of breakers on the line of the Ridge, and I can see a mile beyond." He gave a mad scream of joy. "I can see the lights of a ship, a big steamer, full of men and women and kids—jolly little kids—all asleep. She's running in." The beam passed, and he fell on his knees waiting for the next flash. "Pray," he yelled. "I give them ten minutes of life. Pray for the souls of the living. Pray earnestly while there is time; but tender no vain supplication for the souls of the dead." It seems unbelievable, but I declare that the man prayed, prayed fiercely and loudly, for the souls of those whom he hungered to destroy.

"In that supreme moment my mind gripped hard at the facts. I knew that the steamer was rushing to destruction, and I knew that its one poor chance of safety rested with me. Our great light only showed to the seaward, so that even if one of the engine-hands below had looked out he would not have seen that anything was amiss. The fate of that ship lay between an armed lunatic and a wounded man, who feebly tried to lash his battered brain into thought. It was a contest of wits, for we were ill-matched in respect of force, and time was of the essence of the battle. For one instant I thought of rushing at the regulator of the engine, and shutting off the compressed air; but the odds against success were too heavy. Jones could have killed me without difficulty as I stooped; and I did not credit him with any scruples. I am no hero, and I strongly objected to throwing away my life without any sort of compensation. Perhaps a minute passed; and I still lay motionless. Then my eye lighted on the little glittering copper tube which fed the air-engine. The machine, as you know, was vertical, and the tube rose up from the top of the piston-boxes, curved over, and ran down the central shaft of the lighthouse. Just before it entered the shaft this tube passed within an inch of the iron edge of the gallery floor on which I lay. My way was clear, and I wasted no more time. Twisting my body round, I raised one foot and brought the heel of my shoe down with tremendous force on the tube, at the point where

it crossed the floor-edge. The thin copper pipe was driven against the iron, and kinked instantly. The pain to my heel was horrible, but I was on my feet in another second, and had darted round the lantern to the back of the gallery. The heavy lantern ran for a few moments, but the supply of air had been completely cut off; and presently it stopped between two flashes, showing a dark edge to the sea.

I heard Jones shriek with rage, and he came flying at me. I bolted round the lantern. He followed, and for several minutes he chased me round and round, as children hunt one another round a table. I was hugely frightened, but the discovery that he could not possibly catch me gave me infinite comfort. Jones soon made the same discovery, and then his thoughts reverted to the masked light. Now that I had disabled the engine, the lantern could only be made to revolve by means of the manual gear, the crank of which was in his hand. He darted to the pin, slipped on the crank, and bent his body to the work of restoring the lying revolutions which I had stopped. And now he was in an excellent quandary. So long as the crank was being legitimately used he was unarmed, and when he was armed the lantern was without motion. The conviction that victory lay with me set my blood dancing dangerously. I shouted; I laughed; I was almost as mad as the miserable Jones. He bent his back to turn the crank, and I made a

diversion in the rear. He whipped off his weapon and rushed at me, and I capered away in safety round the lantern. The humour of the situation filled me with a wild joy. The more Jones yelled and foamed in delirious rage the louder I laughed. I taunted him with the futility of his pursuit, and sent him trotting back to his crank-pin, only to interrupt him again and again before the lantern could be moved. I cannot recall the scene now without a tingle of pleasure.

'When the relief keepers came at five o'clock Jones was still threatening me with the crank, and I was still laughing.

"Take him away," I said, "and lock him up; he's mad."

'They secured the poor lunatic, and then carried me down, dressed my wound, and put me to bed.'

'And the steamer?' I asked, for the Trinity House officer had stopped.

'She was all right. My stoppage of the lantern set the skipper a study in common-sense, and, like a good shipmaster, he decided to give himself plenty of sea-room when lights began to play queer tricks. So he sheered off at full speed, and presently raised the real Bentnose. Thereupon he tore his hair, and, arriving in London, called at the Trinity House to complain of his wrongs. "I'll never sail that ship again," he said when my story had been told. "She's exhausted all the luck that a mortal vessel has any right to."'

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF MINOT'S EDGE.

THREE leagues from the shore in Boston Bay,
On a rocky, ragged ledge,
There rises, grim and gaunt and gray,
The Lighthouse of Minot's Edge;
And the great Atlantic's rolling tide
Breaks over it, foaming high,
As it sends a warning far and wide
O'er sand and sea and sky.

Ere that tower was raised, in the olden days,
Another lighthouse stood,
Propped on the rock upon iron stays;
And the keepers deemed it good.
Both wanderers, they, from a distant strand,
Far over the alien seas;
A fair-haired son of the Fatherland
And a dark-eyed Portuguese.

But there came a day when a storm befell
That baffled human guile,
And all day long the powers of hell
Beat on that doomed pile.
And all day long the folk on the beach
Gazed on the awful sight,
And moaned that no mortal help could reach,
And shuddered to think of night.

Night fell; and the storm raged on apace,
But the lamp was lighted true;
And the winds and the waters ran their race,
As the tide rolled thundering through.
Ah! the shocks were hard and the strain was long,
And the swaying stanchions broke;
But the lamp shone on, now dim, now strong,
For the foam rose up like smoke.

Then the great weird fog-bell, struck by the sea,
Rang out its own death-knell,
And tolled for the souls that escaped and were free,
When their faithless dwelling fell.
Then the lamp went out in that awful rout,
And the bell tolled on through the night;
One corpse was washed on the shore at morn,
One never came to light.

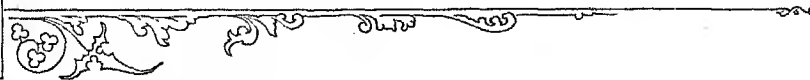
Their alien names are forgotten quite
By an English-speaking race,
But the fame of their gallant watch that night
Still clings to their ancient place;
And they talk in the great strong tower on the strand,
When the storm-wind rides on the seas,
Of that fair-haired son of the Fatherland
And the dark-eyed Portuguese.

S. CONSTANCE ISABELLE BRIGGS.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



SCOTSMEN IN LONDON.

By W. C. MACKENZIE.



STORY is told of a Scotsman, a new arrival in London, who asked a policeman the way to the Caledonian Asylum. The policeman, who also hailed from the Land o' Cakes, looked quizzingly at his com-
patriot, and replied, with a grin, 'Man, ye're jist in it the noo.' The story, like so many of its kind, is possibly apocryphal, but its point is evident. Ever since the union of the crowns in the 'most dread person' of that 'most high and mighty Prince, James'—to quote the fulsome dedication in our Bibles—London has been a veritable Eldorado to pushing Scotsmen, who have worked it for all it is worth. With James came from Scotland to the Metropolis troops of needy adventurers, who found an easy and profitable employment in 'spoiling the Egyptians.' The Scots tongue became known at the English Court, and Scottish influence began to make itself felt in London. King Jamie proved a good friend to his fellow-countrymen, who consequently became the objects of jealousy on the part of the Southrons. The hereditary and implacable enmity which for centuries had existed between England and Scotland was still smouldering, and the embers were fanned by the favouritism which 'the British Solomon' took no pains to conceal. The king had the poor satisfaction of having three great English dramatists—Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston—in prison at once for their share in a play containing uncomplimentary allusions to his native land. The Scotch colony in London, founded and fostered under such august patronage, flourished apace; 'the loaves and the fishes' proved substantial compensations for English antipathy.

During the reign of Charles I. and during the Commonwealth the political influence of the colony appears to have been a factor of some importance; but at the Restoration it received a check. There was little in common between the bulk of his Scottish subjects and the Merry Monarch, whose distaste for anything savouring

of Puritanism obliterated his sense of the services which the Scottish Presbyterians had rendered to him when he was a crownless and a throneless fugitive.

A century after the union of the crowns the union of Parliaments was consummated—an event which considerably affected the Scottish community in the Metropolis, as well as their countrymen at home. Previous to the Union Scotsmen in London were regarded as foreigners, and, as such, suffered various disabilities which the parliamentary fusion removed. They became naturalised in England, London became their metropolitan city, and an era of unbroken prosperity set in for them. Unfortunately, the altered conditions did not have the result of rendering a Scotsman less obnoxious in English eyes than formerly; rather, indeed, was the contrary the case. Perhaps at no time was the anti-Scotch feeling in London more pronounced than during the second half of last century. Londoners had not forgotten the panic into which they were thrown when Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Highlanders reached Derby and threatened the Metropolis. Had the contemplated descent on London actually taken place, British history from that period might have had to be rewritten, and Hogarth might have found it necessary to paint a companion-picture to his famous 'March to Finchley.' But, although the danger was averted, the recollection of what might have been rankled in the minds of Londoners, and inspired them with additional antipathy towards every one and everything Scotch. Lampooners sharpened the edge of their wits against the 'beggarly Scots,' and caricaturists, with all Hogarth's exaggeration, but without his art, delighted in holding up the obnoxious nation to ridicule.

Johnson's Boswell has given us a number of his master's sallies against the biographer's countrymen. The sarcastic fulminations of the great phrasemonger against Scotsmen in London are well known; their exclusiveness, the poverty of their country, and its corollary, their pros-

perity in England, being the themes round which his poudrous wit so often played. A people who, according to him, 'loved Scotland better than truth' were not likely to escape his castigation; but it is sufficiently clear that his sarcasms were for the most part what, in modern parlance, would be termed 'chaff.' Scotsmen of his time, like their compatriots of the present day, felt uneasy when 'chaffed' about themselves or their native country. Johnson well knew their weak point, and mischievously directed the heavy batteries of his wit against it. It is noteworthy that Mr Millar and Mr Strahan, with whom he chiefly contracted for his literary work, were both Scotsmen; and his own words, in a letter to Boswell, probably afford the index of his real sentiments towards the nationality which he is often erroneously supposed to have held in detestation. 'Tell them' (the Scotch people), he wrote, 'how well I speak of Scotch politeness and Scotch hospitality and Scotch beauty, of everything Scotch but Scotch oatenakes and Scotch prejudices;' and there can be no doubt that, in spite of the frequency with which the long-suffering 'Bozzy' was alternately jumped upon, frozen out, and roasted in conversation with his terrible mentor, Johnson entertained a sincere affection for his faithful Scottish henchman.

Of the other notable Scots in London his opinion was a qualified one. 'An echo of Voltaire,' he called Hume. 'A literary charlatan' was his view of Macpherson of Ossianic fame. Of Dr Blair's sermons he said, 'Although the dog is a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and everything he should not be, I was the first to praise them.' The Marquis of Bute, the leading Scotsman in London at that time, was the means of providing Johnson with his pension of £300 a year; and Smollett was one of those who exerted his influence in the same direction; thus showing that, in spite of Johnson's well-known attacks on Scotsmen, the latter were sensible enough to appraise them at their true value, and were ready to help the great Englishman whose personality, no less than his genius, they held in admiration.

The jealousy which Englishmen of that period entertained for Scotsmen was focussed in the person of Lord Bute, who was accused of undue favouritism towards his countrymen. The antagonism which this nobleman aroused in England caused the Scots to rally round him; national passions were set aflame; and national prejudices warped the judgment of both parties. Lord Bute, an amiable and kindly man, but not a very distinguished politician, was regarded by his compatriots as a heaven-born statesman, and by Englishmen as a person destitute of all ability except that of providing Scotsmen with snug billets. It is inconceivable that at the end of the nineteenth century a similar state of affairs should exist; we may congratulate ourselves on having taken a long stride forward since those days. Traces of national jealousy may still be occasion-

ally encountered in a very modified form; but it is free from the rancour of the past, and, when operating as a stimulant to mutual emulation of mutual good qualities, is not an unmixed evil.

During this century the influx of Scotsmen to the Metropolis has kept continuously on the increase. At the present day the number of Scotsmen in London is said to equal the population of Edinburgh; they are largely found among what are vaguely termed 'the well-to-do classes;' and it can be safely asserted that the proportion occupying positions of trust and even of distinction is remarkable. The list of merchant-princes and bank and insurance managers in the City contains a striking number of obviously Scottish names. In the financial world Scotsmen share their high reputation with a nationality of even greater acquisitiveness: that nationality whose representatives are to be found under the domes of palatial offices and the 'three balls' of dingy shops. The Highlander in London, as elsewhere, must acknowledge his inferiority to his Lowland brother in the gentle art of money-making. He must fain rest content with his acknowledged superiority in the domain of whisky; at the present day he figures largely on the labels of 'mountain dew,' as in former years he represented, by means of a painted wooden effigy, the delights of snuff-taking. Were the Lowland Scot in the City similarly depicted, he would appear as a shrewd-looking gentleman, with his back to the north, his face to the south, and his eyes fixed on—the main chance.

But it is not only in the world of commerce and finance that the London Scot is prominent. In the government of the Metropolis, as in the government of the Empire, he takes his full share. The first chairman of the London County Council was a Scottish nobleman who has already been Prime-Minister, and who is only now, probably, on the threshold of a still more brilliant career. The present chairman of the London School Board is also a distinguished member of the Scottish peerage. To the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, Scotland has sent the most notable statesman and one of the greatest men of the century; and the same country has produced not only the present distinguished Leader of the House of Commons, but also the recently elected Leader of the Opposition. In metropolitan literature, journalism, science, and art Scotland is well represented. The novelists of the 'Kailyard' school have secured for themselves a safe place in the estimation of the English public, while the ranks of London journalism are being more and more recruited from the other side of the Border. The name of the Sage of Chelsea has stood during the century for all that is greatest in Scottish intellectuality. The names of eminent scientists readily occur to one as being of Scottish origin, and the same is true in the domain of mechanics. Not to speak of Allan Ramsay and Sir David Wilkie, of

Pettie and Orhardson, British art is to an appreciable extent under the influence of the Glasgow school, members of which have begun to invade the Metropolis. Two at least of the leading musical composers in London are Scotsmen, and the stage—pace Dr Johnson—has Scottish representatives who are at the top of their profession. Literary and dramatic criticism of the present day has been sensibly strengthened by the accession to its ranks of notable London Scots; and Scottish dramatists and Scottish plays are modern factors in the theatrical world of the capital. Even the Scottish pulpit in London has, in its time, attracted the cream of metropolitan intellect; and Presbyterian Scotland has during the past quarter of the century supplied Lambeth Palace with an occupant, and the Anglican Church with a Primate.

Two notable characteristics of Scotsmen in London are their gregariousness and their elannishness. These traits are by no means confined to the Metropolis, for wherever there are Scotsmen away from home, so surely will Scottish societies be formed; and that is tantamount to saying that, impelled by a community of interests and associations, Scotsmen club together in every quarter of the globe. Even the immensity of London life does not entirely hide from the public view the concrete forms of patriotic sentiment which bind together the Scottish units scattered throughout the metropolitan area. The coherence of Scotsmen perhaps finds no parallel in the collection of other nationalities represented in the huge maëlstrom known as London. Whether it be that the Scottish temperament, influenced by early education and by home associations, is opposed to the spirit of cosmopolitanism, or that national customs, national prejudices, possibly a national accent, militate against perfect fusion with fellow-Britons, the fact remains that London Scots 'ling thegither' more closely than do Irishmen, Welshmen, or provincial Englishmen; hence the exclusiveness or elannishness which has aroused the ire of Englishmen from Dr Johnson downwards.

Londoners see at the Scottish concerts and dinners which periodically take place in the capital something of the ebullient patriotism which nearly invariably characterises these occasions; but few can be aware of the solid work which lies behind such festive events. There are at the present day thirty Scottish societies in London, all, or nearly all, of which have been founded on the bases of sentiment and practical usefulness. The county associations have of late years been springing up like mushrooms, and there is now hardly a Scottish county which is not represented by its London society or club. The oldest Scottish society in the Metropolis is the Royal Scottish Corporation, which originated as 'The Scottish Box' about the year 1613, becoming incorporated under its present title in the year 1665. This Corporation does a most excellent work in relieving distressed Scotsmen in London,

and its list of governors includes many notable metropolitan Scots. Its annual dinner on St Andrew's Day, where haggis and harmony are alike in evidence, marks a display of patriotism and liberality which form a happy combination. Another institution which exists for charitable purposes is the Royal Caledonian Asylum, where Scottish orphans, 'caught young,' are well cared for, eventually becoming useful members of the community. The boy pipers of the Asylum are quite a feature of metropolitan life. The present *habitat* of the Asylum in the Caledonian Road, where it was settled in 1828, is likely to be changed before many years for a healthier site in the country; one more landmark in London will then be swept away. Of a literary and antiquarian nature are the objects of the Gaelic Society of London, founded in 1777, and the Highland Society of London, which dates from 1778. As its name suggests, the *raison d'être* of the Gaelic Society is the promotion and perpetuation of the ancient language of the Gael; and subjects of general interest pertaining to the Highlands are frequently discussed at the meetings of the Society, politics, however, being properly avoided. The Highland Society took a prominent part in the Ossianic controversies which are associated with the name of James Macpherson, and has done good work in the encouragement of Celtic literature, the recovery of Highland traditions and folk-lore, and the revival of the Highland dress, music, and language. The county associations exist for the sake of good-fellowship and mutual help. They provide admirable opportunities for friendly intercourse between 'brither Scots,' and do solid work in assisting county men whose necessities call for their succour.

The athletic, no less than the social and intellectual, instincts of the London Scots demand and find an outlet. This accounts for the genesis of such institutions as the London Scottish and the London Caledonian Football Clubs, the London Highland Athletic and the London Camanachd Clubs, all of which are a credit to Scotland. So, too, in another sphere of usefulness, is the London Scottish Choir, which is the exponent of Scottish song in the Metropolis. There is no more popular Volunteer regiment in London than the London Scottish, whose dress and martial bearing inspire the Sonthron with cordial respect. No doubt this esteem is due, to some extent, to the exploits of Highland soldiers abroad, who, in the popular imagination, stimulated by the illustrated papers, are invested with a halo of glory which sheds reflected rays on peaceful stay-at-home Scots. The memory of Dargai is even now perpetuated in the streets of London by the cheerful strains of the barrel organ, supplemented by the musical efforts of errand-boys, who employ their whistling capabilities by struggling manfully with the twists and turns of the 'Cock o' the North,' reminiscent of Findlater, fortitude, and fame.

It is gratifying to think that some of the Londoners' misconception about certain Scottish traits of character are being gradually dispelled. Undue love of 'siller' on the part of nearly all Scotsmen has always been one of the popular fallacies. 'Bang went another sarpence' has long been a classic of English wit, and the word 'bawbee' has long formed the symbol of Scottish close-fistedness. The idea is at length gaining ground that thrift has frequently been mistaken for parsimony, and carefulness for meanness. In former times, when Scotland was incomparably a poorer country than the sister kingdom, Scotsmen who came to London no doubt carried with them the habits of extreme frugality which were a necessity at home. But Scotland is now, in proportion to its population, perhaps the wealthiest country in the world, and thriftiness is gradually becoming in London, as elsewhere, a less pronounced Scottish characteristic than formerly. The truth is, that the love of money is equally the root of all English, as well as Scottish, evil, and that the attitude of many Englishmen and Scotsmen alike towards the 'siller' very frequently resembles that of the lovers in Burns's charming song, who were 'sae fain to meet, sae wae to part.'

A similar misconception has long prevailed in the Metropolis with regard to the Scottish capacity for humour. Sydney Smith's witticism that 'it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding' fairly represents, even at the present day, but in a gradually decreasing degree, southern notions on this subject. Charles Lamb had a poor opinion of the humorous faculty of the Scots whom he met in London. But the gentle 'Elia' was clearly a prejudiced authority. 'I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen,' he said, 'and I am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me,' he frankly adds, 'and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it.' Sir Walter Scott was admittedly not devoid of humour. In recent years the novels of the

'Kailyard,' as of the older Scottish, school have done much to modify the prevalent idea south of the Border that the Scotsman is devoid of a real sense of the humorous; the unqualified success of a well-known Scottish play which was lately running in the Metropolis is a sign of the times. Beyond doubt, it is being more generally recognised that the Scotsman's capacity for humour is greater, and his capacity for whisky less, than has long been popularly supposed. The day has come when Dean Ramsay can be read with pleasure and profit by the English public, and when the dry but genuine humour of the Scottish character is being better understood and appreciated in England.

If, by an effort of the imagination, we can conceive of emigration from Scotland to London coming to a sudden stop, it can readily be believed that less than a generation would suffice for the disappearance of many distinctively Scottish characteristics from the Metropolis. It is the constant infusion of fresh blood from across the Border that preserves the national spirit from decay. As long as London continues to be a field of operations—often a preparatory field for a larger career abroad—in which the activities of the young Scot find greater scope than in his own country, so long will the stream of emigration continue to pour southwards. Fortunately, the patriotic feeling of Scotsmen in London is in no way inconsistent with a fervent spirit of imperialism. On the contrary, the truly patriotic Scot is usually a truly patriotic Briton. He may, and frequently does, object to be called a patriotic Englishman, for his idea of the relations between the two countries is that of co-partnership, not of absorption; but he is ever ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with his English comrades in defence of national liberties; and he glories, equally with the sturdiest John Bull, in the fact that he is a dweller in the mightiest city and a citizen of the greatest Empire which the world has ever seen.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXI.



AVING the Club, the *rickshā* coolie proceeded in the opposite direction to that which Browne had followed when in search of the gentleman to whom he had presented the letter of introduction. At first, and while he remained in the Queen's Road, there was but little difference to be observed; the thoroughfare was a fine one, broad and commodious. After one or two turnings, however, matters changed somewhat, and he found himself in a labyrinth of narrow, tortuous streets, the shops on either side of which were small and

mean, the names over the doors being for the most part in the Celestial characters. The confusion that existed in the streets was indescribable. Here the Mongolian was to be seen in all his glory. But, in addition to the Chinamen, almost every nationality known to the Asiatic world was represented; while through it all, towering head and shoulders above the crowd, stalked the stately Sikhs on patrol duty. At last, after a drive that had occupied perhaps a quarter of an hour, the coolie drew up before what was probably the largest shop Browne had yet seen in the neighbourhood. It was built in the Chinese

fashion, and, in order that West and East may meet on an equal footing, had two names over the door, one in Chinese writing, the other plainly printed in English characters: 'Johann Schmidt.' Browne alighted, and, having told his coolie to wait, entered the shop. He was greeted on the threshold by a stout Chinaman, who was plainly in charge.

'What for you piecee look see?' inquired the latter.

Browne, not being adept at pidgin-English, replied to the effect that he desired to see and speak with Herr Schmidt. Whether the man comprehended or not he could not tell; at any rate he left him alone in the shop while he disappeared behind a curtain at the farther end. When he returned, a few seconds later, he was accompanied by a portly individual, whose nationality the veriest tyro could not mistake. As if to make it doubly sure, he carried in his hand an enormous pipe fashioned after the pattern of the Fatherland. His face was large and almost spherical; his hair was close-cropped, as was his beard; he was attired in white trousers, a flannel shirt which would have been none the worse for a wash, and a black alpaca coat. The Teutonic stolidity was certainly well developed in him. On seeing Browne he stopped and sucked contentedly at his pipe, but said nothing. The younger man was the first to speak.

'You are Herr Schmidt, I believe?' said Browne in English. The other nodded his head, but still did not venture upon speech. 'I bring a letter of introduction to you,' said Browne, dropping his voice a little, as though he were afraid of being overheard. 'It is from a certain Herr Otto Sauber, whom I met in Paris about two months ago. He told me that you would do all you could for me in a certain matter.'

'Herr Sauber?' inquired the German. 'I cannot think that I am mit him acquainted.'

Browne's disappointment was plainly discernible on his face. He had fully expected that immediately he presented the letter Sauber had given him this mysterious Johann Schmidt would understand and arrange everything. This, however, did not appear to be the case. The man before him sucked stolidly at his pipe, and watched him with eyes that had no expression in them. The position was embarrassing, to say the least of it. Was it possible that his mission was going to prove futile after all, and that for the good he was to get out of it he might just as well not have wasted his time by calling at Hong-kong at all? For upwards of thirty most uncomfortable seconds the two men stood watching each other. Then Browne spoke.

'You are quite sure, I suppose,' he said, 'that you do not know the gentleman in question? I certainly understood from him that you had been acquainted with each other for many years.'

The German shook his head. Then he said

slowly, 'Perhaps, mein frien, if you would mit me come, I will talk mit you ubon the madder. So many men do say dot they know Johann Schmidt. But Johann do not know dem. If you to mine office would come, we will talk mit each other dere.'

Browne accordingly followed him behind the curtain to which I have alluded. There he found, to his surprise, a most comfortable and, I might almost add, luxurious apartment. The walls were hung with pictures of considerable merit, interspersed with innumerable curios collected from almost every country in the Farther East. In any other place the room might have ranked as a fairly noteworthy apartment; but here, surrounded by so much that was sordid—nay, almost barbaric—it was little short of unique. Pointing to a long bamboo chair which fitted a corner beneath an enormous Cantonese dragon, used for burning pastiles, the German bade Browne seat himself. Before the latter did so, however, he handed the German the letter with which Herr Sauber had furnished him. The other took it, cut the flap of the envelope with a jade paper-knife, and, drawing forth the contents, placed an enormous pair of spectacles upon his nose, and read them thoroughly. Upwards of five minutes had elapsed between the time Browne had given him the letter until he spoke again. These long delays were having a bad effect upon the young man's temper; they strained his nerves to breaking-pitch. He felt that this phlegmatic individual would not hurry himself even if another's existence depended upon it. To all intents and purposes he had united in his person the apathy of the Asiatic with the stolidity of the Teuton.

'Now dat I look ubon it, I do remember Herr Sauber,' the other replied. 'It was once dat we very good friends were, but it is many years dat I heard of him.' The old fellow wagged his head solemnly until his glasses shook upon his nose. The recollection of the incident, whatever it was, seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction, though why it should have done so was by no means apparent to Browne.

'But with regard to what he says in the letter?' the young man at last exclaimed in desperation. 'Will you be able to help me, do you think?'

'Ah! I know noddings about dat,' said Schmidt. 'I do not understand what dis business is. If it is Chinese silk, or curios, or gondiments of any kind, den I know what you want. Dere is no one on dis island can subbly you so goot as Johann Schmidt.'

Browne did not know what to say. For his own sake he knew that it would not be safe to broach such a delicate subject to a man like the one seated before him, whose only idea in life seemed to be to cross one fat leg over the other and to fill and smoke his pipe until the room was one large tobacco-cloud, unless he was quite

certain of that person's identity with the individual to whom he had been directed to apply.

'To put the matter in a nutshell,' said Browne, lowering his voice a little in order that it should not carry farther than the man seated before him, 'I understood from Herr Sauber that if any one happened to have a friend who had the misfortune to be compelled to stay rather longer in a certain place than was quite conducive to his health or peace of mind, by applying to you an arrangement might possibly be made whereby his release might be effected.'

Herr Schmidt for the first time took the pipe out of his mouth and looked at him. 'Bardon, mein frien, but I do not understand what is meant by dat speech,' he said. 'If de place where dat frien of yours is living is not to his health suited, why does not he elsewhere go?'

Though Browne felt morally certain that the man understood what he meant, he did not feel justified in speaking more plainly at the moment. He had to feel his way before he definitely committed himself. However, a little reflection was sufficient to show him that it would be impossible to make any progress at all unless he spoke out, and that even in the event of his doing so he would not be placing himself in any way in the other's power. He accordingly resolved upon a line of action.

'The truth of the matter is, Herr Schmidt,' he said, leaning a little forward and speaking with all the emphasis of which he was master, 'I happen to have a friend who is at the present time confined on a certain island. He is in delicate health, and his friends are anxious to get him away. Now, I have been informed that, if suitable terms can be arranged, it would be possible for you to effect this escape. Is this so?'

'Mine goot frien,' said the German, 'let me tell you dat you speak too plain. The words dat you talk mit me would make trouble mit my friens de police. Besides, dere is no esgaping from der jail ubon dis island.'

'I did not say anything about the jail upon this island,' said Browne; 'the place I mean is a very long way from here.'

'Well then, Nounnea, perhaps?'

'No, not Nounnea,' said Browne. 'If I am to enter into more explanations, I might say that my friend is a Russian, and that he is also a political prisoner.' He stopped and watched Herr Schmidt's face anxiously. The latter was sitting bolt upright in his chair, with a fat hand resting on either knee; his spectacles were pushed on to the top of his head, and his long pipe was still in his mouth. Not a sign escaped him to show that he understood.

'I dink dat mein old comrade, Herr Sauber, must have been drunken mit too much schnapps

when he talk mit you. What should Johann Schmidt have to do mit Russian bolitical brisoners? His piziness is mit de curios of China, mit silk, rice, ginger, but not mit de tings you do speak to him about.'

'Then I am to understand that you can do nothing to help me?' said Browne, rising from his chair as if to take leave.

'For mimeself it is not possible,' returned the other, with great deliberation. 'But since you are a frien of mein old comrade Sauber, den I tink over tings and gause inquiries to be made. Dis a very strange work is, and dere are many men in it. I do not tell you dat it gannot be done, but it will be difficult. Perhaps dere may be a man to be found who will communicate mit your friend.'

The meaning of this speech was perfectly clear to him. In plain English, it, of course, meant that, while Herr Schmidt was not going to commit himself, he would find some one else who would.

'I should be under a lifelong obligation if you would do so,' said Browne. 'And what is more, I may as well say now I am not afraid to pay handsomely for the service rendered.'

This time there was a twinkle to be seen in the German's eye. 'I know noddings at all about what you speak; you will remember dot,' said he. 'But I will do de best I can. If you write me now on a paper de name of your frien, and de place where he is—how shall we say?—now staying, I will let you know what de price would be, and when der work can be done. It will be—how you call it?—a ready-money transaction.'

'I desire it to be so,' said Browne a little shortly.

There was silence between them for a few moments. Then Schmidt inquired where Browne's yacht was anchored. Browne informed him; and as he did so it struck him that this was a rather curious remark upon his companion's part, if, as he had led him to believe at the beginning of the interview, he knew nothing whatever about his coming to Hong-kong. He did not comment upon it.

'Dat is goot, den,' said Schmidt. 'If I find a man who will run de risk, den I will communicate mit you before den o'clock to-night.'

Browne thanked him; and, feeling that they had reached the end of the interview, bade him good-bye and passed through the shop out into the street once more. His coolie was still seated on the shafts of his *rickshā*; and when Browne had mounted they returned at a smart trot, by the way they had come, to the Club. Here he found his friends awaiting him. They had done the sights of the city, and were now eager to get back to the yacht once more.

THE SILVER SEA-TROUT.

IT is undeniable that the hardened salmon-fisher will, under all circumstances of time and place, maintain the absolute superiority of salmon-fishing to every other form of sport, whether by land or sea. The hunting-man may talk of his love for the woodland and the furrow, for the music of horn and hound, and the little red rover whose chase makes the welkin ring, and may say it is the 'sport of kings.' The yachting-man may steep his affections in the ocean, and declaim at length of the peerless beauty of his racing '40,' as, with her white wings spread, she ploughs her way through the flashing waters, cutting the blue waves like a knife, and dashing the white foam from her bows—a thing of life and joy. And so with the proud possessors of deer-forest and grouse-moor, the former perhaps at the princely price of fifty pounds a stag, or more. They may dwell on the special delights of the stalk and the grouse-drive, the dogs working on the hill, the whirl of the covey as they rise, or the sweep of an old blackcock as he circles high in the air. But it is all to no purpose; the salmon-fisher remains of the same opinion still, and no 'bigot of the iron time,' of whom the great Sir Walter speaks, ever held to his opinion more firmly than he. And if the fisherman of anything less than the lordly *Salmo salar* suggests that his own choice form of sport is worthy the attention of all brethren of the angle, and may, in some aspects, even surpass the quest of the kingly fish, the salmon-fisher; it is true, may not, out of a studious politeness, say much in reply, but assuredly he will *think* a good deal. If he does not deem it worth while to dispute the statement, you may take it as equally certain that he does not admit it as true.

Yet there is another kind of fishing which has in it elements of fascination and variety, which costs less, and which, from some points of view at least, may almost claim an equality of pleasure and interest with the greater form of sport: we mean the pursuit of the sea-trout, the *Salmo trutta* or *Fario argenteus* of the naturalist. To begin with, it has, as I have said, an element of variety. I suppose it is pretty well established that the great *Salmo salar* will not, under any known circumstances—except perhaps once in a lifetime—rise to an artificial fly in the sea, or even in the brackish water of an estuary; and that if you wish to catch him there you must take your chance, and that a very second-rate one, of securing him by trolling with the minnow, prawn, sand-eel, or other comparatively ignoble lure. But the lively sea-trout, whether full-grown or in the youthful state distinguished throughout the north, south, and west of Scotland by the names of

the *finnock*, the *herling*, and the *whillig*, rises readily to the fly in the voes and sounds of Orkney and Shetland, in the sea-lochs of the Western Highlands, and in the tidal rivers both of the east and west coasts of Scotland; and very pretty and attractive fishing it is, and often full of pleasurable excitement.

To drift along the bays of a western sea-loch, such as we know well, and, with a favourable breeze from the seaward, to cast towards the shore, under the overhanging brow of tangle-covered gray rock, or by margin of yellow sand, with here and there a tree bending from the green bracken-covered sward towards the water's edge; to hook a three-pounder sea-trout, strong, bright as silver, and instinct with life, now spinning out the reel with a rapid 'burr' towards that dangerous floating mass of seaweed, now causing you quickly to lower the point of your rod as he springs a couple of feet in the air; and finally to land him from the limpid sea-green water, and see this fine fish struggling, but in safety, in the bottom of the boat, are each and all agreeable sensations to the eye and heart of the angler. All around you are the eternal hills—the two 'Shepherds of Etive' (*Buachail Etive*) guarding the distant pass, the peaks of Ben Starav and Ben Cruachan piercing the mist above you, and nothing but mountains, sea, and sky everywhere. Here a mallard drake or brown eider-duck skims along the surface of the loch; there a pied oyster-catcher hurries across your bows; while yonder under the trees by the shore is a stag from the great forest hard by, standing at gaze. What more wild or fitting accompaniments to sport could the votary of old Izaak's gentle art, or the lover of Nature and its sights and sounds, desire?

But the haunts of the sea-trout are as various as their idiosyncrasies and moods. Granted a possible run from the sea, and you shall find them in almost all waters. With a faculty for travel and exploration unrivalled by any other fresh-water fish in our islands, and a seemingly dauntless courage, they will pass through river and loch to the farthest and most inaccessible streams among the hills, and ascend these, over falls and through rapids, almost to their sources, provided only they have water to cover them and food sufficient to exist upon. And there are few prettier sights to the eye of the angler than to see the sea-trout leaping the white falls of one of these mountain streams, often failing in the attempt at first, but renewing it again and again.

The lochs and rivers of the west coast of Scotland and of the Outer and Inner Hebrides, taken as a whole, provide—with the exception perhaps of Orkney and Shetland, some of the Aberdeenshire rivers, and the northern and north-

eastern coasts of Sutherland—the best sea-trout fishing in the British Isles, although the lochs and rivers of the west coast of Ireland also yield, many of them, exceedingly fine sport. Naturally, however, the number, character, and size of the fish caught vary considerably in different lochs and streams. A really good sea-trout loch, with a free run from the sea, and the chance of an occasional salmon or grilse to add variety to the basket, is a very desirable possession; and on a rough day, to hook a good fish, fresh-run from the sea, on a small fly-rod and fine tackle, from a rocking boat, is always an exciting performance; as it is exhilarating on a bright and sunny one to see his silver side glinting through the blue water as, having taken your fly well on the surface, he goes off on his first strong rush towards the deep water. Yet, for our own part, we prefer to catch sea-trout, when we can, in a good Highland river. The rapid sweep of water, the rugged banks, the rocks and boulders in mid-stream, all give additional chances to the fish, and add appreciably to the zest of play and capture; while the work for them is distinctly harder, and there is an infinitely greater variety of incident than can ever be the case in fishing from a boat.

We know a typical river of this kind, famous for its salmon and sea-trout fishing, where the sport is no arm-chair pastime—turbulent in places with a wealth of white water and curling wave, but in others possessing those delightful reaches and pools beloved of the sea-trout, where the strong rush of the water shades off into the more gently flowing and silently rippling run of perhaps three to four or five feet in depth. Wherever you find such places, they are an almost never-failing home of the *Fario argenteus*. But still, fish over them never so deftly, and with the most cunningly devised flies, you will not always succeed in tempting those most capricious beauties of the stream to rise. In many things, indeed, they are uncommonly akin to their great relative the *Salmo salar*; and in nothing, we think, more so than their extreme sensitiveness to conditions of weather and water, particularly the former. For our own part, in fishing for sea-trout with fly—and we do not care for any other mode—there is nothing we dislike so much as a dark, heavy sky, or mist, or a close, warm, windless day, for under such conditions the attempt is almost always labour lost; while, on the other hand, there is nothing we want more than bright sunshine, with perhaps occasional passing clouds and a few drops of rain to freshen the water, a cool westerly breeze, and, towards evening, an absolutely clear atmosphere and sky. Then there are no fish, in our experience, which will rise more freely or more gamely, particularly just at and after sunset; and if the water be also in a favourable condition—neither too high nor too low—and the fish there and fresh up from the sea, any average fisherman should have no

difficulty in making a heavy basket in a comparatively short space of time. The habits of the sea-trout are singular in several respects, and differ considerably from those of the yellow trout; but we have observed that, given fairly favourable conditions of weather and water, there are generally at least three distinct 'takes' or rises in the course of the day—namely, one in the early morning; one in the afternoon, some time between three and five o'clock; and one, as we have said—and that the best of all—just at and after sunset until dark.

Of course the weight of sea-trout varies very considerably, from the heavy fish of four, five, and six pounds got on the Sutherland and Hebridean coasts, or in the voes of Shetland trolling with the sand-eel or minnow, to the lively and sportive herling or finnock of the Esk, the Annan, the Awe, the Earn, and other rivers, which average from half-a-pound to a pound. The gameness, strength, and agility, if we may use the word, of these yearling sea-trout, on their first return from the salt water to their natal element, are extraordinary, and, with the more delicate kinds of tackle, in a strong, free-running stream, they give altogether excellent sport. But there are two special necessities in fishing for them, and these are a reel which runs with perfect smoothness and freedom, and a rod with a reasonably pliant top. The mouth of the sea-trout, particularly when it comes up from the sea as a finnock, is much softer than that of the yellow trout, and it is always a more volatile fish, so that any click on the reel, or extra stiffness in the rod, when the fish takes the fly, especially in a heavy stream, almost certainly means the speedy freedom of the fish and the profound disgust of the angler.

In fishing a West Highland river for sea-trout during the month of September last, with one or two friends, we hooked and ran no less than fifteen salmon and grilse on small trout-flies and comparatively fine tackle, and that, curiously enough, when none of the salmon species proper would so much as look at an ordinary salmon-fly even of the smallest size. Needless to say that, with such tackle, a light rod, and a swift and heavy running water, we did not land a large proportion of these fish; while some of them made very short work of cast and flies; but that we even landed five of the grilse hooked under such conditions may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance, and no doubt it bespoke the exercise of considerable patience and anxiety in the effort! Naturally, however, those five grilse had an added value in our eyes; and yet we must confess we were, in catching them, not very unlike that apocryphal Indian sportsman who is said to have gone out to shoot in the jungle with ball-cartridge in the right barrel for tiger, and No. 8 shot in the left barrel for snipe, but who incontinently discharged the right barrel at the snipe and reserved the left, with its snipe-dust, for the tiger!

But even if there be no salmon or gillse possible or likely, there is always the chance of a good sea-trout fresh from the ocean; and no better sport could be wished for by the ordinary angler than to hear the music of the reel break out in double time, and to find a dancing bar of white and silver, well up to three or four pounds weight, making straight across the pool and causing the point of his rod to bend like a whip; and when at length the fish has made his last leap for freedom, and is now fairly played, netted, and grassed, there is, for the time at least, one pleased and happy man in the world.

Perhaps it may seem strange this apparently insatiate desire of the average Briton to be always

'killing something,' and still more so to have it recognised by the world at large that this particular form of the exercise falls to be counted as among the purest, simplest, and most harmless of life's pleasures. But so it is, and has ever been; and so apparently it will be until the end of the chapter.

So hie to the river wi' me, lad,
That runs to the sounding sea;
Together we'll tread its crystal depths,
Where the silver trout leap free:
The sun shines down from the azure sky,
And the fresh breeze curls the pool,
And we'll tempt these fickle beauties forth
If we stay till the moon rise full.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

CHAPTER V.—A NIGHT OF STORM.

LIFT alone, Dick tried to be indifferent to what had happened. He flung himself on the bed—the only seats in the room were benches without backs—and tried to find interest in the last number of *Chambers's Journal*. He even refrained from questioning Pastor's wife, when she brought in his supper, as to what had become of her husband. She, poor drudge! probably knew nothing, but was ready enough to talk of the fury of the storm, which made it impossible to light a fire in the *patio*; but as she spoke the force of the wind died away. It was only the lull that precedes the hurricane. The atmosphere became suffocating. Dick could not eat the unpleasant-looking food the woman placed anyhow on the table. He tried to pass the time smoking at the open door, watching the lightning that showed up the black storm-cloud fast rolling across the plain, which lay flat and bare before him. Then he tried to write a letter to his sister, but found he could not concentrate his thoughts. It seemed impossible to write of a life she could not understand; she had written to him so seldom that it was difficult for him to write intelligently of her affairs. He flung his pen away and returned to the open door; Jerry joined him, whining, and with tongue and paws claiming sympathy. Jerry was no coward when he had to tackle the fiercest rat or meet a skunk on the warpath; but this lightning and the oppression of the atmosphere made him miserable and utterly afraid of he knew not what. Such fear man as well as beast finds the greatest difficulty in combating, for it cannot be met by tangible forces. The great cloud drifted nearer till it lay before them as a wall of darkness, trailing over the earth a formless mass, yet converging on a vague centre of thicker darkness. The horror of this darkness was revealed by the incessant flashes of

lightning—rose, violet, white; it fell a dazzling veil, glimmering over the horizon; it struck the fences, flaming along the wires; it shot bolts of fire and tangled chains of light from the dark hollow above to the earth beneath. A murmur rose in the distance, drawing nearer and nearer, and growing into a louder and louder roar, louder and more terrible than the voice of any beast of prey: all nature lay helpless before it. The noise, darkness, and lightning seemed to engulf the solid earth. An icy blast swept before the storm, which now, with an onslaught of hail-stones, struck the house with terrific fury. Dick was terrified; the force and the vastness of the powers of the air made him tremble as fearfully as Jerry. The wretched hut shook; the iron roofing cracked and strained. He remembered thankfully that a week ago he had bound it down more securely; if it lifted in the slightest degree the wind would get under it, and, with a puff, the whole place would be blown to fragments. He seemed so utterly alone with the elements. No! not alone; outside there was that madman who wished to kill him.

'Why had he not gone with Maedonald? Why had he left him alone? He had seen the danger. But no one cared what became of him; let him be murdered, or killed in the storm; it was all one to them.' So he raved on. He thought of his people at home, and believed they no longer cared for him. His sister wrote of her fashionable friends and of her amusements; he had no friends or amusements. She said she was glad to hear that he had a house of his own; she would embroider something for his drawing-room. 'A house!—such a house—a hole. His father's stables were finer than his room.' The hut rocked again in the wind, water dripped through the roof, and the lightning that flashed through every cranny made the candle-light pale. Demoralised by fear, excitement, and misery, the boy threw

himself on his bed and sobbed until worn out with exhaustion. Then he became aware of faint cries outside the door. He listened as if for some new horror. Jerry whimpered and scratched to get out. He got up and staggered across the floor, and opened the door, guessing rightly that it was the cry of a tiny kitten he had petted at times. There it was, drenched by the rain and screaming with fear. Taking the poor little beast in his arms, he lay down again; Jerry stretching himself at his side, forgetting to be jealous of his rival the kitten.

The storm had swept on to the north, the noise gradually dying away and giving place to the not unmusical roar of the rain upon the roof. Dick grew calmer, and now only felt disgusted with himself for having given way in so weak a manner. He thought, 'What a fool I have been, calling out like a baby for some one to take care of me, and feeling miserable because I am alone!' He remembered having heard Mrs Hardie ask her husband if he had been afraid on some occasion when he had been face to face with death.

'Afraid!' he had answered. 'Of course I was in mortal fear. But there was no time to feel it. There is nothing so useless as being in a fright; set to work to get out of danger, and you have no time to be afraid.'

Then there drifted into Dick's mind, with faint confused memories, the words of a sermon heard in the old school chapel; 'Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest.' His obscure thoughts and confused ideas gradually grew clear to his intelligence. Like a flash of light he understood the sermon, which at the time had meant nothing to him. Now he realised that to reach the ideal of manhood—to be strong and of a good courage—it was necessary to fight a fierce fight to overcome one's own weakness, and that to be master of one's life one must learn to stand alone and defy trouble.

CHAPTER VI.—AN ENEMY AT HIS GATE.

THE sun had been up barely an hour when Hardie rode into the *patio* of El Plato. Seeing no one about, he tied up his horse, and, opening the door of Dick's room, shouted, 'Where are you, Milner? Not drowned by the rain or murdered by that lunatic Pastor?'

Dick rolled out of bed; and as he caught sight of Hardie, all aglow after his morning ride, standing in the sunshine at the open door, the misery of the past night vanished.

'I am early,' he continued, seeing the sleepy lad was at last wide awake. 'I have a lot on hand. I want you to ride over to Macdonald's with me to help part some cattle. We can't get back to-night.'

'I am ready,' answered Dick.

'We will have some breakfast before starting. I am starving—only had a cup of tea this morning. See to breakfast while I look up Pastor. I shall have it out with him, and send him packing.'

'No! To-day! But who will take over his work? José is not yet back from Lincoln.'

'I have fixed all that,' Hardie explained. 'Old Anastasio and his sons come over this afternoon; they will commence ploughing. It will throw all the camp-work on you; but you can always go to the old Basquo when you are in a difficulty. No one understands cattle and sheep better than he.'

'That's all right,' cried Dick cheerily. He felt that all his difficulties would be sent packing with Pastor. 'But what of José? He is not much good.'

'He goes with Pastor. The idle hound; we won't miss him much. To make it square with you,' continued Hardie, 'I am going to give you Pastor's screw in addition to your own. You will have his work to do as best you can. Anastasio's youngest boy can help you.'

'Why, that's awfully good of you,' cried Dick.

'Not at all. I pay a man according to his worth. You have done here much better than I expected. Macdonald said you behaved with great pluck yesterday. I require a man with some backbone in this place.' As he strode out of the house he added, 'Fetch up my saddle-bags. Mrs Hardie filled them up for you some days ago, and that young ass, Frank Tod, chose to forget to bring them over.'

Dick brought in the saddle-bags and unpacked them. First one or two books—'And the right sort, too,' he muttered to himself; letters from England, and a packet of newspapers; and in the second bag a pot of butter—'Good; made by herself, too,' was Dick's comment; then a loaf of fresh bread and a ham.

'What luck!' said Dick, arranging the table. 'Had they come yesterday there wouldn't have been much left for Hardie's breakfast. Here he comes. He *can't* have settled Pastor so quickly.'

Hardie stepped in at the door, smiling grimly.

'Did he make a row?' asked Dick. 'You have settled him pretty quick.'

'Row! Not much of a row. He did not get the chance. He swore a bit till I told him to be quiet.'

'His language is awful when he once begins.'

'Yes; but I did not let him begin. I told him I now knew that he was utterly dishonest and all that was wicked; that he must leave this place to-day; and that it would be well for him to keep out of my sight in the future. He looked pretty sick; but all the swagger was out of him. He even began to make excuses. Then he told me he had only stayed on to oblige me;

and, as I wished, he would now go. He knew of work that would suit him in Santa Fé, where he has well-to-do relations. Then he began the usual rot about belonging to a good family, and, after some whining, asked if he might leave his horses here till he could send for them. I told him if I found a thing belonging to him here after to-night I would send the *vigilantes*—the police—on his track. That finished him.'

Dick laughed at the discomfiture of his enemy.

'The tea is brewed, sir. Sorry I have no milk; but, thanks to Mrs Hardie, there is something fit to eat.'

'So that's what I brought along with me. Carried my own breakfast, did I?'

'It's jolly,' cried Dick; and he laid the butter thick on a bit of bread and filled his mouth till he could speak no more.

Twenty minutes later they were in the saddle and off. When they returned to the *estancia* early next morning they found Anastasio and his boys in Pastor's old quarters. A few days later Dick heard that Don Pastor had established himself and family at the *ranchito* outside the El Plato fences, already described as the haunt of a villainous gang of cattle-stealers. He had also been seen at the *pulperia*, and was heard to boast that he meant to be avenged on Don Ricardo before he left the *partido* for a distant part of the country where a man of his ability was more fully appreciated.

In many little ways Dick was made to feel that he had an enemy at his gate. Sheep met with strange accidents, ropes were stolen from the wells, and gates were left open, allowing the cattle to stray into the open camp. Worst of all, the fences were cut. This not only caused great inconvenience, but irritated Hardie extremely, for it showed contempt for his authority. Dick was sick of having to ride over and report at Las Tres Aromas that he had found the wire cut when on his morning round. It was plain that some one passing from the *pulperia*, rather than ride round the fences of El Plato, took the way through the gate and across the camp, and, in order to pass out on the other side, had cut the fence. Without doubt it was Pastor. The people at the *puesto* swore they never saw him pass through the gate; but at the *pulperia* they spoke of his constantly dropping in to make purchases, drink, and gossip.

'You must put a stop to this,' Hardie declared. 'I would have him before the authorities, but what is the use? Only bribery would secure justice, and that I am going to have nothing to do with. I am told that the new *jefe de paz*—justice of the peace—is a receiver of stolen sheep, and deals with this very gang. What a country for a white man to live in!'

Dick did not know what to answer. He had no idea of how best to checkmate his enemy.

'Why don't you watch through the night and shoot the man when you catch him?' continued Hardie, with great irritation.

'All right,' cried Dick. 'I'll do it.'

'Meet the man face to face, and show him you will stand no further nonsense. It is Pastor, of course. He is a coward, and if he sees we are following up his tracks he may clear out. I shall let it be known at the *pulperia* what I think of the whole gang—the precious *jefe de paz* in particular. Tall talk goes a long way in this country of fools.'

That evening Dick dined and stayed late at Las Tres Aromas. As usual, he enjoyed his visit immensely. After dinner the household gathered in the veranda. Mrs Hardie sang and played on the guitar. Then she made the young fellows sing in turn or join in choruses. It was late when Dick rode away, in excellent spirits, humming over the songs they had been singing, and trying to recall the gay Spanish tunes Mrs Hardie had played on the guitar. After passing through the El Plato gate, and exchanging a few words with the sleepy *peon* who locked it behind him, he turned and rode round the fences instead of making directly for the house. As he came near the place where the wires had been so often cut and mended, with a thrill of excitement he saw a horseman gallop towards him at a little distance, but in the faint moonlight clearly distinguishable. Without hesitating, Milner urged his pony into a quick gallop, pulling up when he reached the spot where the rider was likely to strike the fences. Dick waited, holding out his revolver to show whoever it was that he was armed. But he was not to meet with an adventure that night. The advancing figure suddenly pulled up and twisted his horse round, vanishing in the darkness with great rapidity; perhaps he had caught sight of the gleam of metal as the motionless horseman came into view. At the moment Dick felt disgusted at losing this chance of showing his determination to face his enemy. It seemed almost an unreality, so quietly and swiftly had the horseman come and gone. Yet he had seen him distinctly, even in the uncertain light, and doubted, by his outline, that he was hardly big enough to be Pastor. For what purpose was he there if not for harm? It was not the hour to seek for stray sheep; there was no road there, as there was no gate for a league or so along the fence on either hand; no *gaucho* or *criollo* horse would think of leaping an obstacle.

He sent Angelo next morning on a round of inspection. He returned to report that no wires were cut or anything of a suspicious character to be discovered.

Night after night Dick was up and out at all hours. Sometimes Angelo went with him; and once, together, they crossed the open on foot, and prowled round the *ranchito* where Pastor was

supposed to be. Nothing came of this visit to the robbers' den; but Dick's enthusiasm caused his companions to give him the name of Sherlock Holmes. Angelo on these midnight expeditions taught his master many things not to be found in books, but of lasting value all the same; he could not, however, train Dick's eyes and ears, spoilt by a life of civilisation, to see like a cat in the dark and to hear like a dog. Though they never caught any evil-doers, their vigilance had good results, for no further mischief was done. Pastor was, without doubt, a coward.

When Dick had told Hardie he could ride he made no idle boast. As a lad he had spent many holidays with an uncle who lived to hunt; and, finding his nephew a plucky, determined little fellow, he had spared no pains to teach him to ride in a style that pleased his critical taste. Being a good rider, Dick soon became a fairly good polo-player; this ensured him many a holiday, spent at one or other of the neighbouring *estancias*. As a wind-up of the season's play,

Macdonald entertained all the polo-players within an area of fifty miles. They came driving the ponies before them, and spent three days playing polo, racing, and dancing. The one good room in the house was shared by the three ladies—the only ones in the district—who had hard work dancing with the dozen and odd men. Shake-downs and the hay-stack served the others as beds. On returning from this holiday—which he could truly consider the happiest time since he had left home—he was met by Angelo, who, with a grin, told him: 'Some enemy, knowing the *patrón* was away, had not only cut the wires, but torn up two or three of the posts of the fence.'

Dick, tired as he was, declared to the delighted Angelo that he would take no rest till he had come face to face with Pastor; for, he learnt from Angelo, Pastor was seen hanging about when he and Hardie were at the polo-meet. Though he haunted the *pulperia* and rode about all day, he could come across no traces of the wily *gaucho*.

LES PORTEUSES OF MARTINIQUE.



THE Creole *porteuse*, or female carrier, of the West Indian island of Martinique is certainly one of the most remarkable physical types in the world. Her erect carriage and steady, swift walk impress the observer with an idea of strength and liteness; and the puissant shapeliness of her semi-nude torso, ruddily swart like statue metal, her rounded limbs falling unconsciously into perfect grace of attitudes, complete the pleasure one always feels in the contemplation of feminine force and comeliness.

In Martinique nearly all the transportation of light merchandise—including meats, fruits, vegetables, and other food-stuffs—to and from the interior is effected upon the human head. A large part of the female population are proficient carriers. Thus, at a very early age the girl who is fated to be a *porteuse* begins the practice of her life-work. Even as young as five or six she has learned to carry light weights upon her head; and it is a fact somewhat antagonistic to the accepted assertion of physiologists, that, far from checking the growth and curving the spine of the child, she actually improves under the treatment. At the age of nine or ten she can carry thus a heavy basket or tray containing a weight of from twenty-five to thirty pounds. She then begins to go on long peddling journeys with her mother, elder sister, or responsible female friend, walking barefoot as many as fifteen miles a day. At eighteen she is vigorous and tough as a mountain pony, and, like most mountain-bred women, she is comely. She carries now upon her head a

tray and burden of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds, earning less than thirty shillings a month by travelling fifty miles a day as an itinerant seller. Forty or fifty miles a day, always bearing a burden of over one hundred pounds—for stones are added as the tray is emptied of merchandise, to maintain the customary weight—and this for an income of a franc a day! Out of this franc she has her food and sleeping quarters to procure, and her clothes to get. Twenty francs a year will keep her in clothes. A brief chemise and a light calico robe constitute her travelling apparel. On her head she wears a soft *tôche*, or pad, upon which the *tail* (tray) is placed. She wears no shoes; she needs none. The soles of her feet are toughened to something like india-rubber, feeling no asperities of surface, bidding defiance to the sharpest flints. Her food is simple—five sous a day for bread or biscuits, a few sous for a *ragout*, a few sous for some cheap liquor to mix with her drinking-water; perhaps fifteen sous in all. Her sleeping quarters might be expected to bring her daily expenses up to a franc; nevertheless, such is her ability to economise that she not only manages to live on her income (which seems incredible), but actually saves enough to set herself up in some simple business when her youth and physical powers decline.

In every season, in almost every weather, the *porteuse* makes her trips, indifferent to rain, as her goods are protected by a waterproof covering. Though she is often wet through and chilled by the cold winds of the mountains, such is her vitality that she seldom suffers from fevers, either malarial

or rheumatic. Pneumonia is her dreaded enemy, as, once it fastens upon her, she frequently succumbs after a frightful illness of not more than forty-eight hours. This susceptibility to pneumonia may be, probably is, due to the tremendous strain put upon the neck and chest by the prolonged muscular tension required to balance a heavy head-load. Generally the weight is so great that, once loaded, no *porteuse* can unload herself without assistance. For her to attempt to do so would be to run the risk of bursting a blood-vessel, rupturing a muscle, or wrenching a nerve asunder. To sit down is to court the danger of a broken neck. Her only safety lies in maintaining perfection of balance. When she desires to unload she asks assistance; and she does not hesitate to appeal to a rich planter or a wealthy merchant for aid, which is invariably gladly rendered.

When assuming her burden there is usually a wince and muscular shudder as the weight is placed upon her head. The load is not properly balanced, and with both hands she settles it, getting the centre of gravity in direct line with her spine. A quarter of an inch any way out of absolute equilibrium and her neck would snap. With her load in perfect equipoise, however, she moves away with a long, springy step in a walk so even that her burden never sways. At a gait that few Europeans would care to follow for more than fifteen minutes, she travels up hill and down from sunrise till sunset (eleven hours and forty-two minutes being the briefest West Indian day) over the excellent national roads, more than thirty in all, with a total length in excess of

three hundred miles. Magnificent highways are these; solid, broad, perfectly graded; connecting town with town and hamlet with hamlet, winding over mountains by zigzags to heights of twenty-five hundred feet, traversing the primeval forests of the interior, now following the edge of a dizzy precipice, now dipping into the loveliest of tropical valleys. Through all these phases of scenery the *porteuse* travels with unslackened pace, carrying her employer's wares to families in the most distant parts of the island.

Veritable Caryatides are the 'girls' who carry the bread of the great bakeries of Fort-de-France and St Pierre. They are undoubtedly the heaviest laden of *les porteuses*, carrying baskets of prodigious size far up into the mountains before daylight, that the country families may have their bread fresh for breakfast. Veterans of extraordinary physical strength are these bakers' 'girls,' and they receive, in addition to their pay of about sixteen shillings a month, a loaf of bread per diem.

Despite the coarseness of their meagre fare and the strenuous work which they perform upon it, these *porteuses* of the 'island paradise' are singularly sweet-tempered. Their speech together is like the cooing of pigeons. '*Coument ou yé, ché? Coument ou kalle?*' ('How art thou, dear? How goes it with thee?') is the usual salutation; and this the answer: '*Toutt douce, ché. Et ou?*' ('All sweetly, dear. And thou?'). But there is something almost pathetic in the cry, '*Ah! déchdige moïn vite, ché! moïn lasse, lasse!*' ('Unload me quickly, dear, for I am very weary'), with which they greet each other at the end of the day's journey.

'A VISIT TO SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE' AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.



ON the 2d of May 1692 Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehagh, the eminent Scottish jurist and 'King's Advocate,' died in London. The body, after being embalmed, was brought north to Scotland. Robert Chambers relates that 'he lay several days in state in the Abbey of Holyrood House, whence the remains were conveyed to the Greyfriars' Churchyard, attended by a procession consisting of the Council, the nobility, the College of Justice, the College of Physicians, the University, the city clergy, and many others.'

Two hundred and seven years ago! Yet, a few months ago, the writer held in his the hand of the great Lord Advocate of Charles the Second's 'Kingdom of Scotland.' As the circumstances are somewhat extraordinary, a short account of them may not be amiss. To the grand old churchyard of Greyfriars many an Edinburgh citizen feels an almost invincible attraction. Its distinctively

historic character, the intimate manner wherein it has been associated with both the weal and the woe of the Scots capital, the fact also that within its walls sleep many of those who contributed their quota towards making our land great in the noblest sense of the word—all these considerations invest the old graveyard, to every lover of our romantic town, with an interest that is at once intense and permanent. Among these individuals I must rank myself. Few indeed are the weeks during the course of which I do not find opportunity to spend an hour wandering amid the tombs, while around me the roar and bustle of the great city seem to die away into the mystery of infinite distance.

On one afternoon in particular, a few months ago, I was sauntering slowly along the upper walk on the southern side of the graveyard. At last I approached the circular dome-shaped mausoleum well known as the burying-place of Sir George Mackenzie. Hither the boys of last century, and

of the early years of this, were accustomed to troop in order to evince at one and the same time their 'courage' and sectarian mischievousness by marching up—usually in twos and threes—to the door of the vault and shouting:

'Bluidy Mackinzie, come oot if ye daur,
Lift the sneck and draw the bar'

—after which the 'heroes' would decamp instantaneously, fully persuaded in their own minds that, far down below, the corpse of the great enemy of the Covenanters would 'girn' for very impotent rage, and even, as an awe-stricken crone once assured Sir Walter Scott, 'tak' a carwallop in his coffin.' Here also in this dismal abode, during the year 1783, James Hay found refuge for several weeks. He was a youth of only eighteen years of age, the son of a stabler in the Grassmarket, yet he had been condemned to death for robbery. With the help of his father, he managed to break ward from the old Tolbooth—a prison famous rather for the number of criminals that escaped from it than for those it retained—and to reach the tomb of the great jurist. Here he concealed himself, being assisted in his extremity with food by the Heriot boys—to which institution he had at one time belonged—until he managed to get clear away.

Such memories of the past were flitting through my mind as I slowly wandered past the mausoleum, when, to my surprise, I observed the door of it to be open. I stopped in front of it, and endeavoured to peep in. But nothing could I behold. Just at this moment, however, the caretaker of the graveyard, with whom I was acquainted, approached and seemed as though he were about to enter the mausoleum. I inquired the reason of the door being left open, and was informed that, owing to some necessary repairs being effected upon the masonry, an entrance to the upper floor of the mausoleum had to be granted to the workmen. 'But,' added the official, 'all is completed now, and I had just gone for the key to lock up again.' Then it was that I preferred my request to be allowed to gaze upon the coffin of one of Scotland's most eminent sons. But the caretaker doubtfully shook his head, saying that if one individual got in, others would desire entrance also, and that the request was beyond his power to grant. But I assured him that my motives were not those of mere morbid curiosity; that I had long been an admirer of the great 'King's Advocate,' and that, as the tomb was already open for necessary purposes, the mere fact of my taking a look at the remains of Sir George under these circumstances would not be so bad as if the vault had been purposely opened to gratify idle desire for sensation.

Eventually he consented. Having procured two candles, he led the way into the mausoleum, but carefully closed the door behind us. We were now on the upper 'floor' of the tomb, which was dimly lighted from *ceilings* in the roof. On the

right-hand side of the door a flight of steps led down into a subterranean chamber dark as Erebus. But my guide, holding his candle over his head, called on me to follow him, and together we descended into a pitchy blackness that could almost be felt. A curious musty odour assailed the nostrils. The very atmosphere seemed impregnated with a fine, impalpable, yet pungent dust, amid which the faint lingering odours of aromatic herbs and spices could be traced. The caretaker, having seen me safely down the winding stairs, then held his candle over his head once more, directing me also to do the same. By means of the dim light thus diffused, I saw that the vault contained three coffins. That in the middle belonged to Sir George Mackenzie. Motioning me to stand at the head, my guide slowly raised the lid of the shell, and there lying before me was the dry, withered, crumbling body of the once dreaded 'Bluidy Mackenzie.'

The caretaker expressed bitter indignation at the manner in which the tomb had been desecrated last century. The body had originally been enveloped in a lead coffin; but that had long ago been stolen, and probably sold for what it would bring. The 'shell' wherein the remains now lie is the outer covering of all, and is, of course, far too large for the body. The remains, however, are still covered with what has been a shroud of remarkably fine linen, but which is now almost entirely mouldered away.

After a careful inspection of the remains as a whole, I endeavoured to obtain some cranial measurements; but in the semi-darkness this was very difficult. The head, I noted, was exceedingly small in size, in fact was unusually brachycephalic in character, while the occipital protuberance was strongly marked. The forehead was very low and retreating, while the ridges above the eyes were very prominently marked. The under-jaw seems to have been abnormally heavy, imparting in all probability a look of stern determination to the features. Sir George, therefore, cannot have been a man of what is called 'handsome exterior.' In height he appears to have been about five feet nine inches, and was also of a slim, spare habit of body. His bones are all rather under than over the average size, yet singularly enough those of both the hands and feet were larger than the average. I should fancy Sir George Mackenzie's hand to have been a very long one, with tapering fingers. His right hand I took in mine; and, as my fingers closed over those bony, mouldering digits, I felt how singular was the circumstance that here, in this prosaic nineteenth century, I should be clasping the hand that may have clasped Dryden's or Cowley's or Waller's—a hand that had signed the death-warrant of many a luckless Covenanter, a hand that had assuredly done not a little evil in its day, but had also done not a little good, were that good no more than to establish the Advocates' Library, which

remains as its memorial even until the present day.

In the case of Sir George Mackenzie's coffin I also observed how unfeeling had been the vandalism of bygone days. The ornaments of the outer shell had all been torn off—nay, little respect seems to have been shown even to the remains themselves, inasmuch as the teeth have all been wrenched out of the mouth by people who last century would delight in exciting a sort of shivering horror by boasting of the possession of one of the 'Bluidy Mackenzie's' teeth.

In the process of embalment some powerful unguents and spices had been used, which accounts for the fact that the progress of decay had not advanced further than the condition to which the remains have now been reduced—that of a dry, shrivelled, mummy-like frame. As one gazed upon the spectacle, and thought of the almost despotic power this man had exercised for many years of his life, it was a curious commentary on the instability of all things mortal that there was none so poor now as to do him reverence.

The other coffins in the vault were those of Lady Stewart, which, as the caretaker informed me, had been subjected to very unceremonious usage. He raised the coffin-lid, and I started back. Though the lady died so long ago as 1786, so skilfully had the remains been embalmed that the features were all intact, and the expression of the face absolutely perfect. She was the great-granddaughter of Sir George Mackenzie, and a relative of the family of the Marquis of Bute, who is now the nearest living descendant of the great jurist of the Caroline epoch. Into the other coffin, which was of immense size, I did not look. My guide informed me that it contained three skeletons of members of Sir George's family. But the object of my

visit had been completed. What need to violate needlessly the sanctity of the slumber of the dead? I had obtained the information I desired, and accordingly we retraced our steps to the bright sunshine above.

Sir George Mackenzie was born in 1636, and, as we have seen, died in 1692, aged fifty-six. He was a voluminous author, but will be remembered rather by his *Institutions of the Law of Scotland* (1684) than by his *Vindication of Charles II.*, his *Antiquity of the Royal Line of Scotland*, his *Jus Regium*, or his *Aretina*. With respect to his sobriquet of 'The Bluidy Mackenzie,' his alleged harshness and cruelties to the Covenanters have been greatly exaggerated. He was simply carrying out his master's orders; though, on the other hand, the fact is beyond question that his lifelong rivalry with Sir George Lockhart of Carnwath made him more severe than he might otherwise have been, the sympathies of Lockhart with the Presbyterian section of the Scots Church being so well known. When Lockhart was finally raised to the Lord Presidentship of the Court of Session—an honour he enjoyed only a very short time before being assassinated by Chiesley of Dalry—Mackenzie was bitterly disappointed, and shortly after the Revolution retired to Oxford, where he lived a life of study and retirement until his death, about two years after his departure from Scotland.

As I returned to the brilliant summer sunshine from standing in that stifling vault beside the crumbling remains of him who in his day had been so eminent in his country's service, the saddening conviction was forced home on me how subordinate, after all, is the part played by our bodies in the drama of existence, and how paramount is the influence of that tiny spark of life which, withdrawn, leaves all behind it mouldering and loathsome.

THE MAPLE SUGAR AND SYRUP INDUSTRY OF CANADA.



N wheat, butter, eggs, cheese, pork, bacon, beef, and fruit Canada is fast ousting all competitors from the English market. Canada, that a few years ago was looked upon as a land of snow, ice, and barrenness!

But there is still another product distinctly Canadian, and grown in no other country in the world save in one state in the north-east of the United States, and that is maple-sugar. In the provinces of Quebec and Ontario large forests of the maple-tree, from the sap of which the sugar and syrup are extracted, cover the country; and in the state of Vermont, U.S., the maple-tree also flourishes, but not nearly so extensively.

There are two varieties of the maple indigenous

to the soil of Northern America, from which maple-sugar is produced—namely, the hard and soft wood varieties; neither of these grows to any extent, if at all, in the forests of Europe or any other part of the world. Canada thus has this important industry, still in its infancy, in her own hands; and it only remains for the product to be placed on the English market to create a demand for all the surplus she has to spare. At present both maple sugar and syrup are sold at all grocery stores throughout Canada and the United States, and the sale is very large and increasing. Unfortunately adulteration is practised to a great extent by unscrupulous manufacturers and dealers, especially in the United States; otherwise it is questionable whether the quantity now produced would supply

the present consumption. There are still on the Canadian side thousands of acres of trees which have never yet been tapped, and which would at once be utilised should prices for the product justify it. Still, the available supply is not by any means inexhaustible; and, as the trees require fifteen to twenty years' growth before they can be tapped, a glut in the market need never be feared. The trees so far tapped are the wild growth of the forest, though I believe a few acres of maple bush, as it is called, have been planted in the state of Vermont, and promise to turn out profitable. The trees are tapped in early spring, when the sap is rising; March and April being the chief months. A small hole is bored in the tree about two feet from the ground, a tap knocked securely into the hole, and a tin bucket hung on the tap. When the bucket is full it is taken to the boiling-house, and the water driven off. The syrup forms first, and still further boiling down produces the sugar. It is a pretty and novel sight to see the gathering in of the sap; the trees with their little buckets at the foot, the men and children carrying the full buckets to the boiling-house, the blue smoke curling up to the clear sky among the bushes. The tapping of the trees is looked forward to with the keenest delight by the children, who always lend willing hands at the gathering in of this delicious and wholesome food. The sugar is put up in half-pound or pound blocks, much resembling a brick in shape; the syrup is placed in barrels or tins holding half a gallon and a gallon. Until the last two or three years the gathering and manufacturing has been conducted in a very primitive fashion, and the product largely used for home consumption. Now a fair trade having grown up, more care is bestowed on the making, the tins being nicely labelled, and scrupulous cleanliness observed in the manufacture. When the first consignments of the fresh harvest reach the cities they are eagerly purchased, as the fresher the sugar and syrup the more delicious are they to the taste. In the early spring the city of Montreal receives large supplies from the surrounding districts, and all the shops exhibit it in their windows. The prices vary somewhat; but the usual price for syrup is four shillings to six shillings per gallon, and sixpence to a shilling per pound for the sugar. In the western provinces of Canada the prices are considerably higher.

The first time I tasted maple-syrup was in the hotel I stayed at on my arrival in Montreal. I was already familiar with it by name, as some American friends in London used constantly to speak of it to me, and to regret that they were unable to obtain it in England or Scotland. These friends so highly praised the syrup that I was somewhat disappointed on partaking of it at the breakfast-table of the Montreal hotel. The preserve was placed in a small glass jug with a silver lid, and had much the appearance of golden syrup, but without

its consistency. I noticed that nearly every one ate it at some course of their meal, spreading it on buckwheat cakes. When I was settled at my home in Montreal I commenced buying it, and found that the taste grew upon me, and it was seldom absent from the table. The best quality has a delicious, delicate flavour, and a much larger amount can be enjoyed than of either golden syrup or honey, the only two syrups that can be compared to it. While these two eloy and nauseate the appetite if partaken of too freely, maple-syrup has no such effect. I have seen it eaten as a soup from a soup-plate! As it is slightly laxative, it is largely partaken of as a spring medicine.

It is strange how fond one becomes of the sugar. The pound block is cut into small cubes with an ordinary table-knife, and forms a most agreeable *bonne bouche* at the end of the dinner. Of course children eat it and the syrup at all times of the day, and never tire of them. Like all new foods to which the palate is unaccustomed, it must be partaken of several times for its original flavour to be appreciated and a fondness and taste for it acquired. Maple-sugar is used extensively in the manufacture of sweets, and is superior to the common sugar for this purpose. With regard to adulteration, there is no doubt that the Government should pass measures to repress it; and there is strong agitation in favour of legislative means being adopted. Only last spring one of the largest dealers in maple-sugar in Montreal showed me a tub full of one-pound bricks of new maple-sugar. On breaking a brick in two it was found that the outside was coated with a thin layer of new sugar, the whole of the inside being—well, I don't like to say how many years old!

IN M A Y.

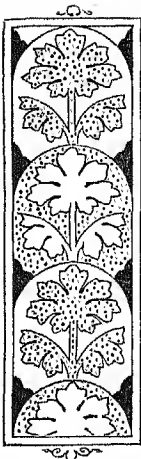
THE house of May is walled with green,
And roofed with gold and blue;
Her courts are splendid in the sheen
Of every hopeful hue.
The oldest eye that comes to spy
Discovers something new.

But hark! and hush! a perfect gush
Of music floods the air!
It is the angel called a thrush
Who has such joy to spare.
Oh, drink of it, and think of it,
And broken pence repair!

There blows a breath of new-born flowers,
And sets our souls on fire
With love for this dear land of ours
That dares our hearts to tire.
For all we chide its wintertide,
May knows our real desire.

Oh! 'tis the time when colours rhyme
And sounds are all at play,
That thou and I forget we die
And win a holiday.
Oh, lady mine, this world's divine
With You and Love and May!

J. J. BELL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE EMPIRE.

WE are all Imperialists now. But before there were Imperialists there was an Empire—a tangible possession, with its many birthdays and its festal days, when its children have come of age and claimed their inheritance. Every year some further additions are made to Britannia's quiverful; and of the British Empire it is true that there is always a child-land, rising three or four or more years—some tract of land in south or west, or some island in the Pacific. Some one tells us that no home is happy where there is no baby in the cradle needing fostering care, sympathy, protection, and instruction. We, as a nation, should be happy. There is always some part of the British Empire on which a new Union-jack is flying, some child in far-off seas whose eyes are fixed on the mother country. And there are always other children who are coming of age; who feel the blood coursing in their veins with all the full vigour of maturity, and who look towards the homeland for their birthright and for the loosening of the leading-strings of early years, so that in place of them may grow up the feelings that bind a mother to her grown-up children. Canada keeps as her national festival Dominion Day; the United States celebrates the wresting from the mother country of that independence which the mother country was not then wise enough to give. The birthdays of the Empire's sons and daughters deserve to be remembered, and maybe the day is not far off when we shall keep one great Empire Day; when from the far-off quarters of the globe, from east and south and west, sons and daughters and grandchildren will gather round the mother-throne as at our great Christian festival families gather round the old fireside and strengthen those bonds of love and affection that draw us instinctively to the old folk at home. In empire cementing, as in empire building, sentiment plays its part.

Children have their birthdays and often revisit their birthplaces; and shall the old mother

country, amid her empire worries and domestic troubles, forget all the tender ties of early days, when she was young and free from the cares of many children, and when the fresh joy of living had not given place to the full joy of having given life and watched and tended its growth to the full stature of a nation?

Where did the Empire have its birth? In Winchester, where great King Alfred's memory will be celebrated this year; in London, where were fought out many of those strifes that rent the nation when it was yet young; in Manchester or Liverpool, where commerce works today; in the Cinque Ports, where our modern navy had its birth; in Windsor, where our constitutional monarchy has its chiefest seat; or in Oxford, whence our scholarship flowed forth? None of these can claim the honour. The Empire had its birth in the Golden Age, when Elizabeth was Queen, and Drake and Hawkins, Frobisher and Raleigh, ploughed far-off seas, and Devon men chose Devon's chief port as the starting-point of their roving expeditions.

It was from Plymouth that Martin Frobisher set sail in 1576 to explore the coast of Labrador; and the wonderful tales of its gold which he told were among the earliest colonising impulses felt in England. It was from Plymouth a year later that Sir Francis Drake, the borough's most famous mayor, set sail on the first voyage of circumnavigation undertaken by any Englishman; and it was to this port he loved so well that he returned with the little vessel laden with the spoil of his adventure. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition to found a settlement in Newfoundland sailed in 1584 from Plymouth; from this port sailed Raleigh when he discovered Pimlico Sound—an expedition which resulted in 1606 in two charters being granted by James I. to two of the earliest North American colonising companies, one started in Plymouth and the other in London; from Plymouth sailed the *Mayflower*, as every American knows even better than we Englishmen; from this western port—the key to freedom in the

West'—sailed Captain Cook in 1768, to explore the coasts of New Zealand and New South Wales, and open the way to the first settlement in Botany Bay twenty years later; from Plymouth, from earliest days until to-day, have sailed those who have in the past and are now moulding the history of South Africa. Ever since those golden days which have shed their light on our island story, when Drake took possession of New Albion in the name of his Queen, and in the same great name became the pioneer of the East India Company and planted settlements in the West Indies, Plymouth has been the mother-port of the New Englands beyond the seas, the birthplace of the Empire.

An American traveller, Elihu Burritt by name, after a visit to England, wrote: 'Plymouth, mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the wide world, that wear her memory in their names, write it in the baptismal records of their children, and before the date of every outward letter.' What other town in England has so good a claim to be regarded as the birthplace of the Empire, from which the sons and daughters of our fathers have sailed toward the setting sun, under the wooded heights of Mount Edgcombe, to be lost to sight in the mists of the English Channel? How many thousands of emigrants, who have 'turned to the New World to redress the balance of the Old,' have carried engraven on

the tablets of their hearts, as their last recollections of their fatherland, the great castle-like cliffs that hem in Plymouth's Sound, and the fresh greenness of the Hoe! England has many pleasure-grounds and palaces, but only one Hoe; and even to-day its memory is oftentimes the link between the Old World and the New. In all their adventures in far-off seas, the sons of Devon, when they roved far and wide in the days of the Empire's birth, carried ever with them a mental picture of those grassy slopes. If the battles of England were fought in the playgrounds of Eton, her bloodless conquests were made on the green heights of Plymouth Hoe, where the great admirals played their games.

We are all Imperialists to-day. We celebrate Nelson's triumph at Trafalgar, when he put the corner-stone to the Empire that two hundred years had reared and won for us the sovereignty of the seas, Britannia's highways to her children's homes. Might we not also have an Empire Day to keep green the memory of those great searovers who made their furrows round the world and sowed the seeds of Empire? And might not Mother Plymouth—Mother Plymouth, who still sits by the sea and casts a mother's farthest glances towards the far-off children of her early days—share in such tribute to Greater Britain's birth and growth and present greatness?

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXII.

DID you find your friend Schmidt?' inquired their host of Browne as he seated himself in a chair and lit a cigar.

'Yes,' the latter answered, 'I found him, and a curious character he is. He has some wonderful curios in his shop, and I could have spent a day there overhauling them.'

'I should be very careful, if I were you, what sort of dealings you have with him,' said the other, with what struck Browne as a peculiar meaning. 'He does not bear any too good a reputation in these parts. I have heard some funny stories about him at one time and another.'

'Oh, you need not be afraid on my account,' said Browne. 'As I told you in your office, my dealings with him are of a purely commercial character, and I don't think he has robbed me of very much so far. Now, what would you say if we were to make our way to the yacht?'

They accordingly adjourned to the yacht. Perhaps as the result of his interview that afternoon, Browne was in the highest of spirits. He did the honours of his table royally, and the newcomer ever since that day has been wont to declare that it was the jolliest dinner of which

he has ever partaken in his life. How little he guessed the tragedy that was overhanging it all! Of the quartette, Maas was the only one in any way silent. For some reason or another he seemed strangely preoccupied. It was not until some months later that Browne heard from Jimmy Foote that that afternoon, during their perambulations of the city, he had excused himself, and having discovered the direction of the telegraph station, had left them for upwards of three-quarters of an hour.

'I am not quite myself to-night,' he said, in reply to a remark from Browne. 'But I have no doubt I shall be all right again to-morrow.'

Dinner being at an end, they adjourned to the deck, where they settled down to coffee and cigars. The myriad of lights of the city ashore flashed out at them, and were reflected like countless diamonds in the still waters of the bay. Browne was irresistibly reminded of another harbour-scene. At another momentous epoch of his life he had sat on this selfsame deck and looked across the water at the lights ashore. And what a different man he was then to the man he was now! So much had happened that it seemed scarcely possible it could be the same.

Their friend of the afternoon proved a most

interesting companion. He had spent the greater portion of his life in the Farthest East, and was full of anecdotes of strange men he had met and still stranger things he had seen. They reclined in their deck-chairs and smoked until close upon ten o'clock. Then the new-comer thought it was time for him to see about getting ashore. He accordingly rose from his chair, and was commencing the usual preparatory speeches, when a hail from alongside reached their ears. A quartermaster went to the bulwark and inquired who was calling, and what he wanted. A voice answered him in educated English:

'Can you tell me if this is the *Lotus Blossom*?' it said.

'Yes,' answered the quartermaster. 'What do you want?'

'I want to see Mr Browne, if he is aboard,' the other answered.

'He is aboard,' returned the quartermaster. 'But I don't know whether he can see you. I will inquire.'

'Who is he?' asked Browne. 'Tell him to give you his name.'

The quartermaster hailed the sampan again. 'He says his name is MacAndrew, sir,' he said after a short pause, 'and if you will see him he says he will not detain you many minutes.'

'Let him come aboard, then,' said Browne. 'Just tell him to look sharp.' Then, turning to his guests, he continued: 'I wonder who the fellow is, and what he wants with me at this hour of the night.' In his own heart he thought he knew pretty well.

'By the way,' said his guest, 'I should advise you to keep your eyes open while you are in this port. You can have no idea what queer sort of people you will have to do with; but when I tell you that it is the favourite meeting-place for half the villains of the East, you will have some very good notion.'

'Thanks for the warning,' said Browne. 'I'll bear it in mind.'

He had scarcely finished speaking before the figure of a man appeared at the top of the gangway and came towards them. He was tall and slimly built, was dressed entirely in white, and wore a helmet of the same colour upon his head. From an indescribable something about him—it may possibly have been his graceful carriage or drawl in his voice when he spoke—he might very well have passed for a gentleman.

'Mr Browne?' he began, lifting his hat, and as he did so looking from one to another of the group.

'My name is Browne,' said the young man, stepping forward. 'What can I do for you?'

'I should be glad if you would favour me with a few minutes' private conversation,' said the other. 'My business is important, but it will not detain you very long.'

'I can easily do that,' replied Browne, and as

he said it his guest of the evening came forward to bid him good-bye.

'Must you really go?' Browne inquired.

'I really think I must,' the other replied; 'the boat has been alongside for some considerable time, and to-morrow the homeward mail goes out, and I have my letters to finish. I must thank you for a very jolly evening. My only regret is that you are not staying longer in Hong-kong. However, I hope we shall see you on the return voyage, when you must let us entertain you in a somewhat better fashion than we have been able to do to-day.'

'I shall be delighted,' said Brown as he shook hands; but in his own heart he was reflecting that when he did return that way there would in all probability be some one with him who would exercise such control over his time and amusements that bachelor pleasures would be out of the question. The man having taken his departure, Browne begged his friends to excuse him for a few moments, and then passed down the deck towards the tall individual, whom he could see waiting for him at the saloon entrance. 'Now, sir,' he said, 'if you wish to see me, I am at your disposal.'

'In that case, let us walk a little farther aft,' said the tall man. 'Let us find a place where we shall run no risks of being disturbed.'

'This way, then,' said Browne, and led him along the deck towards the taffrail. He climbed up on to the rail, while his companion seated himself on the stern grating, and lit a cigarette. The light from the after-skylight fell upon his face, and Browne saw that it was a countenance cast in a singularly handsome mould. The features were sharp and clear-cut, the forehead broad, and the mouth and chin showing signs of considerable determination. Taken altogether, it was the face of a man who, having embarked upon a certain enterprise, would carry it through or perish in the attempt. Having lit a cigarette and thrown the match overboard, he began to speak.

'It has been brought to my knowledge,' he said, 'that you are anxious to carry out a certain delicate piece of business connected with an island a short distance to the north of Japan. Is that so?'

'Before you go any farther,' said Browne, 'perhaps it would be as well for you to say whether or not you come from Johann Schmidt.'

'Johann Schmidt!' replied the other, with some little astonishment. 'Who the devil is he? I don't know that I ever heard of him.'

It was Browne's turn this time to feel surprised. 'I asked because I understood that he was going to send some one to me this evening.'

'That is very possible,' MacAndrew answered, 'but let me make it clear to you that I know nothing whatsoever of him; in matters like this,

Mr Browne, you will find it best to know nothing of anybody.'

After this plain speech, Browne thought he had grasped the situation. 'We will presume, then, that you know nothing of our friend Johann,' he said. 'Perhaps you have a plan worked out, and can tell me exactly what I ought to do to effect the object I have in view.'

'It is for that reason that I am here,' said MacAndrew, with business-like celerity, as he flicked the ash from his cigarette. 'I've got the plan fixed up, and I think I can tell you exactly how the matter in question is going to be arranged. To begin with, I may as well inform you that it is going to be an expensive business.'

'Expense is no difficulty to me,' said Browne. 'I am, of course, quite prepared to pay a large sum, provided it is in reason, and I am assured in my own mind that the work will be carried out in a proper manner. How much do you think it will cost me?'

'Five thousand pounds in good, solid English gold,' said MacAndrew; 'and what is more, the money must be paid down before I put my hand to the job.'

'But, pardon my alluding to it, what sort of a check am I going to have upon you?' Browne next inquired. 'How am I to know that you won't take the money and clear out?'

'You've got to risk that,' said MacAndrew calmly. 'I see no other way out of it. You must trust me absolutely; if you don't think you can, say so, and I'll have nothing whatever to do with it. I won't make you any promises; because that's not my way; but I fancy when the business is finished you'll be satisfied.'

'I hope so,' said Browne, with a smile. 'But can you give me no sort of guarantee at all?'

'I don't see that I can,' said MacAndrew. 'In cases like this a guarantee is a thing which would be a very unmarketable commodity. In other words, we don't keep them in stock.'

'It's to be a case of my putting my money in the slot, then, and you do the rest?'

'As the Yankees say,' said the other, 'I reckon that is so. No, Mr Browne, I'm very much afraid you must rest content with my bare word. If you think I'm straight enough to pull you through, try me; if not, as I said just now, have nothing more to do with me. I cannot speak fairer than that, I think, and I shall now leave it to you to decide.'

'Well, I must see your plan,' said Browne. 'When I have done that it is just possible that I may see my way to undertaking the business.'

'The plan, then, by all means,' said the other,

and as he did so he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out an envelope, which he handed to Browne. 'Here it is. I have roughly sketched it all out for you. You had better read it when you are alone in your cabin, and after you have got it by heart be sure to burn it carefully. I wrote it down in case I should not be able to see you, and also fearing, even if I did have speech with you, I might not be able to say what I wanted to say without being overheard. I will come off at daybreak to-morrow morning for your answer. In the meantime you can think it over. Will that suit you?'

'Admirably,' said Browne. 'I will let you know my decision then without fail.'

'In that case, good-night.'

'Good - night. I shall expect you in the morning.'

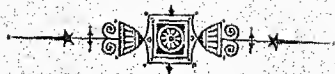
'In the morning.'

A quarter of an hour later Browne was alone in his own cabin. Having locked his door, he took the letter the other had given him from his pocket and opened it. A half-sheet of note-paper, upon which scarcely five hundred words were written, was all he found. But these words, he knew, meant all the world to him. He read and re-read them, and as soon as he had got them by heart lit a match and set fire to the paper, which was reduced to ashes. Then he returned to the deck, where Maas and Foote were still seated, and settled himself down for a chat. They had not been there very long before Maas found that he had smoked the last cigar of a particular brand he affected, and rose to go to his cabin in search of another. He had not been very long absent before Browne remembered that he had left the envelope of MacAndrew's letter on his dressing-table. Accordingly he set off in search of it, intending to destroy it as he had done its contents. Having reached the companion, he was descending to the saloon below, when a sound resembling the careful, though hurried, closing of a door attracted his attention. A moment later he stepped into the saloon, to find Maas there, who, for once in his life, appeared to be flurried and put out by something.

'I have lost my cigar-case, my dear Browne,' he said, as if in explanation. 'Is it not annoying?'

Browne felt sure that this was not the truth. However, he did not say so, but when he had consoled with him, entered his own cabin, where a surprise was in store for him. The envelope he had come down to burn, and which he distinctly remembered having placed upon the table less than half-an-hour before, was missing. Some one had taken it!

(To be continued.)



A NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT TRUFFLES.



FROM the earliest times the origin of that most delicate of tubers, the truffle—beloved alike of man and pig—has excited the wonder and puzzled the brains of even the most learned. Everything about the truffle is calculated to invite attention and to rouse curiosity: the mystery of its production and the delicacy of its taste and perfume, as well as its nourishing qualities and stimulating powers. What causes its growth? How does it develop in the earth? Is it the result of chance, or does it proceed from some germ? These are questions which puzzled the ancients, as they have done ourselves; and no reasonable and practical answer being available, both they and we have had to fall back on hypothetical explanations and unfounded surmise. These naturally have not been wanting, and many and varied have been the reasons advanced for the appearance of these curious black balls, if they may be so called, which have always been so much prized as a gastronomic dainty. Theophrastus, who was probably one of the earliest writers to mention the truffle, and, indeed, many more recent savants, as well as his immediate successors, considered this tuber as a freak of nature, and attributed it to the combination of warmth, damp, and claps of thunder. Thunder, indeed, plays a very important part in all their explanations, though how it worked they left their readers to imagine. Later it was suggested that the truffle was the result of an emission of sap from the roots of trees, due to the prick of a certain fly, which it has been noticed hovers about the ground where the truffle is to be found. It was also supposed to be a gall, similar to an oak-gall, and due to the before-mentioned fly. It has only been within comparatively few years that this tuber has been recognised to be really an underground mushroom, comparable with those well-known kinds to be found growing in our meadows and woods. Unfortunately, the discovery went no further; and the secret of the diverse phases of the reproduction of this most interesting growth continued still one of Nature's unrevealed mysteries. Science was balked, and the cultivation of the truffle in a methodical and practical manner remained an impossibility.

At last, however, a learned French botanist, Monsieur de Gramont de Lesparre, claims to have completely unveiled the secret of their cryptogamy, which discovery opens up a new field, both for the student and the cultivator. The explanation Monsieur de Lesparre gives is as follows: It has long been known that each truffle might be considered as a mass of microscopic cells, called 'asques,' each containing from one to four germs, or 'spores;' and it was just the evolution of

these spores which hitherto remained undiscovered. This comes about in a most curious and remarkable manner. It must first be noted that the spores never develop in the interior of the cell in which they begin existence. Eager for liberty, they only germinate when they are transported to the leaf-stalk of certain trees, such as nuts, oaks, or firs; though it does not seem to matter whether these be fresh and full of sap or old and dry. The male spores, once at home in their new quarters, send out long threads or filaments, which make their way either over the surface of the leaf or beneath its flesh, until the females are met with, when the marriage takes place. The female spores give birth to yet other threads, extremely tenuous, which spread themselves over and through the tissue of the leaf, coming here and there to the surface to bring forth a new element, the 'teleutospore,' which exteriorly very much resembles the original spore. As this sprouts in the soil, where it is presumably carried by the falling leaf, it produces in its turn a substance somewhat similar to the white of mushrooms; and it is from this substance the truffle springs.

As may be seen, then, this tuber differs in its evolution in no really essential way from the mushroom; what makes it so especially interesting are the precautions taken by Nature to assure its realisation. As it is necessary that the spores intended for reproduction, and which are formed in the cells hidden in the earth, should be transported to the leaves, Nature makes use of certain tuber-loving insects, who are charged with this task as well as the duty of breaking open the cells or 'asques' which hold the germs prisoners. In order to attract these servitors, Nature employs her favourite plan, and allures the flies to the spot where the truffle is to be found by its most delicate perfume, which never fails to summon them when the moment arrives for their kind services to be desired. The tuber, lacking the perfume, has no charm for the fly, and the truffle is therefore left in peace; thus the spores are not prematurely destroyed, and the pulpy mushroom-like mass does not become fermented before its time. It is this delicate odour which makes the truffle so beloved of gourmets and its presence at our tables so much appreciated. Hitherto, from the uncertainty of its cultivation, it has been the luxury of the rich; but, with its reproduction well understood, a new industry may spring up like mushroom culture, which will give to the poor as well as the wealthy a highly nourishing, sustaining, and delicious article of food. Posterity will in this case owe a debt of gratitude indeed to Monsieur de Gramont de Lesparre for his welcome and important discovery.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

CHAPTER VII.—A FIGHT, IN WHICH DICK ROUTS THE ENEMY



LOITERING one evening by the fire, Dick, while waiting for his supper, chatted with Anastasio and his sons. Angelo had returned with supplies from the store, and much enjoyed giving out bit by bit the news he had picked up there.

'*Picaro!* [rogue] you have forgotten the cigarette-papers,' growled the old man, fumbling in his pockets in the hope of finding one. 'See, that is my last,' he said, as he carefully took one out of an old case, and began to roll it round a twist of tobacco.

'Ah! *Curamba!* But how could I remember? There was no room to look round and see what I wanted. Such a crowd, and such talk.'

'Pedro Lopez must be doing a good business.'

'Truly he grows fatter every day.'

'What a life for a man!—on his own feet all day—under a roof from morning to night,' said the old Basquo, and he shook his head wonderingly.

'Don Miguel's *troperos* [cattle-men] were there,' continued Angelo. 'They are only waiting for the moon, to start with the troop.'

'They have fine cattle,' remarked Dick, 'but a wild lot to drive so far. It will be luck if they get them all delivered without accidents at the Pajonales.'

'They have got the best *capataz* on the road. Does Don Roderiquez let his men sleep on the road? No, *hombre!*'

'They will take three weeks to get there,' Gabriel remarked, as he added some salt to the pot of soup simmering on the hot embers.

'Three weeks!' cried his father contemptuously. 'No, *hombre!* Ten days to the river; two to get them across, and another day to round them up and rest a bit, and then four should see them to the Pajonales.'

'That is quick going.'

'*Pues, hombre!* Don Roderiquez counts his days as his dollars.'

'Angel saw Pastor at the *pulperia*,' said Gabriel, looking round to enjoy the sensation his remark would rouse.

'The black fox; what did he say for himself?' shouted the old Basquo.

'Don Miguel has asked him to go with the troop.'

'Is he going?' Dick eagerly questioned.

'He said, "Wait, wait. I am not ready. I have a good business on here." But Don Roderiquez said he must have him; he is short of men.'

'Well, what more, Angel?'

'Pastor had drunk so many *copitas* [wine-glasses] of wine that he talked big.' The lad

chuckled at the remembrance. 'Yes, *señor*, he talked, and I was behind a sack of *mate*, and I heard. "I must drink no more," said he; "a man must keep a clear head and a steady hand." Angelo mimicked the drunk man's incoherent swagger over and over again, to the delight of his brothers.

'What more did he say? Stop that fooling, Angel, and tell me exactly what happened,' ordered Dick, who was in grim earnest, and who could not understand the careless way they treated what seemed to him no play.

'He saw me, and shouted, "How is the *patrón* of El Plato?" And the big man who was with him said, "Tell him to keep his eyes open to-night!" Then Pastor swore at him, and put his hand on his knife. *Caramba*, but they were drunk! They were ready to fight each other. And when they went away the *señores* who stood round said, "See, Pastor means mischief. Tell Don Ricardo what you heard. Keep your eyes open to-night." That is what he said.'

Dick had jumped to his feet, and shouted, 'Here, Angel, fetch up the *picaso* [a black horse with white points]; he has not been ridden to-day. Hurry up with that soup, Gabriel, or give me anything else that is ready to eat.'

He hurried off to his room to prepare for a night in the open. Surely at length his chance had come.

The old man, left by the fire, chuckled to himself, 'Does the lad think he can catch the black fox? If he does, he will find the fox has teeth.'

An hour later Dick was riding slowly across the camp, watching the glimmer of a fire shining like a star in the distance. He knew that it burned before the *ranch* of evil repute; but he observed that to-night it shone an hour later than usual.

'They are late,' he said; 'they were too drunk to get home before sunset. After they have fed and smoked and talked a bit they will let the fire die down, and turn in for the night. Then Pastor may ride out. I wonder if he will bring that other fellow along with him.'

The fire died down to a spark of light, then went out; but no Pastor rode through the darkness.

'He is waiting till the moon sets,' thought Dick. The young moon dropped below the line of the horizon; yet there was no sign of living being in the great lonely desert that surrounded the solitary watcher. The hours passed slowly. Dick found a patch of long, thick grass, and lay in it, wrapped in his *poncho*, tethering his horse to his wrist. He knew that at a sound it would

start, and so wake him. Even at a distance, if the wires were touched, the vibration would travel all their length, and rouse him.

It was a still night, the only sounds heard from time to time being the cry of a bird or the lowing of cattle. The soft darkness brooded over the camp, arched by the star-spangled vault of the wide sky, its circle unbroken by forests or mountains. He watched the constellations circling overhead as the hours went by. Pavo, the peacock, stood proudly erect; Scorpio trailed his fiery tail half over the sky; Orion, the old friend of boyish days, was missing; while the Southern Cross, 'like a standard flying,' reminded him that he was an exile. He recalled the night on the voyage out, when the Cross was first seen; the rush forward of all the passengers, some rejoicing that they were nearing home, and were once more under familiar stars; others, like himself, feeling their hearts beat quick as they realised that they were now in the New World, with a new life before them. He had seen rough times since then. He laughed at himself when he remembered the castles in the air he had firmly believed to be built on solid foundations. Then he began to think of the voyage home. He would not go till he had won a position and laid aside enough money to be able to enjoy a holiday. Things were going well with him now, so it was no impossible dream. Look at Hardie; he began no better off, and now he was a rich man. He planned how he would invest his money in buying a flock of sheep and renting a quarter of a league of camp. Nothing brought in money like sheep. And his herds grew, and his land increased, and the castles reached their airy heights, till Dick fell sound asleep. He woke with a start; the horse had given a sudden twitch to the halter. He sat up. A sighing wind swept over the camp; it grew chilly; a soft white light invaded the darkness; the stars had paled and slowly faded. The horse snorted and tossed its head. Surely it felt some one near. He jumped to his feet and looked round.

Yes! there was a dark form moving across the camp from the direction of the *ranch*; already it was near the fence. Hiding behind his horse, Dick led it slowly along, hoping it would be taken for an animal feeding. Stealthily through the faint light the two figures moved to the same point. Dick allowed the other to reach it first. He saw the man leap from his horse, and, after fumbling a little, bend towards the fence. Then the stillness was broken as a wire rang out, rebounding from a stroke. Dick waited no longer. He rushed forward and struck with his fists, straight and hard. The man, taken very much by surprise, sprang back with a yell of fear and rage, revealing the coarse face and the cruel eyes of Don Pastor. Shouting and swearing, bewildered and terrified by the unexpected attack, he leapt on his horse with the instinct of his race, and

then drew his revolver. Dick was ready with his.

'Drop that and off with you, or I fire,' he shouted.

Pastor steadied his horse, and, bending forward, deliberately aimed and fired. Like an echo to his shot came one from Dick. There was a yell from Pastor, whose horse plunged wildly, then, wheeling round, tore aimlessly across the grass, and soon was lost to sight in the obscure light of dawn.

Dick stood stupefied. What had happened? He was unhurt by Pastor's wild shot from the back of the rearing horse. Had he shot Pastor? He thought so, from the wild yell and from the way the horse had galloped off. Pastor had dropped the reins, but he sat straight; he could not have been seriously wounded. He was gone—fled before him—so easily routed. Why, the wire was not even cut, and there lay his silver-mounted knife on the grass. Dick picked it up, and kept it as a remembrance of the fight. He leapt on to the *picaso* and rode off towards the *estancia* in jubilant spirits. On the way he met Angelo, returning from his post at the *puesto*, where he had been set to watch. He was disgusted at having missed the fight, and eagerly questioned his young master as to every incident. As for Dick, he was all-impatient to see Hardie and tell him that he had met and routed Don Pastor.

CHAPTER VIII.—DICK IS RECEIVED ONCE MORE AT THE DINNER-TABLE OF LAS TRES AROMAS.



THE usual party had gathered round the dinner-table at Las Tres Aromas, including Macdonald, who happened to have dropped in on business that made it convenient to spend the evening and sleep at his friend's house—not an unusual occurrence. All were eagerly discussing the news, brought by Frank Tod, of Dick's encounter with Pastor.

The talking stopped as Hardie stepped in and took his seat, saying, 'I have some news for you, wife. Milner has routed the enemy.'

A chorus of voices answered that they had already heard of it.

'Of course, I might have guessed that! *Evening News*! Second edition already out.' He looked at young Tod, with a laugh that made the lad hang his head and giggle. He had earned the name of *Evening News* from his gift of picking up and imparting scraps of news. 'As unimportant and as inaccurate as is usually to be found in the papers,' Hardie said sarcastically.

'Has Milner really fought Pastor?' asked Macdonald.

'Is he wounded?' young Charlie inquired, in a tone of great respect for his companion, who might have received such a distinction.

'There are so many lies about, it is difficult to

know what actually took place; but he certainly had it out with Don Pastor, who is off to-night with the troop.'

'He has an awful wound in his arm,' put in the irrepressible Tod.

'Be accurate, Todie.'

'Is it true he carried a revolver, and used it, too?' inquired Macdonald.

'Yes; he bought it on purpose, they say, at the *pulperia*. If he had been as handy with it as with his knife he would have made short work of Milner.'

'Milner knocked him down, and gave him a black eye,' burst forth Frank.

'Go slowly, Todie,' said Hardie.

'Well, Pedro told me.'

'Never believe what you are told, my man.'

'Especially if you are told it is quite true.'

'Don Pedro, special correspondent of the *Evening News*.'

'Do let me hear what really took place,' asked Mrs Hardie. 'Is Dick hurt?'

'No; he is all right,' answered her husband. 'This is what happened: Milner heard that Pastor threatened to cut the fences or something of that sort last night, as a last little attention to his friend Dick before leaving for the south. Dick watched all night, and towards morning had the pleasure of meeting him—caught him in the very act. He flew at him with a blow of his fists, in English fashion—came more natural than his revolver. Pastor drew his, and shot at him in native fashion. Dick returned the compliment, but, by good luck and his inability to shoot straight, did not kill his man, only skinned his arm. That was enough for Pastor, who turned and fled. This is what I learnt from a note Milner sent over this morning. I wrote to tell him I should expect him to dine and sleep here. He will be here shortly; but, as he had to ride to the Fortin on business, he cannot be punctual.'

'And Pastor has really cleared out?'

'So they tell me.'

'Well, the lad has pluck, to stand up against a savage brute of that sort. You were right about him, Mrs Hardie. I am glad he has done you credit,' said Macdonald.

'Yes, he has pluck, and more than that—determination. I had no idea, till I questioned Pedro to-day, that Milner has night after night hunted round hoping to catch Pastor in the act of cutting the fences. No wonder he blinked like an owl at the polo-match the other day. He must have had precious little sleep for a week or so.'

'So Pastor found the little boy, as he called him, more than his match.'

'Oh, we have made a man of Master Dick,' answered Hardie.

'He has won his spurs,' said Mrs Hardie; 'and here he is!' she added, as, with a smile of welcome, she rose to give him a special greeting and to place him at her right hand at table.

'Here he is!' they all echoed, with a shout of applause. And Dick, very confused, but very happy, took the place of honour. And this evening might be said to mark the turning-point of his career. He had shown what he could do, and won the respect and confidence of men like Hardie and Macdonald, and proved himself worthy of the friendship of a lady whose sympathy and kindly words were to encourage him again and again, even when he had to face greater difficulties than the hate and revenge of a spiteful *gaucho*.

He slowly, with labour and patience, realised some of those castles in the air built in earlier days, and returned on a visit to England with plenty money in his pockets. He is now the owner of an *estancia* as flourishing as Las Tres Aromas, with a lady at the head of it as good and as charming as the one who helped him when he was in trouble and in want.

HALF-AN-HOUR'S CHAT WITH A HOSPITAL NURSE.

By the Rev. ALGERNON C. E. THOROLD, M.A.



Of the gentle art of nursing there is no royal road; those who to-day are fitted for the charge of sick-rooms and hospital wards acquired their skill alone through the long vigil of night-service and the hours of daily routine.

Among all the handmaidens of human kindness none are called upon to qualify themselves more strictly than the brave women who from time to time enrol themselves in the noble army of nurses, and who, at the instant and often sad summons of the telegraphic message, set out, not thinking of

themselves, in response to the distant voice of weeping: 'Come over and help us.'

Perhaps few more genuine surprises meet any novice than those which await the entry of the hospital probationer upon her duties; and the real nature of the work, as a rule, comes so forcibly that even if the 'new pro.' does not seek a very early interview with the Sister to ask that her name may be withdrawn, the first three months is in general a time of many tears out of hours.

'Imagination and reality are then so different?' I suggested to my friend, a hospital nurse.

'Yes. Many of those who come in think that they are only wanted to sit by bedsides and attend to the small needs of the patient; but when they find that all the hard work and running about is their duty also, and that they have to learn and to obey, they think they had better not stay.'

'Is not the first real hospital-morning very trying?'

'Yes, the ordeal is severe, especially if the round is in the surgical ward. The dressing of wounds, the bandaging, and so forth bring hitherto unknown and unexpected feelings. The doctor and the staff-nurse know well, of course, the reality of the probationers' suffering, and often make excuses for their temporary absence from a bedside; but as a rule when the rounds have been made a few times confidence and self-control are soon gained.'

'There are grades amongst the probationers, no doubt?'

'Yes. After six months a probationer becomes qualified for night-duty, when the responsibility of her position is of course increased—the Sister and staff-nurse not being at hand; but by this time she will have acquired some of the most important qualifications for her post—self-reliance and promptitude of action.'

'And how long is the entire course?'

'Two years, during which many divisions are passed through—medical and surgical in both men's and women's wards, the Eye Hospital, the Children's, the Infectious, and the Convalescent.'

'The discipline is very strict, no doubt, in hospital life?'

'Yes—almost martial! Method, order, and neatness are primary virtues. Nor are delinquencies when discovered left to be spoken about till next day; the penalty follows immediately upon the fault. Our lodgings in connection with the hospital were seven minutes' walk distant, yet at times the telephoned message would come, "Send back probationers So-and-so," who, on arrival, would be requested, with becoming gravity or displeasure, "to put that bottle in its proper place in the cupboard," and told that then they could go home again!'

'Hospital life is never dull at all events?' I said.

'No indeed. We have experiences of all sorts—some humorous, some tragic. Convalescence often leads to complications, and turns a quiet patient into an intractable one. When the turn comes a good appetite soon follows, and the "niggardly" allowance ordered by the doctor is badly received. Of course the nurse comes in for all this, and she has to promise to persuade the doctor to allow more. "Can No. 12 have something solid?" the nurse asks one morning. "He says he is starving." "Well, yes," says the doctor. "Let him have some bread and butter." The patient is radiant at the thought, and the next meal is awaited in anxiety. "Ah, nurse!" he

says amiably as he sees a plate arriving, "is that the bread and butter?" "Yes," says the nurse; "here it is." "Hullo!" exclaims the patient as he sees a very thin slice put before him, "is that the bread and butter? Well, look here, nurse; if I can't have more than that I'll have none;" and, in a moment, whizz goes the plate across the ward, bread and butter and all! The nurse only picks it up quietly, and says, "Very well; perhaps you will have it presently;" and after a little back she comes as smiling as ever, and persuades her charge to make a beginning with it. Or perhaps the doctor orders fish instead of the everlasting "milk diet." "Fish? Ah, that will be a change!" sighs the patient. This is before dinner. Then comes dinner-time, and with it the punctual nurse. "What is this?" querulously asks the patient as he sees a suspicious-looking basin in the nurse's hands. "Soup." "Soup? But the doctor said I was to have fish." "Ah! so he did; but that's for to-morrow. It's soup to-day; will you have some?" "Now, look here, nurse," says No. 1, "I don't mind a bit of a lark sometimes; but when the doctor says I'm to have fish I'm not one to be put off with soup. Shan't have the soup—there." "Oh, come," nurse says, "the fish is for to-morrow, not to-day; doctor's orders are always like that." "No. I was to have fish; shan't have soup. If I can't have fish I won't have anything." "Very well," nurse says quite quietly, "you know best; I'll bring it again at tea-time." Tea-time comes. "Well, here's some soup. Will you try it? You must be hungry." "No. Take it away; if I can't have fish I won't have soup." "Very well. Perhaps it won't matter, as your case is not a very bad one;" and the soup disappears again. The same occurs at breakfast-time; and at last comes the doctor. "Doctor," says the patient, "didn't you say I was to have fish for dinner yesterday?" The doctor exchanges glances with the nurse, who says, "No. 1 has not had anything since yesterday. He would not take his soup." "Oh-h!" says the doctor. Then No. 1 breaks in again: "Didn't you say, doctor, I was to have fish?" "Yes; I ordered you fish for to-day; but as you have not had any nourishment since yesterday, fish will not do for you to-day. You must go back to milk-diet again." "What! Soup? Never!" "Very well; if you don't like what we are doing you need not stay. There are several waiting for your bed," and with the parting "Soup" to nurse, he walks off. Then there is a general laugh round at the victim; everybody has kept the little secret well, anticipating the joke of middle-diet punishment.'

'Visitors' days must be somewhat trying?' I said.

'Yes. Two days a week are generally set apart for visitors, and we nurses resign ourselves to the case as placidly as we can; and we need patience. A rigid rule says that no one under treatment

shall receive things to eat without the consent of the nurse in the ward; this leads to endless inquiries. After a few minutes of arrivals a friend comes to the nurse. "Well?" "Oh, please, nurse, may I give my girl a few grapes?" "Yes." A minute or two after the same friend comes again: "Oh nurse, I have given her two grapes; may she have any more?" Then another visitor arrives: "Please, nurse, may my John have an orange?" "Yes." "Thank you, nurse." After a few minutes: "Oh nurse, I have given my John half an orange; may he have the other half?" Then a third comes: "I say, nurse, Mrs Jones is sitting on No. 4's bed, and a-crying ever so bad. She's a-worrying him awful;" and nurse has promptly to remove Mrs Jones, who retires, to recover and return.

'Visiting days are anxious times very often as well; terrible mischief results sometimes from the mistaken kindness of "friends." From behind the screens the nurses at times hear such sentiments as: "Now, never mind her. They want to keep you in; but if you have a real hankering after a thing, it won't hurt you—my father always said so." Of course strict orders are given to the visitors: "Now, Mrs Jones, you are not to give your husband anything to eat; you understand, don't you?" "Oh yes, nurse; of course I do. I shouldn't be so soft when it's against the rules." But next morning, when the doctor comes, perhaps the patient's temperature is much higher than it should be. "What's this, nurse? He has had something to eat?" "No; nothing that I know of." "Well, he has. What have you had, No. 5? What did your wife bring you yesterday?" "Nothing, sir." "Ah, well." After a little the nurse is tidying, and finds in No. 5's locker the remains of a coil of black-pudding!

'Typhoid patients need great watching. Food, other than ordered, is sometimes sudden death. I remember the case of a little boy under treatment for typhoid who was visited by his mother. "Now, Mrs Smith," said nurse, "remember, please, you must *not* give your little boy anything at all to eat. Will you promise me?" "Yes. Oh, of course not." Towards evening the nurse in charge noticed a great change in the child's appearance, and at once telephoned to the doctor. The same old question came: "What has he had to eat?" "No; nothing but orders." "Well, he has. You can see that for yourself." But no one knew. "Well, he is dying. I can't do anything. Perhaps the mother may get in time if she comes at once." When the mother came nurse said, "You promised me not to give your child anything to eat, didn't you?" "Yes; but I only gave him a little bread and butter." "Ah, well; you have killed your little boy, Mrs Smith. Look, he is dying now." One woman persuaded her husband—a typhoid subject—to eat the forbidden, and she was sent for, as his condition was alarming. "Now, Mrs Hope, what did you give him

when you came this afternoon?" "Nothing; oh dear, no!" "Well, look here. We think your husband has had something to eat. If you did not give him anything we can't do much for him, and he will die—do you understand? But if you can remember what you gave him perhaps we can help him. Now, what did you give him?" "Oh dear—oh dear! Well, some pork pie!" Another day a little girl was to be operated on. "We are going to operate on your little girl to-day, Mrs Green. She mustn't have anything to eat." "No, nurse." During the operation a strange change came over the child, and breathing stopped. "Hullo! she's choking. She has had something to eat." "Oh no," the nurse said. "Well, stop the operation. We must open her throat." The result was a large piece of apple.

'Other visitors come and go, *ex officio*, without notice. They come into the wards as they like—clergymen and ministers of all denominations. They are, of course, well known for their sympathy; but at times they get taken in very much. "Oh yes; he believed it all," said one patient to another. "Oh, did he?" said nurse on the other side of the screen! "Well, I don't think you'll get that suit of clothes anyway." Then there's a laugh, and "I didn't think you heard, nurse." "Ah! but I did." Begging characters are soon known in the hospitals, and hints are given to benevolent callers.

'I suppose it is important to keep the patients cheerful?

'Yes, though in the surgical ward, where the patients are not bodily ill, it is sometimes almost necessary to restrain them. The patients do not lose interest in outside matters either, and sometimes things get serious. We were called once by loud cries of "Nurse" to two angry convalescents talking politics in the balcony, and the excitement between them was so great that in a few minutes more one or both would probably have been lying some distance below on the ground. Next day they both promptly received their discharge. The winning candidate came through the wards soon after, talking to the men here and there. One old man wouldn't listen. "Don't stop talking to me. I don't want to hear you. Go on now." A little later he woke up to find his bed covered with blue bows and ribbons. Presently he called nurse. "Well?" "Look here. I'm not going to sleep with these things tied on my bed. I'm a Radical." "Oh, it's all right; it's only their joke." "I don't care. I'm a Radical. I'll have 'em off if I get out." "Oh, go to sleep, and forget them." After a few minutes the nurse's attention was called to him again by strange sounds; and there he was, splints and all, getting out of bed. The bows were soon off all through the ward; the nurse had seen enough of politics.

'Real difficulties take place sometimes no doubt?

'Oh yes. Those who have laid violent hands upon themselves often give trouble; at times they are quite dangerous in an after-frenzy. One powerful man called the nurse, and then, suddenly springing out of bed, dashed her to the floor. Fortunately one of the other patients was able to help for the moment till he was secured. In some hospitals the surgeon will not sign the admission form in these cases when application is made by the friends unless a policeman is sent in as a special attendant. This is absolutely necessary when there are no men attendants attached to the hospital. The constable's ideas of his duties are sometimes almost comic. Of course, from long practice, a nurse can watch any patient without distressing him; but a policeman's ways are quite different. "Won't you sit here, constable?" the nurse says; gently hinting, "He'll go to sleep, I expect, and you'll be more comfortable." "No, thank you, miss. I'll keep handy." All the time the policeman is sitting close by the bedside and staring at his charge. Perhaps the nurse makes another attempt: "Do you know, I am sure it will be better *not* to touch him?" Probably the constable has actually his hand on the man's arm! "Well, miss, there's no knowing what he'll do. I think I'll be near him." It is found advisable at times to get the constable to take a little walk for a change. "Nurse," says the miserable patient, "I promise not to move if you will only get that man away. I can't bear it any longer." One patient, suddenly frantic, made a rush for the window, leaving half his garment in the brave nurse's hand as she tried to stop his flight through the air.'

'Are the patients, as a rule, grateful for all you do for them?'

'Well, sometimes they are too grateful, and

their feelings run away with them, with inconvenient hints and interesting offers.'

'What do you do?'

'Oh, we stony-hearted nurses have only one rule. The grateful patient is removed into an inner chamber where another hand does duty, but the patient and his old nurse meet no more. But, then, sometimes they are hardly grateful enough. When they leave, the secretary asks them, among other questions, "Have you any complaint to make?" This gives an opportunity sometimes for grumbling. One old woman answered, 'Well, I don't think the doctors did all they ought to have done for me.' "Oh," said the secretary, "that's your complaint, is it? Well, come with me; there's a Board meeting on now. Oh yes, you must come, please;" and almost before she knew it she was standing in the board-room, before all the doctors. "No. 10 has a complaint to make." "Oh yes. Well, what is it?" But her courage had vanished. "Oh dear, no; thank you. I don't wish to make any complaint at all. I think this is a very wonderful *institooshun*. Let me go, please." "Good-morning."

Sunday comes week by week in the hospital ward as everywhere else, and with it the chaplain's ministrations. Everybody knows the soporific influences about on any Sunday afternoon; but in the hospital I found that the spirit of slumber at times is very assertive indeed. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear that even patients suffering all things draw the line at the sermon, and that over-tired nurses accept those minutes as an offering to their weariness, and are not always ready when the signal for the close comes. 'Well,' nurse said, not wishing, I could see, to hurt my feelings, 'I think we all used to go to sleep on Sunday afternoons, but then Mr Blank was very Low Church.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AUTOMATIC RAILWAY COUPLINGS.



MUCH opposition on the part of our railway companies and other owners of railway trucks is offered to the provision in the new Regulation of Railways Bill concerning the compulsory addition of automatic couplers—that is, couplings which shall lock by impact. It is said that this one provision would entail an expenditure of ten millions sterling, and no one could cavil at it if it were the means of reducing the number of accidents to railway servants; but experts say that this idea—which is the *raison d'être* of the measure—is quite erroneous. They quote statistics to prove their case, and show figures for several years in succession, which show that in the United States,

where automatic couplings are compulsory, the accidents occurring in coupling and uncoupling are far more numerous than they are in Britain, where coupling-sticks have for a long time been in use. Taking the year 1897 as an example, we find that on the railways of Great Britain the accidents from all causes were 501, and the percentage of these due to coupling and uncoupling was 3.8. On the American railways during the same year the accidents numbered 1693, and the percentage of them due to coupling and uncoupling was 12.6. We see, therefore, that, with automatic couplers, the accidents in the United States were nearly four times as many as in Great Britain, where coupling-sticks are in use. The opposers of the Government Regulation of Railways Bill have, therefore, some right to assert that the method at present in use in Great

Britain for coupling and uncoupling railway trucks is safer than the automatic system.

THE HYDRO-INCANDESCENT GASLIGHT.

This method of burning gas seems to be a revival of a system which was brought forward some years back, but which, possibly from imperfection of details, hardly emerged from the experimental stage. The new system, which is being exploited by a company whose address is 88 Victoria Street, London, employs an enlarged Welsbach mantle of refractory material, which is placed above a Bunsen-burner, the gas to feed which is supplied under pressure. The light given by one burner has a value of from six hundred to fifteen hundred candle-power, according to its size, and the illumination is pleasant in tone. The novel part of the invention is the way in which pressure is applied to the gas by water-power. This is secured by the use of a cylindrical vessel of copper or tin, which is about six feet in height, and which is a fixture near the gas-meter. Into this vessel enters a constant stream of water, at the rate of about sixty gallons per hour; and, by an ingenious arrangement, the gas, which also enters the vessel, is kept under constant high pressure. It will be seen, therefore, that a water-supply by meter is necessitated by this new system of gas-lighting; but the company hope to very much modify the method for domestic use, where powerful lights are not required. Under present conditions, and taking the price of water and gas at a fair average, the cost of maintaining a burner of six hundred candle-power is computed at one penny an hour, or about one-sixth of the expense of an electric arc-lamp of the same efficiency.

WATER-GAS.

From the producer's point of view there is a fascination about water-gas, for it can be very cheaply made by the action of steam upon red-hot coke; but unfortunately it contains a large proportion of poisonous carbonic oxide, and has no tell-tale smell. It therefore becomes a highly dangerous vapour to employ for common use, although in other respects it is valuable for heating, and, with certain additions, for lighting purposes. The matter was considered of sufficient importance by the Home Secretary for consideration by a departmental committee; and this committee has recently issued its report in the form of a Blue-book—a report which contains a large number of recommendations founded upon the evidence of experts. The committee came to the conclusion that the accidents attributable to the use of water-gas have not been very numerous in Great Britain, because the proportion in which the gas has been used has not hitherto been high; but they note that a large increase in the use of the gas is to be expected in the future, and that the time is opportune for legislation. Their

principal suggestion is the first—namely, 'That it should be illegal for any person to make and distribute for heating and lighting purposes any poisonous gas which does not possess a distinct and pungent smell.' The other recommendations refer to details of manufacture, which are calculated to hedge the manufacture of a dangerous compound with proper restrictions.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION.

The death of Baron de Reuter calls to mind the circumstance that the electric telegraph, which flashes news to us from nearly every country of the globe, is a very modern invention. The first telegraph line in Britain was laid on the Great Western Railway from Paddington to Slough in the year 1838; so that in the compass of a single human life the marvellous system of intercommunication by wire has reached its present perfection. Baron de Reuter was one of the first to see the possibilities of this method of sending news, and started the first telegraphic news agency at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1849, extending his offices to London two years later. Those who enjoy the advantages of the present news agencies can hardly realise the difficulties with regard to information from foreign parts under which their forefathers laboured. Let us take as examples two epoch-making victories, one on the sea and one on land. The battle of the Nile was not reported in London until two months after its occurrence; and the victory at Waterloo, less than three hundred miles away, was not known in the Metropolis until four days had elapsed!

AMERICAN COMPETITION.

Forewarned is forearmed. Although it is manifestly impossible, from economical and other reasons, to save ourselves from the strong and increasing tide of foreign competition in agricultural and manufactured products, it is well as a principle of business life to know our own business thoroughly, and also a good deal of what other people are doing. Ten or twelve years ago the American trade in oatmeal was infinitesimal; now it has increased tenfold! The *North-West Miller*, a trade journal published in Minneapolis, is not content, but scolds its constituents for their faults of 'stiffness and stupidity, or lack of agility,' common to all English-speaking nations. The alert gentleman from the Continent, French or German, does not bore his customers with homilies or sermons, or flood them with badly translated circulars; does not seek to change their tastes, but seeks to sell to customers what these customers want. And this is what the *North-West Miller* wants, however. 'There are districts of England,' we are told, 'into which American flour has never penetrated, because we have been too stiff-necked to go there, learn the people's tastes, and give them the flour which they have loved for hundreds of years.' This homily, meant

for our American competitors, may be as useful here. The American Consul at Frankfort, looking at Europe generally as a market for manufactured products, says that the contest narrows itself down to that of comparative resources, economy in manufacture, and skilful enterprise in selling. In all except the last they have nothing to fear. 'With the most modern and effective machinery, the most effective labour, ample capital, and an unequalled factory system, the Republic in the closing years of the century fixes new standards in cheapness of production, and passes definitely from the rôle of customer to that of competitor.' This is what our traders and manufacturers have to face, as they know only too well; and they can best hold their own by showing equal energy and enterprise.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR.

Mr Saville-Kent, who, besides being a well-known naturalist, is also an accomplished photographer, recently showed at the Camera Club (London) a number of fine examples of three-colour photographs of various natural objects, principally orchids. The method adopted for taking these pictures is that of Mr F. E. Ives, and involves the production of three separate negatives taken each under a differently coloured screen. Positives from these negatives are then associated with properly coloured glasses, and the three images are by special apparatus projected upon a screen—one red image, another blue-violet, and the third green. By the touch of a lever these three images approach one another, and finally overlap, the result being a very fair representation of the original object in all its natural colours. It is, of course, of the nature of an optical illusion, but certainly the most perfect thing of the kind which has been yet attempted. Mr Saville-Kent is most sanguine as to the use of the system for naturalists' requirements, and hopes by its aid to obtain correct colour-registration of such objects as corals, coral-reefs, and marine organisms of various kinds, many of which in tropical climes exhibit the most gorgeous tints.

A NEW MOTOR-CAR.

A motor-car has recently been shown in London which seems to be a distinct advance upon many of the vehicles of this sort which have previously been seen, heard, and—we are afraid we must say—smelt also in the streets. It is constructed on the Serpollet superheated-steam system, the boiler of which is supplied with a very small quantity of water at a time, which is immediately vaporised. Moreover, the steam is only made as required, so that there is no noisy blowing off while the motor is not actually at work; indeed, its steam arrangements at all times are perfectly silent. The fuel is petroleum, employed with a

special form of burner which ensures perfect combustion, and therefore absence of odour. In many respects, too, the engine itself shows great improvements, and can be run, it is said, at a cost of three miles a penny. The Serpollet system has for some time been in successful use in Paris on the tram-lines, and it seems curious that there has been nothing of the kind attempted in this country, although we hear much of the substitution of electricity for horse-traction. The subject is one which might usefully engage the attention of our municipal authorities.

MURAL PAINTINGS AT HAMPTON COURT.

A very interesting discovery has been made in one of the rooms of Hampton Court Palace—the beautiful edifice which Cardinal Wolsey presented to his sovereign. It seems that a number of pictures are in course of removal from Hampton Court to Kensington Palace—shortly to be opened to the public; and in the room referred to it was found that beneath the canvas and paper with which the walls were covered were mural paintings of ancient date and in a fair state of preservation. But the nails which had been driven in to support the framed pictures now being taken to Kensington had played havoc with the painted walls; and these holes must be filled in and blemishes made good. This work will be entrusted to a skilful artist; and it is hoped that the paintings can be satisfactorily restored. The ceiling of the room is painted by Verrio, the subject being Queen Anne in the character of Justice; and it is probable that the wall paintings now uncovered may be due to the same hand.

A GIGANTIC UMBRELLA.

Many visitors to various exhibitions will doubtless have experienced the discomfort of being caught in a downpour of rain when in the grounds, without a chance of shelter, either from want of a haven or from the number of people who, in the same plight, are crowding such few refuges as are provided. To guard against this disagreeable weather at the forthcoming Parisian World's Fair, a Frenchwoman, Madame Percha-Giverne, well known in the gay capital for her inventions with regard to parasols and walking-sticks, intends to erect a gigantic umbrella under which thirty-thousand persons can take shelter at the same time without inconvenience. This umbrella, which will be over three hundred feet in height, will be supported by a metal column whose base will be more than one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. The covering will be four hundred and fifty feet across, and will be decorated with various designs in coloured glass, which will serve at night to illumine the exterior and interior with electric light. The inside of what may be termed the handle will be divided into four stories; of which

three will be under the cover, the other above. In each of these three first stories there will be cafés; concerts and theatrical representations will be given. On the fourth floor, and placed outside, under a movable cupola, there will be a café restaurant, already engaged by one of the principal firms of Paris. Comfortable lifts will convey visitors to the summit. The actual surface covered by this unique umbrella will be about sixteen thousand square feet; but the time has hardly come for expatiating upon the advantages it offers or for prophesying its success.

ACETYLENE GAS.

This new illuminant has become familiarised through its wide use by cyclists, and most persons therefore know that it is produced by the action of water upon calcium carbide. Many living in out-of-the-way districts, where gasworks are as yet unknown, would be glad to use acetylene for household illumination were they assured of its safety and general adaptability to their requirements. A committee appointed by the Society of Arts (London) to inquire into the matter has issued a report, which is eminently satisfactory; for, after innumerable experiments conducted by experts under their direction, they assert that acetylene gas apparatus can be so constructed as with ordinary precautions to be absolutely safe in use, and that under such conditions it is as free from danger as any other illuminant in common use. But they stipulate that the gas-generator—that is, the container for the carbide and the water which puts it in action—shall be kept outside, and not inside, the houses where the gas is used. We are glad that the report is of so favourable a nature, for acetylene gives a beautiful light, and will prove a boon to many.

THE TAXAMETER.

Ever since vehicles began to ply for hire there have been disputes as to payment between the drivers thereof and their customers; and an old caricature by Rowlandson depicts one of the heavily-coated jehus of the period, holding a coin in his hand, and addressing the lady and gentleman who have just stepped from his lumbering 'coach' with an air of injured innocence. At last a contrivance has been introduced which registers on a dial fixed near one of the windows of a cab the exact distance run and the fare payable. A few cabs fitted with this desirable ready-reckoner have recently been started in London, as well as in certain of our own provincial towns. In Berlin 5500 cabs are provided with the indicator, which was first introduced in 1894, and has become very popular. The question naturally arises, Why has this not been done before, seeing that there is nothing new in the principle of making a moving wheel register the number of its revolutions? Cyclists have long had such a means of measuring

the distance travelled; and thousands of stationary machines are fitted with counters to record the amount of work done. It is stated that the only opponents to the introduction of the taximeter are the cabmen themselves; others see in it a happy prospect of putting an end to disputes as to fares which at present cause many persons to walk rather than ride.

BICYCLES FOR SOLDIERS.

An interesting paper on 'The Bicycle for War Purposes' was recently read at the Royal United Service Institution by Captain Baden-Powell, who considers that the bicycle will prove of most service to troops at home in the case of invasion. He enumerated the many ways in which the bicycle can be employed, and exhibited what he called the tripartite fitting, by which a machine becomes readily detachable, and can be slung over the shoulder without necessitating any adjustment of straps. The lecturer also dealt with the arming, dress, and general equipment of the military cyclist. He remarked that he had often heard it stated that young men preferred to devote their half-holidays to cycling rather than to volunteering; but he hoped that the two pastimes could be combined. Properly organised military tours would be most enjoyable, and he looked to this source in the future for a great incentive to volunteering.

BOOK-WORMS.

The mischievous operations of the small boring beetle which, under the name of book-worm, devours books and their bindings with a zest unknown even to the most omnivorous reader may be stopped, says a correspondent in *Nature*, by giving the bindings of books a dressing of shellac in spirit. This is easily applied by means of a small brush, dries quickly, and is scarcely noticeable even on fine bindings. We rather question the latter part of the statement, and should certainly hesitate before varnishing a handsome binding. In Sydney, from which city the correspondent referred to dates this letter, librarians are also much troubled with the attentions of cockroaches, which lurk in the spaces between the woodwork of bookcases and in crevices above the shelves; and the best exterminator is said to be Paris green, a preparation of arsenic, which is well dusted about the joints of the shelves. The secretary of the New South Wales Linnæan Society has adopted this remedy, and has thus stopped the nibblings at the bindings of the books under his care.

THE STUDY OF TROPICAL DISEASES.

The opening at Liverpool of a school for the study and treatment of diseases peculiar to the tropics is an event of great interest, especially to medical men. The great western port has been wisely chosen as one of the best places for such

an establishment, for here come ships from every quarter of the globe, and it is only natural that occasionally they bring with them invalids suffering from maladies strange to medical practice here. At this school qualified men can join any of the four courses which will be given each year, so that they will be more competent to take appointments on ships and in tropical countries. It is also intended to allow missionaries to partake of the instruction, as these fearless workers often go to countries where medical science is quite unknown; and nurses will also be admitted to the institution. Dr Koch, the well-known bacteriologist, in writing to express his regret at not being able to attend the opening ceremony of the Liverpool school, mentions that the most important disease in West Africa is blackwater fever; but he feels convinced that it can be prevented when its course and character become more familiar. 'It will,' he says, 'be one of the most important duties of the new school to give medical men going out to the tropics a clear idea of this disease, and to impress on them how to make and collect useful and scientific observations.'

POISON-BOTTLES.


Many lives are lost annually by accidental poisoning; a mixture intended for outward application only is taken in mistake for the proper medicine, and death ensues. Now and then a well-known person is the victim, and then there come many suggestions as to the best way of preventing such accidents in future. This was the case when Professor Tyndall was accidentally poisoned a few years ago; and, now that Dr A. K. H. Boyd has lost his life in the same lamentable way, many are asking how such fatalities can best be prevented. It is now the almost universal custom of the druggists to serve poisonous pre-

parations in a fluted bottle of blue glass, so that a ministering hand can be warned, even in a dark room, where the red label cannot be seen, that caution is necessary. As most persons know, certain virulent poisons are not supplied at all to casual purchasers at chemists' shops; but, unfortunately, some of the most dangerous compounds known are extensively used in the arts, and it is next to impossible to place any restriction on their sale. A valuable suggestion has been recently made that all poisons should be put in bottles labelled not only with the name of the preparation, but also with its antidote—thus, '*Silver nitrate—antidote, Common salt.*' This would, we think, be a most commendable practice; although it must be remembered that some poisons, common to certain trades, are so quick in their action that antidotes are useless unless they are actually at hand.

BATHING IN ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The sun-bath is a very old remedy, and was supposed in ancient times to be beneficial in various ailments; and in these more modern days it has been proved experimentally that various germs grouped under the name bacteria perish under the action of sunlight. The electric light is now being used in Germany for curative purposes; and quite recently at the Peebles Hydro-pathic establishment baths made on the German model have been introduced. The bath contains the necessary electric light apparatus, and is lined with mirrors, by which the rays are reflected upon every part of the body. A lid covers the bath, and the patient's head only is not exposed to the action of the light. The heat also from the lamp or lamps does its part, for the patient perspires as copiously as if he were in a Turkish bath. The effect of the treatment is said to be most invigorating.

SOME QUEER TASTES.

HE British schoolboy is renowned everywhere for his omnivorous powers; but it is doubtful if even he could assimilate some of the dainties here described. The Transvaal Boer will eat almost anything in the flesh, fish, or fowl line, for all is grist that comes to his gastronomic mill; and the following mixture is voted most delectable by the majority of the rougher classes: A great square slice is cut off a loaf made of coarse unsifted meal, and covered with a thick layer of jam—preferably strawberry; a row of sardines is then placed on top, and the oil from the sardine-box is liberally poured over the whole. A loud smacking of lips and other manifestations of thorough appreciation accompany the disposal of

this delicate *bonne-bouche*; but the unsophisticated Boer only indulges in this luxury when he means to enjoy a special treat, quite regardless of expense.

The Zulus look upon fish as a species of snake, and consequently impure and quite unfitted for human food. But although they would infinitely prefer to go hungry rather than eat the daintiest piece of salmon or turbot, yet many of them have been known to consume pieces of flesh cut from a bullock that died of rinderpest, when that terrible cattle-plague raged in South Africa. This gastronomic anomaly will be better appreciated when it is understood that the flesh of cattle which have died from this devastating disease becomes putrid almost immediately after death has supervened, and so absolutely dangerous to

cat. Indeed, cases are known where Kaffirs suffered from all the symptoms of rinderpest after partaking of this loathsome carrion, and died victims of their insatiable craving for animal food. If a Kaffir is given a tin of jam, he will, after opening it with his cheap Birmingham pocket-knife, squat down on his haunches and eat the whole of the contents 'neat' with great gusto; but instead of cruelly attaching the empty can to the tail of some unfortunate cur—as the British schoolboy would probably do—the native will turn the tin to good account by utilising it as a drinking-vessel or as a receptacle for some of his various treasures, such as safety-pins, brass buttons, needles, or as a snuff-box.

It is a very serious offence, and rightly too, to sell or in any way supply intoxicating liquors to the natives of Natal or Zululand; but many Kaffirs will, when the opportunity occurs, satisfy their craving for alcohol by drinking quantities of undiluted methylated spirits. In this light and refreshing 'wine' they attempt to drown their cares and sorrows, quite regardless of the nauseating and disgusting taste of the liquor!

The Bangumungwato, or Bechuanaland native, regards the visitation of a swarm of locusts as by no means an unmixed evil; for although the insects play havoc with his standing crops of *mealies* and *mabele*, or Kaffir corn, they furnish him with many an appetising meal. In the early morning, before sunrise, all the women and children of a kraal go out to the feeding-grounds of the locusts, carrying empty paraffin tins, baskets, or sacks, and armed with switches. With these light weapons they kill millions of the insects; and, having filled their various receptacles with the slain, return home congratulating themselves on having destroyed and driven off the ravagers of their crops, and at the same time secured a luscious feed. The legs and gauze-like wings of the locusts are pulled off, and the bodies, having been dried in the powerful rays of the African sun, are ground up into a powder. Into a three-legged pot, partially filled with water, a few handfuls of this locust-meal is put, and the whole cooked over a slow fire until the contents are of the consistency of oatmeal porridge. This mess is devoured by men, women, children, and Kaffir mongrels, with every indication of enjoyment; and, indeed, it may be added that this locust porridge is reported to be most nutritious and sustaining.

Many South African colonists consider the iguana—a large kind of amphibious lizard—a very welcome addition to the bill of fare, and say that the flesh of this reptile is anything but unpalatable. The great ant-bear and porcupine are also eaten by some; but these creatures have no great following of gastronomers of European descent, although Bushmen, Hottentots, and others devour them with avidity.

Of these few South African delicacies, probably

the Boer and his dreadful blend of preserve and sardines will appeal most to the British school-boy, with his notorious proclivity for digesting all sorts of impossible concoctions and mixtures.

A SEASIDE MEMORY.

It seems so strange. Once more beside
The sheltered cove within the bay
I sit. Out on the ebbing tide
The fishing-boats sail far away.
Three cloudy bars, like ships afloat,
Float slowly down the saffron west;
The kine come home, each called by name,
And o'er the land steals twilight's rest.

Behind me lies the dewy dale;
I hear the rippling streamlet flow,
Singing again the witching tale
I heard one eve—long, long ago.
I catch the murmur of her name
Amidst the measures of its tune;
But, ah! the rapture's not the same
As 'twas beneath that quiet moon.

Throughout that soft, calm twilight's fall
We sat in bliss, hand clasped in hand;
We heard the last lone curlew call,
Then silence crept o'er all the land.
We watched the beacon's quivering gleams
Shoot swift across the darkening sea;
And midst their glory wove our dreams
In love's enthralling ecstasy.

We sat till the first stars shed down
On sea and shore their kindly light,
And silently the spectral town
Lay in the dreamy lap of night.
And, oh! we saw such visions fair,
Through loyal Love's far-seeing eyes;
Whilst Fancy filled the kindly air
With music born in Paradise.

'Tis past! 'tis past for evermore!
I hear the bells upon the hill;
But I'm alone upon the shore,
Whilst she is sleeping calm and still,
Her dear hands folded on her breast,
Beneath the roses, far away;
And there my longing heart would rest,
To wait, with her, the brighter day.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A DEAN OF ST PAUL'S.

By EUSTACE DE SALIS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a lovely autumn evening in the middle of the month of September 1558 as the Very Reverend Dr Henry Cole, Dean of St Paul's Cathedral, drew rein before the doors of the far-famed 'Blue Posts' inn, on the east side of Bridge Street, in the famous city of Chester. The slanting rays of a westering sun lit up church spire and quaintly-gabled house, imparting to all around an air of peace and security.

'Now then,' cried Dr Cole, on whom the surroundings produced no effect, so much engaged was he with his own thoughts—'Now then, dame,' he exclaimed imperiously as he strode over the well-worn flags and into the hallway of the tavern, 'how comes it that I am not waited upon? In truth ye require teaching manners hereabouts. See that my baggage is brought in and carried above to a private room; and, hark ye, mind my cloak-bag is handled with care, or else— But time enough. I would have you learn that a dignitary of the Church—the bearer of royal commands—is not to be kept thus dallying out in the street.'

At the sound of the Doctor's high-pitched, rasping voice Mrs Mottershead, the landlady, made her way into the hall with alacrity, and, dropping a humble curtsy, exclaimed, 'At your service, sir. What may your commands be?'

'Let your future behaviour be more respectful—d'ye hear?' cried the other. 'I break the journey here for the night, setting out early in the morning for Ireland.'

In a very short time the Dean's belongings were transported to a room on the first floor, projecting—in the manner common with the houses in Eastgate and Bridge Streets—over the ancient Rows, and the divine, following, expressed himself as fairly content with the accommodation provided him.

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Those were not times in which the clergy could with impunity be neglected. Since Queen Mary's accession, five years previously, no efforts had been spared in restoring, to its pristine eminence, the Roman Catholic Church, and in placing the kingdom once again under papal supremacy. All the previous sovereign's endeavours at Church reformation had been speedily destroyed, and the country groaned under the power of a bench of bishops eager to undo the work of the last reign. The lower ranks of the priesthood, imitating the example set them by their superiors, lost no opportunity of demanding precedence of the laity, and, where any opposition was offered, resorted immediately to practices not at all in keeping with the sacred character of their calling.

The Dean of St Paul's—a fat, puffy man, whose exterior afforded greater indication of good living than did his countenance of spirituality—was a cleric of this class. Arrogant, imperious, and self-willed to a degree, he ever by his conduct created the impression that in his opinion the people were meant to minister to the wants of the Church and of the clergy, and not the Church and clergy to the people's; and, forgetting his ordination vows, his renunciation of worldly things, merely regarded the priesthood as an avenue whereby a man of education and ability should be enabled to rise to a station of power and eminence.

Dr Cole cut neither a distinguished nor a dignified figure as he ambled across the room assigned to his use, and, looking now up and then down Bridge Street, communed with himself as a substantial meal was laid.

'Faith,' he muttered, gnawing the forefinger of his right hand, 'tis lucky indeed I contrived to secure this mission from Her Highness. I have done good work in the past; and the successful execution—the worthy Doctor laughed as a joke

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MAY 6, 1899.

fitted through his mind—'of my present—er—task—er—er—um—embassy—for 'tis naught else—should ensure me the first vacant see. At any rate,' he added grimly, 'twill be neither for want of asking nor for being dilatory in the carrying out of my instructions.'

The learned divine's meditations were here interrupted by the arrival of the remainder of his baggage. Pointing to his cloak-bag, on which he apparently set considerable store, 'Bring it here—not that one, dolt!—the other,' he cried. 'Place it within my reach, and begone. But stay. Seek the worshipful Mayor, and acquaint him that the Dean of St Paul's, the bearer of royal commands to the Lord-Deputy and the Lords of the Council in Ireland, breaks his journey for the night at Chester. Command that worthy magistrate to wait on me without loss of time.'

Sir Lawrence Smith, the then Mayor of Chester, hastened to obey this peremptory summons. Although a man of standing and influence in the city and the neighbourhood around, and one, moreover, who had been concerned with the public life of his native place for many years, no more than Mrs Mottershead did he dare keep such an important personage as the Dean of St Paul's waiting long for him.

No man's life or possessions were secure in those troublous days. When Mary had first ascended the throne it had been thought she would sternly discountenance religious persecution. But this hope had died an early death. On the pretence of discouraging controversy, the Queen had silenced, by an act of prerogative, all the popular preachers throughout the country, except such as, complying with certain restrictions, should qualify for obtaining a particular license. Stimulated by this example, Parliament revived the old sanguinary laws against heretics, enacting at the same time the most vindictive statutes against seditious words and rumours. By the revival of these laws, and the putting into execution of newer and more coercive ones against heresy, England was speedily filled with scenes of horror. Rogers, prebendary of the very cathedral, whereof Dr Cole was Dean; Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester; Ridley of London; Latimer of Worcester; and Crammer, Archbishop of Canterbury—to instance a few—had all suffered at the stake for their adherence to the principles of the Reformed faith; and on the representations of Bishops Bonner and Gardiner, Queen Mary had now nominated commissioners to be despatched to the provinces with instructions to the local authorities that the utmost severity was to be exhibited towards such as had embraced and still clung to the Protestant faith. Thus matters stood when the Mayor of Chester was commanded to attend the Dean of St Paul's in the 'Blue Posts' inn.

It wanted but a whisper to the effect that he favoured the new religion to get abroad and Sir

Lawrence Smith knew well what fate would be his. Nothing could save him. He would be degraded from his high office, deprived of his worldly goods, and committed to the flames. But the chief magistrate, as he rapidly made his way up Watergate Street, and, turning into Bridge Street opposite the Pentice Courthouse, speedily gained the tavern, was more concerned with the particular matter which had necessitated the Dean of St Paul's presence in Chester than with any thoughts as to the terrible fate the future might have in store for himself. Had Dr Cole, whom he knew to be a personal friend of Gardiner's, and a devoted follower of Bonner, come into these parts to seek out local Protestants? And if such were the case, who could—for some one must—have furnished the necessary information? His own name would of a certainty head the list of proscribed citizens; and yet, was it not enough that—

'Dreaming, Mr Mayor—wasting precious time in vain dreaming?' cried the divine sharply. 'Is that the way you have been taught to enter the presence of your superiors? Metlinks your sovereign's envoy should be treated with greater deference.'

'Your pardon, reverend sir,' replied the newcomer humbly. 'Twas inadvertence on my part.'

'Inadvertence indeed!' snorted the Dean. 'I see how it is. I fear me his lordship of Chester makes little effort to keep you up to your duties in these wild parts. Man, such disrespectful treatment of a powerful Churchman, did it occur in London, would speedily ensure the ill-mannered knave a short and a sudden journey to—Smithfield.'

Sir Lawrence Smith started as if he had been struck. The blood mounted with a rush to his face, and then, retreating again, left his features deadly pale. He had to exert all the self-control of which he was possessed to repress the stinging rejoinder which rose to his lips. It would, and the Mayor knew it, be absolute folly on his part to show any resentment—at least until he had satisfied himself as to the causes which had procured Chester the honour of a visit from the reverend stranger.

'Since you bid me wait on you, sir,' he remarked, totally ignoring the other's insult, 'twould seem you have business with me.'

'That, Mr Mayor,' observed the Dean frigidly, 'is as it may be. 'Tis never a safe proceeding to jump to conclusions. I sent for you—true. But 'twas with the intention of discussing past events, in order that I might be in a position to report to Her Highness on my return, and advise her as to future steps.'

'I am at your service,' the Mayor replied simply, his worst fears confirmed. There could be no shadow of a doubt about the matter now. The stranger had been sent down on a special

mission, and the Protestants of Chester were about to be called on to suffer for their faith.

'At my service!' echoed the Dean. 'Undoubtedly, and very much so, too,' he added, with a sneer. 'Mark me; 'twill be well for you to give me your attention, and—the truth.'

Again Sir Lawrence Smith had to strain every nerve to keep his rapidly rising passion under control. What could the world be coming to? To think that he, the Mayor of Chester, and for the second time, too—one who had received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the late sovereign—should have to stand and be thus wantonly insulted to his face and in the midst of his own people! And the cause? None. And the aggressor? An arrogant, insignificant little cleric! Oh that he dared take the law into his own hands!

'Dr George Cotes, when bishop, worked earnestly for the holy faith. In what manner has his successor, Cutlibert Scott, essayed to promote the interests of our blessed religion in this diocese?' asked the Dean after a slight pause.

'Bishop Cotes—good work! Bishop Scott?' ejaculated the Mayor.

'Ay, no less,' interrupted the Dean roughly. 'Tut, tut! no beating about the bush, man. How many heretics have suffered in Chester for their lapse from the rightful path?'

'None, since poor George Marsh suffered at Spittal Boughton four years ago. If you term burning a man to death on account of his religious belief a holy action, then Bishop Cotes did work earnestly,' rejoined Sir Lawrence Smith bitterly.

'Ah! This must be seen to,' exclaimed Dr Cole. 'No heretical detections the four years past? What? When at Oxford and in the Metropolis the flames never die down! His present lordship of Chester lacks zeal, it is very evident. How comes it, then,' he demanded sternly, 'that the city officers fail to keep Dr Scott up to his duties?'

'There is nothing in our charters making it incumbent on us to seek out a man's faith for the sole purpose of eventually compassing his destruction,' Sir Lawrence remarked dryly.

'Then, by Our Lady! as soon as I return an alteration shall be made in that particular.'

'As to that,' continued the Mayor, 'I can say nothing. But when martyr Marsh, the speaker went on, taking a malicious pleasure in observing the enraged looks which traversed his listener's countenance, 'was done to death at the stake a terrible riot ensued. The unhappy man refused the conditional pardon exhibited by Vice-Chancellor Vawdrey. He firmly declined to recant, preferring, as he said, to brave even the most cruel of deaths to becoming an apostate.'

'Dost thou say so?' roared the Dean, roused by his companion's very plain speaking. 'Her Highness has yet other means—ay, and will employ them—to bring the heretics to reason.'

'If there is to be any more burning at the stake'—

'Not a single Protestant shall be left alive in the neighbourhood of Chester, I vow,' cried the Dean wildly.

'I was saying,' the Mayor went on calmly, not heeding the Dean's passionate interruption, 'if there is to be any more death by fire 'twill have to take place away from the city. Sheriff Cowper was so overwrought by the martyr's sufferings that he attempted a rescue, and was but narrowly beaten off.'

'Rubbish,' said the Dean contemptuously. Then, rising, he carefully opened the cloak-bag, concerning which he had given such particular instructions, and took therefrom a strong leather box, secured by a single strap across its centre. Placing this on the table between his visitor and himself, 'Here,' he cried in a tone of exultation, gently tapping the case with one hand, 'is what will lash those heretical rascals in Ireland. Protestants, indeed! Reformed Church—ugh!'

'Ireland!' exclaimed the Mayor in a dazed fashion, a light beginning to break in on him.

'I said Ireland, so I presume I mean that country.'

'From the manner in which you sent for me I concluded'—

'That my mission was connected with Chester—eh?' asked the Dean. 'Never mind,' he continued jocularly; 'you must bear up under the disappointment. 'Twill be the turn of this city next, if I have aught to say in the matter.'

'Bnt Chester, sir,' protested the Mayor, 'is not'—

'I know what Chester is full well, and perchance I can hazard a guess as to her worthy chief magistrate's religious beliefs,' said the Dean, watching carefully for the effect of his words. 'This instrument,' taking up the box and replacing it in the cloak-bag, 'will work wonders across the Channel. It shall be my first care on my return to obtain a similar present for Chester.'

'I think, sir, 'twas Latimer of blessed memory who, when at the stake, called on Bishop Ridley to be of good cheer; adding, "We shall this day, by God's grace, light in England such a candle as I trust shall never be put out." That candle has been lit. Have a care that your persecutions do not increase the flame into one of disaffection and open rebellion.'

'Gracious heavens!' cried the Dean of St Paul's in a voice of horror, 'can you be in your senses? "Latimer of blessed memory;" "persecution;" "open rebellion." I see how it is. You are nothing but a heretic yourself.'

'If doing my duty by all, and striving to live at peace with all, is a fundamental principle of the Protestant religion, then, sir, I am one of your heretics, and proud to avow myself as such,' cried the Mayor warmly.

'By—by—by heavens!' spluttered the Dean, 'your unseemly threat against Her Highness's person shall be repeated to Her Highness herself without fail, Sir Lawrence Smith. When I get back to London'—

'Ay, when you do, sir. I have but to lift my little finger,' the Mayor added, drawing himself up to his full height, 'and you would never quit this town without my permission.'

'Threatening a royal envoy,' the Dean rejoined, suddenly becoming more docile as he perceived his danger. 'But I stand in no fear of'—

'An acquaintance with our charters, which, sir, I have your promise you purpose improving, would speedily assure you of the perilous position in which you stand at this present moment. A county palatine, the Mayor of Chester for the time being has power of life and death over those within her walls. Were I now to act, before a reply could be received from London you would have ceased to exist. 'Twould be very easy then to satisfy'—

'I see,' the Dean replied, trembling at the Mayor's cold-blooded threat, and then proceeding to enumerate the other's crimes by ticking them off on his fingers. 'A heretic of the most virulent type, an intimidator of Her Highness's envoy,

and rogue, rascal, and knave. Yes; all three combined.'

Sir Lawrence Smith moved towards the door. He had no more than stated the powers vested in him, and he would not have hesitated to put his threat into execution, save for the mistaken notion that it would have savoured of an act of treachery to suddenly seize an unarmed stranger, and a cleric to boot. But that last insult was more than flesh and blood could stand. It was a despicable way of repaying his generosity; and, come what might, he would not remain to be insulted any further even by such a notable as the Dean of St Paul's.

'I shall be returning from Ireland shortly,' cried the latter in a triumphant tone of voice, congratulating himself on his easy victory over the other—'very shortly indeed. See,' he added, waddling downstairs after the departing civic dignitary—'See that your manners have improved by then, friend, and that you have a complete and correct list of the names, ages, occupations, and places of residence of the heretics, and those suspected of being in sympathy with the Protestant religion, who reside within your walls. Disappoint me not in this particular, for the statement is designed for, and will be laid direct before, Her Highness on my rearrival in London.'

SOME ERRORS IN ACCLIMATISATION.



HERE is, I believe, an old maxim that says, 'Half the harm in the world is done by well-meaning people;' and the truth of this may certainly be seen in the history of acclimatisation in Victoria. To begin with: a tale is told that the Scotch thistle, which has spread far and wide over Australia, was introduced by a Scotchman who wanted something to remind him of Bonnie Scotland. Whether this is the case or not I cannot say; but, in the animal world, one bird and two beasts have been introduced which have to be classed as pests, pure and simple.

First on the list comes the sparrow, which arrived amid a small flourish of trumpets some thirty-five years ago. They were heralded with a pæan of praise, and were vaunted forth by the press and otherwise as birds which devoted all their energies to the devouring of harmful insects, and religiously abstained from corn and fruit. They were carefully protected for some time, a fine of two pounds per bird being imposed on the slayer, and their numbers rapidly increased; but after a while it was pointed out that the wrong species of sparrow had been imported, and that the hedge-sparrow was the insect-eater.

The mischief, however, was done; and now sparrows swarm in countless myriads, both in the

chief towns and the country districts of Victoria. There are Sparrow Clubs in many places, which wage relentless war on him. Bonuses are paid for heads and eggs; poisoned wheat is lavished on him; and he is shot, snared, trapped, and shanghaied by young and old; yet, spite of all, he is a power in the land, and one that throws his weight in the wrong scale. As a student of him, I can say that he does little good and much harm. He certainly eats insects when he can get nothing else; but in our genial climate seeds or fruits can nearly always be found. Instead of improving, he, like some other importations, seems to be growing worse. When he was first imported he confined his attention mainly to the cherries at the beginning of the summer and the grapes at the end. This we thought bad enough, but we bore it in silence, because he, like ourselves, was of British blood. Soon, however, his *menu* became more varied; and now there is not a single fruit, not even the woody quince, on which he does not levy heavy toll. In the corn-fields he swarms in thousands. At times the farmer, justly irate, sneaks up behind a fence, and fires right and left into the flock, one barrel while they are on the ground, and the other as they rise. The heavens seem to rain sparrows for a few seconds, and a score at least is often the result of the shots; but that is nothing out

of hundreds, and the flock flies into the centre of the paddock, where they are safe from attack.

One of the Sparrow Clubs, which have been formed to wage war on this little feathered marauder, winds up the season with a sparrow dinner, in which every dish or course is composed of sparrow; but this is the only case I know in which a legitimate revenge is taken and the eater eaten. I have been often told that sparrow-pie is very good; but I have met with few who have tasted it, though there is certainly no reason why it should not be excellent, as the little scamps feed on the best. One strange trait that has been noticed is, that though pugnacious, plucky little birds, they fret when in captivity. The supplies of sparrows for the Sparrow Clubs are generally got by a few men, who make a sort of business of it; and these men find that, if the birds are caught earlier in the week than Thursday, they fret so much that they are good for nothing on the Saturday, the day on which the shooting usually takes place. The birds are caught by means of a drag-net, which is spread along the hedges, round a thick evergreen tree, or in the ivy which grows luxuriantly on the walls of old houses. In some districts where trees are scarce they will come from far to roost in a single thick-leaved tree; but, in the absence of trees, they creep under the eaves, round the haystacks, or into any other shelter they can find. In the country they make their nests in hollow trees and stacks, while in the towns their nests are nearly as great a nuisance as themselves. They creep under the spouting and eaves, and build an untidy, ragged structure of paper, feathers, straw, cotton, and leaves, which blocks up the piping and causes the rain-water to run into the houses and spoil the ceilings. Some years ago a leading Presbyterian divine in Melbourne was a strong supporter of the sparrow, whose cause he advocated with tongue and pen. Circumstances, however, alter cases; and his conversion to the ranks of the anti-sparrovians was immediate when it was discovered that a mysterious fire, which nearly burnt down his church, was caused by the juxtaposition of two very inflammable matters, gas and sparrows' nests.

The rabbit is our second *mauvais sujet*, and certainly in this case the unexpected happened. Who could ever have dreamed that poor little innocent Bunny would be denounced as one of the greatest scourges of the country? I can well recollect that for years after their introduction they were zealously protected, and even when permission was given by landowners to shoot them, a caution, 'Do not shoot the young ones,' was invariably added. The causes of their rapid increase are not far to seek. In the first place, Victoria was so sparsely populated that there was no obstacle to their spreading; and in the second place, the climate was so genial that they seemed able to breed all the year round. Although

almost omnipresent in Victoria, yet there are certain districts in which they flourish more than in others. Of course, they favour sandy and crumbly soil, in which they can burrow to their hearts' content; but in the bush-country hollow logs make a capital substitute. In the very hot weather they lie out in the grass and scrub, and when hunted make for the nearest refuge, whether it be burrow, log, or even up a hollow tree.

I can imagine some of my readers saying, 'Up a hollow tree! What absurdity! Does this Victorian think we are fools?' Well, I am stating an absolute fact when I say that on several occasions I have put ferrets up hollow trees which were not quite perpendicular, and they have driven rabbits out of knot-holes ten feet or more from the ground. They will also, at a pinch, take to the water and swim across a creek. It is very strange in what unlikely places they are sometimes found. A few weeks ago I ferreted a rabbit out of my wood-heap, situated not more than three miles from the Melbourne General Post-Office; and last Christmas two of us had a good afternoon's shooting at rabbits which we ferreted out from under the wood-heap and the fowl-house of a farm a few miles from Melbourne.

While, however, the rabbit has many and grave demerits, yet there is something to be said in his favour. First and foremost, he supplies a cheap and dainty dish for the poorer classes. A pair of rabbits can always be bought for sixpence or a shilling, according to size and quality, and they furnish a family with a dinner. Whether curried or roasted, boiled or baked, they are a toothsome morsel; while the kittens—that is, the young ones—fried with bread-crumbs, are as sweet as a chicken. In the second place, he is the stock sport of the young Victorian. On the principal holidays of the year—Christmas, Easter, Queen's Birthday, Cup Day, and Prince of Wales's Birthday—the railway stations are thronged with lads and men going out shooting for a day or more. Every one carries a weapon—pistol, pea-rifle, old muzzle-loaders, many of them in the last stages of decay, and more dangerous to the gunner than the game; and, finally, breech-loaders in all varieties. The trains are packed; there is standing room only, and this continues for about ten miles; then, at the first station where there is any prospect of game, a contingent gets out. There is a station called Sydenham, about fifteen miles from Melbourne, near the Deep Creek, a stream which flows through a deep gorge, with mountainous banks on either side, which a few years ago fairly swarmed with rabbits. I have seen on a public holiday more than one hundred shooters get out here, some equipped with tents, &c., to camp out for a day or two, others intending to return in the evening. It can easily be imagined that, with so many shooting, the danger of accident is great, and, as a matter of fact, Christmas or Easter rarely passes without one or more serious mishaps.

Some few years ago drastic legislation was introduced which made all those who owned land liable to fine if they failed to keep down the rabbits. This produced considerable effect, and certainly checked the increase of the pest. Up to this time the destruction of the rabbit had been left to the unaided efforts of the amateur sportsman or the professional rabbit-trapper—a class of men who, seeing the chance of a free but not easy life, with a fair wage attached to it, abandoned their original trades and devoted themselves to trapping. The equipment of the men, who generally work in pairs, consists of a number of gin-traps, a pony and cart, a tent, and the other requisites for 'camping out.' They go to some district in which rabbits are thick—if possible near a railway station—get permission to trap from the landowners, and start work. Some of them are paid a small direct wage, and also receive a bonus; others again work wholly for the market. After choosing their ground, they set their traps during the day in the most likely places, and cover them carefully with earth. One man will sometimes have some dozens of traps set over a mile or more of country, and these he visits twice or thrice in a night. His first round is about eight or nine o'clock, the second about twelve or one, and the third just after sunrise. In each round he kills and eviscerates the rabbits that have been caught, resets the traps, and carries the dead ones back to the camp. In the morning, if enough have been caught, he or his mate takes them to the railway station, or delivers them to rabbit-buyers who come round with large carts. The price varies from twopence to sixpence per pair; and where rabbits are numerous the men make good wages. Their income is supplemented in various ways; they sometimes catch native cats or tame cats—turned out originally to prey on the rabbits—and make a fair profit by selling the skins singly or after making rugs of them. The fox also gives them a dividend, when they are lucky enough to get him. It will easily be seen that the trappers would not be likely to exterminate the rabbit, as they would be putting an end to their own living; and so the landowners, under the pressure of the law, began to look for other methods. The most successful, perhaps, is that of using poison. This is done in various ways, one of the most common being to run a plough furrow through the paddocks, and spread at the bottom poisoned wheat, oats, bran, carrots, or apples. There was, however, from the outset a strong feeling against poison, on account of its danger to poultry, live-stock, and wild birds. Within the last year or so the problem seems to have been partly solved by the freezing and export of the rabbits to England. The export last year amounted in value to about £80,000; this year it is expected to reach £130,000. This is done under Government supervision, and the prices obtained have in most cases been satisfactory. It will indeed be a complete turning of the tables if

the rabbit, so long cursed by the graziers, should prove to be a blessing; and the time may come when rabbit-farms will be taken up, and as much attention paid to the proper breeding of rabbits as is now given to sheep.

The last and worst error is the acclimatisation of the fox, imported for two reasons, both of which have been proved faulty. The first was that he might keep down the rabbit, and the second that he might furnish the sportsmen of Victoria with legitimate game for hunting. With regard to the first, he certainly does kill rabbits; but he also preys on other animals which are useful to man, and thus does more harm than good. Accustomed as he is to take refuge in earth, he found in Victoria a home thoroughly to his liking. Even within a few miles of Melbourne there are places from which it is impossible to unearth a fox; and from vantage-grounds such as these he emerges at night and loots the poultry-yards. This in itself is bad enough, but the tale of his crimes is not half-told. Very soon after his arrival he found that young lambs were very good to eat and very easy to catch. The squatters, as landowners are commonly called, who, after long years of trouble with the dingo or native dog, were just beginning to rest from their labours, had to face a worse enemy—worse, because he found shelter more easily and bred much more quickly. At present a bonus is paid for fox-scalps in many of the country districts of Victoria; and the pest has spread over more than half the colony. With regard to the second reason the failure is absolute. There are many foxes, but they cannot be hunted with success. Often enough, before the hounds have gone a mile, the fox takes refuge among inaccessible rocks or in a rabbit-burrow from which it is impossible to unearth him. If a second is viewed, much the same thing occurs; and so the day passes without result. Popular opinion accuses a lately deceased rich squatter of having introduced Reynard; and it has been suggested that legislation should be made retrospective in his case, and a charge for fox-scalps be levied on his estate. This, of course, will never be done; but the harm caused by his ill-advised action can never be remedied.

When the fox reaches the more distant localities he finds that the indigenous animals have been kind enough to provide him with burrows of the most commodious and roomy kind. It is no longer necessary for him to squeeze into a rabbit-burrow which he certainly must find several sizes too small; he now enters without scruple the cavernous hole dug by the wombat. This animal, which is about as tall as a fox, but so heavily built that it weighs more than a hundredweight, has very powerful legs and claws, with which it can dig faster than a man with a spade. It spends most of its time in digging deep burrows, which it seems to desert very soon, and these form a noble home for the fox.

There seems to be a kind of Nemesis in introducing the animals of one country into another. I have instanced three of the worst cases; but even where there seemed to be no chance of anything but benefit trouble has come. The hare, introduced for the double purpose of sport and food, is a sad nuisance to *vignerons* and orchardists, because it is addicted to gnawing the bark of young vines and fruit-trees. The song-birds, such as the blackbird, the thrush, and the starling, seem to lose some of their power of song and develop enormous appetites for fruit. The starling, in particular, is just beginning to become really numerous in the rural districts round Melbourne, and already the cry is being raised that it will be as troublesome as the sparrow.

Even in the acclimatisation of such fish as trout, it is complained that they are ravenous devourers of the native fish, which are sometimes as good as themselves. In all the streams south of

the Dividing Range in Victoria there formerly abounded a fish called the black-fish, which varied in weight from a few ounces to five or six pounds. They are delicious eating, and the only fault found with them is that they show no fight when hooked. Since the arrival of the trout, however, the black-fish have become much less numerous, and the blame is laid on the trout. The matter, therefore, stands thus: we have lost or shall lose a delicious fish, which used to be very plentiful even in small streams, and have gained a fish of inferior quality, but furnishing more sport to the angler.

One conclusion can, I think, fairly be deduced—that the acclimatisation of animals requires such care that it should certainly not be entrusted to the thoughtless action of private persons, but should be under the control of men employed by the Government, and responsible for their actions.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

CHAPTER XXIII.



TAKing one thing with another, Browne's night after the incident described at the end of the previous chapter was far from being a good one. He could not, try how he would, solve the mystery as to what had become of that envelope. He had hunted the cabin through and through, and searched his pockets times without number, but always with the same lack of success. As he lay turning the matter over and over in his mind, he remembered that he had heard the soft shutting of a door as he descended the companion-ladder, and also that Maas had betrayed considerable embarrassment when he entered the saloon. It was absurd, however, to suppose that he could have had any hand in its disappearance. But the fact remained that the envelope was gone. He rang for his valet, and questioned him; but the man declared that not only did he know nothing at all about it, but that he had not entered the cabin between dinner-time and when he had prepared his master for the night. It was a singular thing altogether. At last, being unable to remain where he was any longer, he rose and dressed himself and went up to the deck. Day was just breaking. A cloudless sky was overhead, and in the gray light the Peak looked unusually picturesque; the water alongside was as smooth as a sheet of glass; the only signs of life were a few gulls wheeling with discordant cries around a patch of seaweed floating astern.

Browne had been pacing the deck for upwards of a quarter of an hour, when he noticed a

sampan pull off from the shore towards the yacht. From where he stood he could plainly distinguish the tall figure of MacAndrew. He accordingly went to the gangway to receive him. Presently one of the women pulling brought her up at the foot of the accommodation-ladder, when the passenger ran up the steps, and gracefully saluted Browne.

'Good-morning,' he said. 'In spite of the earliness of the hour, I think I am up to time.'

'Yes, you are very punctual,' said Browne. 'Now, shall we get to business?'

They accordingly walked together in the direction of the smoking-room.

'You mastered the contents of my note, I suppose?' said MacAndrew, by way of breaking the ice.

'Perfectly,' said Browne; 'and I was careful to burn it afterwards.'

'Well, now that you have perused it, what do you think of it?' inquired the other. 'Do you consider the scheme feasible?'

'Very feasible indeed,' Browne replied. 'With a decent amount of luck, I think it should stand a very good chance of succeeding.'

'I'm very glad to hear that,' said MacAndrew. 'I thought you would like it. Now, when the other preliminaries are settled, I can get to work head down.'

'By the other preliminaries I suppose you mean the money?' said Browne.

MacAndrew looked and laughed.

'Yes; the money,' he said. 'I'm sorry to have to be so mercenary; but I'm afraid it can't be helped. We must grease the machinery with

gold, otherwise we shan't be able to set it in motion.'

'Very well,' said Browne; 'that difficulty is easily overcome. I have it all ready for you. If you accompany me to my cabin we may procure it.'

They accordingly made their way to the cabin. Once there, Browne opened his safe, and dragged out a plain wooden box, which he placed upon the floor. MacAndrew observed that there was another of similar size behind it. Browne noticed the expression upon his face, and smiled.

'You're wondering what made me bring so much,' he said. How well he remembered going to his bank to procure it! He seemed to see the dignified, portly manager seated on his leather chair, and could recall that worthy gentleman's surprise at the curious request Browne made to him.

'But how do you propose to get it ashore?' said the latter to MacAndrew. 'It's a heavy box; and what about the Customs authorities?'

'Oh, they won't trouble me,' said MacAndrew coolly. 'I shall find a way of getting it in without putting them to the inconvenience of opening it.'

'Do you want to count it? There may not be five thousand pounds there.'

'I shall have to risk that,' MacAndrew replied. 'I haven't the time to waste in counting it. I expect it's all right.' So saying, he took up the box, and followed Browne to the deck above.

'You quite understand what you've got to do, I suppose?' he said when they once more stood at the gangway.

'Perfectly,' said Browne. 'You need not be afraid lest I shall forget. When do you think you will leave?'

'This morning, if possible,' MacAndrew replied. 'There is no time to be lost. I've got a boat in my eye, and as soon as they can have her ready I shall embark. By the way, if I were in your place I should be extremely careful as to what I said or did in Japan. Excite only one little bit of suspicion, and you will never be able to rectify the error.'

'You need have no fear on that score,' said Browne. 'I will take every possible precaution to prevent any one suspecting.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' MacAndrew returned.

'Now, good-bye until we meet on the 13th.'

'Good-bye,' said Browne; 'and good luck go with you!'

They shook hands, and then MacAndrew, picking up his precious box, went down the ladder, and when he had taken his place in the well the *sampan* pushed off for the shore.

'A nice sort of position I shall be in if he should prove to be a swindler,' said the young man to himself as he watched the retreating boat. 'But it's too late to think of that now. I have gone into the business, and must carry it through whatever happens.'

When Jimmy Foote put in an appearance on deck that morning he found that the city of Victoria had disappeared, and that the yacht was making her way through the Ly-ce-Moon Pass out into the open sea once more.

It was daybreak on the morning of the Thursday following when they obtained their first glimpse of Japan. Like a pin's head upon the horizon was a tiny gray dot, which gradually grew larger and larger until the sacred mountain of Fujiyama, clear-cut against the sky-line, rose from the waves as if to welcome them to the Land of the Chrysanthemum. Making their way up Yeddo Bay, they at length cast anchor in the harbour of Yokohama. Beautiful as it must appear to any one, to Browne it seemed like the loveliest and happiest corner of Fairyland. He could scarcely believe, after the long time they had been separated, that in less than half-an-hour he would really be holding Katherine in his arms once more. During breakfast he could with difficulty contain his impatience, and he felt as if the excellent appetites which Foote and Maas brought to their meal was personal to himself. At length they rose, and he was at liberty to go. At the same moment the captain announced that the steam-launch was alongside.

'Good luck to you, old fellow,' said Jimmy as Browne put on his hat and prepared to be off. 'Though love-making is not much in my line, I must say I envy you your happiness. I only wish I were going to see a sweetheart too.'

'Madame Bernstein is a widow,' said Browne, and, ducking his head to avoid the stump of a cigar which Jimmy threw at him, he ran down the accommodation-ladder, jumped into the launch, and was soon steaming ashore.

Reaching the Bund, he inquired in which direction the Club Hotel was situated, and, having been informed, made his way in that direction. He had reached the steps, and was about to ascend them to enter the veranda, when he saw, coming down the passage before him, no less a person than Katherine herself. For weeks past he had been looking forward to this interview, wondering where, how, and under what circumstances it would take place. Again and again he had framed his first speech to her, and had wondered what she would say to him in return. Now that he was confronted with her, however, he found his presence of mind deserting him, and he stood before her not knowing what to say. On her side she was not so shy. Directly she realised who it was, she ran forward with outstretched hands to greet him.

'Jack, Jack,' she cried, her voice trembling with delight, 'I had no idea that you had arrived. How long have you been in Japan?'

'We dropped our anchor scarcely an hour ago,' he answered. 'I came ashore the instant the launch was ready for me.'

'How glad I am to see you!' she said. 'It seems years since we said good-bye to each other that miserable day at Marseilles.'

'Years!' he cried. 'It seems like an eternity to me.' Then, looking up at her as she stood on the steps above him, he continued: 'Katherine, you are more beautiful than ever.'

A rosy blush spread over her face. 'It is because of my delight at seeing you,' she said. This pretty speech was followed by a little pause, during which he came up the steps and led her along the veranda towards two empty chairs at the farther end. They seated themselves, and, after their more immediate affairs had received attention, he inquired after Madame Bernstein.

'And now tell me what you have arranged to do?' she said when she had satisfied him that the lady in question was enjoying the best of health. 'I received your cablegram from Hong-kong, saying that everything was progressing satisfactorily. You do not know how anxiously I have been waiting to see you.'

'And only to hear that?' he asked, with a smile.

'Of course not,' she answered. 'Still, I think you can easily understand my impatience.'

'Of course I understand it, dear,' he said; 'and it is only right you should know all I have arranged.'

He thereupon narrated to her his interview with MacAndrew, speaking in a low voice, and taking care that no one should overhear him. When he had finished he sat silent for a few moments; then, leaning a little nearer her, he said, 'I want to remind you, dear, to be particularly careful to say nothing at all on the subject to any one, not even to Madame Bernstein. I was warned myself not to say anything; but in your case, of course, it is different.'

'You can trust me,' she said; 'I shall say nothing. And so you really think it is likely we shall be able to save him?'

'I feel sure it is,' said Browne; 'though, of course, I, like you, am somewhat in the dark. Every one who is in the business is so chary of being discovered that they take particular care not to divulge anything, however small, that may give a hint or clue as to their complicity.'

For some time they continued to discuss the

question; then Katherine, thinking that it behoved her to acquaint Madame Bernstein with the fact of her lover's arrival, departed into the house. A few moments later she returned, accompanied by the lady in question, who greeted Browne with her usual enthusiasm.

'Ah, monsieur,' she cried, 'you do not know how *triste* this poor child has been without you. She has counted every day, almost every minute, until she should see you.'

On hearing this Browne found an opportunity of stroking his sweetheart's hand. Madame Bernstein's remark was just the one of all others that would be calculated to cause him the greatest pleasure.

'And now, monsieur, that you are here, what is it you desire we should do?' inquired madame when they had exhausted the topics to which I have just referred.

'We must be content to remain here for at least another fortnight,' said Browne. 'The arrangements I have made cannot possibly be completed until the end of that time.'

'Another fortnight?' said madame, in some astonishment, and with considerable dismay. 'Do you mean that we are to remain idle all that time?'

'I mean that we must enjoy ourselves here for a fortnight,' Browne replied. Then, looking out into the street at the queer characters he saw there—the picturesque dresses, the *jinrickshas*, and the thousand and one signs of Japanese life—he added: 'Surely that should not be such a very difficult matter?'

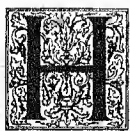
'It would not be difficult,' said madame, as if she were debating the matter with herself, 'if one had all one's time at one's disposal, and were only travelling for pleasure; but under the present circumstances how different it is!' She was about to say something further, but she checked herself; and, making the excuse that she had left something in her room, retired to the house.

'Do not be impatient with her, dear,' said Katherine softly when they were alone together. 'Remember that her anxiety is all upon my account.'

Browne admitted this, and when he had done so the matter was allowed to drop.

LIQUID AIR.

By T. C. HEPPWORTH.



UMAN curiosity and interest are always excited by the marvellous, and never more so than when something which is generally presented to us in a certain form assumes an entirely new character.

We are too apt to regard such startling changes to be due to what, for want of a better term, we

call supernatural means. The conventional ghost, or spook, has, for example, the form of man, whose solid flesh is changed to a vaporous condition; and we may feel quite sure that if such ghost retained the substantiality of life there would be nothing uncanny about him, and his occupation as a spook would be gone. It is the unexpected assumption by a solid being of the

vaporous condition that confers upon the ghost his importance. In like manner, the ignorant dweller in tropical climes would be almost equally startled if he were shown a block of ice, for water has hitherto been presented to him only in the liquid form. Ice would be something absolutely new to him, and therefore something of a supernatural character; while steam, another form of water to which he would be quite unaccustomed, would astonish him with its manifold wonders as a source of energy.

We can therefore understand how it is that persons far more civilised are struck with astonishment when they first hear of liquid air; for, although we are all familiar enough with water in its solid, liquid, and gaseous states, air has always exhibited itself as a gas only, and it seems little short of miraculous that it can now be viewed as a bubbling liquid. So necromantic would some of our forefathers have regarded it, that it would have gone hard with the philosopher who first exhibited it had he lived a couple of centuries ago. But we no longer credit advances in knowledge to the power of witchcraft, and the means by which the air we breathe can be condensed to the liquid state are not very difficult to understand.

It will help us to appreciate the nature of the problem which scientific men since the time of Faraday have set themselves to solve if we bear in mind that a space containing air is not really empty, although in common parlance we call it so. This is proved by an old but simple experiment. We take a so-called empty glass globe, and, having weighed it, attach it to an air-pump, and remove the air which it contains. On reweighing it we find that it scales considerably less than it did before, but that it recovers what it has lost on the air being readmitted to it. The difference between the two measurements will give the weight of air enclosed in the glass globe at the particular temperature at which the experiment is performed. Again, if we have a strong vessel we can pump into it many times its ordinary capacity of air, for air can be compressed or expanded, so elastic, is it in its nature. And the more air we can pump in the heavier will the containing vessel become.

Air being quite invisible while in the gaseous condition, we cannot see what changes it undergoes under such operations as we have described; but we can see it mentally as an association of tiny particles, infinite in number, which become more and more crowded as the air is compressed by the pump. The same result is brought about by a reduction of temperature; and when both cold and pressure are employed conjointly, the little particles are brought so close that they coalesce, and the air assumes the form of a liquid.

The liquefaction of air and of other gases cannot be credited to the labours of any one man, for several have contributed links to the wonderful chain which has been in quite recent times completed. Close upon one hundred years ago, Dalton, to whom chemical science owes so much, wrote an essay *On the Force of Steam or Vapour from Water and various other Liquids*, in which he anticipated modern research in a very wonderful manner. He writes: 'There can scarcely be a doubt entertained respecting the reducibility of all elastic fluids of whatever kind into liquids; and we ought not to despair of effecting it in low temperatures, and by strong pressure exerted upon the unmixed gases.' At the time that these prophetic words were written there was no method known by which either great pressure or extreme cold could be produced, and thus Dalton's anticipation could not be put to the test. In 1823 Faraday commenced an investigation which has since employed many minds, by the liquefaction of the gas chlorine. Then there is a long pause until the year 1844, when we find the same great English physicist taking up the inquiry once more. And undoubtedly one reason for this was that in the meantime Thilorier had produced solid carbonic acid in the form of snow—a compound which put at the command of the experimenter a lower temperature than had ever before been possible. Faraday succeeded not only in liquefying several of the gases, but he actually reduced some to a solid form. Three gaseous elements, however, altogether defied his efforts, and these three—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—came, therefore, to be regarded as 'the permanent gases;' and so they are described in the text-books up to about twenty years ago. At this time two experimenters, Cailletet, of Paris, and Pictet, of Geneva, simultaneously succeeded in liquefying the three refractory vapours, and Dalton's prophetic utterance was fulfilled. As air is merely a mechanical mixture of the gases oxygen and nitrogen, its liquefaction was merely a matter of detail. Produced in the first experiments in the form of a few drops, each one as costly as a gem, it can now, with improved apparatus, be made at quite a cheap rate. Professor Dewar has done more than any other experimenter to make us acquainted with the nature and properties of this remarkable liquid, which before his time offered every obstacle to investigation, so eager was it to once more assume the gaseous state. But by the employment of a double glass vessel, with a vacuum between its inner and outer walls, Professor Dewar is enabled to handle the fugitive liquid as easily as he could a cup of water.

Now let us see what properties are exhibited by this concentrated essence of the world's atmosphere. It may be described as a clear, sparkling liquid, nearly as heavy as water, which, by its constant evaporation, gives rise to a white mist

that flows over the edge of the vessel in which it is contained. It sears the flesh like a red-hot iron, and has already been successfully used by surgeons for cauterising purposes. It is three hundred and forty-four degrees colder than ice, and it can be caused to boil while its containing vessel stands on a block of that substance. It freezes pure alcohol into a solid mass, and all the metals when treated with it assume new properties. Iron and steel become brittle as glass, while copper, gold, and silver become softer and more pliable. Experiments prove that an explosive of enormous disruptive power can be made with liquid air; indeed, it would seem that its production opens up all sorts of possibilities which put the wonders of Eastern fairy lore entirely in the shade.

One of the most recent workers with the new agent is Mr C. E. Tripler, of New York, who has made an apparatus for its production on quite a wholesale scale. It is estimated that the first ounce of liquid air produced by Professor Dewar at the Royal Institution cost about six hundred guineas. Improvements in manipulation reduced the price to one hundred guineas a pint; and as experiments proceeded the new product of the laboratory naturally became cheaper and cheaper. Professor Dewar employed nitrous oxide and ethylene gases, which he compressed in the first instance, and then by their sudden expansion produced a degree of cold which was sufficient to condense the air to the liquid form. The principle employed depends upon the fact that a gas when compressed gives out its heat. Every bicycle-rider knows that when he pumps his tires full of air the tube of the pump gets too hot to be comfortably touched. When the air, or other gas so compressed, is again allowed to expand, it robs its surroundings of the heat it has parted with, and thus produces intense cold. It is on this principle that the compressing engines and pumps work on shipboard, to keep the refrigerating chambers for the conveyance of meat, &c., at or about the freezing-point.

Now, Mr Tripler has succeeded in producing the necessary degree of cold by the use of air only. In the first place, he uses an engine to compress the air—the pressure amounting to something more than a ton on the square inch. The air thus warmed—as in the case of the bicycle-pump, is carried by pipes through running water, and is thus cooled to about fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Part of this air is allowed to escape through a small orifice, and its sudden expansion produces such a low temperature that air circulating in the pipes with which it comes in contact is at once liquefied.

Perhaps the most curious thing with regard to the apparatus employed by Mr Tripler is that the engine, while of the usual steam model, is not worked by steam, but by liquid air itself. To understand how this can be we must

remember that liquid air has a temperature of three hundred and twelve degrees below zero; and above that temperature it boils, just as water will boil when it is heated two hundred and twelve degrees *above* zero. In the case of water we require fuel to heat it up to the vaporising point; but with liquid air the normal heat of the atmosphere surrounding it is far more than sufficient to bring it to the boil; in fact, as we have already seen, unless it be kept in specially designed vessels it flies off into vapour at once. This vapour has an expansive force one hundred times that of steam, and its use as a source of energy—as Mr Tripler is using it—opens up the most startling possibilities.

Mr Tripler has recently asserted that with an expenditure in his engine of about three gallons of liquid air he has produced ten gallons. This looks very like the solution of the old problem of perpetual motion; but it is in reality not so, for fuel in the shape of ordinary air, which has originally been heated by the sun, is employed in the process. The cost of liquid air by Mr Tripler's method is about tenpence per gallon; and with his present plant he can make fifty gallons per day.

Mr Tripler has magnificent anticipations as to the future use of liquid air. He argues that if a small engine can be operated by its aid, larger ones can be worked in the same manner. Plant for the production of air in the liquid form will supersede the use of boilers in engines, and coal, wood, and water will be required no longer. Atlantic liners will at once be relieved of the enormous weight represented by these items, and the space devoted to coal-bunkers will be very profitably utilised in other ways. These grey-hounds of the ocean will breathe the air through which they pass like living beings, and will, after compressing and utilising it, give it once more back to the atmosphere unsullied as they received it. In the same manner, the locomotive engine of the future will receive at the railway terminus a store of liquid air, which can easily be renewed at any station on the route; and coal-stores and water-tanks will become things of the past. Factories all the world over will be run by air instead of by steam, and this source of energy can be drawn from a store which is inexhaustible. Another idea is that flying-machines, to enable man to conquer the air as he has already conquered the waters, will, by the employment of the new agent, be brought rapidly within the bounds of things practical.

We thus see that, even allowing for over-sanguine anticipations, liquid air seems destined to be of enormous service to mankind. It is told of Faraday that when engaged in making the pioneer experiments with regard to the liquefaction of gases, he was asked by some thoughtless inquirer, 'Of what use is all this work?'

Faraday answered the question with another one: 'Can you tell me what is the use of a baby?' It would seem, in the light of the researches which we have described, that Fara-

day's baby is destined to grow into a giant whose energies, devoted to the service of man, will effect marvellous and beneficial changes in the world.

LAURA SECORD.

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.



IN the history of warfare, in the deadly strife that ensues when nation rises against nation, more than one woman's name has figured prominently. From Joan of Arc downwards there have been many examples of the kind. Sometimes it is on the actual field of battle, sometimes in bringing succour to the wounded and dying, that these heroines have played their part. But there have been instances—rare, it is true—in which a woman, by a single act of devotion, and at imminent peril of her life, has averted a serious disaster. Such was the case of Laura Secord.

Mrs Secord was the daughter of Thomas Ingersoll, a loyal British subject, who, previous to the war of 1812 between England and America, resided in the United States. Subsequently he removed to Canada, at the invitation of Governor Simcoe. To-day, on the strip of land that divides Lake Erie from Lake Huron, you will find the towns of Simcoe and Ingersoll, founded by these two men. After the family had settled in Canada, Laura married Mr James Secord, who was sprung from an old Huguenot stock. He traced his lineage back to the Marquis De Secor, famous in the time of Louis X.

At the outbreak of the war the Secords were living near Queenstown, Canada. They were an exceedingly happy couple, and had four children. One of the daughters, Mary, is said to have been beloved by the great Tecumseh, the renowned Indian chief, who subsequently fell in the forefront of battle, scorning, unlike some of his white allies, to yield a foot of ground to the enemy. On the invasion of Canada, James Secord, who was a captain of militia, proceeded to the front. The Canadian forces occupied Queenstown Heights, a strong position, around which many fierce and deadly contests were waged. The Americans, under Colonel Van Rensselaer, forced their way across the Niagara River, and effected a landing at the foot of the Heights. Not without a stubborn fight, however, in which they suffered considerable loss. General Brock, who commanded the Canadians, had sent Captain Dennis with a small force to check the progress of the invaders. That gallant little band rendered a good account of itself; and as the colonists were excellent shots, they more than once repulsed the enemy with severe loss. For some time the issue of the conflict between the two main forces hung in the

balance. The Americans held on to the long spit of land where they had landed, but were unable to advance. On the other hand, though several attempts were made to dislodge them, the Canadians failed to drive them back. At length a daring American captain, named Wool, succeeded in scaling the cliffs by a path which the colonists had neglected to guard, deeming it impracticable for any force to climb—a feat which, for gallantry, may well be compared to the scaling of the Heights of Abraham. Wool, having gained a footing, announced his presence by a volley, and the Canadians were taken between two fires. Men fell fast; it soon became evident that a desperate attempt must be made to dislodge the bold American, or defeat would inevitably follow. Brock himself, conspicuous by his gigantic stature as well as by his extraordinary daring, headed a charge against Wool's force. But the Canadians were repulsed, and their gallant leader fell mortally wounded. This was the signal for another fierce charge, for his men burned to avenge him. Wool, however, held stubbornly to his post, and again the assailants were driven back.

At this critical moment the colonists were reinforced by a detachment under General Sheaffe, who, hearing of Brock's death, immediately assumed the command. Leaving Captain Dennis and his men to hold Rensselaer in check, he formed the remainder in a semicircle round Wool. Gradually the ring of fire contracted round the doomed force, until the Americans could only reply with a few scattered shots. Then, with a mighty shout of vengeance, the Canadians and Indians closed in. No quarter was given, for the soldiers worshipped the gallant Brock, and the Indians adored him as a god. In spite of the efforts of their officers, the slaughter was not stayed until the last invader had been hurled over the blood-stained cliffs into the boiling Niagara beneath.

Into this appalling scene of carnage came Laura Secord in search of her husband. She found him lying where the fight had been fiercest, apparently dead, with severe wounds in the leg and shoulder. She is described by those who knew her as being a woman of slight and delicate frame; nevertheless, she contrived to convey her husband to their home unaided. Through the long winter months that followed she nursed him with unceasing devotion. The spring found him

convalescent, but utterly broken in health, and a cripple. The outlook, as far as the Secords were concerned, was serious. Not only was Mr Secord unable to attend to his duties, being a hopeless and helpless invalid, but his condition required the constant attendance of his devoted wife. To make matters worse, the Americans had gained a firm footing in Canada at last, and the Secord farm was in the hands of their troops.

The main obstacle to the American advance was a certain Captain Fitzgibbon, a sturdy Irishman, who, with a small force, occupied an important position at De Cou's House. As this place commanded many of the principal roads, it was found necessary to dislodge him. Accordingly, General Dearborn, who was now in command of the American troops, despatched a force of some six hundred men against the bold Fitzgibbon. On the 22d of June 1813 two of the officers made their appearance at the Secords' house, and somewhat incautiously discussed their plans. Possibly they thought there was little harm in doing so, for the husband was a cripple, and the wife a frail, delicate woman. Moreover, the house was closely watched. As it so happened, however, Mrs Secord overheard their conversation, and immediately determined to warn Captain Fitzgibbon. But how to do so was the question. It was useless thinking of entrusting a message to one of the farm-hands, for sentries were posted about the place, and any one attempting to leave would assuredly be stopped. No; if this difficult task was to be accomplished, it must be accomplished by herself, and with the aid of strategy, too.

The following morning, the 23d of June, Laura Secord was stirring betimes. After attending to her household duties, she took a pail in her hand, and, as was her custom, went out to milk the cow. She was clad in a short jacket and flannel skirt, but had neither stockings nor shoes. It was scarcely possible to imagine that a woman with bare feet would contemplate a long and difficult journey through a dangerous country; nevertheless, she was closely watched by two sentries. The cow, however, appeared to be in an extremely restless mood that morning. No sooner had Laura settled down to milk than the creature kicked out viciously, knocked over the pail, and bolted away. Again and again this was repeated, until one of the sentries, who had followed the pair closely, volunteered to capture the refractory animal. Mrs Secord, however, declined his services; the cow would be sure to stand still presently. The secret of this little by-play was simple enough. No sooner was the cow's head turned in the right direction and Laura had started milking than she gave the animal a sly but vigorous pinch. Thus, without exciting suspicion, she at length gained the shelter of the forest. When she was concealed from view by the trees she drove the cow rapidly

before her, until they were well into the wood. Then, flinging away her pail and stool, the heroic woman started on her long and perilous journey. Imagine it: there were deep and thorny woods to traverse, rugged hills to climb, torrents to cross, and this for a fragile woman with bare feet! Nor did the danger end there; for ten miles from the farm the enemy's sentinels were posted, the country abounded with hostile Indians, and rattlesnakes were not uncommon. To scare away these venomous reptiles Mrs Secord had armed herself with an ox-goad. With this weapon she beat the grass and undergrowth in front as she toiled along.

Who can depict the sufferings of that delicate, barefooted creature as she penetrated farther and farther into the solitudes of the forest? Who can recount the dangers she met with, the difficulties she overcame, the exhaustion she suffered? All through the long hours of that day she struggled on, never wavering from her purpose, never thinking of turning back. Night, the black impenetrable night of the forest, closed in upon her, with all its attendant horrors. But, save for a brief rest now and again, she held steadily on her way. It seems almost incredible, but all through that night she pushed steadily on towards her goal. She had set her face like a flint towards Fitzgibbon's station, and she meant to reach it.

In the morning, more dead than alive, she was seized by a band of Indians. She displayed no fear; death had no terrors for her in her present condition. Her one—her only—regret would be that her mission remained unaccomplished. But, as the sequel proved, she had no cause for fear. The Indians belonged to a friendly tribe, and at her urgent request they conveyed her to De Cou's House. When she appeared before Captain Fitzgibbon she was in a truly terrible condition. Her garments were torn to shreds, her eyes wild and bloodshot, her delicate feet cruelly gashed and swollen. She faltered out her message, and repeated the conversation she had overheard at the farm. Then, and not till then, did exhausted nature give way, and the noble woman sank to the ground.

The warm-hearted Irishman had her tenderly cared for, bathing her torn and bleeding feet himself. Then his soldierly instincts were aroused, and he made all necessary preparations. He laid his plans so effectively that when the enemy arrived the tables were turned upon them. Instead of surprising the Canadians, they were surprised themselves. Every officer and man of the American force was captured.

It is satisfactory to know that the services rendered by the Secords were not allowed to remain unrewarded. James Secord was subsequently appointed to the post of Collector of Customs at Port Chippewa. Laura Secord lived to a great age. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860 she was still alive, and claimed

that her services entitled her to sign the address to His Royal Highness. The Prince, hearing of this, visited the old lady, and had a long interview with her. As she was then in reduced circumstances, His Royal Highness subsequently presented her with a handsome gift.

No monument was raised over the heroine; her noble deed is not even set forth upon the small stone which marks the spot where she lies. It simply bears the inscription: 'Here rests Laura, beloved wife of James Secord. Died Oct. 17, 1868, aged ninety-three years.'

OUR CITY IN THE ANDES.

IF you wish to put back the clock of time a hundred years, to realise the life that existed 'when Louis Quinze was king,' and before the Old World had given place to the New, come and be introduced to our city, where the arrival and departure of trains trouble us not, where our letters are brought to us on pack-mules for more than a hundred miles, and occasionally fail to arrive, when we are informed that some swollen river has swept away mules and post-bags, and that there will be no distribution of mail for this week. We boast of twenty thousand inhabitants; but we have no anxiety to confirm our statement by an actual count, as our detractors say we should fall several thousands short. We can point to our army of at least forty men, with as many officers, who occupy one side of our *plaza*, and whose daily drill and exercise is to us an event full of interest bordering upon the awful. Our *plaza* is, we flatter ourselves, completely up-to-date, containing nearly three acres of ground and entirely surrounded by really good buildings, including two churches and a colonnade. The *palacio* occupies one side, and here you may find the governor of the province, surrounded by his satellites, courteous to you as a stranger, full of curious compliments, placing himself, his house, his fortune, at your disposition with a grace not the product of this century, but a survival of another age. There also is our army and our prison, where our lesser law-breakers are placed, among these being our band. We are very proud of our band, which numbers twenty performers, and delights us with choice airs from the last century from eight to nine of an evening; and we are proud of the ingenuity and patriotism of our bandmaster. In past days, some years ago, our band was a shame and disgrace to us; and at a solemn meeting of our city rulers it was resolved that the band must be mended or ended. Our bandmaster was equal to the occasion, and proclaimed that a musical competition, with prizes alluring enough to attract musicians from far and near, would be given in our city. Many came, and were welcomed with much native drink. They performed, and were complimented by the assembled multitude. Our bandmaster selected twenty of the aspiring musicians as qualified for prizes, and, that they might enjoy at their ease the various drinks provided for their satisfaction,

conducted them into the prison, as a temporary refreshment-room. In that prison they still remain, except when they are let out to play, and then they are escorted by a file of soldiers to prevent them running away. That there might be no ill-feeling, their wives and children were sent to prison to live with them; and that is how we got our band.

Facing the *palacio* is our Cathedral, and in the centre of our *plaza* grow hedges of roses and great beds of flowers. We have also a fountain, and a column upon which is placed a wondrous creature, which looks like a cross between a goose and a bald-headed vulture, but which we know is meant to be a condor, the great eagle of the Andes. In the evenings, while our captive band plays to us, our youths and maidens and their elders saunter round the garden of the *plaza*. Everybody knows every one else; and perhaps the fact that we are all shut in by great mountains, a hundred and thirty miles from the nearest town, makes us more neighbourly. The arrival of a stranger is an event, and is fully discussed, while a new foreigner is in the nature of a phenomenon.

We are only seventeen degrees from the equator; but we are nearly nine thousand feet high, so we are not inconvenienced by the heat. Indeed, we have hard frosts on many a winter night, but during the day we are glad to walk on the shady side of the street or lounge in our balconies and watch the long strings of mules passing below. These mules are our only means of communication with the outside world for nearly the whole year; and as they pass we see the bales of merino, baize, or cotton brought from the far-away port, or loads of sugar, chocolate, hides, tobacco, or Peruvian bark brought from the interior. For we stand on the very edge of the world; a day's journey beyond us lie the great forest regions of the interior, with every hundred miles or so a speck of a settlement, all looking to us as to their metropolis, and sometimes making a journey lasting two or three months to enjoy the society and the luxuries of our city. Our streets are rather narrow, and are all paved with stone, to which twenty or thirty years makes little difference, as only once in many days a carriage passes driving out to our health-resort, which is only a mile or so away, but a good many feet higher up than we are. All round us are great mountains

always with patches of snow here and there; and as our carriages are brought here in pieces, and would be taken to pieces again were they sent away, we do not boast a great number. But we have a season for town and a season for the country, besides a season for our health-resort; this last is in October and November, when all our fashionable world goes to bathe, drink the waters, and to gossip and lounge among the green lanes and paths of our miniature Cheltenham. Perhaps we are a little behind the age in our manners; we dine at four—five o'clock is considered late, and six is wild dissipation. We have balls, and send out our invitations on the day the ceremony takes place, or, for a very special occasion, on the day before. As all the town knows who gives a dance and when, there is no danger of dates eluding. We do not believe in small and early dances; we pack our salons as full as they can hold at 9 P.M., and then lock the house door, which will not be opened until six or seven o'clock the next morning. Between every dance we are accustomed to take a little refreshment, and we are not expected to sit out of the dances, so before we are let out we feel somewhat as though we had lost our hold of matters outside, and had been dancing for a week.

We have no difficulty about religion or creeds, for we have only one, and no other is allowed; so we are saved all discussion or argument, and the logic of our rulers is simplicity itself. 'We believe,' say they, 'our religion to be the only true one; therefore we cannot as good Catholics encourage false and dangerous opinions. So take notice.' Nothing could be more simple. Some of our churches and convents are venerable and in rather bad repair; but we have very little reverence for mere age, and turned one of our churches into a theatre some years ago with the greatest indifference. In our drama we still preserve the traditions of the Elizabethan stage, for we do not tolerate ladies on the boards, and a modern ballet would empty the theatre in five minutes. Of late years, during some temporary aberration of our Government, a telegraph line was constructed to our city; but we all saw that it was many years ahead of its time, and the result has amply justified us. We still have a telegraph office and a clerk who is understood to be the person in charge; but he has for some months been sitting daily on a bench that runs round the colonnades of the *plaza* watching the army drill and the market-girls pass, apparently without any telegraphic cares. If we look up as we pass the office we find a torn, rain-stained notice announcing that the telegraph is not working. The fact is that the wire is too great a temptation for the honesty of the people, and is being made use of in many ways, but not to conduct the electric fluid. And it is better so, for with the telegraph came a feeling of surprised unrest; the idea that anybody could in a few hours, send us news from all

parts of the outside world was felt to be unsatisfactory; it was believed that something startling might be sprung upon us, and we should be caught without proper time for preparation. For in our city we are, above all things, sedate, not to be hurried; to-morrow with us means, not the day following nor any fixed space of time, but such a period as may be necessary for each individual to compose his mind, to arrange his affairs, to duly consider all matters relevant to the point in question, and then, without undue haste, to answer your letter or question with careful deliberation. It is evident that a telegraph was, to such a community, an incongruity, almost an insult. We do not take much interest in the affairs of the outside world. Our city is surrounded by great estates, many of them hundreds of square miles in extent, and containing hundreds of small tenants; and our society is largely formed of the owners, so our conversation is largely of properties and agriculture, and these have changed very little for the past hundred years or so. Our farming implements remain the same that our great-grandfathers used, nor do we propose to improve them. Our ploughs are made of wood, our harrows are a few branches, and for threshing-machines we have no desire to better the Biblical fashion, which is advanced enough for us. Our flour-mills are a couple of stones turned by some mountain stream, and our bread is baked in a brick oven and has a dark complexion.

Our expenses are not great. The governor of the province, who is also commander-in-chief of our army, receives a salary equal to £150 a year; and £200 is riches. The servant question has not yet reached us; though our elders tell us of some wonderful period when one pound per annum was high pay, now we are content to pay four times as much without grumbling. Beef costs us threepence a pound, and for a farthing we can buy enough cabbage, brocoli, or onions for a family dinner. Peaches are eight and ten a penny, and bananas a penny for five. Our doctor charges us eightpence a visit, and our lawyer from fourpence to a pound, according to the importance of our case. Our houses have not changed in fashion for the past two or three hundred years; we build them one or two stories high round a *patio* or courtyard, which we fill with orange-trees or a garden of carnations and heliotropes. The life within these houses is exactly the life that has been led century after century, save that now we have pianos and mirrors and other luxuries, which are brought to us on mules' backs over mountain-passes fifteen thousand feet high. Whether news may take six months to reach us, as it did a hundred years ago, or a month or so, as at present, is to us of the smallest importance. But to some of us there are signs of change and unrest. Some years ago a steam-engine was actually introduced among us, brought in many pieces, and built up again with

much labour, and for the first time our quiet valley heard the shrill whistle of steam. This we felt was too much; the hurried revolutions of the machinery were discomposing, unrestful; but we relied upon immemorial custom and associations to defeat that mass of buzzing wheels and pulleys, and we were not mistaken. The thing was brought, we were told, to bore artesian wells, which was in itself an insult to our predecessors, who had lived, strived, and been gathered to their fathers without any such innovations; and for some months a great hammer pounded up and down, driving holes in our valley, and defying the inert but steady opposition which we felt but did not express. Some of us took the trouble to point out to the innovators that, as they could reach water anywhere in our valley at a depth of three feet, it would seem a great waste of labour to bore a hole a hundred or more feet deep, put a pipe in it, and then only get what we got at a yard. But we need not have concerned ourselves, for it was soon evident that the engine, like the telegraph, was for us a premature invention. As long as their pipes lasted they went on boring holes; but a day came when pipes failed them and they tried to pull up some already in place. This was contrary to all custom; the pipe pleaded *costumbre del país*, or immemorial usage, and refused to budge; and even the innovators, now somewhat influenced by the general atmosphere of *laissez faire*, gave up at this, and ceased troubling us with their whistle and smoke. The engine stood several years accumulating rust, until some one bought it for a song, resolved it into its component parts, and sent it off on long-suffering mules to some other place far in the interior. It was what we had foreseen.

We do not make haste to get rich in our city, and our year is well sprinkled with holidays; but Carnival is our great excitement, and we get deeply interested over the questions of the Prince and the *entrada*. For three days we are almost lively, and every one who ventures into the streets runs the risk of receiving an egg filled with perfumed water in his face. A pitched battle between two or three of our pretty girls in a balcony and twenty or thirty swains beneath is to us quite a sight. The girls wear curiously few garments, as they will be wet through in five minutes; and are supplied with the egg-shells filled with water by assistants from within. As fast as their arms can move, down come the eggs among the crowd, and they have at first a great advantage. But thirty to three is heavy odds, and besides, some one is bringing a ladder to scale the balcony. This cannot be allowed, and a dozen basins of water are hastily emptied over the ladder-bearers. This damps their ardour, and perhaps ends the battle; but if they have courage enough to rear the ladder and scale the balcony, then the victory is with the swains, and the girls are pelted from room to room, until they cry for mercy.

Shocking to say, we have an annual bull-fight; but year by year it is less and less of a success, and is evidently dying a natural death. The bulls get tamer and tamer; and last year our best bull refused to leave the door of his yard, and could not be prodded into action. It seems probable that the general restfulness of the city is contaminating even the bulls. So in our city the years glide quietly away: those of us who have occupations that take them to the outer world, with its daily newspapers, telegrams, and bustle, or those who enter for long months or years into that interior forest, to navigate those tropical rivers, with their plantations of sugar, of coffee and rice, gladly welcome the first glimpse of the red roofs of our city, lying at the head of its beautiful valley, girdled by great mountains, with the old Cathedral tower overlooking the trees; and, as we turn the corner of the hills, through the clear evening air comes floating up the sound of the bells calling to vespers, and in the short twilight we enter those long narrow streets, not regretting our want of railways, telegraphs, or progress, but wearied of noise and travel, and glad to get home.

MY FRIENDS.

I HAVE some friends that I most fondly cherish—

Constant companions of my earthly way,
Whose forms from out my vision never perish,
Real to me as those of mortal clay.

Throughout my years have I had dear-loved brothers,
Sisters still dearer, that my eyes have seen;
And yet I know to me these airy others
Even as close a fellowship have been.

I've sat with Hamlet, wrestling sore in thought
With life's hard problems; have with him been sad
Under its burdens; felt the world was nought,
And in his heart sick frenzy have been mad.

I've met with Rosalind within the forest;
Have laid my flowers upon Fidele's tomb;
Have wept with Juliet when her grief was sorest,
And watched beside her in the vaulted gloom.

I've heard the Chimes with Falstaff, and been merry;
Laughed with the Prince and Poins, too, at Gadshill.
How sombre were this earth—I sometimes query—
If these gay echoes rang not on it still?

And there are others: those with whom I rode
In budding April to A Becket's shrine;
And the brisk Trumpeter,* who cheered my road
With joyous blasts along the banks of Rhine.

These are my friends, the poets' quick creations,
Peopling more finely this gross earth of ours;
Distant and dimly move the men and nations,
But these bright shapes are with me at all hours.

T. P. JOHNSTON.

* *The Trumpeter of Säckingen*, by J. V. von Scheffel.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

REMINISCENCES.

By the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, K.C.M.G.

VI.—BRUCE IN NORTH AFRICA.

NO traveller is more dear to the Scottish geographer than James Bruce of Kinnaird. It was owing to a perusal of his travels in 1848 that I was induced to go to Egypt; there I met Outram, as I have already narrated; so that it is hardly too much to say that Bruce laid the foundation of whatever fortune has followed me during my political career. When, therefore, I found myself his successor in office at Algiers, my interest in him was redoubled. He had occupied the post of Consul-General there from 1762 to 1765, and there he made the studies and preparations necessary to fit him for his great journey in Abyssinia. Before proceeding to Algiers, however, he had spent a year in Italy; from Naples he visited the ruins of Pæstum, then but little known, and at the suggestion of Sir James Gray, the British Minister, made accurate drawings of those ruins, and conceived the idea of illustrating the history of that city, which, however, he never carried out.

After resigning his consulate he travelled all over Algeria, Tunisia, and the Cyrenaica, where he made a magnificent series of archaeological drawings. In a letter dated 2d April 1766 to his friend Mr Wood, author of the great work on Baalbec and Palmyra (the ruins of which Bruce also visited and delineated), he thus sums up the result of his labours previous to his visit to the Cyrenaica:

It is now time to mention how I have been employed, and whether my expectations have been answered by the antiquities I have found on my journey. The principal are these: eight triumphal arches of the Corinthian order, mostly of different plans and designs, and little ruined; seven Corinthian temples in great preservation, all highly ornamented and of the very best ages, whose plans, parts, and decorations I have, by very laborious searches and excavations, made myself entirely master of. Add to these one large temple of the Composite order in its best

age, one part of which is so perfectly preserved that it must be looked upon as an exceptional example of the manner in which the ancients disposed and proportioned the constituent parts of that order; two large aqueducts, the smallest of which exceeds by forty-two feet in perpendicular height the remains of the highest aqueduct in Rome. In my designs are also included the ruins of the three principal cities of Africa—Iol or, Cæsarea (the capital of Juba), Cirta, and Carthage—the last of which I hope will be found to make a better figure than it does in the accounts of some travellers. . . . The drawings are sixteen inches by twelve; which, taking the length and breadth, are the largest ever published. I have not left in the parts I have visited one stone undesigned whence any benefit could result to the arts.

In the *Proceedings of the Society of Architects* for 1862, I found that Her Majesty the Queen had exhibited two volumes of his drawings, which he had presented to George III.; but these seem now to have disappeared. I searched all the royal and national collections in vain; no one seemed to know anything about them. In the library at Windsor Castle I found his drawings of Pæstum, Baalbec, and Palmyra. There was no inscription to indicate the names of the monuments or that of the artist. The librarian, Mr Holmes, had no idea what they were till I identified them. At last I applied to Lady Thurlow, the descendant of the traveller and heiress of Kinnaird. I was delighted to find that she had great stores of his drawings and manuscripts, which she was so good as to place at my disposal for publication, if I thought the subject sufficiently interesting. These comprised, in addition to a great mass of drawings irrelevant to my present subject, more than a hundred sheets, completely illustrating all the principal subjects of archaeological interest in North Africa from Algiers to the Pentapolis. Bruce had often exhibited these during his lifetime, and had alluded to his intention of publishing a work on the antiquities of Africa; but he appears never to have commenced the letter-

press necessary to illustrate the drawings. Probably the manner in which his book of travels had been received induced him to abandon the subject in disgust. He was of a peculiarly sensitive nature, and the incredulity with which some of his stories were received, especially the popularity of the famous skit on them, *Baron Munchausen*, 'Dedicated, with great respect, to James Bruce of Kinncald, Esquire,' caused him the greatest annoyance. His accuracy now requires no vindication. I knew intimately in my youth two of the celebrated brothers D'Abbadie, who had travelled during many years in Abyssinia; they assured me that *Bruce's Travels* were marvels of intelligence and exactitude.

I was perfectly familiar with some of the monuments in Algeria delineated by Bruce; other drawings were invaluable records of structures which no longer existed; but those situated in the Regency of Tunis I could not identify at all, and I doubt if any European then living had ever seen them. I determined, therefore, to follow him in his wanderings and ascertain the actual condition of those remarkable ruins, which neither time nor barbarians had been able to destroy. I was accompanied by the late Earl of Kingston, an experienced photographer, who succeeded admirably in depicting the ruins which Bruce had figured more than a century before. The result of my observations was contained in a large quarto volume, published in 1877, *Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis, illustrated by Fac-similes of his Original Drawings*. It is almost useless to refer the reader to this volume; it met an untimely fate, worse than the famous Rawlinson manuscripts, which were eventually redeemed from a grocer's shop, *tuis et odores vendentibus*. This bantling of mine was, after a certain number of copies had been sold, destroyed by the fire at Kegan Paul's premises in London.

Travelling in Tunis was a very different thing then to what it has become since the French occupation. During the whole of our journey, which lasted six weeks, we never met a single Christian till we arrived at Beja on our way back. A telegraphic station, with a Frenchman in charge, had been established there by the Bey, and on entering the office to despatch a telegram, the clerk rushed out and almost embraced us for joy at seeing a European face once more. I can only afford space for a very slight sketch of our journey, or rather that part of it which lay to the south of Tunis. It was made on horseback, with a tent of our own, and an escort furnished by the Bey. The first important place we stopped at was El-Djem, the ancient Thyadrus, where the pro-consul Gordian was proclaimed emperor in A.D. 238. Here are the ruins of a splendid amphitheatre, of such size and solidity that the Berbers and Arabs, at various periods of their history, had converted it into a fortress. It has frequently been besieged, to the great

destruction of the fabric. This edifice offers the same divisions as the principal edifices of a similar kind elsewhere: three outside open galleries, rising one above another, crowned by a fourth story with windows. But at El-Djem the architect seems to have tried to surpass the magnificence of existing structures. I have not space, however, to enter into architectural details. Fully one-third of the perimeter has been destroyed. Bruce made a very exact ground-plan of the building, and nine rough sketches. Thence we proceeded to the Holy City of Kerouan. Now the traveller can go to it by railway from Susa; and it is the only place in Tunisia where he can enter freely into the most sacred buildings. We could not reach Kerouan in one day, so we determined to encamp at a small village fifteen miles from it. No sooner was our intention announced to the Arabs than yells and shrieks of remonstrance resounded from every direction. They swore by the life of the Prophet that there was not a grain of barley remaining in the country; fowls and eggs had become quite a tradition; and they were really not sure whether they could offer us a handful of dry couseousson. We were about to protest that nothing was farther from our intention than to inconvenience them, and that we were quite ready to pay for anything they might supply to us; but our escort calmly told us to stand aside and not to interfere. The Bey's letter of recommendation was produced, a good many expletives were exchanged, and as soon as our hosts were assured that further remonstrance was useless, barley and grass were brought for the horses and an abundant dinner provided for the men. We very soon got on excellent terms; and when I subsequently asked them why they had created such a disturbance, they replied that such was the way of the Arabs; they would rather have our room than our company; but as we chose to stay, we were very welcome. We determined, however, to provide our own dinner. A judicious combination of preserved meat and vegetables, to make a solid soup, was put on the fire to boil; but when the supreme moment arrived, to our horror we discovered that it had apparently been cooked in a strong solution of Epsom salts! In fact, the water of this place was so bitter as to be unpotable for a stranger.

Eventually we reached Kerouan, about forty-two miles distant from El-Djem. Next to Mecca and Medina, no city is so sacred in the eyes of western Mohammedans. It was founded by Okba ibn Nafa, in the fiftieth year of the Hedjra (A.D. 670). Until recently it was entirely sealed against all who did not profess the faith of El-Islam; but even in my time it was only by a special order of the Bey that a Christian could be admitted within its walls. A Jew did not dare even to approach it. We were most kindly received in the house of the Governor; he was

absent in the Djerid, but his brothers did the honours of the house with the utmost courtesy and hospitality. They sent an escort to accompany us through the town; but even their presence did not protect us from scowls and even abuse from children wherever we went. We could not look into the door of the mosques, which are now objects of the greatest delight and interest to the tourist. I leave a description of them to the ordinary guide-book; none such existed at that time.

We were not sorry to leave Keronan and to regain our liberty; for, though we greatly enjoyed the society of our hosts, it was impossible not to feel ill at ease in so sacred an atmosphere. Our first stage (12th April 1876) was to Djebel Trozza, where is a remarkable fissure in the limestone rock, called by the Arabs El-Hammam, or the bath, filled with hot vapour, to which the rheumatic people round about flock for the cure of their maladies. We were most hospitably entertained by the Khalifa of the district, who supplied all our wants with lavish hospitality. His treatment of us was what we experienced at almost every stage of our journey; so that I need not revert to the subject. What words shall I use to express our delight at the huge bowls of warm milk which awaited us even before we got out of the saddle? Barley and grass were provided for our horses, and a further supply in bags for our next day's journey. A sheep roasted whole, consoussion, butter, eggs, and honey, an abundance of dates, excellent fresh bread, and, above all, a continuous and boundless supply of milk, formed a feast which even Hatim Tai might have set before his guests.

We passed but did not stop at Djelma, and pushed on for Sbeitla. This is merely a corruption of the ancient name Sufetula. No city in Africa possessed finer specimens of architecture; and even as late as the Arab invasion it continued to be one of the most considerable cities in Byzacene. Here took place the last great encounter between the Byzantines and the Arab invaders, who started from Egypt in 647, and swept over the Syric desert and north to the province of Africa of which Gregorius was at that time Exarch. The Moslem army was commanded by Abdulla bin Saad, brother of the Khalifa. On their arrival at Sufetula a message was sent to Gregorius, offering him the usual conditions: to embrace Islamism or to accept the payment of tribute, both of which he indignantly refused. His daughter, a maiden of incomparable beauty, fought by her father's side, and her hand, with one hundred thousand dinars, was promised to whomsoever should slay Abdulla. The latter retaliated by offering the daughter of Gregorius to any one who should kill her father. The result was the complete rout of the Christian host, Gregorius and a vast number of his followers were slain, and the daughter of the

Exarch was captured and allotted to Ibn ez Zobeir. Henceforth Christianity almost ceased to exist in North Africa.

The most important of the ruins of Sbeitla is the Hieron, enclosing three semi-attached temples, the central one being of the Composite order, and that on either side Corinthian; the whole forming one composition. Bruce's drawings of these are done with a conscientiousness and ability which could not be surpassed. This monument has not in the slightest degree deteriorated since it was drawn by Bruce. This is shown by the beautiful drawings and restorations of these temples and other monuments at Sbeitla,* by Mr Alexander Graham, who visited the place some years after our journey. He says with truth that 'to the architect the ruins of Sufetula are the most valuable of all the monumental remains yet discovered in Tunisia.' Bruce has illustrated the three temples with the monumental entrance to the enclosure in ten sheets, two of which I have reproduced.

The next very important place we visited was Mukthev, the ancient Maetav. Its position is admirably chosen on a wide and elevated plain between two watercourses. Here is an exceedingly fine triumphal arch, of which Bruce has left eight highly finished illustrations. There is another dedicated to Trajan, which stood in the centre of the town; of this Bruce made four illustrations. This building, in its proportions and treatment, is very grand and simple. It has not suffered much since Bruce's time, except that it is buried almost to the level of the impost in debris. There are several other monuments, and the ground between them is thickly strewn with cut stones.

Another interesting place we visited was Zanfou. Bruce was the first of modern travellers to recognise that it was the ancient Assuras. He has left six sheets to illustrate the triumphal arch here. A little before entering the place we passed a fine spring of water, which issues from a cavity in the rock. A number of Arab girls were washing their clothes at it, and did not appear particularly averse from seeing, or being seen by, us; but as soon as our escort came in sight veils were brought into use, and the youngest of them scampered away and hid their faces till we were out of sight. The appearance of Europeans amongst them, probably for the first time, must have been a rather startling event, to be talked of for years afterwards, and to serve, no doubt, as an epoch in their simple chronology.

From Zanfou we went in two days to Dougga, the ancient Thugga, a city which must have been of great consequence, to judge by the extent and magnificence of its remains. The temple here, dedicated to Jupiter and Minerva, is one of the

* See *Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, vol. ii. new series.

most exquisite in North Africa. It is entirely built of lunuechella, one of the lost Numidian marbles; it is a very compact limestone, full of crystalline shell-fossils. Bruce's illustrations of this consist of nine sheets. There is another monument here of even greater interest, the celebrated mausoleum from which the Dougga bilingual stone was obtained. Bruce has left a pencil sketch of it, which is the more interesting as the monument was greatly destroyed in getting the stone out. This mausoleum and the Medrassen in Algeria are the only monuments in North Africa of a pre-Roman origin. The inscription is in Punic and Lybian, and is now in the British Museum.

I might prolong indefinitely an account of the good work Bruce did in North Africa; but enough has been said to show what great reason we have to be proud of our distinguished countryman. If he had never been to Abyssinia at all, his explorations in North Africa would have sufficed to place him in the foremost rank of travellers, artists, and archæologists.

We terminated our journey in Tunisia by going overland through the country of the much-dreaded Khomais, which had never before been traversed by any European. It was the 'intention' of this tribe which gave the French a pretext for taking possession of the Regency of Tunis.

From El-Badja we went through a remarkable tract of country called the Belad-er-Ramel, or country of sand. This was originally a forest, but has now been engulfed by the sea-sand ever advancing imperceptibly and irresistibly, blown by the prevailing north winds from the beach. There is no uncertain line of demarcation between it and the rich forest-land beyond; it ends abruptly in a high bank rising like a cliff thirty feet high, sometimes sloping gradually down a valley like a glacier, but always advancing and swallowing up vegetation in its course. When we reached the Oued-el-Kebir, or Great River, which enters the sea close to the island of Tabarca, we found it so swollen by rain that no animal, far less a laden mule, could pass. We had no alternative but to turn round and

seek the hospitality of some village of the ill-reputed Khomais. Our escort looked grave; but, as experience had taught us that they were extremely brave where there was no danger, but meek as lambs amongst such as were little likely to brook interference from them, we went straight up to one of the largest *douars*, or encampments, and claimed hospitality for the night. We appeared to be regarded with some distrust; nothing like a cordial welcome was accorded to us, but the owner of a hut placed it at our service. It was not more than fifteen feet square, reeking with foul odours, the ground splashing with liquid mud, and our party consisted of ten persons besides ourselves. We therefore preferred pitching our own tent. No sooner was this done, and we had commenced to prepare our dinner of preserved meat with the aid of a spirit-lamp, than a great circle of wild-looking fellows gathered around us and watched our movements with wondering gravity. They allowed us to eat our meal without interruption, which done, we commenced to amuse them by the exhibition of compasses, barometers, and tricks with pocket-handkerchiefs and string; and Kingston, who was an unerring shot, astonished them with the accuracy of his aim. I do not think, however, that it was till we produced a pot of jam and distributed it to the assembly that we entirely succeeded in gaining their affection and became the best possible friends. They declared that we must never leave them—they would give us land and sheep; and as for wives, the full number of four each were at our disposal on very moderate terms! Ultimately they undertook to escort us to La Calle, the frontier town in Algeria, and we felt that the pacific conquest of the Khomais had been effected. So little was known of these people that when the military authorities of Algeria determined to invade their country, the General-in-chief consulted me as to its topography and resources, and when the 'Association française pour l'avancement des Sciences' met at Algiers in 1881 I was asked to give a conference on the subject. This I did at a *séance générale* in the theatre.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIV.



THAT afternoon they boarded the yacht, and Katherine renewed her acquaintance with Jimmy Foote. Maas was also introduced to her, and paid her the usual compliments upon her engagement. Later she explored the yacht from stem to stern, expressing her delight at the completeness of every detail. The pleasure she derived from it, however, was

as nothing compared with that of her lover, who never for one instant left her side.

'Some day,' he said as they stood together upon the bridge, looking at the harbour and watching the variety of shipping around them, 'this vessel will be your own property. You will have to invite whoever you like to stay on board her with you. Do you think you will ever let me come?' He looked into her face, expecting to

find a smile there; but, to his astonishment, he discovered that her eyes were filled with tears. 'Why, my darling,' he cried, 'what does this mean? What is the reason of these tears?'

She brushed them hastily away, and tried to appear unconcerned. 'I was thinking of all your goodness to me,' she said. 'Oh Jack! I don't know how I can ever repay it.'

'I don't want you to repay it,' he answered. 'You have done enough already. Have you not honoured me, dear, above all living men? Are you not going to be my wife?'

'That is no return,' she answered, shaking her head. 'If you give a starving man food, do you think it kind of him to eat it? I had nothing, and you are giving me all. Does the fact that I take it help me to repay it?'

What he said in reply to this does not come within the scope of a chronicler's duty to record. Let it suffice that when he went below with her he might very well have been described as the happiest man in Japan. The history of the following fortnight could be easily written in two words, 'love and pleasure.' From morning till night they were together, seeing everything, exploring the temples, the country tea-houses, spending small fortunes with the curio-dealers, and learning to love each other more and more every day. In fact, there was only one cloud in their sky, and that was the question of what was to be done with Maas. Up to that time that gentleman had shown no sort of inclination to separate himself from the party. Browne could not very well ask him to leave, and yet he had the best of reasons for not wanting him to go on with them. What was to be done? He worried himself almost into a fever to know what he should do. Then, almost at the last minute, Maas settled the question for them, not in an altogether unexpected fashion. Finding his host alone in the veranda of the hotel one evening, he asked outright, without pretence of beating about the bush, whether he might, as an old friend, continue to burden them with his society. Browne found himself placed in a most awkward position. Though he did not want him, he had known Maas for so many years, and they had always been on such a footing of intimacy together, that he felt he could do nothing but consent. He accordingly did so, though with scarcely the same amount of grace that usually characterised his hospitality. Jimmy Foote, however, expressed himself more freely.

'Look here, Jack, old man,' said the latter to Browne when he was informed what had taken place, 'you know as well as I do that Maas and I were never the greatest of friends. I tell you this because I don't want you to think I am saying behind his back what I would not say to his face. At the same time, I do think that you ought to have told him straight out that he couldn't come.'

'How on earth could I do that?' asked Browne. 'Besides being exceedingly rude, it would have given the whole show away. What possible sort of excuse could I have made for not wanting him on board?'

'I don't know what sort of excuse you could have made,' replied Jimmy; 'all I know is that you ought to have made it. You have other people besides yourself to consider in the matter.'

The matter was done, however, and could not be undone. For this reason, when the yacht said good-bye to the lovely harbour of Yokohama and Treaty Point was astern, Maas stood upon the deck watching it fade away and drop below the sea-line.

'And now that we are on our way again, my dear Browne,' said Maas when the others had gone below, 'what is our destination?'

'Of our ultimate destination I am not yet quite certain,' said Browne, who was anxious to gain time to think before he committed himself. 'But at first we are going north to have a look at the Sea of Okhotsk. My wife's father has been residing on an island there for many years, and it is our intention to pick him up and to bring him home, in order that he may be present at our wedding.'

'In other words,' said Maas, 'you are conniving at the escape of a Russian convict from Saghalien. Is that so?'

Browne uttered a cry that was partly one of astonishment and partly one of terror. He could scarcely believe he had heard aright. This was the second time since they had been on board the yacht that Maas had played him this sort of trick, and he did not want to be taken in again. Was the other really aware of what they were going to do, or was this, as on the previous occasion, a shot fired at random?

'My dear fellow,' he began as unconcernedly as his excitement would permit, 'what on earth do you mean? Help a Russian convict to escape? Surely you must have taken leave of your senses.'

'Look here,' said Maas with unusual emphasis, 'what is the use of your attempting to keep a secret? Nature never intended you for a conspirator. You may not have guessed it, but I have seen for some considerable time past, long before we left Europe in fact, that there was trouble in the wind. Otherwise, why do you think I should have accompanied you to the East, so many thousand weary miles from Paris and civilisation?'

'Because your health was bad,' Browne replied. 'At least, that is what you said yourself. Was that not so?'

'My health is as good as your own,' the other answered. 'No, Browne, I invented that excuse because I wanted to come with you; because I had some sort of notion of what you were about to do.'

'But, even supposing it should be so, how could you have known it?'

'I will tell you. Do you remember the night at the Amphitryon Club you told me that you were thinking of taking a trip to the Farther East?'

Browne admitted that he did remember it.

'Well, I happened to know who the lady was to whom you were paying such marked attention. I happened to mention her name one day to an old friend, who immediately replied, "I know the young lady in question; she is the daughter of the famous Polowski, the Nihilist, who was sent to Siberia, and who is now confined upon the island of Saghalien." Then you spoke of your yachting voyage to the Farther East, and I put two and two together, and resolved that, happen what might, I would see you through the business. You see how candid I am with you.'

'And do you mean to say that you knew all the time what I was going to do?'

'All the time,' said Maas. 'Did not I give you a hint at breakfast on the morning following our joining the yacht at Southampton? I am your friend, Browne; and, as your friend, I want to be allowed to stand by you in your hour of danger. For it is dangerous work you are engaged upon, as I suppose you know.'

'And do you really mean that you are going to help me to get this man out of his place of captivity?' inquired Browne, putting on one side the other's reference to their friendship.

'If you are going to do it, I'm certainly going to stand by you,' Maas replied. 'That's why I am here.'

'And all the time I was wishing you at Hanover, because I thought that if you knew you would disapprove.'

'It only goes to show how little we know our true friends,' said Maas. 'If you feel that you can trust me now, do not let us have any more half-measures. Let me be in with you hand and glove, or put me ashore somewhere, and get me out of the way. I don't want to push myself in where I am not wanted.'

Browne was genuinely touched. 'My dear old fellow,' he said, putting his hand on Maas's shoulder, 'I must confess I feel as if I had treated you very badly. If you are really disposed to help me, I shall be only too glad of your assistance. It's a big job, and a hideously risky one. I don't know what on earth I shall do if we fail.' Then, in the innocence of his heart, Browne told him as much of their arrangements as he had revealed to Jimmy Foote. Maas expressed his sympathy, and forthwith propounded several schemes for getting the unhappy man to a place of safety when they had got him on board the yacht. He went so far as to offer to land on the island and to make his way into the interior in the hopes

of being able to render some assistance should it be necessary.

'Well, you know your own business best,' said Jimmy Foote to Browne when the latter had informed him of the discovery he had made. 'But I can't say that I altogether like the arrangement. If he had guessed our secret, why didn't he let us know that he knew it? It seems to me that there is a little bit of underhand work somewhere.'

'I think you are misjudging him,' said Browne; 'upon my word I do. Of one thing there can be no sort of doubt, and that is, that whatever he may have known, he is most anxious to help.'

'Is he?' said Jimmy, in a tone that showed that he was still more than a little sceptical concerning Maas's good intentions. 'I don't set up to be much of a prophet; but I am willing to go so far as to offer to lay a hundred to a half-penny that we shall find he has been hoodwinking us somewhere before we've done.'

Jimmy spoke with such unusual gravity that Browne looked at him in surprise. 'Oh, you may look,' said Jimmy; 'but you won't stare away what I think. Browne, old man,' he continued, 'you and I were at school together; we have been pals for a very long time; and I'm not going to see you, just when you're booked to settle down happily with your wife and become a respectable member of society, upset and spoil everything by a foolish action.'

'Thank you, Jimmy,' said Browne. 'I know you mean well by me; but, at the same time, you must not let your liking for me make you unjust to other people. Maas has proved himself my friend, and I should be mean indeed if I ventured to doubt him.'

'All right,' said Jimmy; 'go your way. I'll say no more.'

That evening Browne realised his long-felt wish. He and Katherine promenaded the deck together as the yacht sped on its way across the seas towards their goal, and talked for hours together of their hopes and aspirations. When at last she and Madame Bernstein bade the gentlemen good-night, the latter adjourned to the smoking-room to discuss their plan of action. Maas had been evidently thinking the matter over, for he was prepared with one or two new suggestions, which struck the company as being eminently satisfactory. So sincere was he, and so anxious to be of service, that when at last they bade each other good-night, and he had returned below, Jimmy turned to Browne, who was standing beside the bulwark, and said:

'Jack, old boy, I believe, after all, that I've done that man an injustice. I do think now that he is really anxious to do what he can.'

'I'm glad indeed to hear you say so,' Browne replied, 'for I'm sure he is most

anxious to be of use. Forgive me if I was a bit sharp to you this afternoon. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel to you for all your kindness.'

'Fiddlesticks!' said Jimmy. 'There's no talk of kindness between us.'

Fourteen days after leaving Yokohama, and a little before sunset, those on board the yacht caught their first glimpse of the Russian island of which they had come in search. At first it was scarcely discernible; then, little by little, it grew larger, until its steep and abrupt rocks could be distinctly seen with a far-away line of distant mountain-peaks stretching to the northward.

Katherine, Madame Bernstein, and the three young men were upon the bridge at the time. Browne, who held his sweetheart's hand, could feel her trembling. Madame Bernstein appeared by far the most excited of the group.

Advanced though the time of the year was, the air was bitterly cold. But, for once in a way, the Yezo Strait, usually so foggy, was now devoid even of a vestige of vapour. The season was a late one, and for some hours they had been passing packs of drift ice; but as they closed up on the land it could be seen lying in thick stacks along the shore.

'That is Cape Siretoko,' said Browne. 'It is the most southerly point of Saghalien.'

IRISH HOME INDUSTRIES.

CARRICKMACROSS AND LIMERICK LACE, AND CLARE EMBROIDERY.

By MARY GORGES.

DEEDS show' may well be the motto of the Irish lace industries, which, born of poverty and want, have been carried on quietly, persistently, unnoticed, almost unknown, until the hour came, the touch which revealed, the help that placed them on a firm commercial basis; so that now they are taking a foremost position in the industrial world.

Ireland is at this moment dotted over with industries calling into play the industrial spirit of the people. The response has been so eager, so earnest, that no one who observes but must confess that, give the Celt hope once more, raise him above the dead stagnation of a life which has none except that of keeping body and soul together somehow, he will labour with ardour and with a gratitude to the hand which finds him the work greater than was ever felt for the charity dole, popularly supposed to be the aim and limit of his desires. Of this spirit Irishwomen are giving very convincing proof in their own particular province—that of the needle.

The oldest lace industry in Ireland is that of appliqué lace, made in County Monaghan since 1820, when Mrs Grey Porter, wife of the then rector of Donaghmoyne (near Carrickmacross), brought from the Continent a piece of lace which she gave to her servant, Anne Steadman, to copy. So successfully was this done that Mrs Grey Porter further employed her to teach a few girls in the parish; and the work attracted attention and brought so many orders that Miss Reid of Rahans, seeing thus a means of relieving the misery around, took it up from Mrs Grey Porter, and enlarged it. Her brother gave an outhouse in his farmyard—the first school; and here Miss Reid and her sister taught the girls they gathered together

the art of lace-making from Mrs Grey Porter's pattern.

There are now two kinds of Carrickmacross lace (as it was afterwards called); at this time there was only the appliqué. This is worked on a foundation of net; the pattern is traced out on fine muslin, and sewed down round the edges to the net, the muslin being then cut away. Strictly speaking this is more an embroidery on net than lace, but the effect is that of lace, and very light and pretty. The open spaces, too, are often filled in with lace stitches between the pattern.

From an early date this work has been highly esteemed, the great Florentine historian, Vasari, claiming the artist Botticelli as its inventor, while others assign its origin to India or to Persia. Be that as it may, it was very extensively produced in Italy from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, and it was a specimen of this lace which Mrs Grey Porter brought home nearly eighty years ago and employed Anne Steadman to copy.

Under Miss Reid the industry grew apace; a schoolhouse was built, and girls flocked in to learn this remunerative employment. But it depended on private orders only, and, these failing after a time, it began to die out. Then came the terrible Irish famine, and in the fight against starvation for the remnant left of the people the work was revived.

Mr Tristram Kennedy was then agent for Lord Bath's estate of 15,000 acres, tenanted by some 13,000 people, and he, with Captain Morant, agent for the Shirley estate adjoining, turned a vacant house into a school—hence the 'Bath and Shirley School.' He built six schools on the estate, the central one in the town of Carrickmacross, which gives its name to the lace, though

it was not distinctively known as such till exhibited at the Working Men's Exhibition in 1870, where it obtained a first-class certificate and silver medal.

Mr Tristram Kennedy obtained a grant of £100 from the Privy Council in order to establish a class for training young girls in drawing and designing for the lace-schools in the district, and also a yearly grant for the manager's salary from the Board of Education. Nor did his efforts stop here. He brought home from Belgium both Brussels and guipure lace, which he handed to Mrs Keilan, then manager of the Bath and Shirley School. She had them remodelled and put into the hands of her best workers, the result being a very beautiful fabric, celebrated now as Carrickmacross guipure.

In this guipure the design is worked on cambric without any net foundation, the superfluous part cut away, and the pattern joined by 'brides' or 'picots.' A combination of appliqué and guipure forms a very striking and handsome lace, the main design being appliqué with panels of guipure introduced. I may mention here that the Carrickmacross lace is relatively inexpensive. I have seen a fine handkerchief with pretty though simple border of appliqué as low as seven shillings and sixpence, and flounces from twenty-five to seventy shillings per yard. In guipure these would be from thirty-five to ninety shillings. Yet, though this is the more expensive and complicated, the appliqué has so many admirers that the question of superiority seems a matter of taste, and this I find also the case between the Youghal point and the rose or Inishmacsaint, to which in a former article I alluded as 'running a very close second to the point of the south.' But it has an equal share of admiration; and no less a judge than Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, when on a visit last year to Mount Stewart (Lord Londonderry's place in the north), exclaimed, on observing that Lady Londonderry was wearing some of this lace, 'That is the Irish lace I admire and want to get. Where can I?' Lady Erne promptly told of the girls on the shores of Lough Erne employed by Miss MacLean, who has never let drop the industry founded by her mother—the result being a very handsome order forwarded to Miss MacLean, to gladden the hearts of the workers.

On being elected member of Parliament for Louth in 1852, Mr Tristram Kennedy resigned the management of the Bath estate; but his interest never ceased in the schools he had established. He extended their connection with the London trade; and the success of his nurturing efforts to develop the taste and artistic skill of the workers by the training he procured them was noted officially in the Report of the Royal Dublin Society, and also by the fact of Her Majesty having ordered, through a London firm, a large

and handsome piece of guipure. The work has gone on prospering. It was in the hands of private individuals until the death in 1893 of Mr Ben Lindsay, of 76 Grafton Street, the agent for the schools, so often mentioned with gratitude and regret in the record of Irish industries, when the stock and premises were purchased by the Countess of Aberdeen; and this industry is now a limited company, doing a flourishing trade in London, Paris, and America, and giving employment to over two thousand girls.

At the present moment both Carrickmacross appliqué and guipure are very fashionable. Mrs Donaldson, Urker House, Crossmaglen, who established a school in 1866 for the benefit of the suffering poor, and who was one of the first to send a worker for training to a School of Art, has brought this industry to a high standard, as is shown in the guipure flouncing worked from her design exhibited on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, in which shamrock, rose, and thistle are combined with the may-flower and ivy-leaf. There were some beautiful exhibits of this lace at Lady Cadogan's Textile Exhibition; and, widely as it is known, yet to some of the visitors it seemed to come as a surprise. A nice old countrywoman from Monaghan, who sat composedly working at some handsome guipure, was quite a centre of attraction to a constantly shifting crowd. She told me that orders for similar lace were showering upon her from the visitors, with offers of much higher pay than that which she had earned from the trade for many years, and which, she said, had enabled her with ease to keep her home in comfort and independence. I dare say the old lady was too wise to throw over steady for temporary employment, however tempting the offers; but she certainly had no idea of how the work is appreciated until she came to Dublin.

All honour to the founders and helpers, through whom to-day the home of many an Irish peasant is free from want, happy, and contented, not only in Monaghan and Armagh, the principal centres, but in other parts of Ireland, for guipure is made elsewhere, though not so extensively.

Limerick lace, on the other hand, is only beginning to retrieve its old reputation, thanks principally to the energetic efforts of Mrs R. Vere O'Brien of New Hall, County Clare. Its palmy days were during the early part of the Queen's reign, when it was the fashion, and used extensively for flounce, shawl, scarf, the bridal veil, and the infant's robe. Those who have had handed down from mother or grandmother the Limerick lace of this period understand well the difference between it and the wretched specimens which later on used to be 'hawked about' the streets of Limerick; for the original Limerick lace, that which is now reviving, was extremely

fine and pretty, and, if not very elaborate, admitted of great variety of design.

This lace industry was introduced into Ireland by Mr Walker, an Englishman. I have never ascertained from whence it came originally; but Mr Walker brought over a band of teachers in 1829. Such apt and clever pupils did they find that the workroom, at first only a disused store, was soon changed to a factory, giving employment to three hundred girls, a number more than doubled after a while. Some of the workers began at the age of six, practising first with the tambour-needle in pricking outline patterns on calico, and afterwards working practice pieces on net. There are two kinds of Limerick lace, tambour and run lace, both worked on a ground of net, the former with a tambour-needle, the latter with an ordinary one and an open stitch, which produces an exceedingly filmy and 'lacy' effect.

I was reminded lately of the difference between the old Limerick lace and that which succeeded, first by seeing in a society paper mention of the late Countess of Shaftesbury's collection of 'valuable Limerick lace,' and then by a discussion which arose from the remark of a lady at whose house I was dining, that one of her most valued presents in her early married life was a set of Limerick lace flounces of beautiful design, from which three sets alone were made, each costing fifteen guineas (no extravagant price, surely). Of these, one was purchased by the Queen, and another by this lady's mother-in-law for herself. I forget who got the third; but I shall not soon forget the astonished exclamation of a lady present: 'Limerick lace!' It proved difficult to convince her that this could be beautiful and valuable; indeed, I am not sure that she *was* convinced in the end.

The decline of the Limerick lace industry was first caused by the Court mourning which followed the death of the Prince Consort. Then pretty and inexpensive machine-made lace was introduced, and the demand for Limerick lace virtually ceased. When Mrs Vere O'Brien tried in 1883 to get some of the finer kind made, she was baffled by finding that only the coarser net and thread were supplied to the few workers left. However, being helped over this difficulty by Lady de Vere of Carragh Chase, who gave her the fine Brussels net and threads, she induced one of the old workers to make a flounce from a good design supplied; and this being a success, Mrs Vere O'Brien collected a few designs, chiefly 'rubblings' of old Brussels or point d'Alençon lace, and employed two or three more of the old workers to make lace at their own homes.

From this small beginning came first orders, then 'the pride and satisfaction of working for the trade,' the late Mr Ben Lindsay being one of the best employers in those early days; while later on Mr Alan Cole, of the Science and

Art Department, gave valuable help. He visited the old workers in their homes, and procured fine lace designs to be worked by them.

Six years ago, after a lecture at the Chamber of Commerce, Limerick, by Mr Cole, it was resolved to start a Lace Training School, which Mrs Vere O'Brien now superintends. It is on a small scale compared with other Irish industries, but like them it owes much to Lady Aberdeen and to the Irish Industries Association; and Mrs Vere O'Brien claims for Limerick lace 'that it has shown such vitality under great difficulties in the past—the rivalry of cheap foreign competition abroad and machine-made lace at home—as to be no small achievement, and of good augury for the future under its present improved conditions.' They are glad to receive visitors and show the girls at work, with specimens of the lace they make, at this lace school, 112 George Street, Limerick.

It may not be without interest to add that Mrs Vere O'Brien, in a private letter, mentions vitality of another description—namely, the memory of past kindness in Irish hearts. She says: 'Some of my very old workers, still living in Limerick, can remember Mr Walker, and have a very good word for him, as a kind-hearted man who gave his workers cheap potatoes when they were scarce and dear.'

This letter further tells of an interesting but little-known industry—namely, Clare embroidery, started about five years ago by Mrs Vere O'Brien, with the help of the clever directress of needlework at the Ennis Convent, and of her own maid, who was familiar with the red and blue embroidery done by the peasantry in the Vosges country. This consists in the manufacture of children's frocks and pinafores, made of fine white mull muslin or holland, and embroidered and smocked by the country girls, some of whom are excellent needlewomen.

Besides the work done at the convent under Sister Mary Patricia, Mrs Vere O'Brien has a weekly class at her own house, where she draws and arranges the designs on the yokes and frills of the little garments, and finds that the girls have become very quick and expert in carrying out an idea. All the Clare embroidery sent to the Dublin and Lancaster Exhibitions this year was sold, and one of the young 'New Hall' workers took a prize at the Irish Industrial Exhibition in Limerick of last November; while this year two of the Clare embroidery girls (one of them under twelve) gained prizes at the Strabane Industrial Show, and a first prize was also taken for Limerick lace at the Horse Show—a skirt and berthe designed by Miss Anderson, and bought by Lady Cadogan. Mrs Vere O'Brien is glad to send specimens of this work on approval, and most thankful to get orders for the girls, who can make the frocks, overalls, &c. to any measurement given.

I can only allude to Irish crochet, a product very unlike crochet as generally understood, and a 'unique creation of Irish taste and skill.' This is a work not confined to any special district, but I single out Clones guipure, as it is there called, partly because of the beauty of the work done in this industry (which last year celebrated its jubilee), and partly because of the pathetic interest attached to the name of its foundress, Mrs Hand of Losely Park, Surrey, wife of the Rev. Mr Hand, rector of Clones. She came to Ireland when the country was yet suffering from the ravages of the potato famine, and witnessed the misery of the starving people. She had tried to teach the crochet in Cambridgeshire, and failed; now she set to work afresh, inspired by the hope of helping the poor. Finding the Irish girls easily taught, she procured old lace suitable for designs, chiefly Venetian point, many a fragment of old church lace, pieces of altar frontals, and scraps from the vestments of foreign priests finding their way through the kindness of friends to the school now formed at Clones, where, under a good teacher, great progress was made. Many pupils were gathered in, till 'in all the parish there was scarce a cottage where the click-click of the needle was not heard.' And when the sale of this new lace became the difficulty, a friend was found. Mr Ben Lindsay undertook to find a market for it, and succeeded. Paris, Vienna, and London welcomed it; orders crowded in, 'money flowed into all the houses where famine had reigned supreme, little home comforts were indulged in, and the smile of content rested on faces lately disfigured by despair. God had blessed the work, and the people knew it.'

She to whom they owe it all has long since been laid to rest in the pretty little churchyard of Clogh-Roslea, among the people for whose lives she sacrificed her own. Careless of herself, Mrs Hand's strength gave way, after years of noble toil. Her work remains a living monument of ceaseless energy and love.

But the industry languished for a while, until

Lady Aberdeen, the good genius of the Irish woman, came forward to 'make the wheel go round once more.' She visited the crochet depôts, made large purchases, exhorted the people not to let so charming a work die in their midst, and re-awakened the dormant industry. Chicago and the World's Fair opened a fresh market; silk began to be used instead of cotton, and beautiful designs were reproduced once more. Last autumn one hundred new designs were made by the Irish Lace Dépôt for a leading Paris merchant in close touch with the celebrated house of Worth, the designs being for the pattern costumes of this year.

Perhaps tatting may be thought scarcely to merit mention, yet there were pretty exhibits of this work at Lady Cadogan's Textile Exhibition; not so fine as some I have seen, nor approaching the beauty of such tatted lace as covered the rich blue cushions and lounges of one particular room in Chillingham Castle, the work of the late Countess of Tankerville, but still of very good design and workmanship. I always associate this work with the days of the French Revolution, when the noble ladies of the Faubourg St Germain tatted calmly on in their prisons, while awaiting their turn to be called out to the tumbrel and the guillotine. Possibly, as Lady Tankerville was of French birth, some such thought may have mingled with her fancy for it. But, putting associations aside, I think it one of the prettiest of the minor hand products, so am loath to close without a passing notice of the nice work and exquisite whiteness of the tatting exhibits in Dublin. Yet this is done by girls (chiefly of Louth) who milk cows and help in all the rough farm work, then come in, wash their hands, and sit down, producing the pretty tatting which I saw, and which comes from them without speck or soil, and in no need of washing!

We say in Ireland 'God speed the plough' when we see it cutting the furrows; so I shall close this little account of a few of our industries with 'God speed the work!'

A DEAN OF ST PAUL'S.

CHAPTER II.

DOCTOR HENRY COLE was in no enviable frame of mind as he made his way up Danie Street to attend the council which had been summoned to meet in Dublin Castle at the hour of noon. He had arrived in the Irish metropolis in due course; but ever since his encounter with the Mayor of Chester his temper had been steadily growing worse. Always presuming by reason of his position, refusing all courtesies, ready to treat those into whose society he might happen to be

thrown as immeasurably his inferiors, his travels had not been made particularly agreeable for him. The lugger in which he had crossed the Channel, too, had misbehaved herself in the eyes of the Dean of St Paul's; for, experiencing the full force of the equinoctial gales which were raging at that season, she had rolled violently from side to side; then, trembling like a human being and straining every creaking timber, she had alternately pitched headlong into the trough, or, freeing herself from her liquid encumbrances, had swung herself with equal violence to the

height of the raging crest. The Irish Sca, no respecter of persons, had caused the reverend Doctor to spend a most miserable five days confined in a wretched, stuffy cabin. As if this were not enough—the discomforts attending his journey by water, coupled with the treatment he had received at the hands of Sir Lawrence Smith—Dr Cole discovered, to his intense amazement no less than to his rage, that the Lords of the English Council had not notified their Irish brethren of his impending arrival, and consequently, when he had presented himself at the seat of government, he had been received in a highly suspicious fashion.

'Very good,' he had replied when, on this occasion, asked to produce his credentials, 'I shall do so, but only at the council table and before the assembled council. I have Her Highness's particular instructions not to depart a hair's-breadth from this course.'

To this the Lord-Deputy had replied that before binding or in any way pledging himself he must first discuss the matter with his colleagues. This step had apparently been taken; for, about three weeks after his arrival in Ireland, the Dean was summoned to present himself at the Castle, to relate the terms of his mission to Her Highness's Irish advisers, who would be assembled to meet him.

The Doctor was in an exceedingly irritable frame of mind that morning, as we have said; and, as he entered the council chamber, was vowing to himself that he would speak out his mind boldly, and demonstrate beyond mistake to those Irish bores how in future a Dean of St Paul's should be treated.

The council had met, and many curious glances, the purport of which Dr Cole later understood, were bestowed upon him as he took the seat pointed out. The Lord-Deputy having briefly introduced the stranger, the latter was then called upon to state concisely the nature of his business.

'Before I do so,' replied the Dean, closely hugging his cloak-bag, 'I would crave your lordships to vouchsafe me some explanation as to—indeed, I think I am entitled to say, render me an apology for—the extraordinary treatment I have met with at your hands.'

'Mr Dean,' remarked the Bishop of Meath, at that period the most powerful and the most able of an exceptionally able bench of Irish bishops, 'when we have seen your credentials, and have satisfied ourselves that you in reality are charged with State business, you may perchance be granted your request. At the present moment, beyond your bare word, we have no proof that you are'—here his lordship coughed significantly—'a—er—um—a royal commissioner, in fact.'

'My business,' replied the Dean slowly and pompously, expecting to see the council tremble at his words, 'is to lay before your lordships

Her Highness's most recent instructions as to the manner in which, in the future, you shall deal with the Irish adherents of the so-called faith, the Protestant religion.'

The clerical members of the council gazed each at the other. Here was the cloven hoof of interference again. This continual meddling with Irish ecclesiastical affairs on the part of the English episcopacy was extremely distasteful to them, and it was evident the Irish bishops had made up their minds to no longer submit to it.

'Her Highness,' continued the Dean, enjoying what he took to be a pause of consternation, 'acting on the advice of His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, has'—

'Hold, sir,' cried the Bishop of Meath, who, by virtue of his position as the Irish Metropolitan, apparently with the consent of his brethren, took upon himself the conduct of the business—'Hold, sir,' he said in a peremptory manner. 'The flame of Christianity was burning steadily in Ireland a century or more before it lightened the shores of Kent; and I for one am not going to bow to the rulings of the chair of St Augustine.'

'What!' ejaculated Dr Cole in a tone of pious horror, and raising his hands as if invoking the protection of Heaven, as a deep murmur of approval went round the council table; 'can I have understood your words aright, my lord? The Cardinal! And Her Highness's kinsman, too?'

'I am with your lordship,' exclaimed the Archbishop of Dublin.

'And I,' 'And I,' 'And I,' came from the remainder of the prelates present.

'Her Highness,' the Dean, with rising anger, exclaimed loudly, 'shall surely hear how you have received her envoy. His Eminence'—

'When we have positive evidence you are the bearer of royal commands 'twill be time enough to discuss that matter,' retorted the Bishop of Meath.

'My lords,' the Lord-Deputy, who had been relishing the little scene between the assembled Churchmen, now interposed, 'I pray you calm yourselves. Rest well assured that unless the Dean is the bearer of Her Highness's commission he shall be well punished for his temerity and his insolence.'

At this remark the Dean of St Paul's jumped to his feet, and, throwing his cloak-bag on the green-covered table, without heeding the confusion this act created amongst the documents lying littered thereon, cried:

'Within you will find warrant and sufficient justification for my presence in this accursed country. But rest assured, my lords, I shall make it,' eyeing the Bishop of Meath angrily meanwhile, 'my duty to repeat every word of your conversation to Her Highness. Personal

insult I may submit to; but it shall never be said I did not raise my voice in remonstrance when my sovereign's authority was questioned.'

'Mr Dean,' the Bishop of Meath remarked warningly, 'call to mind the old saying, and shout not till you be clear of the wood. You are now in Ireland—Ireland,' he repeated, smiling pleasantly, 'and subject to Irish laws. Who can say how, or when, or if ever, you will find yourself in a position to fulfil the terms of your insolent threat?'

This menace effectually silenced the Doctor, who sulkily resumed his seat, whilst the Lord-Deputy drew the cloak-bag towards his left hand.

'How long is it since you left London, sir?' asked the latter.

'I have been three weeks awaiting your lordships' convenience,' was the sarcastic rejoinder, 'and was just over a fortnight on my journey.'

'How comes it, then, we have had no intimation of the nature of your errand?'

This question was a poser for the royal commissioner, who knew no more than an unborn babe the cause of this singular omission.

'Perhaps,' the Dean conjectured mildly, 'Her Highness deemed it advisable my journey and the nature of my business had best be kept a profound secret.'

'There is not the slightest call for any justification of our treatment of yourself, sir,' went on the Lord-Deputy. 'But an interview has been hitherto denied you pending full instructions from Her Highness's court. On your presenting yourself here more than three weeks ago, without loss of time we despatched a special courier to London to ask what?—'

'That messenger returned this morning,' added the Bishop of Meath. 'In spite of our communication, wherein we asked for advice as to yourself, no notice has been taken—no answer vouchsafed to our request. Had the courier been delayed another month, then assuredly you would have had to wait a similar length of time before you were permitted to present yourself to the council.'

'It is a curious fact, too,' remarked the Archbishop of Dublin, 'that you, Mr Dean, should have been furnished with no personal commission which you could have produced in the event of any necessity arising of declaring yourself.'

'My answer to all these remarks is this: Your lordships will find what you require within the

cloak-bag,' said the Dean, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

'For your own sake 'tis to be hoped so,' remarked the Lord-Deputy grimly as he opened the bag and peered into its recesses. Then, espying the leathern case, his lordship took it out and unbuckled it, and, raising the lid, allowed an exclamation of the utmost surprise, not to say consternation, to escape him.

For some minutes Stephen Fitz-Walter, Queen Mary's representative in Ireland, gazed stupidly at the contents of the leather box, lost, seemingly, in the most profound thought. At length he leaned forward and rapidly whispered a few words to the Archbishop of Dublin, who, rising and peering into the despatch-case, likewise gave tokens of extreme astonishment.

What could it all mean? the envoy wondered. To whom did the Bishop of Meath refer when he whispered he should be made to pay smartly for this, as he returned bag and ease to the Lord-Deputy? Surely there could be nothing wrong with the commission?

The Dean of St Paul's knew well—none better, for had he not been educated in France, where *lettres-de-cachet* were a recognised institution?—the underhand methods resorted to by some sovereigns for the purpose of getting rid of troublesome subjects and importunate office-seekers. Could Queen Mary, wearied of his perpetual demands for a see, have taken this step of ridding herself of his unwelcome solicitations, and, under the guise of a commission which purported to deal with the future treatment of Irish Protestants, by enclosing an order for his imprisonment, have quietly rendered vacant his deanery for bestowal on some other more favoured courtier? And, indeed, Dr Cole had good grounds for uneasiness. He groaned as he saw the bag passed round from hand to hand. Brows became clouded; the most threatening of looks were directed towards the quarter where he sat.

The Lord-Deputy rose slowly. Beekoning to the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Meath, his lordship retired with them into the recess of a window at the farthest end of the room. Here the trio were some seconds later joined by the Chancellor, the secretary, and the Primate. An earnest discussion ensued, in which the Metropolitan of Ireland, his lordship of Meath, could be observed urging his colleagues on to a course which it appeared they hesitated to adopt.



'SECRET SERVICE MONEY.'



THE term 'secret service money' is usually applied to a fund placed at the disposal of Ministers to be expended, at their discretion, in promoting or protecting the interests of this country. These moneys consist of a sum of £35,000 annually included in the estimates, in respect of which Ministers are only required to make a declaration that the moneys spent have been expended 'in accordance with the intentions of Parliament.' As Ministers are required to give no account of their stewardship, it is obvious we have no means of knowing how these moneys are expended. The reader, however, who carries his mind back to episodes within his knowledge, such as the collapse of the Fenian conspirators, or of their later development, the 'Irish Invincibles,' will have little difficulty in realising how indispensable a fund of this kind is to the protection of a state, and of understanding the infinite variety of uses to which it may be applied.

The term 'secret service money,' as I use it, has a wider signification. I refer to the funds set apart by most civilised states for the advancement or protection of their interests in peace and war, by whatever authority (constitutional or otherwise) such funds are created. From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when 'agents' in the secret service of Philip were testifying their fidelity to a bad cause by dying on the scaffold, 'secret service money' circulates silently through our history, as it circulates through the history of nearly every civilised country under the sun. It was paid to persons who might have been thought inaccessible to corrupt influences, too fast to lend themselves to a mean, base, and dishonourable action. To go no farther back than 1792-94, the 'Dropmore Papers' disclose the names of certain English political leaders said to have been systematically subsidised by the Committee of Public Safety. Meanwhile—and here some of the dangers incident to the 'service' will disclose themselves—the English Government was not idle. The committee little dreamed that minute accounts of their own proceedings were regularly forwarded to this country through one of our 'agents' in Italy, still less that such details were furnished by its own secretary, who figured to his colleagues as a violent Jacobin. The bribe must have been large which could induce an officer of the Republic 'one and indivisible' to brave the Argus eyes of St Just.

'Secret service' in war includes not only the procuring of intelligence of an enemy's resources and designs,* but the subsidising (if that end may

be accomplished) of an enemy's officers. Cases of this kind—I do not mean ordinary acts of treachery—are rare, and the evidence on which they rest, strong and conclusive as it may seem, is often inferential rather than positive. Extraordinary cases might be cited; but they hardly fall within the scope and purpose of this article. The following case is of a different character. It rests upon good authority; and as the story in its entirety is probably unknown to the great majority of my readers, I will give it here.

On the 16th of December 1796 a formidable armament left Brest for the invasion of Ireland. It numbered forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line, and carried fourteen thousand men, cavalry and infantry, twenty pieces of field and nine of siege artillery, sixty-one thousand two hundred barrels of powder, and forty-five thousand stand of arms. On board the *Fraternité* frigate, carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral de Galle, was the celebrated General Hoche, the leader of the expedition, and in one of the other vessels the notorious Theobald Wolfe Tone, the instigator of the enterprise. Until the 22d the weather had been terrible. On the evening of that day the fleet, with the exception of six or seven vessels, came to an anchor off Bere Island in Bantry Bay, under the command of Admiral Bouvet. The winter was one of the severest on record. A heavy fall of snow had rendered the roads, which between Bantry and Cork at this period were rugged, wild, and mountainous, nearly impassable; travelling on horseback was desperate work; while the unabating fury of the tempest rendered any attempt at landing impossible. On the evening of the 23d a heavy gale from the eastward drove some twenty of the ships to sea, and dispersed the French fleet for the fourth time. Among the missing vessels was the *Fraternité*, with the general on board. That vessel reached Rochelle on the 15th of January; and in the absence of its leader, and the dispersion of a considerable part of the invading force—contingencies which apparently had neither been foreseen nor provided for—the expedition came to an end. So much for the tempest; but there was another influence at work which the commander and organisers of the expedition little expected. 'There can be no doubt,' says the late Thomas Crofton Croker, 'that the captain of the *Fraternité* had accepted a bribe of considerable amount to give the military and naval commanders-in-chief a cruise for a few weeks on the banks of Newfoundland before landing them in Ireland, and that he performed this little delicate art of secret service so well that he boldly drew upon the English Government for double the amount agreed upon; which, however, was ultimately arranged to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned.' Croker says he had

* See 'Outpost Duty and Secret Service in War' in *Chambers's Journal* of October 14, 1893.

this from 'unquestionable authority;' and as his brother was Secretary of the Admiralty, it seems to me we are fairly justified in accepting his statement.

The one thing which will strike the reader in connection with the above is the remarkable way in which the treachery of the French captain was assisted by the elements. Lazare Hoche, the 'Pacifcator' of La Vendée, was a General of renown. If those fourteen thousand men, with their *matériel*, had been landed, it is impossible to say what might have happened. Even if Admiral Bouvet and General Gronchy, the second in command, had proceeded to Sligo Bay, and there landed their contingents, as Tone earnestly begged and entreated them to do, it is fairly within the doctrine of possibilities that they might have revolutionised Ireland.

Napoleon's system of secret service is too well known to justify more than a passing allusion. Its genius was Fouché, who displayed a fertility of invention which was marvellous. Into his trap fell Charles James Fox, the English Whig Minister, who figured as a guileless and unsuspecting shuttlecock between the battledores of Talleyrand and Fouché. Wherever Napoleon found himself dominant his 'system' was established; in other words, had his scheme of invasion succeeded it would have been 'set up' in London, with ramifications all over the country. Let us see what this means, so far as England is concerned. Shortly after Jena the whole administration of Prussia began to be placed under French domination. Prefects were appointed to different departments, and all the offices of state placed under the control of persons named by the Emperor. Here, as in Paris, a *cabinet noir* was established, whose business it was to open and copy the letters of suspected persons. The copies were often so skilfully executed as to be forwarded to their address, while the originals were retained to serve as 'proofs' should prosecution be determined on. A letter from Prince Hatzfeldt to the King of Prussia was made the subject of a capital charge against the writer. It consisted simply of an expression of respectful homage to his sovereign, a relation of the mournful feelings of his capital, and some trifling details of the localities occupied by French troops; this and nothing more. For this the Prince was condemned to death, a sentence which the Emperor ordered to be carried into execution before sunset that very day. Happily for the Prince and the fame of Napoleon himself, Duroc and Rapp were ardently attached to him, and at

their earnest solicitation his life was spared. But the thing was not forgotten, and was very, very dearly paid for when the time of retribution arrived.

The subject admits of indefinite prolongation; but I think I have said enough to enable the reader to form some idea of the nature of 'secret service money,' and of the infinite variety of ways in which it may be applied. As to the means by which information is obtained, it must be obvious that they are many and various. One of Charles Lever's short stories deals with a spy attached to one of our embassies abroad. On this subject the novelist wrote with authority; and his knowledge of diplomatic methods is shown by those of his novels which deal with Continental scenes or political people. The Russian spy depicted by novelists is a woman moving—notwithstanding her undisguised employment—in the best society. Russia, however, is not the only Power whose foreign officers are in touch with its 'agents.' Some of those agents do not move in the best society, or, for that matter, in any society at all.

Indispensable as it is for the protection of a state, it would be wrong to say that 'secret service money'—using the term in its extended sense—invariably sullies the hand which touches it. This is not so; but, as in the case of the Irish informers of '98, there is something in its composition which not infrequently savours of pitch. To go back a hundred and fifty years, the £30,000 offered for the apprehension of Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II., would have been worse than pitch in the hands that touched it. What tragedies the informer's fee has wrought it would take too long to tell. The fate of poor Mary Stuart, the betrayal of Sir Thomas Armstrong to the Government of Charles II., the surrender of Dubourg to his implacable enemies, the doom of Duc d'Enghien and of Andreas Hofer, may be traced to its malign agency. Not infrequently it has brought disaster upon those who received it. Within the memory of many of us a well-known London paper came to grief as soon as the fact leaked out that it was 'subsidised' by a foreign government. Occasionally, but I should think rarely, the system has worked on beneficent lines. It is no secret now that the diplomatic intervention of the Czar, which years ago saved France from a second invasion, was in no small degree due to the influence of one of those female 'agents' who, as we have seen, are known to employ themselves in the secret service of Russia.



A TRIP IN A COOLIE-SHIP ON THE CHINA COAST.

MY destination was Singapore, from Hong-kong; and as I had so often travelled by those favourite ships, the P. & O., I thought that I would, by way of a change, take one of the local steamers. Fortunately one of the well-known S. & S. ships, one of the new ones, was leaving that day for Swatow; and very nice and handsome she looked, beautifully clean as the proverbial new pin—the local steamers on the China coast are noted for their cleanliness. So I booked a passage in her.

With my bag and baggage I went on board. I saw the skipper. He was not very talkative; but he told me I would be the only European passenger, and he thought me a fool for not taking the mail or one of the larger ships leaving direct for Singapore, where I would be more comfortable and better fed. But as it was my wish to see what a coolie-ship was like, I told him I was content to go in his ship in preference to one of the larger ones. There were two more officers on board, decent young fellows; and the chief engineer, a canny Scotchman, who was nearly as communicative as the captain, informed me that he was going to Swatow for a full complement of passengers—pigs and newly-caught monkeys he called them, because they were so troublesome and dirty. It was an experience I do not wish to repeat again, even as a saloon passenger, much as I had desired it.

We arrived in Swatow early in the morning; and, as our coolie passengers were not yet all gathered in to Swatow from the surrounding districts, we had to wait until the next morning. They began to come on board about 6.30 A.M., and I was wakened up out of my sleep by the most unearthly yells; in my pyjamas I rushed out of my cabin into the saloon. The captain was quietly having his smoke after his morning coffee; he gave a broad grin when he saw me.

'Did they awaken you? I thought they would.'

'Why,' I said, 'it's enough to waken and frighten the dead.'

'Oh, that's nothing. Wait until you see a good all-round fight, and the claret flowing, and you'll think things are booming.'

The coolies swarmed on board from every side like monkeys, rushing in every direction, shrieking, yelling, and fighting for places to put their mats for themselves and their friends. Luggage they had none, save what they had on; a few had just a small bundle and a long box containing their opium-gear. It was simply pandemonium let loose; you could not hear yourself speak. Some were old travellers; others new, from the country, perhaps hundreds of miles inland, and had never seen a ship or a

European before, and they stood and looked at you in that bland and stupid way that only a newly-caught coolie can put on. Nothing seemed to surprise them or put them about. They came to the saloon-door and stared in, until a roar from the old man and a 'Sentow' ('Go forward') would bring them to their senses. A crowd round the engine-room door and a rush from the old chief would send them flying.

As they were nearly all on board and things began to quieten down a little, the flag was hoisted for the Consul, who acts as immigration officer. He came on board with his constable, interpreter, and also a petty mandarin representing the Taoti, or governor of the district. Some of these Consuls are highly amusing; this one was. He came on board as the 'Great I am,' stood on the top of the gangway, stuck his eyeglass in his eye, and, gazing at the captain in a most condescending manner, said, 'Are you ready, sir?—because if you are not I am going on shore again, as my time is valuable.' As a matter of fact he was going to play tennis. But the captain, equal to the occasion, quietly answered, 'Oh yes, we are quite ready for the immigration officer.' The food for the coolies was closely inspected, and, after the palms of the hands of some of the undertrappers had been greased was passed; then the coolies were all rushed to one end of the ship, and the counting and medical inspection began. We had over our full number, the ship not being allowed to carry more than nine hundred; so some had to be sent on shore, to which they objected, and had to be hustled and kicked; they fought the officers, and had to be put into the boats alongside by force. After the counting was finished, the Consul, agent, and captain adjourned to the saloon. Immigration papers signed, Consul and agents took their departure, and we were free to cast off from the buoy and proceed on our voyage.

The coolies soon settled down; and as we passed through Sugarloaf Pass into the open sea and they began to feel the motion of the ship a number of them were sea-sick, and the rest glad to lie down and sleep; so quietness reigned supreme. The next day it was blowing hard, a heavy sea was running, and the ship rolling heavily. Some of the coolie passengers who persisted in remaining on deck rolled with the ship from side to side, perfectly helpless, and were cut and bruised very much. The captain and officers had them carried and placed in a more secure position, and then bound up their wounds, though they did not seem to think it a kindness in the least. On the third day, as we got more south and into warmer weather, the coolies began to come up out of the 'tween-decks into the light and sunshine, all hungry after being sick. Next day it was

very hot, ninety-two degrees in the shade, so everybody wanted to be on deck, quarrels and fights about places being very frequent. We were half-through our lunch in the saloon, when we heard some most horrible yells and cries of 'Ta! ta!' ('Fight! fight!'). 'Hullo!' the captain said, 'another jolly row downstairs. You stay where you are; you'll find a loaded revolver in my room, for use if any one attempts to molest you.' So, lighting his pipe and calling his dog, a fierce-looking English bull, he went on deck to see what was the matter. Broken basins and lumps of firewood were flying in all directions, and knives were drawn—great ugly-looking things. The captain elbowed his way among the coolies, giving first one and then another a dig in the ribs. One fearful-looking coolie, whom they had just doctored, aimed a blow at him with a broken basin; but the dog was too quick for him, and brought the fellow down on his back and held him there. The two principal offenders were caught, their heads banged together until they were brought to quietness, then an explanation asked. Of course, every one wanted to talk and explain at once, but the captain held up his hand until there was silence, then called one man after another, and heard what each had to say, through an interpreter. The row was caused by one man wanting to light his pipe at an opium-smoker's lamp. The most trivial things cause most violent fights.

I said to the captain when it was over, 'Are you not afraid?'

'Well,' he replied, 'to confess the truth, I am; but to show the least fear amongst a crowd like that, or to lose your temper, would never do. But I'm getting used to it; these rows occur every time we have coolies, some worse than others.'

I decided that never again would I travel in a coolie passenger-ship. The voyage began to seem interminable. I longed to reach Singapore. My sleep at night was disturbed by dreams of having my throat cut with one of those horrible knives.

The next episode was the collecting of tickets. The officers were told to get the coolies all aft; then they were passed one by one along a gangway, each delivering up his ticket as he went through. Whilst the coolies were all collected aftside, the officers were searching the forepart of the ship for stowaways; only one was found, and he or his friends paid up. They were then allowed to resume their places again, which they did with a fiendish yell and rush.

'How many coolies are there?' I asked.

'Only nine hundred,' the captain answered; 'and at five dollars each it scarcely pays.'

The coolies seemed somehow to get to know that to-morrow we should reach our destination, and they got more excitable and quarrelsome than ever. They tried to get up a row with the

officers, the sailors, and even with the cooks who look after their wants, throwing their food and dishes overboard, and then wanting a fresh supply.

'Look at those two coolies amusing themselves on the main hatch,' the captain said to me as we were leaning on the forepart of the lower bridge rails; 'they are going to quarrel.'

In a few minutes his words were verified, and we had one of the biggest rows of the whole voyage. About three hundred coolies took part in it; and it took all the Europeans on board—there were only six—to quell the disturbance. It was some time before quietness was restored, and even then some coolies would want to begin again and have another round in spite of there being a dozen of the ringleaders kept in handcuffs on the bridge until we reached port.

On the seventh day from leaving Swatow we anchored off St John's Island, the quarantine station for Singapore, at 3 A.M. Sleeping was impossible, for the passengers were too wide awake, talking and calling out to their friends in other parts of the ship. At seven o'clock the doctor and his assistant came on board to inspect. The passengers were all driven forward, and the women and children separated and taken behind a screen and examined by a Malay woman, to see that there was no infectious diseases. The men, absolutely naked, were marched one by one past the doctor, who felt their pulse and otherwise closely observed their appearance. Fortunately there was not a single suspicious case, so the doctor, boarding-officers, and captain retired to the saloon to inspect the immigration papers; and after a good deal of argument as to whether we were not two short of our consular number, it was at last settled with a stiff whisky-stinger and a good hand-shake (a very suspicious one, I thought). We were then granted *pratique* and allowed to proceed to our anchorage in the harbour and land the coolies. What a blessing! What quietness and calm after the noise and confusion! I was thankful it was over. It was an experience I had wished for; but never again, if I can avoid it, will I travel in a Chinese coolie-ship.

CLOUD-PICTURES.

HERE, far from home and all I love, I raise

My eyes, and see quaint pictures in the sky;

And oh! my heart beats fast as I descrie

Pictures of home formed in the mauves and grays

Of clust'ring clouds. Tears dim my upturned gaze

As through a mist I see—though far on high—

That rocky bay where oft my love and I

Saw the sun sink and set the sea ablaze;

The ruined fort—so full of memories sweet!—

By which we watched, in sunset's afterglow,

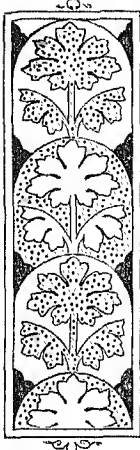
The moon rise o'er the sea, and with its beams

A glitt'ring path from heaven make to our feet.

But as I look the clouds pass onward, so

The pictures fade—and I awake from dreams.

M. H. W.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE BICHO GAME.

THROUGHOUT nearly all the states of Brazil the Bicho Game is at present rampant. The game is a comparatively new form of gambling; and it is no exaggeration to say that you can hardly move a yard without hearing of it. To add to its fascination is the fact that, being a sort of opposition to the regular lotteries, the game is unlawful, and agents selling tickets are constantly arrested. The system depends on the daily State-protected lottery in Rio de Janeiro, and is very simple, enabling the labourers who cannot read or write to gamble with those who can. The idea is as follows: The numbers from 1 to 100 are divided into twenty-five groups of four two-figure groups. Each of the twenty-five groups has a name; the English equivalent is inserted by the writer:

1. Avestruz.....	Ostrich.....	01	02	03	04
2. Aguia.....	Eagle.....	05	06	07	08
3. Burro.....	Donkey.....	09	10	11	12
4. Borboleta.....	Butterfly.....	13	14	15	16
5. Cachorro.....	Dog.....	17	18	19	20
6. Cabra.....	Nannygoat.....	21	22	23	24
7. Carneiro.....	Sheep.....	25	26	27	28
8. Camello.....	Camel.....	29	30	31	32
9. Cobra.....	Snake.....	33	34	35	36
10. Coelho.....	Rabbit.....	37	38	39	40
11. Cavallo.....	Horse.....	41	42	43	44
12. Elephante.....	Elephant.....	45	46	47	48
13. Gallo.....	Cock.....	49	50	51	52
14. Gato.....	Cat.....	53	54	55	56
15. Jacaré.....	Crocodile.....	57	58	59	60
16. Leão.....	Lion.....	61	62	63	64
17. Macaco.....	Monkey.....	65	66	67	68
18. Porco.....	Pig.....	69	70	71	72
19. Pavão.....	Peacock.....	73	74	75	76
20. Peru.....	Turkey.....	77	78	79	80
21. Touro.....	Bull.....	81	82	83	84
22. Tigre.....	Tiger.....	85	86	87	88
23. Urso.....	Bear.....	89	90	91	92
24. Viado.....	Deer.....	93	94	95	96
25. Vacca.....	Cow.....	97	98	99	00

The last two figures of the first prize in the Rio daily lottery decides what Bicho has won.
No. 77.—Vol. II.

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Say the first prize at Rio falls to No. 64,083; then the Bicho is 'Touro,' or group No. 21. The bankers give you twenty to one against any group. The odds at first glance appear to be in favour of the bank; and as a matter of fact the bankers make a lot of money. There is one drawback to the unlimited success on the bankers' side: there is no limit to the stakes; so, if a person begins betting with a very small sum, he can continue betting until the particular group he chooses turns up. Of course he must continue to bet on the same group every day, and after nineteen days must increase his stake. If the group comes up within nineteen days he loses nothing or gains according to the time he has been betting.

Some of the Bichos do not come out for months—the 'Peacock' did not come up once for nearly five months; and a small calculation will prove that a long purse is necessary very often. The 'Jacaré,' on the other hand, comes up frequently, and often appears two days running. The popularity of this kind of gambling is almost incredible. From the highest to the lowest, a large majority buy tickets every day.

The people of Brazil are superstitious; and well-educated people will back 'coincidences.' I have known cases of people who have given the correct group day after day; two cases I know personally. Strange to say, in both these cases the prophets were given money 'for luck' by people who backed their tips, and invariably lost it. A good dreamer will often dream the right group; but I fear the wrong groups dreamt of are not talked about. There are many strange stories of winnings and losses. Not very long ago a sorrowful family had assembled to bid farewell to a dying old man. It is stated seriously that he told every one present to buy 'Jacaré' at once. He died almost immediately after, and it is a fact that Group 15 came up that day. A young fellow came to town very excited one morning. He had dreamt that he saw a donkey walking along the roof of his house. The 'Cat' came up

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that day, and he lost heavily over the 'Donkey;' but he told every one he met that he was the donkey not to have known that the 'Cat' was almost the only Bicho on the list that could walk along a roof.

The whole affair is, of course, very demoralising; but the government has been unable to cope with the evil. Agents meet you at street corners, and all the small general stores sell tickets. The bankers give a commission of from ten to fifteen per cent. to their agents; and the money is so easily earned that it is almost hopeless to try to put an end to the game. In some cases it is said that bribery will ensure the safety of a banker; and undoubtedly a lot of bribery goes on in connection with the game. If a banker oversteps his limit and cannot pay up he merely runs away, and the backers are left with no remedy. This is by no means a rare occurrence. Theft and dishonesty are on the increase amongst the lower classes, and are said to be due entirely to the gambling fever.

To towns at a distance from Rio the result is telegraphed as soon as known; and about the time the telegram is expected a crowd of agents collect in the streets outside the cable offices. In one town I have seen the approaches to the telegraph office cleared by police, who had to be summoned to get rid of the obstruction. Every one hastens to learn the result, and in a very short time the news spreads by word of mouth and telephone all over the town. At nearly

every railway station on the different railways, agents arrive to receive telegrams containing the result or to try to find out what it is. The evening trains from town are besieged by country people, especially small boys, to hear the correct result.

The Bicho Game seems to have taken hold of the people as the 'rain-gambling' did in India, and I doubt if it will ever be stamped out. In Brazil there is one lottery every day, excepting Sundays and holidays. Often there are two lotteries on the same day; and in most towns the races take place on Sundays and holidays. Gambling goes on in every form; and the entrance-tickets to the racecourses are often numbered, and a lottery drawn during the afternoon for the people who have purchased them. With such a state of things going on every day, and all day long, the government will have a big task if they try seriously to stop the Bicho Game. Almost daily you may hear excited quarrelling over the group that is 'certain to come up,' and the reasons are invariably given why the 'Cat' or the 'Elephant' must come up that day. These reasons, although, of course, childish and absurd, are debated solemnly by people who should know better. An Englishman one day backed the 'Vacca' because he had awakened in the morning to find he had kicked off all his bedclothes, and so thought 00 would win. The group that came up was 'Urso,' and he still declares that he got the tip to back the 'Bear,' but did not read it rightly.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXV.



THREE weeks had elapsed since that memorable afternoon when the party on board the yacht had obtained their first glimpse of the island of Saghalien. In pursuance of the plan MacAndrew had revealed to him in Hong-kong, Browne had left his companions upon the vessel, and for upwards of forty-eight hours had domiciled himself in a small log-hut on the northern side of the Bay of Kropotskoï, awaiting news of the man whom they had come so far and undertaken so much to rescue. It was the night of full moon, and the scene which Browne had before him as he stood wrapped up in his furs outside the door of the hut was as miserable as a man could well desire to become acquainted with. The settlement, as I have said, was located at the northern end of a small bay, and had once consisted of upwards of six huts, built upon a slight eminence, having at its foot a river still ice-bound. At the back rose a still more precipitous hill, densely clothed with *taiga*, or forest. So impenetrable, indeed,

was it that even the wolf and bear found a difficulty in making their way through it. To the right, and almost unobservable from the huts, was a track that once connected with the coal-mines of Dui, but was now overgrown and scarcely to be distinguished from the virgin forest on either side.

On this particular evening Browne was the reverse of easy in his mind. He had left the yacht buoyed up by the knowledge that in so doing he was best serving the woman he loved. It had been arranged with MacAndrew that they should meet at this hut not later than the thirteenth day of that particular month. This, however, was the evening of the fifteenth, and still neither MacAndrew nor the man they were endeavouring to rescue had put in an appearance. Apart from every consideration of danger, it was far from being the sort of place a man would choose in which to spend his leisure. The hut was draughty and bitterly cold; the scenery was entirely uninviting; he had no one to speak to; he had to do everything—even his

cooking—for himself; while, away out in the bay, the ice chinked and rattled together continually, as if to remind him of his miserable position. It was nearly nine o'clock, and he could very well guess what they were doing on board the yacht. His guests would be in the drawing-room. Katherine would be playing at the piano one of those soft German folk-songs of which she was so fond, and most probably thinking of himself; Madame Bernstein would be knitting in an easy-chair beside the stove; while the gentlemen would be listening to the music and wondering how long it would be before they would be at liberty to retire to the smoking-room and their cigars. He could picture the soft electric light falling on a certain plain gold ring on Katherine's finger, and upon the stones of a bracelet upon her slender wrist. Taken altogether, he did not remember to have felt so home-sick ever in his life before. As if to add to his sensation of melancholy, while he was pursuing this miserable train of thought a wolf commenced to howl dismally in the forest behind him. This was the climax. Unable to bear any more, he retired into the hut, bolted the door, and, wrapping himself up in his blanket, laid himself down upon his bed and was soon asleep. When he looked out upon the world next morning he found himself confronted with a dense fog, which obscured everything—the forest behind him, the ice-girdled shore in front, and indeed all his world. It is, of course, possible that in this world of ours there may be places with more unpleasant climates than Saghalien, but it would be difficult to find them. On the west coast the foggy and rainy days average two hundred and fifty-three out of every three hundred and sixty-five, and even then the inhabitants are afraid to complain, lest it might be worse with them. As Browne reflected upon these things, he understood something of what the life of Katherine's father in this dreadful place must be. Seeing that it was hopeless to venture out, and believing that it was impossible the men he expected could put in an appearance on such a day, Browne retired into his hut, and, having closed the door carefully, stirred up the fire, and, seating himself before it, lit a cigar. He had another day's weary waiting before him. Fortunately, when his boat had brought him ashore from the yacht, it had also brought him an ample supply of provisions and such other things as would help to make life bearable in such a place. On the rough table in the centre of the hut were arranged a collection of books of travel and adventure, and, since he did not pretend to be a blue-stockings, a good half-dozen novels, yellow-back and otherwise. One of the latter, a story by Miss Braddon, he remembered purchasing at the Dover bookstall the day he had returned from Paris with Maas. As he recalled the circumstances he could see again the eager,

bustling crowd upon the platform, the porters in their dingy uniforms, the bright lamps around the bookstalls, and the cheery clerk who had handed the novel to him, with a remark about the weather. How different was his position now! He opened the book and tried to interest himself in it; the effort, however, was in vain. Do what he would, he could not rivet his attention upon the story. The perilous adventures of the hero in the forests of Upper Canada only served to remind him of his own unenviable position. Little by little the sentences ran into each other; at length his cigar dropped from his fingers, his head fell forward, and he was fast asleep. How long he slept it would be impossible to tell, but when he rose again and went to the door the fog had drawn off, darkness had fallen, and the brilliant northern stars were shining in the firmament above. Once more his hopes had proved futile. Another day had passed, and still he had received no news of the fugitives. How long was this to go on? Feeling hungry, he shut the door and set about preparing his evening meal. Taking a large piece of drift-wood from the heap in the corner, he placed it upon the fire, and soon the flame went roaring merrily up the chimney. He had made his tea, and was in the act of opening one of his cans of preserved meat, when a sound reached him from outside, and caused him to stop suddenly and glance round, as if in expectation of hearing something further. It certainly sounded like the step of some one who was carefully approaching the hut. Who could it be? The nearest civilisation was the township of Dui, which was upwards of a hundred versts away. He had been warned, also, that the forest was in many places tenanted by outlaws, whose presence would be far from desirable at any time. Before he went to the door to draw the bolts he was careful to feel in the pocket of his coat for his revolver. He examined it and satisfied himself that it was fully loaded and ready for use. Then, turning up the lamp, he approached the door, and called out in English, 'Who is there?'

'The powers be thanked, it's you!' said a voice which he plainly recognised as that of MacAndrew. 'Open the door and let us in, for we're more dead than alive.'

'Thank God you're come at last,' said Browne as he did as the other requested. A curious picture was revealed by the light which issued from the open door.

Standing before the hut was a tall man with a long gray beard, clad in a heavy cloak of the same colour, who held in his arms what looked more like a bundle of furs than a human being.

'Who are you?' cried Browne in astonishment, for this tall, gaunt individual of seventy was certainly not MacAndrew; 'and what have you got there?'

'I'll tell you everything in good time,' said the

other in English. 'In the meantime just catch hold of this chap's feet, and help me to carry him into the hut. I am not quite certain that he isn't done for.'

Without asking any further questions, though he was dying to do so, Browne complied with the other's request, and between them the two men carried the bundle into the hut and placed it in a chair before the fire.

'Brandy!' said MacAndrew laconically; and Browne immediately produced a flask from a bag and unscrewed the lid. He poured a quantity of the spirit into a cup and then placed it to the sick man's lips, while MacAndrew chafed his hands and removed his heavy boots.

'I have been expecting you for the last two days,' said Browne as soon as they had time to speak to each other.

'It couldn't be managed,' returned MacAndrew. 'As it was I got away sooner than I expected. The pursuit was so hot that we were compelled to take to the woods, where, as ill-luck had it, we lost ourselves and have been wandering about for the last four days. It was quite by chance that we reached here at all. I believe another day would have seen the end of this fellow. He knocked up completely this morning.'

As he spoke the individual in the chair opened his eyes and gazed about him in a dazed fashion. Browne looked at him more carefully than he had yet done, and found a short man with a small bullet head, half of which was shaven, the remainder being covered with a ferocious crop of red hair. Though he would probably not have confessed so much, he was conscious of a feeling of intense disappointment, for, from what he had heard from Katherine and Madame Bernstein, he had expected to see a tall, aristocratic individual, who had suffered for a cause he believed to be just, and whom sorrow had marked for her own. This man was altogether different.

'Monsieur Petrovitch,' said Browne in a tone that might very well have suggested that he was anxious to assure himself as to the other's identity; 'or rather, I should say, Monsieur'—

'Petrovitch will do very well for the present,' the other replied in a querulous voice, as if he were tired, and did not want to be bothered by such minor details. 'You are Monsieur Browne, I presume—my Katherine's affianced husband?'

'Yes, that is my name,' the young man replied. 'I cannot tell you how thankful your daughter will be to have you back with her once more.'

To this the man offered no reply, but sat staring into the fire with half-closed eyes. His behaviour

struck Browne unpleasantly. Could the man have lost his former affection for his daughter? If not, why was it he refrained from making further inquiries about the girl who had risked so much to save him? MacAndrew, however, stepped into the breach.

'You will have to be a bit easy with him at first, Mr Browne,' he said. 'They are always like this when they first get free. You must remember that for a good many years he has never been asked to act or think for himself. I have seen many like this before. Once get him on board your yacht, away from every thought and association of his old life, and you will find that he will soon pick up again.'

'And Madame Bernstein?' said the man in the chair, as if he were continuing a train of thoughts suggested by their previous conversation.

'She is very well,' said Browne, 'and is also anxiously awaiting your coming. She has taken the greatest possible interest in your escape.'

'Ah!' said the man, and then fell to musing again.

By this time Browne had placed before him a large bowl of smoking beef-extract, which had been prepared by a merchant in England who had little dreamt the use it would be put to in the Farthest East. As soon as the old man had satisfied his hunger, Browne led him to his own sleeping-place, and placed him upon it, covering him with the fur rugs. Then he returned to the table, and, seating himself at it, questioned MacAndrew, while the other stowed away an enormous meal as if to make up for the privations he had lately endured. From him Browne learnt all the incidents of their journey. Disguised as a Russian fur merchant, MacAndrew had made his way to the town of Dui, where he had made inquiries and located the man he wanted. At first it was difficult to get communication with him; but once that was done the rest was comparatively easy. They reached the forest and made for the coast, with the result that has already been narrated.

'Between ourselves,' said MacAndrew, 'our friend yonder is scarcely the sort of man to travel with. He hasn't the heart of a louse, and is as suspicious as a rat.'

Browne said nothing; he was thinking of Katherine, and what her feelings would be when he should present this man to her as the father she had so long revered. He began to think that it would have been better, not only for the man himself, but for all parties concerned, if he had left him to meet his fate on the island.



PLUMS AND PLUM-CULTURE.



As the plum is found growing wild throughout the British Islands, it may be assumed to be indigenous in this country, and, as a consequence, capable of the most successful cultivation. This is proved by results; and the difference between plum-fruit grown in the southern parts of Great Britain and the same fruit grown in the northern parts of our island consists mainly in the fact that plum-fruit in Scotland is later in ripening than it is in the country south of the Tweed; and there is a compensating influence in the case of the northern-grown fruit, as, grown in a colder and more humid climate, it is more juicy than plum-fruit in England.

The successful cultivation of the plum is easily within the reach of every person who has a piece of garden ground of average fertility. Here, on dug ground—if possible following a crop of potatoes—let the intending plum-grower mark out the points where he intends to plant his young plum-trees. At each point where a tree is to be planted let the earth be taken out to the depth of a foot, with a diameter of two or three feet, according to the size of the roots of the tree about to be planted therein. Next, if possible, scatter a quantity of sand over the bottom of the prepared hole. Next drive a stout stake down the centre of the hole; this stake should rise at least four feet above the level of the ground. Then take the young tree, and place it in the prepared hole, and tie it securely to the stake with stout matting or other soft tying material. Next scatter sand all over the roots of the young tree, so as to cover them completely, and fill up the hole with good garden soil to a height six inches above the level of the ground around the tree. Proceed in the same fashion with all the trees that are to be planted; and finally cover the surface of the ground round each newly-planted tree with stable-manure of quantity sufficient to keep out the frost in winter and the drought in summer for the first year after planting.

It seems to be pretty much a matter of chance whether trees planted in autumn or those planted in spring will succeed best. If frosted soil be employed to fill up the holes where the trees are planted, it may be expected to be more harmful to young trees planted in autumn than to those planted in spring—say, in the end of March, when the temperature may be expected to improve each day as the sun rises higher in the sky, and his rays become more powerful in promoting growth; and it may be taken for granted that in all cases of a long-continued absence of rain a mulching of farm-yard manure sufficient to cover the surface of the ground all round the trees will be of great benefit.

The young trees, thus carefully planted in good soil, and secured to their stakes to keep them from being shaken at the roots, will in almost every case break into leaf in the spring months, perhaps a little later than old and well-established trees. They ought to take root and establish themselves firmly in the soil, and in most cases send out small shoots, by the end of summer. Should the summer after planting be characterised by hot, dry weather, it will be judicious to water; it will be better in such case to give a thorough wetting of the soil once a week rather than a moderate wetting of the soil once every day; and if farm-yard manure be spread over the ground when newly watered, the benefit to the trees will be much increased and rendered more lasting; and this treatment may be repeated at intervals while the drought lasts.

When in later years the fruit on the young trees begins to ripen, a quantity of soot may be put on the surface, so as to cover the mulch completely; this will help much to keep away snails, insects, &c., and will also, to some extent, accelerate the ripening of the fruit, besides improving its flavour. If the young trees have set a large crop of fruit, and it remain on the trees, it will be safest in the earlier years of their existence to remove the most of the young plums, leaving not more than one out of each cluster. In the fifth and sixth years after planting out, the young trees will most probably set an enormous crop of plums. It is nice to see this, as proving the fertility of the trees, but that is all. Were the enormous setting to be allowed to remain on the trees it would most certainly be very late in ripening, the plums would be of very small size, as well as deficient in flavour, and from a money point of view of not more than the fourth part of the value of full-sized plums, properly ripened. It is much better, therefore, to remove three-fourths of the young plums in the case of an immense set on young trees. This should be done when they attain the size of peas.

As regards the sorts recommended for planting, the Victoria plum has the first claim on the favourable regard of the planter, in its appearance—looking to size, colour, and shape—and also in the quality of the fruit; in these respects its claims are of the highest order. It is also an abundant cropper; a well-grown tree in a favourable season may be counted upon to bear a crop weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. Whether eaten raw or cooked, it is one of the most enjoyable of plums, and is the most largely planted of all. It is also an early kind, ripening in August and the beginning of September, according as the season is early or late.

The next sort recommended is a variety called the Early Prolific, which ripens its fruit a fort-

night or three weeks earlier than the Victoria plum. The fruit of the Early Prolific is mostly used cooked. However, when fully ripe it is very agreeable for dessert, and can with safety be eaten in much greater quantity than almost any other.

Another favourite is an early sort named Prince of Wales. Its flavour is quite distinct, as well as the colour of the fruit when fully ripe. It does not succeed with every grower, however, nor in every place; and even when it is apparently doing extremely well from every point of view, it disappoints its owner by suddenly dying. However, it produces very pretty fruit, and is very early.

Another plum deserving very high commendation bears the name of Prince Englebert. An excellent grower, it is, when fully grown, one of the largest, if not the very largest, of plum-trees. The fruit is large and of agreeable flavour; preserves made from it are also among the most enticing in respect of flavour. It has been frequently observed, too, that a visitor let loose in a plum-orchard to eat his fill will consume more fruit of this plum than any other kind.

A plum that deserves to be grown by every cultivator is the Yellow Magnum. The fruit is of great size and of a beautiful yellow colour. The tree, however, frequently dies without any assignable cause; it is most successfully grown as a standard.

A newer variety than any yet mentioned is styled the Sultan, which, in regard to form, colour, and size, seems to surpass all other plums. It is a vigorous grower, with few large branches, and these having few smaller branches in them. Tested by the weight of its crop, this variety comes out very well, though the quality of the fruit is not of the highest order. In all other respects it is a leading plum, well worthy of a place in every garden where fruit is grown. The colour of the fruit is a rich crimson-purple, and in its shape is round like a ball.

Another kind deserving of being planted largely for its size and appearance is the Czar. The fruit is large, and produced in more abundance than in the case of the Sultan. It is one of those kinds whose fruit when ripe can be eaten in large quantity without injury; for, like the Prince Englebert plum mentioned already, it is of easy digestion. The Czar is also a great cropper. Unfortunately the smaller birds are very fond of its buds in spring-time, and eat them in great quantity; hence the tree needs to have the birds scared away from it at that season by the use of slips of tin or tin boxes swinging about with the wind.

A plum of American origin, named from its raiser the Jefferson, is not surpassed for excellence by any other kind whatever. The only fault of its fruit—if it can be called a fault—is that it is too rich and good. Hardly any one can with safety eat as much of the fruit as he would like after having once tasted it. The knowledge of its excellence is not confined to the human species;

birds and all the insect tribes within reach gather themselves in full force for the feast whenever the fruit is ripe, or even only approaching ripeness; and in a single afternoon a crop of forty or fifty pounds in weight may be entirely consumed. The only thing the owner of the tree can do in case of a general attack of the insect world upon his Jefferson plums is to get a basket at once and pull the entire crop, ripe and unripe, carry them to a room in his house, and cover them with paper, taking care that door and window are carefully closed to keep the insect world at bay.

The next plum recommended for planting is an early sort, the earliest variety that is at the same time a good cropper; it is called the Early Prolific, and it well deserves its name. As a great bearer, it requires very generous treatment year after year, even when, as sometimes happens, the blossom is destroyed in spring; for, with good cultivation and liberal application of bone-meal, as well as a covering of the ground within a radius of six feet all round, the weight of a good crop can be doubled, and the quality of the fruit equally much improved. This plum is mainly grown for cooking purposes and for preserves. When the trees have been generously treated, however, the fruit, improved largely as a consequence, is very pleasing to the palate, and is greedily eaten by young folks. The tree is not a great grower, and commences bearing fruit at an early date in its existence. Under ordinary cultivation the fruit is small, but with high cultivation the size of the fruit is doubled.

Another kind that deserves to be grown—for its great size if for nothing else—is that called Pond's Seedling. This variety, though of very great vigour in its growth, can hardly be regarded as a great bearer in regard to the number of its fruit, but in the weight of the individual fruit it takes very high rank. The fruit is egg-shaped; in colour it is not unlike the Victoria plum; hence, with its great size and brilliant hue, it has a very taking appearance. The tree is a steady bearer year after year if it is generously manured every year.

Another sort, and the last to be recommended, is fit for cooking alone. This is the Goliath plum, a great bearer. The fruit is not usually eaten, but when cooked is most excellent. It is a prolific bearer and a good grower, but should not be allowed to carry fruit till the tree has grown to a considerable size. In this way only can the fruit be had in its complete development of size and quality.

There are many other sorts, more or less resembling those already described, of excellent quality, especially those of the gage family; in this last case the variety recommended—the Jefferson gage—is so much superior in size and appearance to all the others that it may safely be asserted that it holds the field. Year by year

new sorts of plums are raised from seed, and of these many of the most select are offered as improvements on the old and time-honoured varieties; but after most of these new sorts have been tested the answer generally is, 'The old is better.' Certainly, if any of the new sorts raised in America get a fair trial it will be largely owing to the excellence everywhere acknowledged of the Jefferson gage.

After the plums have been planted and made a fair start in growth, two or three years at the least will pass before they bear any fruit. During this period their roots will be busier in the earth, some distance below, extending and taking a firm hold of the soil. If the soil is at all of average fertility, no help in the shape of manure of any description should be given till the young trees have borne at least one crop of fruit. After a start has been made of fruit-bearing, plum-trees should receive every year a supply of manure to enable them to keep up and increase their fertility and to ripen their fruit. Bone-meal or bone-dust dug into the ground all round the tree is a great help. Roughly speaking, the branches of the plum-tree are said to extend themselves from the tree itself as far as the roots have extended themselves below ground. Every year, therefore, after the crops of plums have been removed from the trees, the soil all round the trees should be dug to a depth of not more than four inches, and bone-dust or bone-meal be scattered in the small trench already made. As the trees increase in size and fertility, the branches and roots will run farther out from the stem of the tree; and as the area of ground thus permeated by the roots increases in extent, the quantity of bone-meal dug into the soil around each tree will require to be increased. But the return in the shape of excellent fruit will much more than repay the outlay on bone-meal. Suppose that as much as a stone of bone-meal be applied to each tree. Well, the cost of this quantity will not be more than a shilling, and the increase in the quantity of plums and the size of each individual plum will certainly be twofold; and, as a pound of big plums is worth two pounds of small ones of the same sort, the advantage of doing anything and everything that will increase the size of the fruit is at once

apparent. Farm-yard manure applied to the surface of the soil all round the trees will keep the roots in a proper state to send up moisture into the branches to feed the growing fruit and give it size and quality. A moderate quantity of soot scattered on the surface will keep snails at a respectable distance; and the same sown thickly for the breadth of not more than six inches at the foot of wall trees will keep away earwigs, woodlice, and other enemies of the fruit-grower, and minimise his losses.

When the plum-tree has reached the seventh year of its existence as a fruit-bearing tree, it will be beginning to show by the appearance of its oldest branches that these require to be cut off to make room for the more vigorous and younger growth, which in the case of strong, healthy plum-trees ought to be showing and asserting itself every year. These vigorous, strong, upright-growing shoots or branches invariably produce the largest and most beautiful fruit. When plum-trees are kept in healthy growth by an abundant supply of manure—farm-yard or chemical—the branches that have borne heavy crops of fruit ought to be removed after not more than three years. In this way a constant succession of young, vigorous, fertile growths will year by year be produced by these healthy trees. But, to maintain this constant succession of fertile shoots and branches, there must be yearly application of bone-meal to the soil where the plum is growing, to enable it to maintain its fertility; and if the owner of the plum-trees has it within his power to apply manure-water from the farm-yard, the return from such application, especially in the months when the fruit is growing and ripening, will be immense and immediate, doubling the size and weight of the fruit, and at the same time more than doubling its value.

The number of varieties of plums—though much smaller than the varieties of apples and pears—is very considerable. But most plums have a great many different names—some of them about a dozen or even more. Hence it is quite possible that a plum-grower with thirty differently named plum-trees may really have only half-a-dozen different kinds.

A DEAN OF ST PAUL'S.

CHAPTER III.



WHAT in Heaven's name could it all mean? Dr Cole asked himself. Surely the words 'traitor,' 'learn our intentions,' 'bring us to the block,' which drifted in a disjointed fashion to his ears, were not intended either to apply to him or to refer to the terms of the mandate which he had sup-

posed he was entrusted with? How he wished now he had never left his comfortable deanery for the insane purpose of carrying Her Highness's commands into this savage country—for what else was Ireland but a barbarous land? Ah! if he had only declined. For was it not manifest that a live ass was any day better than a dead lion; that it was better by far to be Dean of St Paul's,

even if he never attained his ambition—episcopal rank—than to languish for years in an Irish dun-geon—mayhap suffer beneath an Irish headsman?

Earnestly conversing, comparing notes, gesticulating, and peering again and again into the cloak-bag, the Lord-Deputy and his companions returned to the table and resumed their seats.

'Do you, sir?' asked the former, 'know the precise nature of the business on which you allege yourself to have been sent over to us?'

'To be sure,' was the Dean's confident reply. His spirits were beginning to rise again, although he did not care for the Lord-Deputy's manner, nor his use of the term 'allege;' and the thought flitted through his mind that, perhaps, he had been personally named in the commission, and that the extraordinary powers delegated to him had so astounded the Irish Council that its members were now beginning to repent of the discourtesy with which they had received him. 'To be sure,' he said a second time, 'or else your lordship'—

'Have the goodness, then, sir, to give us an outline of its nature.'

'My personal opinion,' said the Dean, who did not care for the speaker's manner, 'is that Her Highness is displeased with the laxity with which, in defiance of her express commands to the contrary, the Irish Protestants have been treated by your lordships.'

'Quite so,' remarked the Bishop of Meath pleasantly, a deceptive smile playing over his mobile features; 'of course. What else would bring you here but to see that we return to our duty? That, however, Mr Dean, is your personal—in more ways than one—opinion. Now for Queen Mary's actual commands.'

'As I have said once, so I say again,' rejoined the Dean sulkily, objecting to what he considered a needlessly high-handed form of interrogation, 'your lordships will find all needful instructions within the despatch-case.'

'So be it,' was the Lord-Deputy's reply, as a broad smile went round the assembly. 'But did Her Highness give you no intimation as to the exact nature of—er—the—er—the document you affirm she committed to your care?'

'None beyond this fact: the leathern case contained commands to which your lordships were to rigidly adhere in your future dealings with the heretics.'

The Lord-Deputy paused. With a perplexed look he turned to the Bishop of Meath, who whispered some words in his ear with observable emphasis.

'What,' he asked, again addressing himself to the Dean—'what was the nature of your interview with the Queen?'

Dr Cole was at a total loss to account for this continued cross-examination. If they thought, however, they were going to trap him into a betrayal of confidence, the Lords of the Irish

Council never made a greater mistake, he told himself.

'What has that to do with your lordships?' said he in an insolent manner.

'Very true, and a most pertinent if not *impertinent* question,' interposed the Bishop of Meath, with feigned amusement, the while twisting—as was his manner when aroused—his episcopal ring round and round his index-finger. 'What has it to do with us at all? I confess I cannot say, save that, perhaps, you might, Mr Dean, spare yourself grave future unpleasantness by being a little more explicit and,' as if as an afterthought, 'a little more courteous.'

'Tis no great matter, after all, since you force me to it,' the Dean replied, again taking alarm at the veiled threat underlying the Bishop's suavity and geniality. 'Her Highness,' he continued complacently, 'sent for me, and placing yonder leathern case in my hands, bade me carry it across to your lordships without delay. "Mr Dean," Her Highness said, "reposing all trust in your well-known discretion, we bid you tarry not, but hasten to our Council in Dublin. Without loss of time, place this instrument in our Lord-Deputy's hands, and return hither and report to us what has passed between you." 'Tis true,' the speaker went on, visibly swelling with pride, 'Her Highness added that I was the only divine she would dare send forth on such an errand.'

'Ha!' said the Primate, with a frown, as the Lord-Deputy chuckled aloud, 'perchance some deep meaning underlay the Queen's words?'

'I know not,' the Dean answered in a deprecating fashion, as much as to say, 'Think not for a moment I am going to give you the actual words employed.' 'That matter,' he added, 'rests entirely with your lordships.'

'It most certainly does. Said Queen Mary no more?' asked the Bishop of Meath.

'Let me see? Yes,' reflectively; 'Her Highness observed that a sight of the enclosed would gladden the heart of the Lord-Deputy, and that she was convinced his lordship, recognising a duty which was a pleasure, would lose no time in acting.'

At this commonplace observation, to Dr Cole's extreme surprise, the Lord-Deputy, dropping his habitual gravity of manner, sprang to his feet, and, white and trembling with rage, asked:

'Since this'—tapping the despatch-case—'came into your possession, has it ever left your keeping?'

'It never has,' was the decided reply.

'No opportunity occurred on your journey for its being tampered with?'

'None,' Dr Cole replied, with great indignation. He well remembered exhibiting the case to the Mayor of Chester, yet for the sake of his reputed discretion he was not going to admit the fact. 'And what is more,' he continued, 'not a soul ever got so much as a glimpse of it.'

'Then, my lords, that clinches the matter. He'—pointing to the Dean—'is convicted out of his own mouth, and I submit that for our own safety my suggestion should be acquiesced in,' cried the Bishop of Meath in a ringing voice.

'Ay, ay,' exclaimed the Lord-Deputy, rapidly scribbling a few lines on a loose sheet of paper. 'We must show this impertinent rogue he cannot beard us and treat us as fools with impunity, whatever he may be in the habit of doing on the other side of the Channel.'

"Convicted out of my own mouth," I a "rogue," in his turn, Dr Cole, jumping to his feet, shouted aloud. 'What means your lordship by addressing me in such terms? Her Highness shall hear'—

'Silence, fool,' said the Lord-Deputy in a tone of thunder. 'This case contains no royal commission—no despatch of any kind from Her Highness. Investigate the contents for yourself.'

The Dean of St Paul's blanched to his very forehead. A cold perspiration broke out over his brow. If the Lord-Deputy's statement were true, then he need never more show his face in London. And yet, what could it all mean? Who could—

'Come, sir, come,' said the same voice sternly. 'Do as you are bid.'

Dr Cole seized the cloak-bag with his trembling hands, and carefully lifted the despatch-case out. Then, opening the latter with extreme care, as if he feared it might contain some highly dangerous explosive, he brought it beneath the range of his vision.

Heavens! what was it that met his astonished gaze? In place of a royal commission, which he had thought would undoubtedly prove the stepping-stone to a bishopric, a pack of common dirty playing-cards, with that symbol of derision, the grinning knave of clubs, face uppermost, confronted him.

'My lord,' he cried in a terrified voice, as he realised that he stood on the brink of a most perilous precipice, 'there is some fiend's work here. Your lordship is pleased to make merry at my expense.'

The Bishop of Meath, with a malicious smile, inserted his hand into the despatch-box, and, withdrawing the pack of cards, exposed the knave of clubs to the astonished assemblage, crying:

'A pretty royal commission indeed! The devil's picture-book, and rightly so called. A sight of them was to gladden the Lord-Deputy's heart—eh, Mr Dean? He would recognise wherein lay his duty, and cheerfully perform it? Yes, of course.'

The Dean sank into his chair with a low moan. He was in a position of extreme peril. Far from home and friends, he was in the power of the turbulent and hot-headed Irish lords, whose ire he had roused by his continued insolence of

manner. He looked vainly round the room for some means of escape, but saw none; and then his eyes, returning to the table, alit on that grinning knave of clubs, which, to his distorted fancy, appeared to be mocking and jeering at him.

'Sir,' the Lord-Deputy said after a short consultation with his colleagues, 'though not provided by Her Highness on your hitherward journey with any credentials, I now hasten to supply the omission. This'—raising aloft the sheet of paper whereon he had previously scribbled a few lines—'will ensure you such hospitality and good cheer as our prison of the Marshalsea can boast. It is'—

'My lord—my lord,' gasped the Dean, 'beware how you treat me. Jugglery has'—

'I am quite warranted in sending you to the block under the circumstances,' said the Lord-Deputy in a hard, cold voice. 'You arrive here without any letters of introduction; your commission turns out to be an insult to us all; we can receive no reply to our communication respecting yourself. Under false pretences you have obtained an entry into the Council and heard matters of State discussed. You have committed a most serious crime,' the speaker went on with increasing severity, 'for we have notice that Her Highness is not only seriously ill, but that certain ill-conditioned ruffians, in clerical garb, hoping to curry favour with the future sovereign, are ranging the kingdom and essaying to penetrate into the various Councils.'

'I swear before heaven I had Her Highness's commands to'—

'Travel to Ireland to deliver a pack of cards, to insult the Lord-Deputy to his face! Pish! For shame, Mr Dean, or whatever else you be,' cried the Bishop of Meath derisively.

'You are about to be treated with greater leniency than you deserve. You will be confined in the Marshalsea prison until we have had matters satisfactorily explained by the English Council. Your future depends on the tenor of the reply which crosses the Channel. If favourable,' the Lord-Deputy continued, assuming a judicial manner, 'or, rather, if not incriminatory, you will be permitted to leave Dublin. But, on the other hand, sir, if you are unknown, or your mission is disowned, you will leave your cell for the scaffold.'

'And, Mr Dean,' the Metropolitan added as Dr Cole was led away between two of the Council guards, 'you should have no difficulty in reconciling yourself to your fate. Remember how many of the victims, persecuted at your instigation, you have accompanied to the stake, and bear in mind the lesson you sought to impress on them: that death is deprived of all its terrors to the true believer.'

The Very Reverend Dr Henry Cole entered the

'Blue Posts' inn on his return journey a sadder, but it is to be doubted whether a wiser man. After eight monotonous weeks of confinement, he had, one morning, been liberated and summoned before the Lord-Deputy of Ireland. The latter had bidden the Dean quit the country within twenty-four hours, unless he wished his clerical brother, the Bishop of Meath, to lay hands on his person. He had added that no one save the Dean himself was to blame for the unfortunate misunderstanding which had arisen, and again warning him to keep out of harm's way, had summarily dismissed the unfortunate divine from his presence.

On communicating with the Council in London, the Irish Council, after some delay, had been astonished to learn that their previous communication had been overlooked owing to the ill-health of the Queen, but that Dr Cole had in reality been sent across the Channel on an important matter, and that he was, or should have been, the bearer of a royal commission bearing on ecclesiastical matters. The authorities in the English Metropolis were at a loss to account for the miscarriage of the royal mandate, and ordered the envoy's instant release, adding that he was to be commanded to return to render an explanation of his extraordinary conduct.

Here was a nice state of affairs; and although some consolation was to be derived from the fact that, in this instance at least, the Irish Bishops had put their feet down, and had evaded compliance with clerical interference from London, the Lord-Deputy foresaw endless trouble. His colleagues, too, recognised that they could look for nothing but the most bitter hostility at the hands of the English divine when he reached London and contrived to gain the royal ear; and they hesitated to release the Dean, thinking, perhaps, that a little sober reflection in jail would cause him to view the deplorable occurrence in a more favourable light. It was whilst the Council were debating as to their future steps in the matter that the news arrived in Dublin that the Queen had breathed her last, and that the Princess Elizabeth, her half-sister, had been proclaimed in her place. Here was an easy solution of the difficulty. There was sufficient guarantee in this fact of their being free from molestation at his hands in the future to render it safe to deport the Dean, and this was consequently done, with little loss of time and a display of still less courtesy or regret.

To say that the Dean was disheartened at the result of his mission would be to describe his feelings in the mildest manner. He was, however, more greatly disturbed at Mary's—his patron's—death. Had she lived he would have explained matters to her satisfaction, and there was no ground for doubt but that his royal mistress would have severely punished her Irish officials and at the same time rewarded himself. At least

so the Dean thought. Now, with Elizabeth, a Protestant princess, on the throne, the incident assumed another complexion, for was it not well known—

'Come in,' he cried irritably in response to repeated rapping on the door of the very apartment in which, on his outward journey, he had interviewed the Mayor of Chester. 'In Heaven's name come in, and stop that noise,' he shouted.

The door opened slowly, and, with mock humility, Sir Lawrence Smith, accompanied by a stranger, carrying an enormous roll of paper, entered.

'Who is this, sir?' demanded the Dean angrily, gazing at the stranger.

'Henry Hardware, the right worshipful the new Mayor of Chester,' replied the ex-Mayor solemnly.

'What is his business? What the cause of this unseemly intrusion?' asked Dr Cole passionately.

'Here, reverend sir,' exclaimed the stranger, 'is a complete list, with the ages, the occupations, the addresses, and the names of reputed heretics and their reputed sympathisers. On learning your commands from Sir Lawrence, whom I succeeded in the mayoral office, I at once proceeded to'—

'Confusion to the pair of you!' cried the Dean, now thoroughly enraged, observing the look of intense amusement which sat on Henry Hardware's features.

'And here, reverend sir,' cried Mrs Mottershead, as she advanced into the room, with a profound curtsey—'here "is what will lash those heretical rascals in Ireland,"' laying on the table as she spoke a long parchment document, folded lengthwise, and bearing in one corner a dangling seal suspended by a ribbon.

The Dean could scarce believe the evidence of his eyes. There was the identical commission the disappearance of which had occasioned him such insult and degradation; and here was the tavern-keeper smiling broadly—ay, and actually winking at Sir Lawrence Smith and his worship the new Mayor.

Then, to the accompaniment of jeering remarks and loud bursts of laughter from the small knot of citizens who had assembled, at the landlady's invitation, on the landing outside, the Dean of St Paul's learned that, passing down from the bedroom which she had been preparing for his use, Mrs Mottershead had caught his remark about the 'lashing' of the 'Irish heretics.' She had a brother in Dublin who professed the Reformed faith. Prompted by an affectionate regard for his safety, during his reverence's journey downstairs with the Mayor she had slipped into the room unobserved by any one, had opened the leathern case, and, taking out the commission, had in lieu thereof inserted a pack of cards. Ignorant of this change, his reverence

had carefully packed up the box, with the results already described.

It must not be supposed that the Dean obtained this information in the concise fashion given above. After much cross-examination and by dint of resorting to threats, which provoked the unqualified merriment of the spectators, Dr Cole eventually unravelled the mystery. His rage was unbounded. Speechless with passion, he was just able to cry out that he would see Mrs Mottershead was well repaid for her tampering with the late Queen's despatches.

Good as his word, Dr Henry Cole, after considerable trouble, contrived to obtain an audience of Her Highness the Queen. To her he narrated his pitiful story, asking for the punishment of the Irish lords, and above all of Mrs Mottershead, at whose door he laid the blame for all the disasters which had overtaken him. But the Doctor had been forestalled by Sir Lawrence Smith. The latter, on giving up the office of Mayor, had been made acquainted by Mrs Mottershead of the trick she had played. Without loss of time he hastened to London, and obtained audience of the new Queen, to whom he

described the circumstances in such a humorous fashion that that august individual, so far from exhibiting any signs of resentment, had dismissed the knight with a promise that the tavern-keeper should be molested in no way.

The Dean, not being aware of this circumstance, stated his case in his most impressive fashion. But beyond being heartily scoffed at—Elizabeth's laughter was immoderate as she pictured the Irish Council gazing in consternation at a knave of clubs in place of a royal commission—and thoroughly rated by Her Highness, who commented strongly on the gross carelessness with which he had acted, the Dean was threatened with deprivation, and dismissed.

'Go home, sirrah!' cried the Queen, 'and make no further appearance at our court, else we may be tempted to have ye whipped and your ears cropped.'

It was only some time later Dr Cole learned that his ill-timed intervention had recalled the episode to Her Highness, who straightway rewarded the ingenuity and affectionate zeal of Mrs Mottershead with a life-pension of forty pounds a year.

THE RAT OF FUNAFUTI.



HE rat occupies a unique position in the natural conditions of Funafuti. Excluding the birds and a few lizards, the indigenous terrestrial vertebrate fauna appears to be comprised in it. Among the investigations recently carried out in the Funafuti atoll, in the Ellice group of Polynesia, none is more interesting than that relating to this ubiquitous little quadruped of the atolls and other islands in the great South Sea.

Much of the literature of this sunny portion of the globe contains mention of a native rat, without, for the most part, any technical description of the animal being attempted. Peale, however, described rats obtained from widely separated islands; and it seems probable the rat from all the Pacific islands may be referred to this species. Indeed, the fine Maori rat of New Zealand is, in all probability, also identical with the same form. There are specimens in the British Museum from the Fiji Islands, Norfolk Island, and New Caledonia. Moreover, this view is supported by Maori tradition, to the effect that 'the kumara or sweet-potato, the taro, the calabash-plant, . . . the rat kiore, the pukeko, and the green parrot kakariki are said to have been imported from Hawaiki.' This traditional ancestral home is considered by modern ethnologists to be Savaii, one of the Samoan Islands.

Immense, then, and therefore of particular interest, is the geographical distribution of the

Pacific rat. In the West Pacific there runs an enormous chain of islands, extending in a semi-circular sweep from the Marshall Archipelago, north of the equator, to the Austral or Tubai Islands in the south-east; and from each of the main links of this long chain we possess records of the occurrence of the native rat, while of localities to the eastward and westward of the direct chain very many have been published; the list is closed by the inclusion of New Zealand as the last rat-inhabited island to the south. Its north-eastern limit is suggested by a statement that 'rats and mice have always been a pest on the Hawaiian Islands; and the old Hawaiian, before the introduction of cats, used a bow and arrows to destroy them. There can be little doubt that the rat exists, or rather did exist, at one time or another on all the islands of the Pacific. That ocean being bounded by the land masses of Asia, Australia, South and North America, and the genus *Mus* being exclusively confined to the Old World, it must have entered these islands from an Asiatic source; consequently this is opposed to the theory of a migration westward from America, across a Mesozoic Pacific continent, as advocated by some naturalists.

On the Funafuti atoll the rat goes by the name of *tikimoa*. Unlike its European relative, it is usually said to feed only on vegetables or fruit; in Mangaia, in the Cook group, only upon coco-nuts, bananas, arrowroot, candle-nuts, and papao (*pawpaw*) apples; growing coco-nuts being

generally defended from its depredations by the making of a sort of screen cleverly secured all round the tree, close to the fronds, at a great height from the ground. On the Tonga Islands roasted coco-nut was used as a bait. In these islands it is supposed to live chiefly on sugarcane and bread-fruit; and some add the pandanus, pronouncing the fruit of this plant to be the staple food of the rat. The stomach of the Funafuti example when examined contained a white vegetable substance, possibly coco-nut or pandanus. The Maori *kiore*, said to be extinct, was frugivorous. 'Considering the vast numbers of these (the New Zealand) rats that periodically congregate round the homes of settlers in the bush, the mischief done by them is extremely small. This is owing to their food during the time being green vegetables. In kitchen-gardens they are certainly annoying, devouring peas, beans, cabbages, and even onions as they appear above ground, climbing up poles to nip off the shoots of the vines, &c.' Were the rat partially carnivorous, it is suggested it would be found to prey upon the land crabs and molluscs on the shore. Such, however, is not the case. If it preceded the human inhabitants of the atolls, the pandanus, being indigenous, would probably be its principal food; and as the coco-nuts and other fruits and vegetables were introduced, it would acquire a taste for these edibles.

Vegetation also serves for its dwelling. In Funafuti the coco-nut trees, just at the base of the fronds, are selected; and the rats have been frequently noticed peeping out of the matting that sheathes the butts of the fronds, and scampering about the heads of palms fifteen or twenty feet high. They likewise nest in the crowns of tree-ferns, under the roots of trees, in tussocks of grass, and among rushes. On the ground they seem awkward creatures, but are excellent climbers, ascending trunks with the nimbleness of flies, and scudding out to the very extremities of the branches. Hence, when pursued they invariably make for trees, if any are within reach. Taking up abode in the thatched roof of houses they become a plague, sallying forth at night in such numbers as to be exceedingly troublesome.

But, as elsewhere, the native rat has a great enemy; when brought into competition with the common brown rat of Europe, introduced by ships throughout the world, it usually disappears—an example of the evils of the influx of aliens. The depredations of the latter are such that in Funafuti the indigenous breed has been driven from the village, and indeed almost exterminated upon the main islet by the foreign rat; in many of the islands it has been completely rooted out. Even more deadly onslaught has been carried on against it by the domestic cats, which, originally brought over by missionaries, and afterwards emigrating to the bush, have proved of service in destroying the rats. In the old days, when unchecked, rats literally overran most of

the islands of the Pacific. On moonlight nights hundreds have been often seen gathered together round the native quarters, feeding upon waste rice or bread thrown out. A large bottle-shaped hole was dug in the earth in Mangaia, and baited with candle-nuts, of which rats are excessively fond; and when the hole was pretty well filled with rats, two men would go down with knobbed sticks to kill them. A hole which would contain two men would hold a goodly number of rats! Rat-killing under these conditions would seem anything but an enviable task. Keeping the rats within bounds was a matter of such importance with the inhabitants that in Funafuti, by law, each individual was at times obliged to catch and destroy a certain number, for which purpose an ingenious trap was employed. The natives destroy the rats with another object, shooting them for sport. *Fanna gooma*, or rat-shooting, as practised on Hoonga in the Tonga group, apparently was an amusement reserved for chiefs, and was undertaken with much ceremony. Attracted by bait previously distributed, the rats were shot with formidable unfeathered arrows six feet long. The game was not an individual but a party affair, the side first killing ten rats being accounted the winners; and, if the rats were plentiful, three or four games were generally played.

A still more interesting reason for the native destruction of rats may be mentioned: in many of the islands they formed an article of food. Necessity may have originated the custom; yet the flesh must have been regarded as very delicious, for the Mangaian have a proverb, 'Sweet as a rat.' Owing to the nature of its food, the native specimen would be less objectionable than the omnivorous European rat, which was nowhere utilised.

The entertaining writer Gill affords a glimpse of the cooking of rats as practised in Mangaia: 'Tamangoru, a solitary cannibal, on one occasion discovered two boys roasting a number of rats over a fire—a joyful sight for a famishing Mangaian; he ambiguously remarked, "Cooked rats are capital eating." The word "rats" thus used might apply to the lads as well as to the little quadrupeds. A cooked boy would be indifferently called a "fish" or a "rat." These two brothers subsisted chiefly by rat-catching, in which they were adepts. . . . They thrust long green reeds through the rats, eight on each reed, and grilled them over the fire. There were four skewers or reeds of rats—that is, thirty-two in all. When the rats were done, the elder took two reeds of rats (sixteen) to Tamangoru; the famished man greedily devoured them and called for the remaining two reeds.'

Curiously, in the neighbouring island of Rarotonga rats were not eaten, the people reviling the natives of Mangaia as the rat-eating Mangaian. Nor did the habit obtain in Funafuti, notwithstanding that this small mammal was the sole member of its class.

THE AWFUL STORY OF HELEY CROFT.

By A. S. APPELBEER.



HELEY CROFT is the best old house in the town of Fensham. It is a quaintly-gabled structure of Elizabethan date, covered with white stucco and wistaria, and abutting right on the main street of the town at its juncture with North Lane. At the end of the North Lane front of Heley Croft there are two or three cottages which run up into the corner of the Croft, one being almost embedded in its crooked walls. Otherwise, the house is surrounded on two sides with a garden—a genuine old-fashioned affair, with a lawn like velvet and the shade of some venerable elms.

When Whyte took the place he had just purchased a partnership with the Beddards, the family solicitors of Fensham, and he had also just married a young wife. I saw a good deal of the Whytes about this time. Curiously enough I had known them both years before they first knew each other and surprised their friends by their mutual attachment. It was a strange marriage, for Tommy Whyte was a smart, level-headed man of the world, and Margaret—Mrs Whyte I suppose I should call her—was a successful opera-singer, an ethereal beauty, who had been wholly wrapped in her art since she was a child, and whose purity of character and superb voice had captivated the world as soon as she appeared behind the footlights. In ordinary affairs she was a baby, but she and Tommy got on like turtle-doves.

I see from my diary that it was 17th October when the story of Heley Croft began for me. I had had a heavy day for a country town—forty-one patients; and, feeling tired in the evening, I stepped across the street after dinner to have a chat and a cigar with Whyte.

'This is providential, old man,' was his greeting. 'My wife has been upset all day, and would not hear of my sending for you. She says there's nothing the matter; but it would ease my mind if you would have a look at her.'

I smiled at the young husband's anxiety, but received a shock when we had hunted up Mrs Whyte. She had the pallor and heavy expression of sleeplessness, and sat in a listless attitude; but, worse than that, her beautiful eyes had acquired a foreign expression—one of abject terror. Her whole bearing was utterly strange to her, and I could not ascertain that there was anything to account for her indisposition. Her state was a puzzle. It seemed that Whyte had gone up to town the previous day on business, and had been detained overnight, but not unexpectedly. When he arrived home he found his wife just as I had seen her, and not a syllable of explanation could she offer.

We sat up chatting long after Mrs Whyte had retired to rest, at my suggestion; and Whyte explained to me, with an agitated expression, that she had imperatively desired him to occupy a spare bedroom which looked out into the street, whilst she had gone to her usual chamber. This was on the other side of the house, and had a big window commanding the garden.

'I humoured her, of course,' he said; 'but, all the same, I do not understand the wish. She seemed so very intent upon it.'

'No doubt,' I replied, 'she is only afraid of restlessness, and wants you to be fit for work to-morrow. I can see she had a poor night last night. I will look in again to-morrow.'

'But listen, Aspley,' objected Whyte. 'She says she is not ill, and that there is no need to see you further professionally. In fact, she says she won't see you.'

'With a little romancing, I dare say I can find a reason for coming,' I laughed. 'Don't worry yourself.'

Well, next day I went to Heley Croft again in the evening, and I found Whyte had worried himself. His wife was worse—much worse. She had just the air of a woman thoroughly run down, and her fixed gaze of horror was quite trying to look at. She appeared about five years older, too. The transformation in twenty-four hours was so marked that it gave me a disagreeable surprise, and the unfortunate husband was quite distracted.

'She persists,' he confided to me, 'that she will be alone at night, and it was during last night that she got so much worse. I never heard a sound, although I had a sleepless time myself through the anxiety.'

I prescribed a mild tonic and a change of scene for a few days, for really there was nothing in the British Pharmacopœia to meet the case as far as I could make it out.

Whyte had only just come home from his honeymoon, and it made the Beddards grumble when he took himself off for another week; but he went with his wife to Malvern, where an intimate friend of mine is in practice. There was no need to consult him, for Mrs Whyte got rapidly better, and looked almost herself when she returned to Heley Croft. While she was away, too, we tried a little experiment, and invented an excuse for putting one of the servants in her room at night, for I could not somehow divest my mind of the idea that there was some connection between the two solitary nights and the illness. We might have saved ourselves the trouble. The servant made no complaint.

I met the Whytes at the station accidentally when they returned, and was so much reassured

that I began to feel rather foolish at having been so very interested in the case. Judge of my astonishment, therefore, when at the breakfast-table next morning the following note was handed to me from Tommy:

'DEAR ASPLEY,—Come across at once, for God's sake. Margaret is much worse than before.

'T. W.'

I hastened across to Heley Croft, and Whyte himself met me at the door, looking terribly alarmed.

'It is worse than ever,' he said as he conducted me inside. 'Maggie would be alone last night, and when I got up this morning she was simply deathly. What the dickens can be the matter?'

The patient's appearance more than confirmed his words. She was in a shocking state of prostration, and could scarcely rise or speak.

'Tom,' I said, 'I want a confidential chat with your wife.'

He took the hint, and went out. We sat in her old-fashioned, oak-panelled boudoir or morning-room, and I plunged into the matter at once.

'My dear lady,' I said, 'if your husband had to defend a case he would require to know all the facts, whichever way they might tell, and then use his own judgment. Now, forgive me, you are keeping something back. You must be cured; but we cannot get at the seat of the trouble till we know all about it. You really must trust me with what you have been hiding from Tom.'

Her whole frame trembled and shuddered; but she made no answer.

I pressed the matter again, and then she spoke, in little more than a terrified whisper.

'Dr Aspley,' she murmured, 'you would not believe me. It is too horrible.'

'On the contrary,' I replied, 'we doctors have to believe what seems to be impossible every day. I won't rest till I know the worst. I promise to believe you.'

She shuddered again.

'Ugh!' she said. 'It is horrible! It is killing me!'

'It may kill you if you won't let me help,' I replied. 'But there is no reason why it should, if you let me fight it.'

'Dr Aspley,' she asked, turning up her beautiful but horror-struck eyes, 'can you fight occult powers?'

'Certainly,' I said. 'Why not? Occult powers are only disordered cerebrations.'

There were, fortunately, no theosophists present.

'Could you,' she went on, 'arrest the hand of God?'

'Of course,' I replied, with, I am afraid, rather

hopeful blasphemy; 'if it were a visible hand. Why not?'

Then she collapsed. She burst into a torrent of tears like a child. I soothed and comforted her gently, and by very slow degrees arrived at the following narrative:

'When my husband went to London last Tuesday week I was the happiest woman in England. It came first that night. I woke in the pitch-dark and found the room rapidly growing light. Distinct beams of light appeared to shine from wall to wall, and at last formed a dim circle. Then marks—horrid creeping marks—appeared on the bright circle, and these gradually shaped themselves into the fingers of a moving hand. It was like a human hand cut off at the wrist, and it began—O God! I swear to you it began to write slowly on the wall. The letters grew into words, and the words grew into a sentence. At last I read in a strangely formed caligraphy the awful warning:

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

I was terrified to death and unable to move; and as I watched, spell-bound, the fearful letters faded away, and the room was left in utter darkness again.

'I lay the rest of the night reflecting upon this apparition, and wondering whether it was meant for me, or for Tom, or for both of us. When daylight returned my nerves felt rather more steady, for the room was exactly as usual, and showed no sign of the ghostly writing. I almost expected to find it indelibly recorded upon the wall. I thought perhaps the whole thing had been a nightmare, and determined to say not a word about it, but to sleep alone in the room again and see if it were repeated.

'That was the day you sent me to bed early; and, being worn out as the result of the previous night's experience, I soon fell into a fitful doze. On one of my awakenings I found that the room was getting light just as before. The circle reappeared, the marks in it, the great black hand, the gradually formed letters; but the warning was different. It said:

GOD SHALL JUDGE.

I sprang out of bed and rushed to the writing. I put my hand on its horrible sable signs, and it vanished instantaneously. It was no dream.

'You can imagine the condition in which I awaited the break of day. I did not call my husband, for I had an indefinable sense that some danger, in which he was concerned, was impending in this room, and that a warning had been vouchsafed to me that he would be unable to perceive with his different and rather unbelieving constitution.

'That morning he insisted upon my going with him to Great Malvern; and while we were away from this fearful house I felt a sense of freedom,

and regained a measure of composure. I began almost to think again, as the days went by, that the whole thing must have been a passing madness, and determined, on my return, to spend yet one more night in the room alone before asking him to come back to me.

'But last night was more horrible than all. I awoke with a great start in black darkness. There came a burst of white light, which disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and left a darkness that could be felt. Then another burst, and then darkness again. Then the dim circle began to appear in the same hideous outline, and as it got brighter the hand traced slowly the cruel doom:

YOUR HOUR IS NIGH.

I fainted away, and recollect nothing more until daylight this morning.'

As she spoke it occurred to me that the whole appearance must be nothing more than a vivid hallucination—possibly the harbinger of insanity. If so, it had had an extraordinary physical effect, allowing for the girl's delicately strung nerves and artistic temperament. Still, the effort must be made to fathom the mystery.

'Answer me one more question truly,' I urged. 'Do you know any one who has a grudge against you?'

'Doctor,' she replied, with a troubled look in her innocent eyes, 'so far as I know, I never injured a living creature. I never disagreed with any one much, except an Italian in my stage days, who would persist in wanting to marry me after I was pledged to Tom.'

'His name?'

'Count Belloni, a vile creature; but I have not seen or heard anything of him for a year.'

That night Tom Whyte and I entered into a little conspiracy. I asked him and his wife across to dinner, nominally to stop Margaret brooding, and having got them away from home, insisted on keeping them for the night. Tom pretended to refuse and then to assent; and I hinted to Margaret that, if he were in any danger, it was at least lessened while he was with me, and so gained her acceptance of the invitation. When they had retired I went across with Tom's latch-key, let myself into his house unknown, even to his servants, and prepared to spend the night sitting in his bedroom.

As I waited, thinking deeply about the mystery, I became more than ever convinced that a hallucination was the true key to the trouble. There is said to be a kink somewhere in the mental constitution of every one of us; and surely, I thought, there must be some such explanation, which would put these weird visitations into the category of imaginings. My meditations on the pathology of the matter were rudely interrupted. The room was filled with an instantaneous flash of white light, which came and went in a second, leaving every-

thing totally dark. I started up and waited breathless. The flash appeared and vanished a second time, as before. My brain seemed stirred to abnormal activity. I felt, rather than thought positively, that here was evidence which destroyed the hallucination theory, for I was in prosaic health. I even reasoned unintentionally that here was a flash whose first appearance would discompose a sleeper, and whose second, when he had been disturbed, would complete his awakening.

Then began the most appalling moment of concentrated horror that has fallen to my lot. I am held professionally to have a good operating nerve; but to think of that brief interval even now sends a chill down my back. At the time my eyes seemed to start from my head, and my hands were lifted up in terror. Slowly, but steadily, the white circle grew on the wall. There was a dark mark in the centre, which gradually formed itself into the awful hand whose writing pronounced doom. Instantly the word-painting of the Book of Daniel rushed into my mind:

'In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.'

And even while these thoughts coursed through my burning brain the hand began to write. It traced one fearful word, and only one:

TEKEL.

Daniel himself has translated that portentous symbol: 'Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.'

The vision disappeared from my unwilling gaze, and I was again sitting in the darkness. How long I remained comatose I cannot say. Ultimately I lighted the gas, and found that it was twenty minutes past three. The power of thought seemed to return to me slowly; but after a time I recovered my mental faculties, and began to try and unravel the tangle. The hallucination theory being obviously impossible, I began to look for a physical explanation. I was still at it in a dull kind of way when the dawn of another day broke, and then I began to think that I could see a light in a double sense.

I placed a table under where the hand had appeared, and stood upon it. Putting my eye about on a level with the writing, I looked out of the window. The direction was not at right angles to the wall of the bedroom, but inclined to the left and downwards, thus ending with a view of a brick wall, instead of looking squarely into the garden. This wall was the back of a modern stable, and quite blank, the creepers

planted at the base not having grown up it. It was unsightly, but it suggested a further idea. No one was astir yet, and I let myself out noiselessly, and made my way to the stable. By placing the loft-ladder against the wall and climbing up backwards I managed to reach about the spot where my glance from the bedroom had been fixed. Of course, to look at the bedroom window now it was necessary to turn to the right and upwards. It is an elementary law of optics that the angle of reflected light from a plane surface is equal to the angle of incidence. I roughly estimated with my eye an equal angle again to the left and downwards. The glance ended at the back window of the first cottage in North Lane. A mirror, then, hung where I stood would reveal in the bedroom what was going on in the cottage, or *vice versa*; and the distance was not great.

I slipped back into the Whytes' house. It was half-past six, and everything was still quite quiet. I went out by the front entrance, made my way round to the cottage in North Lane, and rapped loudly at the cottage door, intending to get a peep inside before the usual hour for callers. After a protracted interval I was answered by a surly-looking man, half-dressed.

'Is this Mr Smith's?' I asked. No better question came into my head for the moment, and I had foolishly gone without one ready prepared. 'No,' said the man shortly. 'Tompkins. What do you want at this time of day?'

The table in the room had nothing on it; but at that moment, peeping round the man, my eye lighted upon a piece of wire on the floor, curled and silk-bound. It told its own tale.

'Tompkins the electrician?' I hazarded, looking at the wire.

'Electrician? No,' said the man sulkily, but with ill-concealed surprise. 'What do you want?'

'I want to see Count Belloni or his representative,' I said, stepping past the man into the room.

He started, and turned round fiercely.

'What do you mean?' he cried. At the same moment I caught sight of a roll of the film used in instantaneous photography for a series of pictures, packed away on a shelf.

'The game is up,' I said. 'You are found out. That is all.'

The man's hand went into his pocket; but I anticipated him as he drew it forth, and lauded him fairly between the eyes with all my strength. As he staggered backwards the weapon he was raising flew from his hand, and I picked it up. It was a Colt, loaded.

'Now,' I said, covering him, 'the positions are changed. You have tried to murder me. No tricks, or I shoot. Now, set your vision-plant at work, or I will give you in charge. And look sharp.'

He had to comply, but it was with a good deal of profanity. As I had expected since my visit to the cottage, the idea was worked out with an electric light, a cinematograph of beautiful construction, and a large mirror, hung on the stable wall. With the aid of the Colt I soon had the whole story out. My prisoner was the jealous Count's tool, and was trying to frighten Margaret into her grave.

The habits of the household had been so carefully watched that it was known when the Whytes left for Malvern, and when they returned. The trick was rendered possible from the fact that Whyte's old house, like all of its kind in the Midlands, had unshuttered upstairs windows, whilst it had also white blinds on rollers to relieve the gloom of the oak panels within. The rascals had discovered a trick of Maggie's of reposing with her blind up; but I found they had actually provided themselves with plant to perform on the white blind as a screen if she should forget her usual practice. The cat's-paw was allowed to escape on easy terms; but I do not think Margaret will be troubled any more with the Italian. He has gone abroad indefinitely.

NOCTIS DEA.

FAR in the west the glowing colours fade
While sober Evening darkens all the sky;
And Night, with lagging steps too long delayed,
Unfolds her mantle as she passes by.

Like to a maiden, smiling through her tears,
The silvery moon looks through a wandering cloud
As fair and bright as in far-distant years
When Greek and Roman in her temples bowed.

Once, long ago, on Egypt's ancient lands,
That moon shone down with soft, mysterious light,
When the new pyramids, upon the sands,
Rose dark and sombre in the lonely night;

Or where the dusky daughters of the Nile
Amid their lotus-blossoms sank to rest,
In sweet forgetfulness beneath thy smile,
Pale Queen of Night, in queenly radiance drest.

The lotus-blossoms have long since decayed,
The towering pyramids are wrapt in gloom,
The Pharaohs' mouldering dust long time has laid
Within the dreary portals of the tomb.

But thou, refulgent, dost ascend the sky
And flood the world with streaming silver lights
While the swift ages pass unheeded by;
Serene thou reignest, sovereign Queen of Night.

ALFRED EGBERTON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE DARK CABINET.

By A. ANDERSON.

WHEN the Englishman drops a confidential communication into the letter-box he has no misgivings that his missive will be opened and its contents read and copied before it comes into the hands of the person to whom it is addressed. In reality, though we hardly realise it, the inviolability of our correspondence is one of the many precious privileges we enjoy as a matter of course, the mass of which make up what we understand by 'liberty.' To find a different state of things prevailing we need make no more hazardous journey than the short sea-passage that separates Dover from Calais.

During the crisis in the throes of which France is still writhing the French Radicals have not been backward in insisting on the burlesque character of the scenes of which the War Office is the theatre. Surely a Gilbert, even in his best moments of inspiration, never imagined anything more ludicrous and topsy-turvy than a score of stalwart, fiercely-moustachioed professional fighting-men, accoutred in all the glittering panoply of war, who pass their days from morning to night laboriously piecing together filthy little scraps of paper supposed to have been grubbed out of some dust-bin or wastepaper-basket in one of the foreign embassies. The branch of the War Office where this sort of thing goes on is known as the Intelligence Department!

It is said, and more than probably with considerable truth, that the booted and spurred warriors are habitually hoodwinked in the most outrageous manner. It would be strange indeed were it otherwise. Once it is known that there is a place where chinking golden louis d'or are to be obtained in exchange for a packet of dirty paper, provided the latter comes from certain other specified places, the entire clan of *chevaliers d'industrie* is put on its metal; and when your *chevalier d'industrie* is put on his metal, there are not many true chevaliers who can hope to play successfully against him.

In spite of the vigorous denunciations of the

Clemenceaus, the De Pressensés, and the rest, however, the great mass of the French public hear these monstrous stories with almost unruffled countenance! This is probably because espionage of one kind and another is known to be so commonly practised that it has come to be regarded as the most natural thing in the world. A thousand proofs of this might be given. One will suffice. The French author places his hero, whom he has represented to us as a paragon of all the manly virtues, in a room by himself. He hears the sound of voices in an adjoining chamber. His curiosity is at once aroused; and, without any preamble, we see him creeping on tiptoe to the door of the room whence the sounds proceed, and putting his ear to the keyhole, like an inquisitive scullerymaid. Other men similarly situated to the Frenchman might perform a similar action; but, at least, the author would adopt all sorts of devices to palliate and excuse such conduct. In France no such periphrasis is required. It is little wonder if there is a periodical recrudescence of that peculiar malady which the sub-editors of our evening papers sum up for us every now and then in the familiar headline, 'Spy Mania in France.' People would not be human did they not attribute to others, rivals or enemies, faults which they have come to look upon in themselves as mere peccadilloes.

It is quite understood that the practices of the Cabinet Noir in the Post-Office are never quite in abeyance in France. The weapon is too good a one for any Government to voluntarily relinquish, unless under extreme pressure of public opinion. To discover what your opponent's intentions are by opening and reading his letters, which he has rashly entrusted to your charge, is a chance not to be missed. During the Boulangist troubles it was an open secret that the Cabinet Noir was working night and day; and, not more than a year ago, M. Loekroy, a few weeks before he was appointed Minister of Marine, publicly complained that his correspondence was being

systematically violated. M. Goron, the late head of the Paris detective department, is even now publishing his memoirs; and in the course of them he asserts that almost every person, man or woman, of note in the French capital, and many persons of no note whatever, have their secret *dossiers* in the police archives—*dossiers* composed of all sorts of scurrilous tittle-tattle gleaned from the most suspicious sources—your door-porter, your cook, and your tradesmen's assistants—and of course open to the inspection of the powers that be for the moment. These *dossiers*, the late head of the detective department categorically declares, are often the *fons et origo* of the many mysterious ministerial shufflings that are so often inexplicable to the outside world. Blackmailing is, in fact—if M. Goron is to be believed—the very commonest offence in France to-day.

Now and again the Government makes a half-hearted attempt to deny that the practice of opening letters goes on; but nobody is deceived. Telegrams, according to the actual law of the land, are not considered private communications; and one of the duties of the prefect of each department is to look through copies of all the telegrams sent to or by persons residing in his jurisdiction, and signalise any that may strike him as suspicious to the attention of his superiors. Between reading your neighbour's telegram and reading his letter there is a very narrow margin, and it would be surprising if the margin were not often lost sight of entirely!

The institution of the Cabinet Noir is attributed to Louis XV., his principal object, apparently, being to gratify idle curiosity by prying into the private affairs of his subjects. Once instituted, it has never since been abolished. Napoleon resorted to it in order to get on the scent of political plots and crimes; but, in the few years that followed the Restoration, after Waterloo, all was fish that came to the inquisitors' nets.

'Immoral, I admit. But can you suggest any surer way of discovering the trend of public opinion?' Such was the answer of Louis XVIII. to a courtier who had ventured to call his attention to the scandalous abuses that were taking place in connection with the Post-Office. Every morning, Foudras, the Inspector-general of Police, received a bulky packet from the postal administration, containing copies of all the letters sent to or from Paris which, for one reason or another, it had been deemed advisable to open and read before sending on to their destinations. A similar duplicate packet was sent to the king. This, in itself, would have been bad enough; but the matter was made far worse by the way in which it was carried out. The clerks employed in copying the letters were always ready on a hint from their superiors to omit and even to interpolate passages in the letters, so that the copy conveyed a totally different impression to that intended by the writer of the original.

When the allied sovereigns were in Paris in 1815 they could not make a movement nor utter a word that was not immediately noted down by a spy in the pay of the police. The very detectives whom the foreign princes brought in their train were themselves, in turn, shadowed. For the next four or five years nothing that went on in the various embassies but was brought to the notice of the police. Every despatch was copied; no precaution availed aught. Within the hour the messenger who carried the despatch was bribed and the cipher read. None had more reason to complain of the surveillance to which he was subjected than Count von der Goltz, the Prussian Minister. His weekly despatches to the king and the Prussian Chancellor were in the hands of the police almost before the ink was dry on them, the principal 'observer' attached to the person of the Prussian envoy being particularly smart.

It is a strange experience to wade through the heterogeneous mass of correspondence preserved to-day in the dusty archives in Paris. The most unlikely discoveries are made. All sorts of letters are thrown together pell-mell—letters from kings and queens down to letters sent by the humblest of their subjects. Among the lot are two epistles dated from London, bearing the signature of a well-known member of Parliament of the day, and addressed to two separate ladies in Paris. The letters are couched in almost identical terms, and in each the faithless Briton assures his correspondent that he lives for her and her alone, the phraseology being as ardent and apparently as sincere as that of any Romeo. Had he foreseen that seventy years afterwards the two letters were to be read side by side by the first comer!

If the police treated the correspondence of foreigners with such scant ceremony, it may easily be imagined they displayed even fewer scruples when their own compatriots were concerned. Woe betide the unfortunate individual who fell under suspicion. Chateaubriand, from 1815 to 1820, was scarcely allowed to wink without the fact being consigned to writing. Two agents were specially told off to watch him. Nothing in his house was respected. Not merely his wastepaper-basket, but the ashes in the fireplace, and even the spittoon, were carefully overhauled several times a day. His relations with Madame Récamier troubled the police tremendously for a long time, though they finally concluded that there was nothing political underneath them. 'She writes carefully sealed-up letters to him every day; but he hides them away on his side so well that the "observers" have not yet succeeded in seeing one.' So says the report. The persecution of Chateaubriand only ceased when he was appointed ambassador to Berlin, prior to coming to London in a similar capacity.

It is instructive to read Napoleon's opinion of the Cabinet Noir as recorded in the memoirs of

General Gourgaud just published, compiled from the diary kept by the latter at St Helena. 'The Paris police inspires more fear than it does harm. There is a great deal of chavlatanism in connection with it. . . . The post supplies excellent information; but I am not certain whether the good is not compensated by the evil. The French are so peculiar that they frequently write what they do not think, and, in this way, one is apt to be led into error.' *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, evidently.

For the people who consented to serve him in the capacity of spies Napoleon had the greatest disdain. Speaking of Madame de Bonillé, who acted as one of his principal policewomen, he says: 'Such people are very despicable.'

History repeats itself, and the character of a nation is not necessarily changed because the form of government is differently designated. To understand much of the extraordinary course of events in France of late, it is necessary to look a good way below the surface.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NOW, what about the yacht?' inquired MacAndrew. 'We mustn't be caught here. It is impossible to say how soon the troops may be after us. There is a guard-house in Aniwa Bay; and they are certain to know before long that a man has escaped from Dui and is heading this way.'

'The yacht will be within signalling distance of this hut to-night at midnight,' said Browne. 'And you can see for yourself there are some rockets in that corner which I can fire. Then, within half-an-hour, she will send a boat ashore.'

'Good,' he said in a tone of approval. 'Very good. You are the sort of man I like to do business with. For my part, I shall not be sorry to get out of this.' He pointed to his disguise.

'I dare say you will not,' said Browne. 'You have succeeded wonderfully well. I cannot tell you how much obliged I am to you.'

'I am equally obliged to you,' said MacAndrew, 'so we can cry quits. I flatter myself that, all things considered, it has been a pretty good escape; but I could tell you of one or two which have been better. We mustn't shout too soon, however; we are not out of the wood yet.' As he spoke he mixed himself another glass of grog and lit a cigar, the smoke of which he puffed through his nose with the enjoyment of a man to whom such a luxury had been forbidden for some time past. Browne followed his example, and the two men smoked in silence, while the ex-Nihilist snored on the bed in the corner. Hour after hour they talked on. As Browne had suspected, MacAndrew proved the most interesting companion in the world. His life had been one long series of hairbreadth escapes; he had fought both for civilisation and against it; had sold his services to native sultans and rajahs, had penetrated into the most dangerous places, and had met the most extraordinary people. Strange to relate, with it all, he had still preserved the air of a gentleman.

'Oxford man?' asked Browne after a moment's pause, without taking his eyes off the fire, and still speaking in the same commonplace tone. The

other mentioned the name of a certain well-known college. Both felt that there was no more to be said, and they accordingly relapsed into silence.

'Rum thing this world of ours, isn't it?' said MacAndrew after a little while. 'Look at me. I started with everything in my favour; eldest son, fine old place in the country, best of society; for all I know I might have ended my days as a J.P. and member for my county. The Fates, however, were against it; in consequence I am sitting here to-night disguised as a Russian fur-trader. It's a bit of a transformation scene— isn't it? I wonder what my family would say if they could see me?'

'I wonder what some of my friends would say if they could see me?' continued Browne. 'If I'd been told a year ago that I should be doing this sort of thing I should never have believed it. We never know what's in store for us—do we? By the way, what's the time?' He consulted his watch, and discovered that it only wanted ten minutes of twelve o'clock. 'In ten minutes we'll fire the first rocket,' he said. 'It's to be hoped it's clear weather. Let us pray that there's not another vessel outside, who, seeing our signal, may put in and send a boat to discover what is the matter.'

'You're quite sure that the yacht will be there, I suppose?' said MacAndrew.

'As sure as I can be,' replied Browne. 'I told my captain to hang about at night, and to look round this coast at midnight, so that if we did signal he might be ready. Of course, there's no saying what may have turned up; but we must hope for the best. How is our friend yonder?'

MacAndrew crossed the hut and bent over the man lying on the bed. He was still sleeping.

'Poor beggar! he is quite played out,' said the other. 'It will be a long time before he will forget his tramp with me. I had to carry him the last three miles on my back, like a kiddy; and in that thick scrub it's no joke, I can assure you.'

Though Browne was quite able to agree with him, he did not give the matter much consideration. He was thinking of Katherine and of the

meeting that was shortly to take place between the father and daughter. At last, after what seemed an infinity of waiting, the hands of his watch stood at midnight. Having acquainted MacAndrew with his intention, he took up a rocket, opened the door of the hut, and went outside. To his intense relief the fog had drawn off, and the stars were shining brightly. Not a sound was to be heard save the sighing of the wind in the trees behind the hut, and the clinking of the ice on the northern side of the bay. To the southward it was all clear water, and it was there that Mason had arranged to send the boat.

'To be or not be?' said Browne as he struck the match and applied it to the rocket. There was an instant's pause, and then a tongue of fire flashed into the darkness, soaring up and up, until it broke in a myriad of coloured lights overhead. It seemed to Browne, while he waited and watched, as if the beating of his heart might be heard at least a mile away. Then suddenly, from far out at sea, came a flash of light, which told him that his signal had been observed.

'They see us,' he cried in a tone of delight. 'They are getting the boat under way by this time, I expect; and in less than an hour we shall be on board. We had better get ready as soon as possible.' With that they turned into the hut once more, and MacAndrew shook the sleeping man upon the bed.

'Wake up, little father,' he cried in Russian. 'It's time for you to say good-bye to Saghalien.'

The instantaneous obedience which had so long been a habit with him brought the man to his feet immediately. Browne, however, could see that he scarcely realised what was required of him.

'Come,' said Browne, 'it is time for us to be off. Your daughter is anxiously awaiting you.'

'Ah, to be sure—to be sure,' replied the other in French. 'My dear daughter. Forgive me if I do not seem to realise that I shall see her so soon. Is it possible she will know me after all these long years? When last I saw her she was but a little child.'

'Her heart, however, is the same,' said Browne. 'I can assure you that she has treasured your memory as few daughters would have done. Indeed, it is to her, more than any one else, that you owe your escape. But for her endeavours you would be in Dui now. But let us be off; we are wasting our time talking here when we should be making ourselves scarce.'

'But what about these things?' said MacAndrew, pointing to the books on the table, the crockery on the shelf, and the hundred and one other things in the hut. 'What do you intend doing with them?'

'I scarcely know,' replied Browne. 'The better plan would be for us to take with us what we

can carry and leave the rest. If they are of no other use, they will at least give whoever finds them something to think about.'

'I wish him joy of his guesses,' said MacAndrew as he led the old man out of the hut.

Browne remained behind to put out the lamp. As he did so a smile passed over his face. How foolish it seemed to be taking precautions, when he would, in all human probability, never see the place again! The fire upon the hearth was burning merrily. Little by little it would grow smaller, the flames would die down, a mass of glowing embers would follow, then it would gradually grow black, and connection with the place would be done for ever and a day. Outside it was all brilliant starlight, and for this reason they were able easily to pick their way down the path towards the place where Captain Mason had promised to have the boat.

So weak was the old man, however, that it took something like half-an-hour to overcome even the short distance they had to go. He could scarcely have done as much had not MacAndrew and Browne lent him their support. At last they reached the water's edge, where, to their joy, they found the boat awaiting them.

'Is that you, Phillips?' inquired Browne.

'Yes, sir, it's me,' the third mate replied. 'Captain Mason sent us away directly your signal was sighted.'

'That's right,' said Browne. 'Now, just keep your boat steady while we help this gentleman aboard.'

The boat's crew did their best to keep her in position while MacAndrew and Browne lifted Monsieur Petrovitch in. It was a difficult business, but at last they succeeded; then, pushing her off, they started for the yacht. For some time not a word was spoken. MacAndrew had evidently his own thoughts to occupy him; Katherine's father sat in a huddled-up condition; while Browne was filled with a nervousness that he could neither explain nor dispel.

At last they reached the yacht and drew up at the foot of the accommodation-ladder. Looking up the side, Browne could see Captain Mason, Jimmy Foote, and Maas leaning over watching them. It had been previously arranged that the meeting between the father and daughter should take place in the deck-house, not on the deck itself.

'Is he strong enough to walk up?' the captain inquired of Browne. 'If not, shall I send a couple of hands down to carry him?'

'I think we can manage it between us,' said Browne; and accordingly he and MacAndrew, assisted by the mate, lifted the sick man on to the ladder, and half-dragged, half-carried him up to the deck above.

'Where is Miss Petrovitch?' Browne inquired when they reached the deck.

'In the house, sir,' the captain replied. 'We

thought she would prefer to be alone there. She knows that you have arrived.'

'In that case I will take you to her at once,' said Browne to the old man, and slipping his arm through his, he led him towards the place in question. When he pushed open the door he assisted the old man to enter; and, having done so, found himself face to face with Katherine. She was deadly pale, and was trembling violently. Madame Bernstein was also present; and, if such a thing were possible, the latter was perhaps the more agitated of the two. Indeed, Browne found his own voice failing him as he said, 'Katherine, I have brought you your father!'

There was a moment's hesitation, though what occasioned it is difficult to say. Then Katherine advanced and kissed her father. She had often pictured this moment and thought of the joy she would feel in welcoming him back to freedom. Now, however, that it had come it seemed as if she could say nothing.

'Father,' she said at last, 'thank Heaven you have escaped.' She looked at him, and as she did so Browne noticed the change that came over her face. It was as if she had found herself confronted with some one she did not expect to see. And yet she tried hard not to let the others see her surprise.

'Katherine, my daughter,' said the old man, 'do you remember me?'

'Should I be likely to forget?' said Katherine. 'Though I was such a little child when you went away, I can remember that terrible night perfectly.'

Here Madame Bernstein interposed, with tears streaming down her face. 'Stefan,' she sobbed, 'Heaven be thanked you have at last come back to us!'

Thinking it would be as well if he left them to themselves for a short time, Browne stepped out of the house on to the deck, and closed the door behind him. He found MacAndrew, Maas, and Jimmy Foote standing together near the saloon companion-ladder.

'Welcome back again,' said Jimmy, advancing with outstretched hand. 'By Jove! old man, you must have had a hard time of it. But you have succeeded in your undertaking, and that's the great thing, after all—is it not?'

'Yes, I have succeeded,' said Browne, in the tone of a man who is not quite certain whether he has or not. 'Now, the question for our consideration is what we ought to do. What do you say, MacAndrew; and you, Maas?'

'If I were in your place I would get away as soon as possible,' answered the former.

'I agree with you,' said Jimmy. 'By Jove! I do.'

'I cannot say that I do,' added Maas. 'In the first place, you must remember where you are. This is an extremely dangerous coast about here, and if anything goes wrong and your boat runs

ashore, the man you have come to rescue will be no better off than he was before. If I were in your place, Browne—and I'm sure Captain Mason will agree with me—I should postpone your departure until to-morrow morning. There's nothing like having plenty of daylight in matters of this sort.'

Browne scarcely knew what to say. He was naturally very anxious to get away; at the same time he was quite aware of the dangers of the seas in which his boat was just at that time. He accordingly went forward and argued it out with Mason, whom he found of very much the same opinion as Maas.

'We have not much to risk, sir, by waiting,' said that gentleman; 'and, as far as I can see, we've everything to gain. A very strong current sets from the norward; and, as you can see for yourself, a fog is coming up. I don't mind telling you, sir, I've no fancy for manœuvring about here in the dark.'

'Then you think it would be wiser for us to remain at anchor until daylight?' said Browne.

'If you ask me to be candid with you,' the skipper replied, 'I must say I do, sir.'

'Very good, then,' said Browne. 'In that case we will remain.' Without further discussion he made his way to the smoking-room, where he announced to those assembled there that the yacht would not get under way till morning.

'Pon my word, Browne, I think you're right,' said Maas. 'You don't want to run any risks, do you? You'll be just as safe here, if not safer, than you would be outside.'

'I'm not so sure of that,' said Jimmy; and then, for some reason not specified, a sudden silence fell upon the party.

A quarter of an hour later Browne made his way to the deck-house again. He found Katherine and her father alone together, the man fast asleep and the girl kneeling by his side.

'Dearest,' said Katherine softly as she rose and crossed the cabin to meet her lover, 'I have not thanked you yet for all you have done for—for him and for me.'

She paused towards the end of her speech, as if she scarcely knew how to express herself; and Browne, for whom her every action had some significance, was quick to notice it.

'What is the matter, dear?' he asked. 'Why do you look so sadly at me?'

She was about to answer, but she changed her mind.

'Sad?' she whispered, as if surprised. 'Why should I be sad? I should surely be the happiest girl in the world to-night.'

'But you are not,' he answered. 'I can see you're unhappy. Come, dear, tell me everything. You are grieved, I suppose, at finding your father so changed? Is not that so?'

'Partly,' she answered in a whisper; and then, for some reason of her own, she added quietly,

'but madame recognised him at once, though she had not seen him for so many years. My poor father, how much he has suffered!'

Browne consoled with her, and ultimately succeeded in inducing her to retire to her cabin, assuring her that MacAndrew and himself would in turn watch by her father's side until morning.

'How good you are!' she said, and kissed him softly. Then, with another glance at the huddled-up figure in the easy-chair, but without kissing him, as Browne had quite expected she would do, she turned and left the cabin.

It was just two o'clock, and a bitterly cold morning. Though Browne had declared that MacAndrew would share his vigil with him, he was not telling the truth, knowing that the other must be worn out after his travels of the last few days. For this reason he persuaded Jimmy to take him below, and to get him to bed at once. Then he himself returned to the deck-house, and set to work to make Katherine's father as comfortable as possible for the night.

Just after daylight Browne was awakened by a knocking at the door. He crossed and opened it. It proved to be the captain. He was plainly under the influence of intense excitement.

'I don't know how to tell you, sir,' he said. 'I assure you I would not have had it happen for worlds. I have never been so upset in my life by anything.'

'But what has happened?' inquired Browne, with a sudden sinking at his heart.

'Something has gone wrong in the engine-room,' replied the captain, 'and until it has been repaired it will be impossible for us to get under way.'

At that instant the second officer appeared, and touched the captain on the shoulder, saying something in an undertone.

'What is it?' asked Browne. 'What else is wrong?'

'He reports that a man-o-war can be just descried upon the horizon, and he thinks she is a Russian!'

(To be continued.)

COLOUR AND QUALITY.



COLOUR is perhaps the surest guide we possess to the quality of all marketable commodities, from milk to whisky, or from butter to white-lead. More than this, colour is an index of health and even of good-breeding, as witness the term 'blue-blooded' applied to the old nobility, although why blue rather than red blood should be considered aristocratic has long been a mystery to us. Our sense of smell should be quite as good or even a better guide than our sense of colour; but, probably through living in evil-smelling cities where a refined sense of smell would be distinctly inconvenient, we have lost the use of our olfactory organs to a great extent. The appreciation of colour, especially of small differences in colour, varies greatly from one individual to another; but colour-blindness is much less common than is generally supposed. Consequently, colour is used very largely in discriminating between different qualities of a particular material, and with very good reason, as we shall see. So much have colours become associated in the public mind with certain products—not necessarily coloured—that it has become necessary to colour them artificially to please the public taste. Rum in the olden days owed its rich red-brown colour to the occasional boiling over of the liquor in the crude stills of the period. Nowadays rum, as it leaves the still, is perfectly colourless; but as it would be considered a foolish joke to offer water-white rum for sale, the spirit is coloured artificially. Brandy is coloured with caramel; whisky is coloured by maturing in a sherry cask or by the addition of caramel. Vinegar used to be made

from malt, and owed its colour to the caramel in the malt, but now the greater portion of it is made by diluting pyroligneous acid and colouring with caramel; even the better-class vinegar is made largely from damaged rice and other grain, with a little malt introduced just to swear by, and the whole coloured with caramel. Londoners have got so into the habit of drinking poor milk coloured with anatta, containing an extra dose for the product of the cow 'specially kept for invalids and nurseries,' that they refuse to regard the natural uncoloured lacteal fluid as genuine.

The only practical instrument devised for measuring colour is the ingenious tintometer of Mr J. W. Lovibond, a short description of which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for February 1896. In this instrument the colour of a substance or liquid is matched against standard-coloured glasses, which are graduated from colourless glass up to the strongest tone that can be graded accurately. Three series—namely, a red, a yellow, and a blue—have been found sufficient for all purposes. The system is very logical—equal tones of the red, yellow, and blue standards giving neutral gray; equal combinations of red and yellow produce orange; yellow and blue produce green; and blue and red produce violet—so that by means of the three series of standards any colour can be matched and recorded.

Since our last article was written, Mr Lovibond has applied his discovery of colour-curves to the examination of a number of substances with very interesting results. Naturally enough his own industry of brewing has taken up a large share of attention, and it has been found that not only can

the colour-producing properties of a malt—so important a factor in making pale ales—be gauged to a nicety, but the actual behaviour of the malt in brewing, and the keeping properties of the beer made from it, can be foretold with certainty. The secrets of the malt that has been overheated and quenched with cold water, and of the malt that has been unevenly dried and faked, all come out in the colour-curves. Chemical analysis even is unable to detect the differences between malts that the delicacy of the colour-curve will render visible. It is possible by means of the curves to tell whether a whisky has been matured in a sherry cask or has been coloured by caramel. The method has been applied to caramel itself, and it has been found that the yellow colour is the important constituent, not the blackness.

Dr George Oliver has applied the system to the measurement of the red colouring matter of blood, and gave a full account of the method, which is now in use at most of the hospitals and universities, in the Croonian Lectures before the Royal College of Physicians of London last year. It is this red colouring matter that conveys the oxygen from the lungs to wherever it is required in the body, and the general health depends largely on the presence of the correct amount of this material in the blood. An excess generally indicates gout, whilst a deficiency causes the disease known as anæmia, so common amongst young women. It is painful to look down the scale of the curve and see what a pitiful condition it is possible to be reduced to by anæmia. So delicate is the method that the variations in the blood between breakfast and bedtime can be traced quite easily. During the day a continual destruction of the red corpuscles is going on, and this deficit is made up during sleep. Amongst other interesting things, Dr Oliver found that he and a companion who assisted him were as healthy in London as they were in Switzerland, taking the state of the blood as a criterion. His experiments were made twice a day for a considerable length of time, and the condition of his blood improved

steadily the whole time, from which it would appear that a little systematic blood-letting is good for the constitution.

Another service the tintometer seems likely to do to the medical and other professions is to attach definite names to definite colours, by means of a little interchangeable set of standards; so that when an individual says that a particular substance was blue-green, every one interested in the matter will know what he means. At present definitions of colours are most vague and heterogeneous. What one person calls red another terms scarlet; what one calls violet another calls blue; and so on. We frequently hear a colour described as being, for instance, a 'dirty-greenish' or 'bluish-white,' which is quite meaningless. The use of the tintometer standards is the only available method for conveying a conception of colour from one individual to another.

Many fresh applications for the tintometer have arisen during the last two years. The London County Council, the Liverpool Corporation, and the Massachusetts Board of Health use the instrument for controlling and registering the state of the rivers and the water-supply. The colours of our postage-stamps are kept to a constant standard by means of the tintometer, and it seems likely to be used by philatelists for fixing standards of colour for different issues of stamps. The value of rosin depends on its paleness, and the tintometer is being substituted for the old standards, which soon became useless through fading. Tanners are using it for checking the value of their extracts; papermakers, book-binders, and others for keeping the colours of their materials constant. The instrument is employed in several kinds of scientific and industrial research, for it is found that colour and quality go hand-in-hand, the colour-curve of a substance being as characteristic of it as its physical structure. It is seldom that what was in the first instance a rich man's hobby conquers such a wide field of industrial and scientific usefulness as has been won by the tintometer.

FROM MAJUBA TO OMDURMAN.

By T. B. TOWNSHEND.



TO learn from your enemies is a maxim which has lost none of its force down to the present day; and it interests every one amongst us to know whether the British army is in the hands of men who are capable of profiting by the lessons that from time to time are rudely administered to us by our foes. Most of us remember only too well the short-lived English domination in the Transvaal during the later part of the seventies, as well as the way in which misfortune seemed to dog the steps of those on whose shoulders fell the burden

of upholding it there. We had found the country in a bankrupt condition, and had restored its finances; we had found it threatened by the formidable Zulu monarch, with his army of fifty thousand fighting savages, thoroughly drilled and in a state of high military efficiency. After a desperate struggle, in which we suffered some very severe losses, including the battle of Isandula, where our camp was taken and the whole of its defenders slaughtered, the British arms finally achieved a complete but hard-won triumph. We had broken the power of Cetewayo, and dispersed his regiments of 'celibate, man-destroying gladi-

ators,' to use the phrase in which Sir Bartle Frere once described his justly-dreaded impis. Subsequently, in the Transvaal itself, we had overthrown Secocoeni, a powerful native chief who had successfully defied the Boer Government; while enterprising British traders had supplied an abundance of excellent sporting rifles to the people of the country, who earned not a little money by shooting down the game with them. In brief, we had removed one by one every obstacle to a revolt on the part of the emigrant farmers, who made up the bulk of the population of the Transvaal outside the towns.

The revolt followed, as might have been expected. It broke out in the month of December 1880, during the warm summer of the southern hemisphere, and it came to an end with the peace that was concluded after the disastrous battle of Majuba Mountain on February 26, 1881. The tale of misfortune begins with the affair of Bronkspuit in December. The 94th Regiment, forming a part of the British garrison of the Transvaal, had been ordered to concentrate at Pretoria, and was on the march thither. No actual fighting had as yet taken place; but the Boers had held a mass meeting, proclaimed a republic, and announced that they were going to begin. At Bronkspuit they laid a carefully prepared ambush along the road by which the 94th were advancing, and awaited their victims. The British colonel had been warned to look out for traps; but, as far as can now be known, he had no idea that these sharp-shooting farmers were really in earnest, and he failed to profit by the warning. The 94th were strung out for half a mile along the road; the weather was hot, and many of the soldiers had put their rifles in the wagons; in short, the march was conducted as if in a time of profound peace. At a certain spot the long column was halted by a Boer patrol. There was a brief colloquy between the colonel and the Boers; they ordered him to go back, and he refused. Nobody seems to have noticed the ambushed riflemen, or to have observed the little heaps of stones with which these skilled hunters of wild game, old hands at shooting over the bare veldt, had thoughtfully marked out beforehand at one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred yards, their exact distance from their intended targets. The Boer rifles cracked, and in twenty minutes all the officers and half the British troops were shot down, and the rest were made prisoners; the loss on the side of the farmers was almost nil. As a Western American crudely observed, it was a case of a lot of first-class frontiersmen taking in a crowd of tenderfeet out of the wet. It was a terribly severe lesson that in the face of a possible enemy a soldier must never be off his guard.

After the Bronkspuit disaster the whole country was up. All the British garrisons in the

Transvaal were beleaguered by the Boers; and one garrison, Potchefstroom, was known both by them and by Sir George Pomeroy Colley, the general in command in Natal, to be short of provisions. Colley gallantly determined to cut his way in, if possible, and relieve it. He knew well enough that ere long an army from overseas must be sent to retrieve the honour of the British arms; but he was also aware that it must inevitably arrive too late to save Potchefstroom. The Boers had occupied Laing's Nek, the pass leading into the Transvaal from Natal; and, with the small British force he had at his command, he hoped to be able to dislodge them and clear the road. General Colley was considered to be one of the very best officers in the British army. He had had some experience of actual fighting in China, and he had exhibited extraordinary skill and courage and resource in the very difficult task of organising the transport in the Ashanti campaign. He certainly could not be called a novice in war. But unfortunately there was one thing of which all his previous experience had taught him nothing, and that was how to fight against good shots armed with modern breech-loaders.

On January 28, 1881, Colley moved upon Laing's Nek with about eleven hundred men and six guns. The force of Boers opposed to him is said by Alfred Aylward, who appears to have acted as their military secretary, to have numbered fourteen, hundred and thirty-seven, under Generals Joubert and Smidt. The Boers had no guns, and dreaded artillery fire more than anything else; accordingly, they dug some dummy trenches in soft ground on a conspicuous part of the Nek, and then judiciously disposed themselves in safety elsewhere. Colley's guns opened fire at a mile and a half, and appear to have principally occupied themselves in shelling the empty trenches, as, according to Alfred Aylward, no one was hurt or even frightened by the cannonade. It may be noted that Alfred Aylward's figures are not contradicted by Sir William Butler in the *Life of Sir George Colley* which he has recently published; and, indeed, with reference to this particular action, General Colley himself deplors the ineffectiveness of his artillery practice in one of the letters printed by his biographer.

Posting the naval brigade, with the rocket apparatus and some of the 60th Rifles, in an enclosed ground, where they were under cover, and keeping about half his force in reserve, Colley despatched five companies of the 58th Regiment, numbering four hundred and eighty bayonets, together with about a hundred mounted men, to assault the left of the Boer lines. In broad daylight, the foot advanced in column of companies across the open ground and up the hill, against nearly thrice their own number of the best shots in the world, who were under cover and armed with good modern rifles. The charge of the Dervish host at Omdurman was not

so gallant or so futile. In a few minutes the handful of mounted men were scattered, and one-third of the 58th lay dead or wounded on that bloody slope. The survivors drew off, re-formed their shattered lines behind the 60th Rifles, and retired in good order. The Boer loss is said to have been two. It was magnificent, but it was not war. It proved, if any proof were needed, that for infantry in column to charge in broad daylight works thus strongly held by resolute men who can handle breech-loaders is to court ruin and disaster.

After Laing's Nek the exultant Boers threatened Colley's communications, and on 8th February he sallied out from his camp at Mount Prospect to clear the road in his rear. This time he took with him five companies of the 60th Rifles—who, being in reserve, had not been cut up at Laing's Nek—and four guns, together with thirty-eight mounted men. A few miles from camp he left a half-company and two guns to guard the drifts of the flooded Ingogo River, and a mile or two farther on he encountered a strong party of Boers. With a confidence begotten of their easy victory at Laing's Nek, the Boers did not wait to be attacked, but, without hesitation, assumed the offensive. Colley took up a position on a flat-topped hill, and stood on his defence, having now about three hundred men and two guns with him. According to Alfred Aylward, the Boer patrol numbered one hundred and sixty-seven. The Boers took cover all round the hill, and a prolonged rifle duel ensued between the two forces. Avoiding the British tactics at Laing's Nek, the conditions of which were exactly reversed upon this occasion, the Boers refrained from any attempt to take the hill by direct assault in a body; but as independent sharpshooters they kept up an incessant rifle fire until near nightfall. In accuracy of shooting, and in the skill with which they sheltered themselves, they proved to be superior to the defenders of the hill. They drew off at last with a loss of twelve killed and fourteen wounded; but the defenders had actually lost six times as many. The sharp-shooting skirmishers had put no less than half the force they were attacking *hors de combat*. After the withdrawal of the Boers, Colley, whose horses were nearly all killed, with great difficulty succeeded in saving the guns, dotted all over as they were with the splashes of the Boer bullets; and, by a desperate night-march, he regained his camp under cover of darkness with the remnant of his forces. England had to learn by bitter experience that valour without good shooting is but a waste of the lives of her bravest sons. The spirit and staunchness of the British troops were admirable; and Colley's own letters warmly acknowledge the fact. But as shots they were completely outclassed.

Reinforcements now began to arrive. Colley's force at the front, which had suffered so heavily

in these two engagements, was strengthened by the arrival of the 92d Highlanders, fresh from their victories in Afghanistan; and with them he resumed the offensive. This time he decided to avoid making a direct attempt on Laing's Nek, and aimed at turning that position by occupying the Majuba Mountain, which overhung the pass on the south-west. After Laing's Nek, Colley had promised the survivors of the 58th to give them another chance of trying conclusions with their opponents; and to seize Majuba he took with him a force composed of three companies of the 92d, two of the 58th, and two of the 60th, supplemented as before by a naval contingent. By a skilful and daring march, on the night of 25th February, he occupied, without opposition, this post of vantage, which appeared to him impregnable. 'We could stay here for ever,' he remarked to his chief of staff when daylight revealed the nature of the ground on which they stood; and he sat down in fancied security to hold it till further reinforcements should arrive, intending then to make with their aid a combined movement against the Nek. But, unfortunately for Colley, the position he had seized was not so strong as he had imagined. The Majuba Mountain was what Western Americans would call a belted mesa: it was a flat-topped, or rather a saucer-topped height, with a belt of perpendicular cliff running round it a little below the summit, broken only here and there by a few gullies, through which access to the summit might be gained from the lower slopes. These lower slopes were steep, and the upper parts of them were screened from view from the summit by being below the belt of cliff which looked so formidable to the eye. Technically speaking, they were 'dead' ground.

In his fancied security, Colley omitted to fortify his position, the very error which two years before had led to the disaster of Isandula. He allowed his staff to distribute most of his men around the rim of the saucer-shaped basin, where they contented themselves with piling up little heaps of stones to lie down behind. 'Oh, it's all right, sir; it's good enough for what we shall want up here,' said a Highlander confidently to an observer who suggested that such a protection was hardly sufficient; and against a distant enemy perhaps the man was right. The idea of the Boers even attempting to take such a position by storm appeared preposterous.

Alas! it was not so preposterous as it seemed. As soon as daylight revealed to the force holding Laing's Nek that their flank was threatened, they began indeed to prepare to send their wagons to the rear; but they determined also before retreating to try the effect of a direct assault upon Majuba. According to the account given by General Sir William Butler, some of the Highlanders showed themselves boldly on the sky-line in the morning light, shaking their fists defiantly

at the hostile camp, which lay two thousand feet below, and of which they could now see every detail. 'Come up here, you beggars,' they cried; and if Alfred Aylward may be trusted, two hundred and twenty-three Boers accepted the invitation. Part of the Boer assailants took cover at once with their usual skill, and opened a long-range fire on the summit of Majuba. This fire did but little execution, though a single shot at nine hundred yards mortally wounded the brave Romilly, commander of the naval contingent. But, generally speaking, the defenders of the hill took good care not to expose themselves unnecessarily to the marksmanship of the Boers, with the result that the actual loss inflicted by the long-range fire was small. Though the Boers kept it up incessantly all that long summer's morning, scarcely any one except poor Romilly was touched.

Nevertheless, the Boers were not throwing away their powder for nothing. They succeeded in their object of compelling the defenders of the hill to keep closely under shelter, and prevented them from observing what happened on the slopes below the encircling girdle of cliff. Protected thus by the fire of their companions, small parties of Boers were creeping as stealthily as deer-stalkers over wide spaces of the mountain-side where the cliff wall above screened them both from the sight and from the fire of the defenders. Sir William Butler gives an excellent map, shaded so as to exhibit clearly the 'dead' portions of the hillside across which these experienced hunters made their way unobserved. So stealthily and so cautious were they that they took the whole morning over their stalk; but their caution and skill were crowned with perfect success. At one part of the circumference of Majuba there is a little outlying *kopje*, or peak, which is really the key of the position. With unerring instinct one of the Boer leaders made for this point. According to Sir William Butler, he had about sixty men with him; and when he arrived quite near it, with his party still undiscovered, he detected a picket of several soldiers, who were standing in an exposed position, unconscious of the near neighbourhood of their foes. The Boer leader ordered a number of his men to hold their rifles at the 'present,' step back out of cover, and fire a rapid volley. The manœuvre was skilfully executed; the whole picket was clean swept away, and in a few minutes more the Boers had got the key of the position in their hands. By this success they had turned the left of the British troops, who were holding the northern face of the rim, and took them in the flank. The troops, thus suddenly surprised, fell back from the rim, and immediately other parties of Boers rushed up by another gap, and seized the abandoned positions. Practically, Majuba was taken by surprise. Till the enemy were actually on the top the general and his staff never dreamed that they could lose the hill. But, once established on the

summit, the rapid and accurate fire of the Boers swept away the defenders. It seems as if no provision had been made for the unexpected contingency of the hill being stormed; no second line of defence had been provided, and such reserves as existed were either not ready or could not be got into place at the critical moment; and a general *saute qui peut* followed. It is a scene that one does not care to think about. Colley, endeavouring to rally his broken lines, despairingly fronted the hailstorm of bullets that mowed down his men, and fell with his face to the foe. Nearly half the British force were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The Boer losses are given by Sir William Butler at six, of whom only one was killed. Here indeed was a lesson to every commander to secure his weak point. Like every other post of vantage, Majuba Hill had its vulnerable spot, and that spot was neither sufficiently fortified nor guarded.

There is one other matter that should be mentioned. The absurdly small loss inflicted on the men who stormed Majuba would be incredible but for one reason. It has been already observed that the fire which covered the stealthy advance of the stormers was all at long range. The British soldiers replying to it fired also at the same range; nor need we be surprised that, against an enemy so skilled in selecting sheltered positions, their fire did not effect much. But, as it was a long-range duel, they were of course compelled to raise their sights, with the result that when they were suddenly rushed by the Boer storming-parties they all had the sights of their Martinis set to five and six hundred yards elevation; but the stormers were at point-blank distance. Consequently, the volleys fired at close quarters by the defenders of the hill went harmlessly over the heads of their assailants. Proof of this was found in the hundreds of rifles picked up by the victors after the action was over, all of which, by their account, had the long-range sights raised. So we may add yet another lesson, and that is the necessity of perfect fire-control on the part of the officer immediately in charge of the firing line. The best-aimed volleys fired without strict attention to the regulation of the sighting are only too likely to waste themselves in empty air.

With Majuba hostilities came to a standstill. That well-equipped army, indeed, for which Colley had hoped arrived in South Africa after his fall; but it was not allowed to retrieve the tarnished glory of the British arms. For good or for evil, a peace was made, which doubtless seemed to be honourable and satisfactory to those who were responsible for it, believing as they did that to continue the war would involve us in the sin of blood-guiltiness. However, the remote consequences of our actions are often far other than we expect; and the many and bloody battles we have fought since then in Egypt and the Soudan,

down to the recent reconquest of Khartoum, may be traced to the loss of prestige that unquestionably followed the disasters in South Africa. The belief that the power of England might be defied with impunity emboldened Arabi Pasha to head a military revolt against our *protégé*, the Khedive, at Cairo. He was woefully undeceived by the crushing British victory at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, the very next year after Majuba. The lessons taught in South Africa had been laid to heart. True, at Tel-el-Kebir works held by riflemen were assaulted by infantry in front; but the infantry were brought close up to their objective under cover of night; and it was known that the Arabists were no such marksmen as the Boers. And now it was the Arabist rifles that were picked up in hundreds after the victory, sighted for an idle long-range fire by the express orders of their leader; while it was a British regiment that attacked in rushes, halting every fifty yards to fire volleys at a stated range fixed by their musketry instructor. One dare not say that the mistakes made in South Africa will never be repeated. To err is human; and we have high

authority for saying that he is the best general who makes fewest blunders. But it becomes possible to look forward hopefully to the future if our leaders show that they do not despise the lessons of experience. The late campaign in the Soudan would seem to indicate that these have at last been laid to heart, and the result has been in gratifying contrast to the failures of 1881. Failures they were, and the fact must be acknowledged; yet in speaking of them we would guard ourselves from using any language that may seem to reflect upon the devoted men who on field after field have laid down their lives in the service of their country. As the thought of the lonely graves that mark their last resting-place rises before the mind, one seems to behold the pallid line of ghosts, the victims of the war-god:

Slowly comes a shadowy train,
Souls of warriors brave in vain.

It was not all in vain that they fought and fell, if those who come after them have striven, under happier auspices, to surpass them in skill and not to fall short of them in valour.

THE LOATHLY SAURIAN.

By JOHN MACKIE, Author of *They that Sit in Darkness*, &c.



NEXT to the ravages of the wild blacks amongst my horseflesh, I have suffered most from alligators; and there is nothing that lives I more loathe and stand in fear of than those horrible saurians. A six years' close and unbroken acquaintance with them has in no way overcome my prejudice—indeed, the reverse. They not only cost me yearly many pounds sterling in horseflesh, but they were a continual menace to my own personal safety. The following is perhaps the closest call I ever had with those truly diabolical creatures.

It was on the south-western coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, in the northern territory of South Australia, and I had settled on the Calvert River, at the crossing where the salt water meets the fresh. I was the first and only settler in that part of the country, the principal features of which were cannibal blacks in the bush and ranges, large mobs of wild horses in the neighbourhood of the salt-pans near the sea, and no end of voracious, cunning alligators in the rivers and still, deep arms that opened out from them. One could be more or less on the lookout for blacks, and know how to deal with them; but as for the alligators, their untiring patience, and the diabolic ingenuity which, in combination with their great strength, they brought to bear upon the accomplishment of their fell designs was something that could not always be guarded against. Nearly all the great rivers flowing into the Gulf, notably

the Norman, Albert, Calvert, Robinson, and Roper, are infested with those scourges, and many and wonderful are the legends and stories told by old-timers concerning them. Alligators, as most people know, live to a patriarchal age. There was one gigantic old fellow that haunted the Albert River close to Burketown; he was there when Landsborough, the explorer, first opened up the Gulf in the early sixties, and even then his prowess and terrible deeds were historical, and had been handed down among the myall or wild blacks for many generations. When I went there to assist in the resurrection of Burketown in 1883—the township had lain desolated for years by reason of the plague—Big Ben, as he was then called, was currently reported to be some twenty-five feet in length, and of proportionate girth; but alligators, like sharks, lose nothing by hearsay. When I was there he coolly picked a gin and a black fellow off the river-bank when engaged in fishing; and though a policeman, who was a noted alligator-hunter, tried time and again to get a shot at him, Big Ben was too experienced a hand to be caught by any of his wiles—generally a dog or a goat—having 'been there before.' I saw him once as he floated down-stream like an immense partially submerged log; and he haunts Burketown to this day for all I know to the contrary. But to my particular alligator story.

When I settled on the Calvert early in 1885, what with the wild blacks and the alligators, my

time was pretty fully occupied in keeping an eye upon my horses. Before I fenced it off, my horses used to go down to the crossing to drink, and on several occasions they came back most horribly scarred. At night and when the tide was high were the most dangerous times for the depredations of the reptiles. Their modes of procedure were ingenious. They would lie in deep water close to the spot where cattle and horses or marsupials were in the habit of coming to drink, and then, shooting up silently and swiftly, catch their victim in cruel, jagged, powerful jaws, and drag it below water. Or they would lie alongside some footpath leading through the reeds, taking advantage of their resemblance to a log, and then, when their unsuspecting prey was alongside, either grapple with it boldly or hit it a stunning blow with their tails. On calm nights I have often lain awake listening to their strange, hollow, tremulous bellow; it was a weird, horrible sound. On fording rivers on horseback at the various crossings on the lonely Port Darwin track, when the tides were not high enough to make swimming necessary I used to throw my legs forward over the horse's neck, and with my rifle in my hand keep a pretty sharp lookout on either side alternately.

My ketch had been round to the Norman for supplies, and lay some three or four miles down the river; for the wet season had come on suddenly, and the Culvert had come down in flood, thus preventing the boat from getting up. I had run out of sugar, so, taking my saddle-horse and a pack-horse, had gone down to where it lay to fetch up what I wanted. It was the first week in January, and the day was very hot, the thermometer registering about one hundred and twenty-five degrees in the shade. I had slung two fifty-pound mats of sugar on either side of the pack, and was making my way back again from the boat to my place. As usual, I led the pack-horse by means of a halter-shank on the off-side. Having delayed rather long at the boat, I knew that in consequence my horses were in want of a drink, for on account of the high banks it had been impossible to water them. I was about a mile below the crossing, just above a great, broad, deep reach, which I knew to be one of the worst spots for alligators in the river, when suddenly my horses quickened their pace. For the moment I could not account for this unexpected display of zeal; but I very soon found out, to my cost, what it meant. Some sixty yards ahead the bank sloped gently down to the water's edge, and at any other time of the year there was a broad pebbly shallow just at this point, where the horses were in the habit of drinking when they strayed down the river. It may be interesting to a good many to mention that I have noticed a great difference between the forethought of a horse and a dog; while the former seems to apprehend danger but little, and will often rush unthinkingly

into it, a dog generally exercises much the same caution as a human being. I have often seen a dog, though very thirsty, scrape a hole in the sand a few feet back from the water's edge, so as to let the water run in slowly, and permit of its drinking in safety, when alligators seemed to be about.

At first I took little heed of the intentions of my horses, as I did not intend letting them drink there, seeing the water had risen several feet, and they would inevitably be carried off their feet and down the river into what I had named Alligator Pool. But I found it no such easy matter to balk their design as I had imagined. My pack-horse quickened its pace to a jog, and headed right for the treacherous bank. As it had only a green-hide halter on its head, I had but little power over it, with the result that I was literally dragged along. What was more awkward still, the horse I rode seemed to have got the bit in its teeth, and was determined on aiding and abetting its companion. Do my very utmost, I could not stop their insane onward course. In another minute they had plunged into the water, and, as I expected, were instantly out of their depth. At first I resolved, if possible, to remain seated in the saddle and pilot them safely to the other side. I had swum dozens of flooded rivers before, and was no novice at the job. But the current was strong, the pack-horse nervous, and I realised that there was danger of the latter colliding with my horse, and thus bringing about a catastrophe. Moreover, we were being carried downstream. In another moment I had flung the loose halter-shank from me, and let the pack-horse head for the opposite bank. Then I slipped off the saddle on the off or up-stream side, and, twisting a lock of my horse's mane round the fingers of my left hand, got ready to swim, and endeavoured to guide my steed to the other side. Now, it may be mentioned that it is as well to leave the reins alone when in the water; to bear on the bit only seems to bewilder the animal, and causes it to rear and lash out with its forefeet. The best way to guide is by pressure of the hand or by splashing water against the face of the horse in the required direction. When it is heading properly some men catch hold of the tail and are towed ashore. I have found this way answer well on occasions; there is at least not much danger of interfering with the action of the animal. My horse by this time had been carried into Alligator Pool; but I noted with satisfaction that the opposite shore was not more than fifty yards distant. I hoped that, owing to the discoloured condition of the water, and the swish of it as it eddied amongst the undergrowth, the alligators would not discover our presence. I kept a wary lookout, for I knew there would be little chance for me if once attacked.

Then, all at once, my heart seemed to leap into my mouth, and I knew that my worst fears

were about to be realised. My horse had stopped swimming, and, with a wild snort of fear, assumed a perpendicular position, lashing out wildly with its forefeet. At the same instant I saw, only a few yards in front of me, the ugly brown gnarled snout of an alligator poked above the swirling surface. It was doubtless at the moment as much taken by surprise as my horse. As best I could I put the latter between me and it, and, as luck would have it, I did not do so a moment too soon. The horse was beginning to spin round as horses will do when they lose their heads, and in another minute I would be right in front of that alligator again, for I knew it had only disappeared in order to make a rush in upon us. Then there was a shock as, like a battering-ram, the alligator came full tilt against the off shoulder of poor Prince; its great jaws gripped it by the fleshy part of the neck. With something like a horrible scream, the poor brute managed to release itself from that cruel, horrible grip, and lashed blindly out. I heard a quick, firm thud as a powerful hoof beat down on the horny skull of the saurian; but an alligator's head-covering is one of the toughest things in nature, and therefore it probably only served to spur the ferocity of the reptile. The latter got inside its victim's guard again, and this time it fairly caught the horse by the throat and clawed it with its short, powerful fore-arms or legs—whichever is the proper term—endeavouring to drag it down below the surface. The commotion was something terrible; the blood poured in torrents from the horse's wounds, and it was sure to attract more of those cruel reptiles. I could do nothing to assist my horse. I knew only too well it was doomed; so, throwing myself on my back, I pushed off from it, then turning on my side, swam for the shore

with powerful side-strokes. Every moment I expected to be dragged down into that horrible hole. At last, with a feeling of inexpressible relief, I reached the bank, and catching hold of some boughs, drew myself up. I looked around to where my poor Prince had been struggling with his assailant; but all I could see was the cantle of the saddle and part of the neck and floating mane. The alligator was gradually dragging him down; in another moment part of the body came to the surface quivering, and then with a sudden plunge it disappeared. It was a horrible, sickening sight! There was a great red streak stretching away down the river—the life-blood of poor Prince. Oh, how I vowed vengeance on those alligators!

I ran to where my pack-horse was trying to effect a landing; but the bank was treacherous, and every time it essayed to spring up, the loose turf would give way, and it fell back into the river. If it remained there the alligators would assuredly soon make short work of it. I was determined the brutes should not have it too; and, with a foolhardiness that afterwards considerably astonished even myself, I jumped in alongside of the pack-horse, caught it by the mane, and guided it down-stream to where there seemed to be a better landing. In a few minutes we touched bottom and scrambled ashore—I am sure none too soon. When I think of it now, it was an extraordinary piece of luck that we were not both seized by the alligators; but perhaps most of them were by this time assisting in the partition of my poor saddle-horse. I led the pack up the river, and managed to recross in safety.

When the floods subsided I watched that fatal pool for days and weeks, and managed to shoot two of its loathsome denizens.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.



Y the aid of Signor Marconi's apparatus, telegraphic messages have been lately exchanged between France and England, the two spots chosen for the experiment being thirty-two miles apart. The correspondence between the two places has been carried on with ease and certainty, although there was no communicating wire between them. This achievement is still more remarkable when it is found that neither wind, rain, fog, nor other meteorological conditions affect the results in the slightest degree. It is also noteworthy that the new method of signalling across space costs very little when compared with the heavy expense of constructing and laying a cable. The system, now quite in its infancy, will probably prove of enormous importance as a

means of communication between ships and shore, as well as between passing ships at sea, and is doubtless destined to be the means of saving many from the peril of shipwreck. It is not yet known how far the method will be operative; but experiments are to be conducted between London and Paris—the Eiffel Tower in the latter city offering a favourable altitude for the accommodation of the apparatus. Enthusiasts are suggesting that some day communication may be possible by means of the Marconi method between the earth and her nearest neighbours in space.

HER MAJESTY'S PIGEON MESSENGERS.

Although our country was at one time behind Continental nations in employing pigeons as war messengers, three years' good work has placed in the hands of the British Naval Intelligence Department an army of birds which is as well trained

and reliable as any to be found in the world. At this moment there are available about one thousand pigeons which are able to fly from ten to one hundred and fifty miles over land or water. There are three principal stations where the birds are carefully bred and educated—namely, at Gosport, Devonport, and Sheerness. Each bird has an aluminium ring on one leg, bearing its official number, a reference to which in the carefully kept records of the department will at once show the bird's capabilities and performances. The trials are carried out with the greatest care, the distance which a bird is required to fly being gradually increased. Its arrival at its home is announced by an automatic electric bell, which rings directly the pigeon steps on the arrival platform. The message—on a piece of paper which measures about four inches by one and a half—is rolled round the bird's leg, and secured by an india-rubber band. In case of need, quite a long despatch could be thus sent by photographing the original document on a roll of flexible celluloid.

IDENTIFICATION BY THUMB-MARK.

It seems an astonishing thing that the natural signature, the impression of the thumb or fingertip, is not used to a greater extent than it is for purposes of identification. If the thumb be lightly pressed upon a surface smeared with printing-ink, and then pressed upon clean paper, an impression is obtained which is distinctive for the particular individual who owns the member. No two thumbs or fingers are alike in the arrangement of their multitudinous lines; each, therefore, is a seal which is unique, and a seal which cannot readily be mislaid or lost. The French police use this test to assure themselves of the identity of a prisoner; but surely the system could be usefully extended. A newspaper correspondent who recently pleaded for such an extension of the thumb-mark test stated that once when abroad he was in great straits for money, although he held cheques for a considerable amount, simply because he could not prove his identity. If the local banker had only had an impression of his finger-tip, as well as authority to pay, all difficulty would at once have vanished.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

The advocates of the metric system are once again clamouring for a radical change in our system of weights and measures; and they urge their claims with such plausibility that the ordinary individual is puzzled as to whether the present system should hold good, or whether the reformers should have their way. The demand for the introduction of the metric system is nothing new, the subject having been brought before the British Parliament seventy-five years ago. Since that time various committees have been appointed to report upon the matter; bills

have been brought forward and rejected, and various societies have been established to help in the work of reform. But, with all this machinery at work, nothing has been achieved, save that in scientific work the metric system has been found convenient, and has been generally adopted. That there are cogent reasons against the general use of the French system is pretty evident from the facts mentioned, and our old methods of weighing and measuring—although they are open to many objections—are likely to be continued for some time to come. In the meantime it would be very desirable to make more common a practice pursued by certain writers in dealing with figures, and that is to put side by side with the British measures their equivalents according to the metric system. This is a matter of urgent necessity in the case of trade catalogues which are intended to circulate abroad.

STEREOSCOPIC PROJECTION.

The beautiful instrument invented by Brewster, which, by the combination of two photographs taken from slightly different points of view, gives the observer the impression that he is looking at a solid thing, was once considered an almost indispensable adjunct to the drawing-room. There have been many attempts to produce the same effects upon a lantern screen, so that the exhibition can be appreciated by a number of spectators instead of by the individual. These generally have depended upon the use of two lanterns, while, by some device or other, the pictures superposed upon the screen are combined upon the retina of the eye. As an easily understood example of how this can be brought about, we may refer to one method by which a green and a red image are thrown together upon the screen, and viewed through a pair of spectacles having a red and green glass. Mr J. H. Knight, of Barfield, Farnham, Surrey, has lately exhibited at the Camera Club (London) a very effective method of stereoscopic projection, which employs one lantern only, and which, by the help of a very simple and cheap piece of apparatus, brings a very beautiful application of photography within the reach of the painstaking amateur. The two images are thrown side by side upon the screen, and combined on the retina by the use of an adjustable mirror held in the hand.

BURGLAR ALARMS.

In the report of a recent burglary on the outskirts of London, in which the thieves carried off several hundred pounds' worth of jewellery from a shop without arousing the manager, who slept on the premises, it was stated that after the robbers had opened and closed the outer sliding-door of steel, their first task was the delicate one of removing all the burglar alarms from the premises. This done, they had no difficulty in selecting and getting clear away with their

valuable booty. We do not know the nature of these alarms, which offered such facilities to those against whom they were designed to act; but they must have been of very primitive construction, if not actually faulty in design. A novel form of burglar alarm has recently been patented by Mr A. D. Risley, of Richfield Spa, New York, which seems to promise efficiency, without being in the least obtrusive. It takes the form of an elastic matting, which can be placed beneath carpet or door-mat without attracting any more notice than the thick felt or paper which is usually placed in such situations. Its construction is such that pressure in any part will bring metallic connections into contact, and a bell will thereupon ring at any predetermined spot. It is certain that pieces of this matting placed beneath the carpet near windows and doors likely to be opened by burglars would most effectually warn a householder that such unwelcome guests were paying him a visit.

GOOD COFFEE.

It is the exception and not the rule in this country to meet with a really good cup of coffee, even at the best hotels; and so much is this the case that would-be coffee-drinkers order tea in preference to the turbid mixture which is offered to them as 'Mocha.' It is difficult to ascertain where the failure of British coffee-makers occurs, and whether it is in the article itself or in its cooking. The French, who are famed for delicious coffee, boil it, and use a large quantity of milk in the process. A new invention, of American origin, is known as Humphrey's Percolator Package for making coffee; and possibly this contrivance may bring better success to those who wish to obtain a palatable breakfast beverage. The percolator consists of a muslin oblong bag, weighted at the end. It is filled with freshly-roasted and freshly-ground coffee, and put into a vessel of water, which is allowed to boil. The bag assumes different positions owing to the movement of the water, and a decoction of coffee which is quite free from grounds is the result. The contrivance is so simple that it can readily be made by any one with the aid of a needle and thread.

GAS EXPLOSIONS.

Explosions of gas in private houses are, unfortunately, very common occurrences, and could nearly always be avoided by the exercise of a little care. It is only occasionally that we hear of an escape of gas being due to some ignorant person blowing out the flame instead of turning off the gas at the tap; for, except in a few remote places, gas and its ways are familiar to all. It is this familiarity which breeds the proverbial carelessness and callousness which prompts people to seek an escape of gas with a light. In nine cases out of ten the escape is due to the telescopic fitting of a gas-alier becoming

dry. This is obviated by the addition to the water with which the fitting is charged of a few drops of sweet oil or paraffin, which forms a layer on the surface and stops evaporation. If this precaution were commonly adopted the number of gas explosions would be sensibly decreased.

RATTLESNAKES' FANGS.

A photograph was recently published in the *Scientific American* which showed, in a very interesting manner, a case of abnormal development of a rattlesnake's fangs. In all rattlesnakes there are, besides the poison-fangs, rudimentary ones which, if the old fangs are lost, develop and supply their place; but in the specimen under consideration the development of the second pair of fangs has proceeded while the other fangs are still *in situ*, and the curious spectacle is afforded of four powerful fangs projecting from the upper jaw. The old fallacy that a poisonous serpent kills its victim by the employment of a sting is at once refuted by a photographic illustration such as this, which shows that the reptile must actually get a biting-hold upon its foe before its terrible powers can be fully exercised.

IMPROVED PHOSPHORUS MATCHES.

The recent outcry for a form of lucifer-match the manufacture of which shall be innocuous to the workers has led to the introduction of a new coating composition, which is now, after a period of satisfactory trial, being used exclusively in France. The principal substance used is a combination of amorphous or red phosphorus with sulphur—the sesquisulphide of phosphorus, as it is called—which has all the good qualities without the baneful ones of the ordinary white phosphorus. It emits no vapours and can hardly be regarded as a poison, for a dose which would contain enough phosphorus to coat thousands of match-heads has no perceptible action upon an adult human being. The new product is mixed with chlorate of potash, powdered glass, &c., in order to give it the necessary inflammable and percussive qualities. A match made by the new French formula will strike on any surface, and one of its chief recommendations is that the process of manufacture is in no sensible degree altered from that of former days.

SHIPBUILDING EXTRAORDINARY.

A wonderful piece of work has recently been brought to a successful issue at the ship-building yard of Messrs Swan & Hunter at Wallsend, on the Tyne. To trace the history of the matter it is necessary to go back to the autumn of last year, when the *Milwaukee*, a steamer built by this firm, ran on a reef of submerged rocks on the coast of Aberdeen. Divers reported that a huge mass of rock had cut through the main hold of the vessel, but that the after-part of the ship, including the engine-room, remained undamaged. To save the steamer as a whole was impossible, and

the hitherto unattempted task of cutting her in half by means of separate charges of dynamite was conceived and acted upon. In the sequel, the forward section of the steamer was left impaled upon the rocks, the stern part—separated from it and floated into deep water—subsequently being towed to the builders' yard on the Tyne. Here the vessel was fitted with a new stem, and has been launched to recommence her career as a first-class ocean-going passenger steamer.

MOTOR-CARRIAGE COMPETITION.

All interested in motor vehicles should note that at the end of July there is to be a competition which will last from the 31st of that month until the 2d of August. Four classes of vehicles are eligible to compete; but they must run by their own mechanical power, the nature of that power being optional. The minimum loads are stated at two, three and a half, five, and six tons. All details as to other conditions may be obtained by application to Mr E. S. Smith, hon. secretary to the Self-propelled Traffic Association, Royal Institution, Liverpool.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

The recent burning of an hotel in New York, with awful sacrifice of life, has been the means of calling attention to the inadequacy of the ordinary means of escape available in modern buildings, and has prompted one of the London District Councils to pass a most drastic bye-law, which awaits the approval of the Local Government Board. The new regulation provides that 'every person who shall erect a new building, the stories of which shall be intended for separate occupation, shall cause a staircase constructed of fire-resisting materials to be provided outside such building, for access to every story above the lower story, when such lower story is not constructed below the level of the adjacent ground.' It will thus be seen that the new bye-law is especially intended for the protection of persons living in 'flats'; and in many districts flats are being built in preference to houses of the old suburban villa type. It will be extremely difficult to find a suitable material for these outside stairways; for, although iron appears to be the only available material, it is not fireproof, in that it gets red-hot, when it is worse than useless. The new bye-law, should it pass, will therefore afford much scope to the ingenuity of inventors.

AN OLD CANNON.

The *Sketch* publishes the photograph of a piece of ordnance which was found in the bed of the river Thames at Twickenham. Its age is computed at four hundred years. It consists of an iron tube with thick bands of the same metal welded on to it at intervals of a few inches, and has a total length of twenty-eight inches. This primitive form of cannon is without trunnions,

and it rested in a rough wooden block which served as its carriage. It is obvious that the powder used must have been of a very squib-like kind, or the recoil would have brought more injury to friends than the projectile would to foes. The contrast it affords to the modern triumphs of mechanism which now do such deadly work in warfare is extraordinary. A recent advance in field artillery equipment affords us a ready illustration.

A MOTOR-DRAWN MAXIM.

During the Easter manoeuvres at Aldershot the South London Volunteer Brigade was distinguished by possessing a Maxim-gun drawn by means of a motor tricycle. The tricycle was fitted with a one-and-a-quarter horse-power motor, and was powerful enough to draw the gun up hill and down dale over some very rough ground; moreover, it went at a speed which gave the military cyclists in attendance plenty of work to keep pace with it. Recent events have shown us that victory goes with the machine-guns; and it would hardly be possible to imagine a more valuable form of weapon than one of these guns which can be moved rapidly from point to point by an attached locomotive. It remains to be seen whether the War Office will take the hint from the Volunteers, or will leave Continental armies to do so.

GOLDEN SILENCE.

UNDER the beeches we sat at rest,
In the waning summer day.
Hers was the voice that I loved the best;
Yet I found no words to say.
'Speak on, dear lips!' at length I cried,
'For your speech it is silver sweet.'
In the still blue air my pleading died,
And the brook sang low at our feet.
'Ah! like the river,
Murmur for ever!
Thy speech is so silver sweet.'

Then my words came fast. Oh, heart of mine!
Does thy stillness say, 'I love'?
The brook sang under the eglantine,
And the thrush sang high above;
But silence beneath the spreading beech!
While our hearts the moments told.
Then I laughed, 'My love hath silvern speech;
But her silence is all of gold.
Silence, love-laden—
Ah! sweetest maiden!
Such silence is all of gold.'

MARY E. PEPPIN.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.